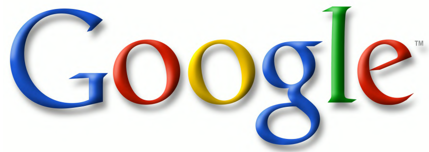

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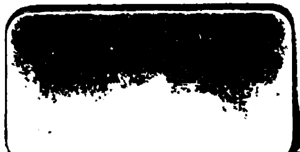

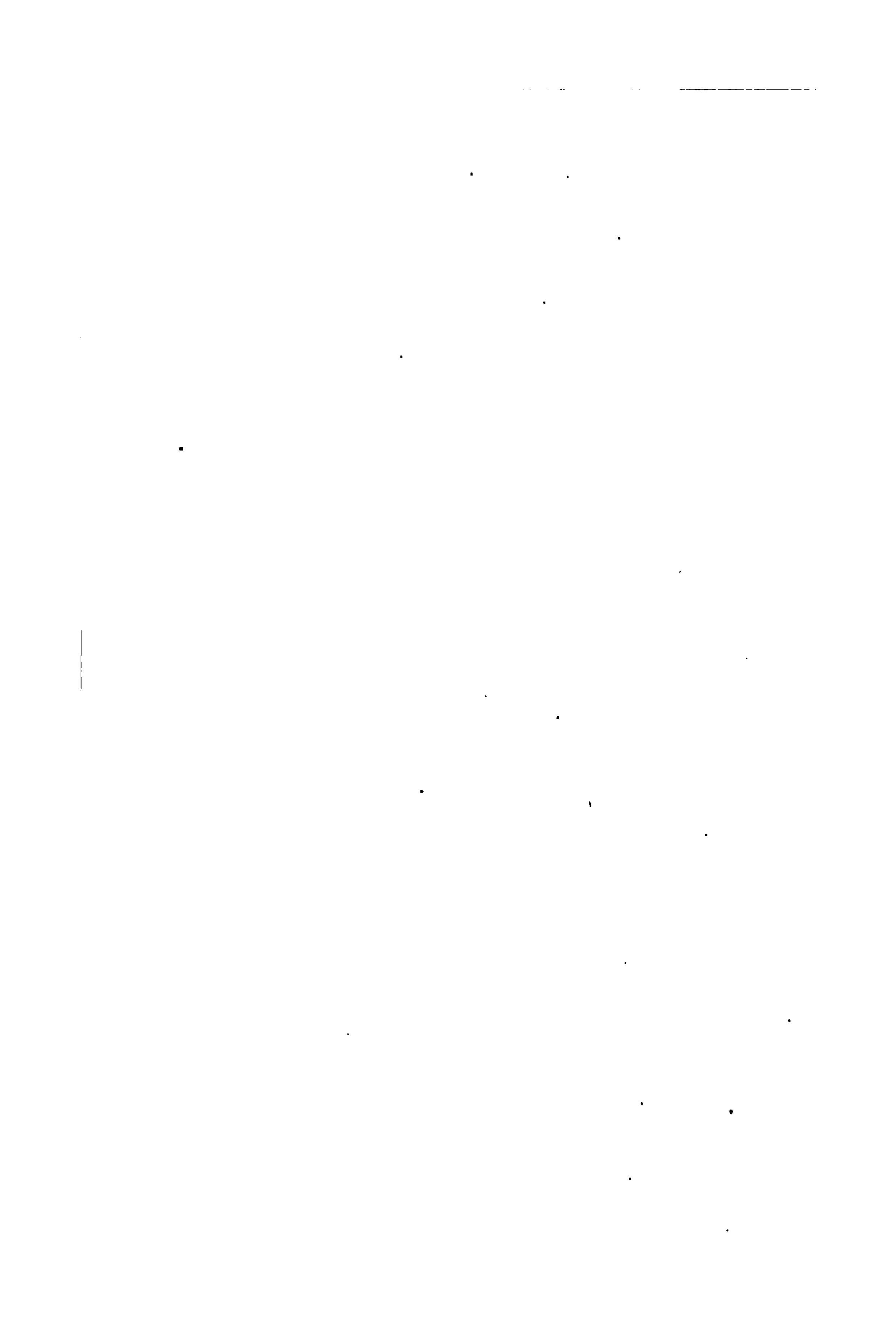

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES. VOL. XX.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

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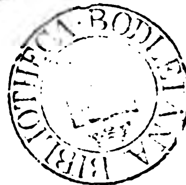
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER 1879



LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW
1879

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1879.

OUR PAST AND OUR FUTURE.

IT is fifty years save seven months since *Fraser's Magazine* began its career. Its first number was published in February 1830. George IV. was still upon the throne, although his life was fast ebbing away. The Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister, and had recently accomplished the chief act of his ministry—the carrying of the Catholic Emancipation Act. *Fraser*, in its opening 'Confession of Faith,' took care to let its readers know that it did not approve of this Act, but had the wisdom at the same time to acknowledge its finality. There are many things in this 'Confession of Faith' of little importance now; but it is written throughout with something of the dash and brightness which seldom failed the early 'Fraserians.'

If any one wishes to see what a bright set these early writers in *Fraser* were, he has only to consult the well-known cartoon by Maclise prefixed to the opening number of 1835, and afterwards reproduced as the frontispiece to the 'Reliques of Father Prout.'[1] Dr. Maginn is in the chair addressing the staff of contributors, and on his right are seen Barry Cornwall, Southey, Thackeray, Macnish, Ainsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Galt, Dunlop, and Jerdan; on his left, Edward Irving, Mahony (Father Prout), Gleig, Carlyle, Allan Cunningham, Count d'Orsay, Moir (Delta), Sir David Brewster, Lockhart, and Theodore Hook. We cannot imagine a more brilliant staff, or a more catholic and genial one—from Edward Irving, 'the enthusiastic, the learned, the honest, the honourable, the upright, and the good,'[2] to Francis Mahony, the quaint, learned, and witty 'Father Prout,' whose prose and verse alike sparkled with an unceasing flow of exuberant mirthfulness. In the 'Preface to our

[1] It was further reproduced six years ago as the frontispiece to a handsome volume entitled 'A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters,' being in the main a reprint of *Fraser's* Gallery from 1830 to 1838. This volume was edited by William Bates, B.A., Professor of Classics in Queen's College, Birmingham, and is an interesting repertory of literary information.

[2] *Fraser*, January 1835.

Second Decade,' which opens the January number of 1840, the Editor takes credit for the catholicity of the Magazine, as marked by the fact that both these writers, 'the Calvinist Edward Irving and the Jesuit Francis Mahony,' were amongst its 'firmest friends and most valued contributors.' Literature knows no sectarianism; and the intellectual sympathy which bridged all the difference between Calvinism and Jesuitism in the year 1840 will not be found, we trust, less lively and comprehensive in 1879, and the vigorous years to which we still look forward.

This same Preface contains a very interesting account of the 'literary career' of *Fraser* for the time which it had then been in existence. Special mention is made of the 'distinct works' which had even so early been 'woven' out of its pages by Colonel Mitchell, 'heart-stirring biographer of Wallenstein;' Thomas Carlyle, 'most original, graphic, and exciting of historians of the French Revolution;' 'M. J. Chapman, the learned and the poetic'; and 'John Abraham Heraud, the metaphysical and profound.'

Yellow Plush (Thackeray), with pen and pencil contributed to 'the harmless mirth of nations;' Morgan Rattler (Banks)[3] wittily rallied; O'Donoghue (Maginn?) related many a tale of Irish fun; the gállant and gallánt Bombardinio (Colonel Mitchell) has narrated his experiences in love and war; the Dominie (poor Picken!), the only one of our contributors whom we have lost by death (except those enumerated in our Gallery of Portraits), chattered over his Scotch anecdotes in the choicest *patois* of the Land of Cakes. Besides these masqueraders, we have been honoured by the avowed contributions of Southey, Lockhart, Brewster, Gillies, Galt, Hogg, Gleig, Croker, Moir, Cunningham, Macnish, Lady Bulwer, Lady Mary Shepherd—with the unavowed assistance of several other persons of allowed wit, talent, and learning—with the counsel of Coleridge and the countenance of Scott. Into our pages have found their way some rare specimens of the poetry of the 'old man eloquent,' as well as of Byron and Shelley, which otherwise would, in all probability, not have seen the light. In defect of modern or home materials we have often had recourse to the immortal literature of ancient days or foreign lands. We challenge the English language to produce a version of 'Æschylus' equal to that of Medwin. Mahony's translations in general are unsurpassed; but we may point particular attention to his 'Tom Moore's Rogueries,' his 'Ver-Vert,' or his 'Vida's Silkworm.' Aristophanes, or the Greek pastoral poets, suffer not under the hand of Willmott. Maginn has made some original experiments upon Homer and Lucian. Churchill's translation of the 'Camp of Wallenstein' stands unrivalled. On the whole we can back our learning against the field; and do not these very words of sporting remind us that we have most absurdly postponed until now the mention that some of the most famous articles of the most famous writer that ever made the affairs of the field his theme, even Nimrod himself, known in the flesh by the name of Charles Apperley, have cast an air of sport, freshness, manliness, and vigour over our columns?[4]

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[3] Percival Weldon Banks, a London barrister, Irish by birth, one of the cleverest of the brilliant but fast circle that surrounded Maginn.

[4] *Fraser*, January 1840.

We quote these sentences at length, not merely for their pleasant literary flavour and reminiscent self-elation, some of which, it must be confessed, is now a little faded, but also for the clear picture which they present of what a magazine should be, as conceived and carried out by the founders of *Fraser*. 'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,' from learning to sport, from prose to poetry, from metaphysic to fun, from science to mirth, the brilliant staff ranged. In their most sober moods they tried not to be dull; in their 'most jocular moods,' the Editor specially boasts, they never ceased 'to inculcate a feeling of honour and respect for religion, and those institutions which, humanly speaking, tend most materially to secure it upon earth.' This was their ideal at least, if their vivacity sometimes verged upon offensive personality, and their exposure of formalism and hypocrisy sometimes went near to licence. In the main they were on the side of good taste, refinement, and moderation; and their literary appreciation was always varied and free ranging, as with such a staff it could not fail to be. It is probably more difficult now than in those early days to preserve the play of bright-humoured freedom and variety which should mark the pages of a monthly magazine; but at any rate we shall endeavour to remember that we could not in some respects have a better example of what such a magazine should be than the pictured and stirring pages of *Fraser* in those early years.

The first phase of its career may be said to extend to nearly 1849. Certainly there is then an observed change in its spirit, although not in its vigour. Its eye for all that is fine in literature and strong and healthy in criticism is still bright, but it no longer runs over with the same riotous mirthfulness. Its conductors are conscious of the change, and speak of it in 'A Happy New Year' which they wish for all its readers in January 1849. 'We are not ignorant,' they say,

> of the charge which has sometimes been brought against us of having dealt more than was quite becoming in personalities. Perhaps there may be some truth in the libel; but let not such as lay it forget that the life of a magazine, like that of a nation and of an individual man, has its phases. If there be any good stuff in it at all, it begins its career impetuously. Strong in its impulses, earnest in its views, it lashes out to the right and the left, whenever there may seem to be wrong which requires correction, and cant that demands exposure. And, like the inspired youth, it generally sacrifices every other consideration to the accomplishment of the object more immediately sought. But time brings experience, and experience teaches wisdom —of which one of the most obvious precepts is this, that even a good deed may be missed or marred through indiscretion in the choice or use of the means of seeking it. It will accordingly be found that within the last year and a half the Fraserians, as they have ceased to attend imaginary *symposia*, and to drink gallons of imaginary punch, so they have learned to temper their wit that it might tell on men's principles of action without unnecessarily wounding their self-love or ruffling their tempers. Blockheads, who thrust themselves into situations for which neither nature nor education has fitted them, need not, it is true, expect to be spared. But

the practice of calling bad names and imputing unworthy motives the Magazine has abandoned, and is not likely, under its present management, to return to it.

This change had come no doubt from increased 'experience' and wisdom, but also from the disappearance of many old 'Fraserians.' Death had thinned their ranks; others had vanished from their old haunts at 215 Regent Street. Mr. Fraser himself, who sits opposite Dr. Maginn as croupier in the famous cartoon of 1835, died in 1841, a martyr in some degree to the cause of the Magazine. He sank, it is said in one of the newspapers of the day, 'under the effects of a ruffianly attack made upon him' by Mr. Grantley Berkeley in requital for a review of his novel of 'Berkeley Castle.' The review was written and avowed by Maginn, who disclaimed any intention of outraging the feelings either of Mr. Berkeley or his mother; but the result was the assault upon Mr. Fraser and its serious consequences. The November number of 1841 contains a graceful and affecting notice of the publisher of the Magazine,[5] as 'one distinguished by every generous and noble characteristic,' by 'fine taste and acute discrimination of literary excellence,' by religious seriousness and practical benevolence. Mr. Fraser came of an Inverness family, seems to have early settled in London, and brought an uncommon intelligence and prudence to bear upon his business. He was an early friend of the literary veteran of Chelsea, who, with Dr. Gleig, *emeritus* Chaplain-General, Mr. Ainsworth, and Mr. Heraud, alone survive of all the band of writers gathered around him and Maginn in 1835.

Maginn himself died within a year of Mr. Fraser, and is duly commemorated in the September number of 1842.

With the profound learning of a scholar he combined the more brilliant attributes of a ready wit, playful or keen, as occasion called it into exercise. It is not too much to say that no one of all his literary brethren possessed the same powers of conversation. . . . We could lay our hands on many a goodly and popular volume, the most striking points and best passages of which have been gleaned from the private conversations and remarks of Dr. Maginn, who resembled Swift not merely in his wit, but in the utter carelessness with which he regarded the fate of the productions of his genius. If they served the purpose of the moment, to make a minister tremble or a lady smile, 'the Doctor' never troubled himself further about his thunder or his jest. . . . It was almost universally believed by the public that he was the editor of this Magazine. At its commencement he was certainly foremost amongst those to whose exertions it was owing, and for many years afterwards we were indebted to him for valuable services.

His inimitable 'Homeric Ballads' are especially mentioned as

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[5] The editor of the volume already referred to, *The Maclise Portrait Gallery*, says (p. 26) that the Magazine received its name not after Mr. James Fraser, the publisher, but after Mr. Hugh Fraser, by whom, along with his friend Dr. Maginn, 'the early numbers were almost entirely written.' Nothing is said of Mr. Hugh Fraser in the notice referred to in the text, which speaks exclusively and with much respect of the indebtedness of the Magazine to Mr. Fraser, its publisher.

amongst his latest contributions; but it is carefully added that, 'as to the editorial management of the Magazine, in that he never took a part'—a fact deserving mention, as showing 'how prone the public are to deceive themselves, and how difficult it is to remove an erroneous impression when once formed.'

Maginn was a writer of undoubted learning, and of great versatility and genius. He delighted in masquerading, and appears in many guises both in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*. His facile pen was ever ready for newspaper or magazine. 'There is scarcely any species of literature,' says Jerdan, who knew him well, 'of which he has not left examples as masterly as any in the language. Romancist, parodist, politician, satirist, linguist, poet, critic, scholar—pre-eminent in all, and in the last all but universal—the efflux of his genius inexhaustible.' His conversation, already spoken of, is described as 'an outpouring of gorgeous stores,' alike free from 'the pomposity of Johnson and the often tedious monotony of Coleridge.' It is sad to think that a brain of such brilliant capacity should have been ruined by evil habits, and that one with so many gifts should have almost closed his days in the Fleet Prison, into which he was thrown for debt. He left prison only to die forsaken and in ignorance of Sir Robert Peel's generosity, 'whose gift of 100*l.* in answer to the touching appeal on behalf of the dying scholar only arrived in time to pay his burial fees.' 'Bright, broken Maginn!' as Lockhart said of him in the witty but somewhat graceless epitaph which he wrote upon the brilliant but hapless scholar.

Father Prout survived for many years, but the haunts of the 'Fraserians' no longer knew him after 1847. In that year he passed to Rome as correspondent for the 'Daily News,' shortly before started under the editorship of Charles Dickens. Later, and for many years, he is said to have been chiefly connected with the 'Globe' newspaper, and was a quaint familiar figure to many in Paris, where he spent the latter period of his life.[6] He, too, was a man 'of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,' whose 'flashes of merriment were wont to set the

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[6] One who saw 'Father Prout' occasionally in his later years in Paris describes him 'as very fragile in appearance, shrunken, and dried up, always untidy, always Bohemian, but with a quaint, rusty ecclesiasticism about him which was half-comic, half-pathetic. So much knocking about the world, so many strange scenes that he had passed through, had never obliterated the tonsure. He sent in when he called on me a very highly glazed and considerably crumpled visiting-card, with an elaborate coat of arms charged with innumerable quarterings in the corner. I saw him most in the society of a lady, as old and as shrunken as himself, with the remains of old beauty and old finery, yellow lace and limp satin, and cheeks more yellow still. I don't know what the relations between them were, or had been. In their old age they were the faithfullest of friends, spending their evenings always together. One evening, in a Parisian salon half way up to the skies, she made him sing his "Bells of Shandon" (*Reliq.*, p. 159) for my gratification, which he did, seated by the fire, his fine pale, priestly head relieved against the heavy mantelpiece with all its gloomy decorations, in a voice which was cracked by age, yet retained here and there a mellow tone. The old man singing, the old lady nodding her haggard, picturesque head in time, the half light of the dim candles, and the little room encumbered with faded furniture—all come before me like a picture.'

table in a roar,' and light up with sparkling riot the pages of 'Regina.' Like Maginn, he excelled in burlesque translation, and brought a felicitous combination of genuine learning with wit to adorn and vivify all that he touched. Let it be confessed, at the same time, that a good deal of the riotous pleasantry and comic verbalisms of the 'Reliques' is now rather dead, like all *set* fun, however exquisite at the time, and however loudly it once echoed. The most inspired literature of the symposium rapidly exhales. The very brightness of the crackle makes it swiftly sink sometimes into dead ash, and notwithstanding the unfailing lightness of touch and self-confident humorousness of the clever *soi-disant* 'incumbent of Watergrass-hill,' many of his jocularities no longer raise a smile.

These and cognate jocularities at any rate passed from the pages of *Fraser*; and from 1847 onwards it gradually took a new and in some respects a higher if less sparkling and vivacious tone. Of this secondary phase of its history we can only speak with reserve, as there are those still living who were among its most active and valued contributors. There are a few names, however, to which we may freely allude, and these not the least brilliant and solid of the staff which then surrounded it. From the very beginning of this time Charles Kingsley was a favourite contributor. 'What do our readers think of "Yeast"?' says the editor in his 'Happy New Year' in 1849—

> that strange, wild tale which only the severe illness of the gifted author brought last month to an abrupt and temporary conclusion. *We* feel that, though but a promise of better things to come, it goes beyond the best of the performances of the best of our contemporaries; and we believe that the public generally is of our way of thinking.

So thought the editor; but the publisher had evidently difficulties about 'Yeast.' It was thought in those times a very daring and disturbing book. Launcelot was pronounced a 'healthy animalist,'[7] and 'the worst tendencies of the day' were supposed to be encouraged by it. Now, as we read it, it is full of life, and movement, and genius, very crudely worked out here and there, but never without a high purpose worthy of its author and the practical Christian objects he had in view. When 'Alton Locke' followed it, however, the author had to seek for a new publisher, which he speedily found with the assistance of Mr. Carlyle. Happily, Kingsley lived to write better books than either of these productions of his earlier mood; and 'Hypatia,' in some respects the most elaborate and brilliant of all his studies, began its appearance in *Fraser* in 1851. There is a certain crudeness of touch here and there even in 'Hypatia,' a want of shading and balance in some of the characters; the effects of the story are rather like the successive scenes in a startling melodrama than of a great dramatic evolution passing

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[7] *Guardian* newspaper.

before the eyes; but the picture is, as a whole, magnificent, passionate, and powerful, and the moral enthusiasm and noble spirit of Christian wisdom and moderation which breathe through the whole of it give it an undying charm. The genius of Charles Kingsley was destined to bear mellower fruit; but it never rose higher, or achieved a more striking and worthy success, than in the great picture of the age of the Alexandrian Cyril.

In the same year in which 'Hypatia' appeared there was also begun in *Fraser* the first lengthened story from one of the most prolific and most pleasant pens which long adorned its pages. The opening chapters of 'Digby Grand' were published in November of that year, and onwards for about ten years come in rapid succession 'General Bounce' (1854), 'Kate Coventry' (1856), 'The Interpreter' (1857), and 'Holmby House' in 1859. The best work that George Whyte Melville ever did, we may safely say, was done in the pages of this Magazine; and no one who has read these novels, and none certainly who knew their gifted author, can recall with anything but lively feelings of emotion the pleasant attraction which his writings long lent to it. There was a charm of ever-honourable feeling, and a delightfully piquant reserve of wit and fancy which could flash brilliantly at will or when he cared to exert them, about all the higher productions of Mr. Melville's pen, as there was in his character and conversation. Beneath a polished and conventional exterior he was full of suppressed gaieties, satiric but never ill-natured. Beneath all his *insouciance* there was a vein of grave and well-intentioned work which never exhausted itself. He delighted in writing, as he delighted in hunting—it was at once his occupation and amusement. In many cases no doubt it was the impulse to amuse others as well as himself that made him take pen in hand; but no one would have been more astonished than himself at his being supposed to be merely an amusing writer. Few men, on the contrary, worked more assiduously, and few men keep before them more steadily definite ideals of work. There was a certain gravity of aim in almost all he did, and a deep and tender seriousness of character and chivalrous manliness, which, if not obtrusive, were always present. It was an unhappy hour in the dark November of last year when so gallant a rider stumbled in the wet and heavy furrow to rise no more, and a spirit so fertile and bright passed so suddenly away.

In addition to these two collaborateurs in *Fraser* during the second phase of its history, it would be unpardonable to omit mention of one other, amongst the best of whose pleasant and high-minded books appeared during the same years in its pages. 'Friends in Council' was begun in the last month of 1855, and continued in the following year. Here it was that a delighted circle of readers first made the acquaintance of the kind and placid old Durnford, the grave and earnest Milverton, the clever and sarcastic Ellesmere, and the demure and gentle Lucy. With no special effort of portraiture on the part of the author, how soon does the reader come to know

them all—with what clear individuality do they all stand out before him, and with what interest does he follow their bright and well-sustained talk! Arthur Helps may have perhaps reached in his later volume, 'Companions of my Solitude,' a richer and more touching vein than in 'Friends in Council;' but *Fraser* may certainly claim the most elaborate as well as one of the most characteristic productions of his peculiar style of meditative humour and quiet wise thoughtfulness, half playful, half serious, if not always strong.

But we make no pretensions even to name all who might claim mention in any formal survey of the literature of *Fraser*. Our object is merely to touch a figure here and there which has passed from its crowded gallery, and awaits the award, slow but discriminating, which at length comes to all real work. There are other names than those to which our pen has naturally turned—names of higher if not happier import, like those of Mr. J. Stuart Mill and Mr. Buckle, both of whom in a somewhat later time contributed to its pages. The well-known essay of the former on 'Utilitarianism' was begun in the October number of 1861; and Mr. Buckle discoursed characteristically three years earlier on the 'Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge.' Mr. Mill's essay is one of the most mature productions of his pen, in which he sought to correct the imperfect conceptions which popularly prevailed of the utilitarian theory; but neither he nor Mr. Buckle can be said to have been writers on the staff of *Fraser*. Their names stand on too distinct an elevation by themselves to be more than accidentally identified with it.

Enough has been said to show how distinguished a literary career lies behind *Fraser*; and if it were right to speak of those who are still living whose pens have brightened many past numbers, and will, we trust, brighten many more in the time to come, we could have greatly added to our roll. In entering on still another phase of its career, it will be one of the chief aims of the editor to maintain and extend a literary reputation already historical. Whatever else a magazine may do, it should make its mark on the literature of its time. It is primarily an organ of literary expression, and as it carries information, enlightenment, or amusement month by month into the homes of those who receive it, it should always carry the one or the other in forms graceful and lettered, fitted to elevate the taste and quicken the intellectual sentiment of all readers. There may be much writing needed in the world that has no time to take form or polish; there is a rough and vigorous use of the pen, as there is of speech, that may be highly useful, and serve its purposes all the better that it is not moulded by any cunning art. But it is the widespread growth of a higher literary feeling, and of a love of *form* in the expression of thought and instruction of all kinds, that make the demand, as they form the best justification of the existence, of so many magazines and reviews in a time like ours.

That there need be anything superficial, extravagant, or merely dissipating in periodical literature, we are not prepared to admit. There cannot of course be elaboration in the same degree as when a

writer sets himself to treat a subject in an independent volume to which he may devote years of study. The literature of the month can never take the place of the literature of self-chosen and studious leisure, although the fact that so many books of even the first rank have been begun and carried through in a serial form during the last fifty years forbids us drawing the hasty inference that there is any incompatibility between the most careful preparation and the periodical form which the issue of a book may take. It is clearly only a question of the mode of working and of the taste of the public. A writer may spend years of study over a subject which he ultimately concludes to publish by degrees or in successive instalments, as the public cares to have it. If there is danger of intellectual dissipation in the multiplicity of magazines and reviews, it may be a question whether the minds that are thus dissipated would have ever been concentrated on graver intellectual tasks, and would not rather, many of them, have missed all opportunity of higher excitement and culture. The really studious mind knows how to utilise the literary stimulus of the hour, and the fragments of time that would otherwise not be intellectualised at all, without losing any of its hardy fibre or giving way to mere dilettantism; while there are possibly hundreds of minds that would not get any stimulus at all save for the attractions of our periodical literature.

In any case it is needless to regret a change like that marked by the variety and abundance of this literature. Such changes grow out of many circumstances which are quite beyond the control of individual opinion; and the important thing is not to try to stem a current which flows from many hidden channels connected with the advance of education and the growth of civilisation, and which, therefore, cannot be stemmed, but to endeavour to make the current run as clearly and beneficially as we can. Let its course be deepened and purified—let it run bright and sparkling—let it bear along with it not merely the frivolities of the hour or the conventionalisms of literary fashion, but the treasures of a pure and elevated taste, and the simplicities that come from the study of past forms of literature both at home and abroad. A literary inspiration which is truly cultured will be also wide and historical. It will come from no school, old or new, but from the stream of 'English pure and undefiled.' Nothing marks the decay of vitality in literature, as in all other forms of art, more readily than the growth of petty schools, whose disciples repeat each other's tricks of thought and style. A healthy literature must always be a broad and manly literature, with its roots in many fields of culture, and the sap of a robust, genial, and open-air vitality animating all its branches.

Nothing can be healthier and more vital than the early literature of *Fraser's Magazine.* Its chief defect may be said to lie in its excess of robust animal vitality. It is not merely strong, but uproarious. It smacks, like other well-known productions of the time, of the humours of the tavern or the wine-room. It quaffs ambrosial draughts, and indulges in riotous guffaws. The

time has passed for all this; and men are more moderate, on the whole more subtle, in their literary humours, as they are more temperate in their potations. But there was a verve and directness in this old exhilaration, and in changing the form it is very desirable not to lose the spirit. Our pages, we trust, will sparkle with as much life in the future as in the past, and as clear a stream of manly and humorous thought run through them as before, while we make no attempt to revive the mere forms of past literary expression. The great aim will be to make the Magazine throughout an organ of the best and brightest thought of the time in all departments of the Belles Lettres. We may not be able always to maintain our ideal, but at least it is good to have such an ideal, and we shall try to reach it as nearly as we can. Whatever seems excellent in our new schools of literature, art, or social manners, will be judged fairly; all that comes before us will be judged impartially; but no less will all ridiculous pretensions and exclusiveness, old or new, be unsparingly exposed. A criticism which would educate public taste must not spare the rod over unreasonable folly, immoral affectations, or fashionable laxities of any kind, while it encourages all that is aspiring and high-minded and free with a manly and ordered freedom.

The *Fraser* of Dr. Maginn and 'Father Prout' had a special reputation for the spirit and brilliancy of its translations from ancient and foreign languages. It will try in the future to emulate its old reputation in this respect, and the present time is in some ways peculiarly favourable for such an effort. Some of the most successful pens in the art of translation have been placed at our disposal, and will from time to time enliven our pages.

In higher speculation — whether philosophical, theological, or political—*Fraser* will continue to be, as it has long been, genuinely liberal. There is no novelty of thought, however daring, which will be repelled for its audacity; but neither will mere audacity furnish any claim to recognition. Its pages will be open to free inquiry and the most thorough handling of modern questions, but it will leave the interlocutory treatment of these questions to other organs, and will aim at a consistent and enlightened advocacy of what it conceives to be the true and rational lines of advance here as elsewhere. While satisfied that the past forms of religious, ethical, and constitutional tradition must be greatly modified in the light of the modern historical method and the more critical canons of judgment which it prescribes, its special aim will be to show that real progress everywhere must be by development, and not by reversal, of the beliefs of the past. There is no subject which a candid and liberal mind can place beyond the pale of criticism or the ingenuity of modern investigation, but there are subjects which can only be handled with any good result when handled in a spirit of reverence and undeviating respect. Nothing is less helpful than the cold insolence of a logic which refuses to acknowledge everything which its fingers cannot touch—which converts its own negations into postulates of belief—and supposes that truth is to be advanced by stripping bare to the bone

all the venerable compromises of ancient faith. The spirit of the Magazine will be quite opposite to this—assured as we are that the social and industrial life of modern civilisation must rest on moral foundations, and that there can be no permanent morality fitted to lay an arrest on human passion and purify the sources of society, which is not based on historical religion. This line will guide all our treatment of religious questions—it is right to say so much—but these questions will not occupy any new prominence in our pages.

Fraser has always in the past freely discussed religious and ecclesiastical questions, and, curiously enough, Scotch ecclesiastical matters have been, not only in the stirring years of 1841, '42, and '43, but in recent years, quite a special feature of the Magazine, as many of its readers will be able to recall. In so far as such matters assume in the future, as they have sometimes done in the past, national significance, they will continue to receive attention, and be discussed in the same vigorous spirit of enlightened and constitutional freedom. It will advocate both religious and ecclesiastical progress and the institutions which seem most likely to guide and embody this progress; but it will in no sense be an organ of sectarian opinion, on the right hand or the left. It will deal with all such questions—in speculation as in literature—from a truly national and catholic point of view, and carry them, if possible, into a region of principles in which extremes on the one side and the other may see that they have roots of affinity as well as developments of difference.

In practical politics *Fraser* will be identified with the great interests professed by the Liberal party, and the 'broad and generous creed' which has enabled it to confer so many benefits on the Empire. But here, as in other respects, it will deal with principles and measures rather than with men or parties. This was its declared attitude so far back as 1849, and even in the original 'Confession of Faith' with which it commenced its career in February 1830. 'It will be seen from that document,' says the Editor in his 'Happy New Year' of 1849 already quoted—

> that we undertook to bolster up no faction; to pin our faith to no man, nor any set of men; to support to the best of our ability the established institutions of the country; and to deal with every public measure, as it came before us, strictly according to its merits. . . . Our tone has never varied since. We want honest men, true men, men of far-seeing and comprehensive minds, to rule over us.

We may echo these sentences now; their spirit is sound and good—although we apply them in a manner different from that in which the early conductors of the Magazine did. In the political conflicts of a time like ours, where tendencies on both sides are sometimes so strangely intermixed, it is especially necessary to look at measures rather than at men, and to watch carefully the springs that move political action. A true Liberalism, which looks to the future and all the higher interests of our national life and society, cannot afford to repeat the commonplaces either of Government or of Opposition. It must examine questions in a compre-

hensive manner, and in an atmosphere as far as possible cleared from the jealous passions of the hour. It must, above all, be servile to no mere party watchwords, nor personal names however distinguished or even deserving of distinction. Of all the forms of political dogmatism, none is less worthy of thoughtful and wise men than to turn any mere personal utterance into a test of true opinion, or of a right line of action in any direction whatever. And there never was a time in our political history when such dogmatism was less warranted.

It is hoped that in the future, as in the past, *Fraser* may continue to be especially useful in interpreting to the English mind phases both of Scottish and Irish national sentiment which enter into the common political life of the three kingdoms, and not unfrequently lead to definite results by no means readily intelligible to the mere English politician. It is strange, in some respects, how little the three nationalities—bound together for ever for all Imperial purposes—sometimes understand one another in politics as in other things. It is particularly strange how little is understood of Scotland or its characteristic institutions by some who yet traverse it from end to end for their autumn amusement. Even intelligent and sympathetic critics, who do their best, often mistake phenomena of the simplest kind or read them from an angle where they are only half seen. The same is true in no small degree of Ireland, and true also of many of the social and political features of our Colonies. Such ignorance reflects injuriously on our national history; it is inimical to the harmonious development of national civilisation. If *Fraser* can contribute to disperse remaining ignorance of this kind, and to interpret whatever is true, well-founded, and influential in the characteristic national feelings of the several portions of the Empire in relation to one another, it will accomplish a useful political as well as social task.

We have said enough as to our aims. It seemed necessary to say so much, and to bind the epochs of the Magazine together in a short survey before setting out on a new course. But we know very well that it is not our promise, but our performance, by which we shall be judged. We are content to await that judgment, and to leave our success to a discerning public.

Many younger rivals have appeared since *Fraser's Magazine* was first launched on its literary career. One which preceded it by fourteen years still flourishes in undiminished vigour. 'Regina' bears no envy, as she has no fear in her heart, towards all this race of competitors. She is ready especially to repeat the warm wish expressed in an old number,[8] that 'her elder sister Maga' may still have 'a long and prosperous continuation of existence.' The gain of others is not her loss. She ventures to put forth on a new voyage, and as she has already many able and brilliant hands on board, we trust and believe that her voyage will be prosperous. If she deserves success, she will be sure to find it.

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[8] October 1855, in a review of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER I.

HEADSTRONG AND HEADLONG.

FAR from any house, or hut, in the depth of dreary moorland, a road, unfenced and almost unformed, descends to a rapid river. The crossing is called the 'Seven Corpse Ford,' because a large party of farmers, riding homeward from Middleton, banded together and perhaps well-primed through fear of a famous highwayman, came down to this place on a foggy evening, after heavy rainfall. One of the company set before them what the power of the water was, but they laughed at him and spurred into it, and one alone spurred out of it. Whether taken with fright, or with too much courage, they laid hold of one another, and seven out of eight of them, all large farmers, and thoroughly understanding land, came never upon it alive again; and their bodies, being found upon the ridge that cast them up, gave a dismal name to a place that never was merry in the best of weather.

However, worse things than this had happened; and the country is not chary of its living, though apt to be scared of its dead; and so the ford came into use again, with a little attempt at improvement. For those farmers being beyond recall, and their families hard to provide for, Richard Yordas of Scargate Hall, the chief owner of the neighbourhood, set a long heavy stone up on either brink, and stretched a strong chain between them; not only to mark out the course of the shallow, whose shelf is askew to the channel, but also that any one being washed away might fetch up, and feel how to save himself. For the Tees is a violent water sometimes, and the safest way to cross it is to go on till you come to a good stone bridge.

Now forty years after that sad destruction of brave but not well-guided men, and thirty years after the chain was fixed, that their sons might not go after them, another thing happened at 'Seven Corpse Ford,' worse than the drowning of the farmers. Or, at any rate, it made more stir (which is of wider spread than sorrow) because of the eminence of the man, and the length and width of his property. Neither could any one at first believe in so quiet an end to so turbulent a course. Nevertheless it came to pass, as lightly as if he were a reed or a bubble of the river that belonged to him.

It was upon a gentle evening, a few days after Michaelmas of 1777. No flood was in the river then, and no fog on the moorland, only the usual course of time, keeping the silent company of stars. The young moon was down, and the hover of the sky (in doubt of various lights) was gone, and the equal spread of obscurity soothed the eyes of any reasonable man.

But the man who rode down to the river that night had little love of reason. Headstrong chief of a headlong race, no will must depart a hair's breadth from his; and fifty years of arrogant port had stiffened a neck too stiff at birth. Even now in the dim light his large square form stood out against the sky, like a cromlech, and his heavy arms swung like gnarled boughs of oak, for a storm of wrath was moving him. In his youth he had rebelled against his father; and now his own son was a rebel to him.

'Good, my boy, good!' he said within his grizzled beard, while his eyes shone with fire, like the flints beneath his horse; 'you have had your own way, have you, then? But never shall you step upon an acre of your own, and your timber shall be the gallows. Done, my boy, once and for ever.'

Philip, the squire, the son of Richard, and father of Duncan Yordas, with fierce satisfaction struck the bosom of his heavy Bradford riding-coat, and the crackle of parchment replied to the blow, while with the other hand he drew rein on the brink of the Tees sliding rapidly.

The water was dark with the twinkle of the stars, and wide with the vapour of the valley; but Philip Yordas in the rage of triumph laughed and spurred his reflecting horse.

'Fool!' he cried without an oath—no Yordas ever used an oath, except in playful moments—'fool! what fear you? There hangs my respected father's chain. Ah, he was something like a man! Had I ever dared to flout him so, he would have hanged me with it.'

Wild with his wrong, he struck the rowel deep into the flank of his wading horse, and in scorn of the depth drove him up the river. The shoulders of the swimming horse broke the swirling water, as he panted and snorted against it; and if Philip Yordas had drawn back at once, he might even now have crossed safely. But the fury of his blood was up, the stronger the torrent the fiercer his will, and the fight between passion and power went on. The poor horse was fain to swerve back at last; but he struck him on the head with a carabine, and shouted to the torrent,—

'Drown me, if you can. My father used to say that I was never born to drown. My own water drown me! That would be a little too much insolence.'

'Too much insolence' were his last words. The strength of the horse was exhausted. The beat of his legs grew short and faint, the white of his eyes rolled piteously, and the gurgle of his breath subsided. His heavy head dropped under water, and his sodden crest rolled over, like seaweed where a wave breaks. The stream had him all at its mercy, and showed no more than his savage master had, but swept him a wallowing lump away, and over the reef of the crossing. With both feet locked in the twisted stirrups, and right arm broken at the elbow, the rider was swung (like the mast of a wreck) and flung with his head upon his father's chain. There he was held by his great square chin—for the jar of his backbone stunned him—and the weight

of the swept-away horse broke the neck which never had been known to bend. In the morning a peasant found him there, not drowned but hanged, with eyes wide open, a swaying corpse upon a creaking chain. So his father (though long in the grave) was his death, as he had often promised to be to him; while he (with the habit of his race) clutched fast, with dead hand on dead bosom, the instrument securing the starvation of his son.

Of the Yordas family truly was it said, that the will of God was nothing to their will—as long as the latter lasted—and that every man of them scorned all Testament, old or new, except his own.

Chapter II.

SCARGATE HALL.

Nearly twenty-four years had passed since Philip Yordas was carried to his last (as well as his first) repose, and Scargate Hall had enjoyed some rest from the turbulence of owners. For as soon as Duncan (Philip's son, whose marriage had maddened his father) was clearly apprised by the late squire's lawyer of his disinheritance, he collected his own little money and his wife's, and set sail for India. His mother, a Scotchwoman of good birth, but evil fortunes, had left him something; and his bride (the daughter of his father's greatest foe) was not altogether empty-handed. His sisters were forbidden by the will to help him with a single penny; and Philippa, the elder, declaring and believing that Duncan had killed her father, strictly obeyed the injunction. But Eliza, being of a softer kind, and herself then in love with Captain Carnaby, would gladly have aided her only brother, but for his stern refusal. In such a case, a more gentle nature than ever endowed a Yordas might have grown hardened and bitter; and Duncan, being of true Yordas fibre (thickened and toughened with slower Scotch sap) was not of the sort to be ousted lightly, and grow at the feet of his supplanters.

Therefore he cast himself on the winds, in search of fairer soil, and was not heard of in his native land; and Scargate Hall and estates were held by the sisters in joint-tenancy, with remainder to the first son born of whichever it might be of them. And this was so worded through the hurry of their father to get some one established in the place of his own son.

But from paltry passions, turn away a little while to the things which excite, but are not excited by them.

Scargate Hall stands, high and old, in the wildest and most rugged part of the wild and rough North Riding. Many are the tales about it, in the few and humble cots, scattered in the modest distance, mainly to look up at it. In spring and summer, of the years that have any, the height and the air are not only fine, but even fair and pleasant. So do the shadows and the sunshine wander, elbowing

into one another on the moor, and so does the glance of smiling foliage soothe the austerity of crag and scaur. At such time also, the restless torrent (whose fury has driven content away through many a short day and long night) is not in such desperate hurry to bury its troubles in the breast of Tees, but spreads them in language that sparkles to the sun, or even makes leisure to turn into corners of deep brown study about the people on its banks—especially perhaps the miller.

But never had this impetuous water more reason to stop and reflect upon people of greater importance, who called it their own, than now when it was at the lowest of itself, in August of the year 1801.

From time beyond date the race of Yordas had owned and inhabited this old place. From them the river, and the river's valley, and the mountain of its birth, took name, or else perhaps gave name to them, for the history of the giant Yordas still remains to be written, and the materials are scanty. His present descendants did not care an old song for his memory, even if he ever had existence to produce it. Piety (whether in the Latin sense or English) never had marked them for her own; their days were long in the land, through a long inactivity of the Decalogue.

And yet in some manner this lawless race had been as a law to itself throughout. From age to age came certain gifts and certain ways of management, which saved the family life from falling out of rank and land and lot. From deadly feuds, exhausting suits, and ruinous profusion, when all appeared lost, there had always risen a man of direct lineal stock, to retrieve the estates and reprieve the name. And what is still more conducive to the longevity of families, no member had appeared as yet of a power too large and an aim too lofty, whose eminence must be cut short with axe, outlawry, and attainder. Therefore there ever had been a Yordas, good or bad (and by his own showing more often of the latter kind), to stand before heaven, and hold the land, and harass them that dwelt thereon. But now at last the world seemed to be threatened with the extinction of a fine old name.

When Squire Philip died in the river, as above recorded, his death, from one point of view, was dry, since nobody shed a tear for him, unless it was his child Eliza. Still he was missed and lamented in speech, and even in eloquent speeches, having been a very strong Justice of the Peace, as well as the foremost of riotous gentlemen keeping the order of the county. He stood above them in his firm resolve to have his own way always, and his way was so crooked that the difficulty was to get out of it and let him have it. And when he was dead, it was either too good or too bad to believe in; and even after he was buried it was held that this might be only another of his tricks.

But after his ghost had been seen repeatedly, sitting on the chain and swearing, it began to be known that he was gone indeed, and the

relief afforded by his absence endeared him to sad memory. Moreover, his good successors enhanced the relish of scandal about him, by seeming themselves always so dry, distant, and unimpeachable. Especially so did 'My Lady Philippa,' as the elder daughter was called by all the tenants and dependants, though the family now held no title of honour.

Mistress Yordas, as she was more correctly styled by usage of the period, was a maiden lady of fine presence, unencumbered as yet by weight of years, and only dignified thereby. Stately, and straight, and substantial of figure, firm but not coarse of feature, she had reached her forty-fifth year without an ailment or a wrinkle. Her eyes were steadfast, clear, and bright, well able to second her distinct calm voice, and handsome still, though their deep blue had waned into a quiet, impenetrable grey; while her broad clear forehead, straight nose, and red lips might well be considered as comely as ever, at least by those who loved her. Of these, however, there were not many; and she was content to have it so.

Mrs. Carnaby, the younger sister, would not have been content to have it so. Though not of the weak lot which is enfeoffed to popularity, she liked to be regarded kindly, and would rather win a smile than exact a curtsey. Continually it was said of her that she was no genuine Yordas, though really she had the pride, and all the stubbornness of that race, enlarged perhaps, but little weakened, by severe afflictions. This lady had lost a beloved husband, Colonel Carnaby, killed in battle; and after that four children of the five she had been so proud of. And the waters of affliction had not turned to bitterness in her soul.

Concerning the outward part—which matters more than the inward, at first hand—Mrs. Carnaby had no reason to complain of fortune. She had started well as a very fine baby, and grown up well into a lovely maiden, passing through wedlock into a sightly matron, gentle, fair, and showing reason. For generations it had come to pass that those of the Yordas race who deserved to be cut off for their doings out of doors were followed by ladies of decorum, self-restraint, and regard for their neighbour's landmark. And so it was now with these two ladies, the handsome Philippa and the fair Eliza leading a peaceful and reputable life, and carefully studying their rent-roll.

It was not, however, in the fitness of things that quiet should reign at Scargate Hall for a quarter of a century; and one strong element of disturbance grew already manifest. Under the will of Squire Philip the heir apparent was the one surviving child of Mrs. Carnaby.

If ever a mortal life was saved by dint of sleepless care, warm coddling, and perpetual doctoring, it was the precious life of Master Lancelot Yordas Carnaby. In him all the mischief of his race revived, without the strong substance to carry it off. Though his parents were healthy and vigorous, he was of weakly constitution, which would not have been half so dangerous to him, if his mind

also had been weakly. But his mind (or at any rate that rudiment thereof which appears in the shape of self-will even before the teeth appear) was a piece of muscular contortion, tough as oak, and hard as iron. 'Pet' was his name with his mother and his aunt; and his enemies (being the rest of mankind) said that pet was his name and his nature.

For this dear child could brook no denial, no slow submission to his wishes; whatever he wanted must come in a moment, punctual as an echo. In him reappeared not the stubbornness only, but also the keen ingenuity of Yordas in finding out the very thing that never should be done, and then the unerring perception of the way in which it could be done most noxiously. Yet any one looking at his eyes would think how tender and bright must his nature be! 'He favoureth his fore-elders; how can he help it?' kind people exclaimed, when they knew him. And the servants of the house excused themselves when condemned for putting up with him, 'Naa, ye dwan't knaw t' yoong maaster. He's that fratchy and auld-farrand he mun gan' 's own gaat, if ye weant chawk him.'

Being too valuable to be choked, he got his own way always.

Chapter III.

A DISAPPOINTING APPOINTMENT.

For the sake of Pet Carnaby and of themselves, the ladies of the house were disquieted now, in the first summer weather of a changeful year, the year of our Lord 1801. And their trouble arose as follows:—

There had long been a question between the sisters and Sir Walter Carnaby, brother of the late colonel, about an exchange of outlying land, which would have to be ratified by 'Pet' hereafter. Terms being settled and agreement signed, the lawyers fell to at the linked sweetness of deducing title. The abstract of the Yordas title was nearly as big as the parish Bible, so in and out had their dealings been, and so intricate their pugnacity.

Among the many other of the Yordas freaks was a fatuous and generally fatal one. For the slightest miscarriage they discharged their lawyer, and leaped into the office of a new one! Has any man moved in the affairs of men, with a grain of common sense, or half a pennyweight of experience, without being taught that an old tenter-hook sits easier to him than a new one? And not only that, but in shifting his quarters he may leave some truly fundamental thing behind.

Old Mr. Jellicorse, of Middleton in Teesdale, had won golden opinions everywhere. He was an uncommonly honest lawyer, highly incapable of almost any trick, and lofty in his view of things, when his side of them was the legal one. He had a large collection of those interesting boxes which are to a lawyer and his family

better than caskets of silver and gold; and especially were his shelves furnished with what might be called the library of the Scargate title-deeds. He had been proud to take charge of these nearly thirty years ago, and had married on the strength of them, though warned by the rival from whom they were wrested that he must not hope to keep them long. However, through the peaceful incumbency of ladies, they remained in his office all those years.

This was the gentleman who had drawn and legally sped to its purport the will of the lamented Squire Philip; who refused very clearly to leave it, and took horse to flourish it at his rebellious son. Mr. Jellicorse had done the utmost, as behoved him, against that rancorous testament; but meeting with silence more savage than words, and a bow to depart, he had yielded; and the Squire stamped about the room until his job was finished.

A fact accomplished, whether good or bad, improves in character with every revolution of this little world around the sun, that heavenly example of subservience. And now Mr. Jellicorse was well convinced, as nothing had occurred to disturb that will, and the life of the testator had been sacrificed to it, and the devisees under it were his own good clients, and some of his finest turns of words were in it, and the preparation, execution, and attestation, in an hour and ten minutes of the office clock, had never been equalled in Yorkshire before, and perhaps never honestly in London—taking all these things into conscious or unconscious balance, Mr. Jellicorse grew into the clear conviction that 'righteous and wise' were the words to be used whenever this will was spoken of.

With pleasant remembrance of the starveling fees wherewith he used to charge the public, ere ever his golden spurs were won, the prosperous lawyer now began to run his eye through a duplicate of an abstract furnished upon some little sale about forty years before. This would form the basis of the abstract now to be furnished to Sir Walter Carnaby, with little to be added but the will of Philip Yordas, and statement of facts to be verified. Mr. Jellicorse was fat, but very active still; he liked good living, but he liked to earn it, and could not sit down to his dinner without feeling that he had helped the Lord to provide these mercies. He carried a pencil on his chain, and liked to use it ere ever he began with knife and fork. For the young men in the office, as he always said, knew nothing.

The day was very bright and clear, and the sun shone through soft lilac leaves on more important folios, while Mr. Jellicorse, with happy sniffs—for his dinner was roasting in the distance—drew a single line here, or a double line there, or a gable on the margin of the paper, to show his head clerk what to cite, and in what letters, and what to omit, in the abstract to be rendered. For the good solicitor had spent some time in the chambers of a famous conveyancer in London, and prided himself upon deducing title, directly, exhaustively, and yet tersely—in one word, scientifically, and not as the

mere quill-driver. The title to the hereditaments now to be given in exchange went back for many generations; but as the deeds were not to pass, Mr. Jellicorse, like an honest man, drew a line across, and made a star at one quite old enough to begin with, in which the little moorland farm in treaty now was specified. With hum and ha of satisfaction he came down the records, as far as the settlement made upon the marriage of Richard Yordas of Scargate Hall, Esquire, and Eleanor, the daughter of Sir Fursan de Roos. This document created no entail, for strict settlements had never been the manner of the race, but the property assured in trust, to satisfy the jointure, was then declared subject to joint and surviving powers of appointment limited to the issue of the marriage, with remainder to the uses of the will of the aforesaid Richard Yordas, or, failing such will, to his right heirs for ever.

All this was usual enough, and Mr. Jellicorse heeded it little, having never heard of any appointment, and knowing that Richard, the grandfather of his clients, had died, as became a true Yordas, in a fit of fury with a poor tenant, intestate, as well as unrepentant. The lawyer, being a slightly pious man, afforded a little sigh to this remembrance, and lifted his finger to turn the leaf, but the leaf stuck a moment, and the paper being raised at the very best angle to the sun, he saw, or seemed to see, a faint red line, just over against that appointment clause. And then the yellow margin showed some faint red marks.

'Well, I never—' Mr. Jellicorse exclaimed, 'certainly never saw these marks before. Diana, where are my glasses?'

Mrs. Jellicorse had been to see the potatoes on (for the new cook simply made 'kettlefuls of fish' of everything put upon the fire), and now at her husband's call she went to her work-box for his spectacles, which he was not allowed to wear except on Sundays, for fear of injuring his eyesight. Equipped with these, and drawing nearer to the window, the lawyer gradually made out this—first a broad faint line of red, as if some attorney, now a ghost, had cut his finger, and over against that in small round hand the letters 'v. b. c.' Mr. Jellicorse could swear that they were 'v. b. c.'

'Don't ask me to eat any dinner to-day,' he exclaimed when his wife came to fetch him. 'Diana, I am occupied; go and eat it up without me.'

'Nonsense, James,' she answered calmly; 'you never get any clever thoughts by starving.'

Moved by this reasoning, he submitted, fed his wife and children, and own good self, and then brought up a bottle of old Spanish wine, to strengthen the founts of discovery. Whose writing was that upon the broad margin of verbosity? Why had it never been observed before? Above all, what was meant by 'v. b. c.'?

Unaided, he might have gone on for ever, to the bottom of a butt of Xeres wine; but finding the second glass better than the first, he called to Mrs. Jellicorse, who was in the garden gathering striped

roses, to come and have a sip with him, and taste the yellow cherries. And when she came promptly with the flowers in her hand, and their youngest little daughter making sly eyes at the fruit, bothered as he was, he could not help smiling, and saying, 'Oh! Diana, what is "v. b. c."?'

'Very black currants, papa!' cried Emily, dancing a long bunch in the air.

'Hush, dear child, you are getting too forward,' said her mother, though proud of her quickness. 'James, how should I know what "v. b. c." is? But I wish most heartily that you would rid me of my old enemy, box C. I want to put a hanging-press in that corner, instead of which you turn the very passages into office.'

'Box C? I remember no box C.'

'You may not have noticed the letter C upon it, but the box you must know as well as I do. It belongs to those proud Yordas people, who hold their heads so high, forsooth, as if nobody but themselves belonged to a good old county family! That makes me hate the box the more.'

'I will take it out of your way at once. I may want it. It should be with the others. I know it as well as I know my snuff-box. It was Aberthaw who put it in that corner; but I had forgotten that it was lettered. The others are all numbered.'

Of course Mr. Jellicorse was not weak enough to make the partner of his bosom the partner of his business; and much as she longed to know why he had put an unusual question to her, she trusted to the future for discovery of that point. She left him, and he with no undue haste—for the business, after all, was not his own—began to follow out his train of thought, in manner much as follows:—

'This is that old Duncombe's writing, "Dunder-headed Duncombe," as he used to be called in his lifetime, but "Long-headed Duncombe" afterwards. None but his wife knew whether he was a wise man, or a wiseacre. Perhaps either, according to the treatment he received. Richard Yordas treated him badly; that may have made him wiser. V. b. c. means "vide box C," unless I am greatly mistaken. He wrote those letters as plainly and clearly as he could against this power of appointment as recited here. But afterwards, with knife and pounce, he scraped them out, as now becomes plain with this magnifying glass; probably he did so when all these archives, as he used to call them, were rudely ordered over to my predecessor. A nice bit of revenge, if my suspicions are correct; and a pretty confusion will follow it.'

The lawyer's suspicions proved too correct. He took that box to his private room, and with some trouble unlocked it. A damp and musty smell came forth, as when a man delves a potato-bury; and then appeared layers of parchment yellow and brown, in and out with one another, according to the curing of the sheepskin, perhaps, or the age of the sheep when he began to die; skins much older than any man's who handled them, and dryer than the brains of any lawyer.

'Anno Jacobi tertio, and Quadragesimo Elisabethæ! How nice it sounds!' Mr. Jellicorse exclaimed; 'they ought all to go in, and be charged for. People to be satisfied with sixty years' title! Why, bless the Lord, I am sixty-eight myself, and could buy and sell the grammar-school at eight years old. It is no security, no security at all. What did the learned Bacupiston say—"If a rogue only lives to be a hundred and eleven, he may have been for ninety years disseised, and nobody alive to know it!"'

Older and older grew the documents as the lawyer's hand travelled downwards; any flaw or failure must have been healed by lapse of time long and long ago; dust and grime and mildew thickened, ink became paler, and contractions more contorted; it was rather an antiquary's business now than a lawyer's to decipher them.

'What a fool I am!' the solicitor thought. 'My cuffs will never wash white again, and all I have found is a mare's nest. However, I'll go to the bottom now. There may be a gold seal, they used to put them in with the deeds three hundred years ago. A charter of Edward the Fourth, I declare! Ah, the Yordases were Yorkists—halloa, what is here? By the Touchstone of Shepherd, I was right after all! Well done, long-headed Duncombe!'

From the very bottom of the box he took a parchment comparatively fresh and new, endorsed 'Appointment by Richard Yordas, Esquire, and Eleanor his wife, of lands and heredits at Scargate and elsewhere in the county of York, dated Nov. 15th, A.D. 1751.' Having glanced at the signatures and seals, Mr. Jellicorse spread the document, which was of moderate compass, and soon convinced himself that his work of the morning had been wholly thrown away. No title could be shown to Whitestone Farm, nor even to Scargate Hall itself, on the part of the present owners.

The appointment was by deed-poll, and strictly in accordance with the powers of the settlement. Duly executed and attested, clearly though clumsily expressed, and beyond all question genuine, it simply nullified (as concerned the better half of the property) the will which had cost Philip Yordas his life. For under this limitation Philip held a mere life interest, his father and mother giving all men to know by those presents that they did thereby from and after the decease of their said son Philip grant limit and appoint &c. all and singular the said lands &c. to the heirs of his body lawfully begotten &c. &c. in tail general, with remainder over, and final remainder to the right heirs of the said Richard Yordas for ever. From all which it followed that while Duncan Yordas, or child, or other descendant of his remained in the land of the living, or even without that if he having learned it had been enabled to bar the entail and then sell or devise the lands away, the ladies in possession could show no title, except a possessory one, as yet unhallowed by the lapse of time.

Mr. Jellicorse was a very pleasant-looking man, also one who took a pleasant view of other men and things; but he could not help pulling a long and sad face, as he thought of the puzzle before him.

Duncan Yordas had not been heard of among his own hills and valleys since 1778, when he embarked for India. None of the family ever had cared to write or read long letters, their correspondence (if any) was short, without being sweet by any means. It might be a subject for prayer and hope that Duncan should be gone to a better world, without leaving hostages to fortune here; but sad it is to say that neither prayer nor hope produces any faith in the counsel who prepares 'requisitions upon title.'

On the other hand, inquiry as to Duncan's history since he left his native land would be a delicate and expensive work, and perhaps even dangerous, if he should hear of it, and inquire about the inquirers. For the last thing to be done from a legal point of view—though the first of all from a just one—was to apprise the rightful owner of his unexpected position. Now Mr. Jellicorse was a just man; but his justice was due to his clients first.

After a long brown study, he reaped his crop of meditation thus—'It is a ticklish job; and I will sleep three nights upon it.'

Chapter IV.

DISQUIETUDE.

The ladies of Scargate Hall were uneasy, although the weather was so fine, upon this day of early August, in the year now current. It was a remarkable fact that in spite of the distance they slept asunder, which could not be less than five-and-thirty yards, both had been visited by a dream, which appeared to be quite the same dream, until examined narrowly, and being examined grew more surprising in its points of difference. They were much above paying any heed to dreams, though instructed by the patriarchs to do so; and they seemed to be quite getting over the effects, when the lesson and the punishment astonished them.

Lately it had been established (although many leading people went against it, and threatened to prosecute the man for trespass), that here in these quiet and reputable places, where no spy could be needed, a man should come twice every week with letters, and in the name of the king be paid for them. Such things were required in towns perhaps, as corporations and gutters were; but to bring them where people could mind their own business, and charge them two groats for some fool who knew their names, was like putting a tax upon their christening. So it was the hope of many, as well as every one's belief, that the postman, being of Lancastrian race, would very soon be bogged, or famished, or get lost in a fog, or swept off by a flood, or go and break his own neck from a precipice.

The postman, however, was a wiry fellow, and as tough as any native, and he rode a pony even tougher than himself, whose cradle was a marsh, and whose mother a mountain, his first breath a fog,

and his weaning-meat wire-grass, and his form a combination of sole-leather and corundum. He wore no shoes for fear of not making sparks at night, to show the road, and although his bit had been a blacksmith's rasp, he would yield to it only when it suited him. The postman, whose name was George King (which confounded him with King George, in the money to pay), carried a sword and blunderbuss, and would use them sooner than argue.

Now this man and horse had come slowly along, without meaning any mischief, to deliver a large sealed packet with sixteen pence to pay put upon it, 'to Mistress Philippa Yordas, &c., her own hands, and speed, speed, speed;' which they carried out duly by stop, stop, stop, whensoever they were hungry, or saw anything to look at. None the less for that, though with certainty much later, they arrived in good trim, by the middle of the day, and ready for the comfort which they both deserved.

As yet it was not considered safe to trust any tidings of importance to the post, in such a world as this was; and even were it safe, it would be bad manners from a man of business. Therefore Mr. Jellicorse had sealed up little, except his respectful consideration and request to be allowed to wait upon his honoured clients, concerning a matter of great moment, upon the afternoon of Thursday then next ensuing. And the post had gone so far, to give good distance for the money, that the Thursday of the future came to be that very day.

The present century opened with a chilly and dark year, following three bad seasons of severity and scarcity. And in the north-west of Yorkshire, though the summer was now so far advanced, there had been very little sunshine. For the last day or two, the sun had laboured to sweep up the mist and cloud, and was beginning to prevail so far that the mists drew their skirts up and retired into haze, while the clouds fell away to the ring of the sky, and there lay down to abide their time. Wherefore it happened that 'Yordas House' (as the ancient building was in old time called) had a clearer view than usual of the valley, and the river that ran away, and the road that tried to run up to it. Now this was considered a wonderful road, and in fair truth it was wonderful, withstanding all efforts of even the Royal Mail pony to knock it to pieces. In its rapidity downhill it surpassed altogether the river, which galloped along by the side of it, and it stood out so boldly with stones of no shame, that even by moonlight nobody could lose it, until it abruptly lost itself. But it never did that, until the house it came from was two miles away, and no other to be seen; and so why should it go any further?

At the head of this road stood the old grey house, facing towards the south of east, to claim whatever might come up the valley, sun, or storm, or columned fog. In the days of the past it had claimed much more, goods, and cattle, and tribute of the traffic going northward; as the loopholed quadrangle for impounded stock, and the deeply embrasured tower showed. At the back of the house rose a

mountain spine, blocking out the westering sun, but cut with one deep portal where a pass ran into Westmoreland,—the scaur-gate whence the house was named; and through this gate of mountain often, when the day was waning, a bar of slanting sunset entered, like a plume of golden dust, and hovered on a broad black patch of weather-beaten fir-trees. The day was waning now, and every steep ascent looked steeper, while down the valley light and shade made longer cast of shuttle, and the margin of the west began to glow with a deep wine-colour, as the sun came down—the tinge of many mountains and the distant sea—until the sun himself settled quietly into it, and there grew richer and more ripe (as old bottled wine is fed by the crust), and bowed his rubicund farewell, through the postern of the scaur-gate, to the old Hall, and the valley, and the face of Mr. Jellicorse.

That gentleman's countenance did not, however, reply with its usual brightness to the mellow salute of evening. Wearied and shaken by the long, rough ride, and depressed by the heavy solitude, he hated and almost feared the task which every step brought nearer. As the house rose higher and higher against the red sky and grew darker, and as the sudden roar of bloodhounds (terrors of the neighbourhood) roused the slow echoes of the crags, the lawyer was almost fain to turn his horse's head, and face the risks of wandering over the moor by night. But the hoisting of a flag, the well-known token—confirmed by large letters on a rock—that strangers might safely approach, inasmuch as the savage dogs were kennelled, this, and the thought of such an entry for his daybook, kept Mr. Jellicorse from ignominious flight. He was in for it now, and must carry it through.

In a deep embayed window of leaded glass, Mistress Yordas and her widowed sister sat for an hour, without many words, watching the zigzag of shale and rock which formed their chief communication with the peopled world. They did not care to improve their access, or increase their traffic; not through cold morosity, or even proud indifference, but because they had been so brought up, and so confirmed by circumstance. For the Yordas blood, however hot, and wild, and savage, in the gentlemen, was generally calm, and good, though stubborn, in the weaker vessels. For the main part, however, a family takes its character more from the sword than the spindle; and their sword-hand had been as that of Ishmael.

Little as they meddled with the doings of the world, of one thing at least these stately Madams—as the baffled squires of the Riding called them—were by no means heedless. They dressed themselves according to their rank, or perhaps above it. Many a nobleman's wife in Yorkshire had not such apparel; and even of those so richly gifted, few could have come up to the purpose better. Nobody, unless of their own sex, thought of their dresses, when looking at them.

'He rides very badly,' Philippa said; 'the people from the low-

lands always do. He may not have courage to go home to-night. But he ought to have thought of that before.'

'Poor man! We must offer him a bed of course,' Mrs. Carnaby answered; 'but he should have come earlier in the day. What shall we do with him, when he has done his business?'

'It is not our place to amuse our lawyer. He might go and smoke in the Justice-room, and then Welldrum could play bagatelle with him.'

'Philippa, you forget that the Jellicorses are of a good old county stock. His wife is a stupid, pretentious thing; but we need not treat him as we must treat her. And it may be as well to make much of him, perhaps, if there really is any trouble coming.'

'You are thinking of Pet. By-the-by, are you certain that Pet cannot get at Saracen? You know how he let him loose last Easter, when the flag was flying, and the poor man has been in his bed ever since.'

'Jordas will see to that. He can be trusted to mind the dogs well, ever since you fined him in a fortnight's wages. That was an excellent thought of yours.'

Jordas might have been called the keeper, or the hind, or the henchman, or the ranger, or the porter, or the bailiff, or the reeve, or some other of some fifty names of office, in a place of more civilisation, so many and so various were his tasks. But here his professional name was the 'dogman'; and he held that office according to an ancient custom of the Scargate race, whence also his surname (if such it were) arose. For of old time and in outlandish parts, a finer humanity prevailed, and a richer practical wisdom upon certain questions. Irregular offsets of the stock, instead of being cast upon the world as waifs and strays, were allowed a place in the kitchen-garden or stable-yard, and flourished there without disgrace, while useful and obedient. Thus for generations here, the legitimate son was Yordas, and took the house and manors; the illegitimate became Jordas, and took to the gate, and the minding of the dogs, and any other office of fidelity.

The present Jordas was, however, of less immediate kin to the owners, being only the son of a former Jordas, and in the enjoyment of a Christian name, which never was provided for a first-hand Jordas; and now as his mistress looked out on the terrace, his burly figure came duly forth, and his keen eyes ranged the walks and courts, in search of Master Lancelot, who gave him more trouble in a day sometimes than all the dogs cost in a twelvemonth. With a fine sense of mischief this boy delighted to watch the road for visitors, and then (if barbarously denied his proper enjoyment and that of the dogs) he still had goodly devices of his own for producing little tragedies.

Mr. Jellicorse knew Jordas well, and felt some pity for him, because if his grandmother had been wiser he might have been the master now; and the lawyer, having much good feeling, liked not

to make a groom of him. Jordas, however, knew his place, and touched his hat respectfully, then helped the solicitor to dismount, the which was sorely needed.

'You came not by the way of the ford, sir?' the dogman asked, while considering the leathers; 'the water is down; you might have saved three miles.'

'Better lose thirty than my life. Will any of your men, Master Jordas, show me a room, where I may prepare to wait upon your ladies?'

Mr. Jellicorse walked through the old arched gate of the reever's court, and was shown to a room, where he unpacked his valise, and changed his riding-clothes, and refreshed himself. A jug of Scargate ale was brought to him, and a bottle of foreign wine, with the cork drawn, lest he should hesitate; also a cold pie, bread and butter, and a small case-bottle of some liqueur. He was not hungry, for his wife had cared to victual him well for the journey; but for fear of offence he ate a morsel, found it good, and ate some more. Then after a sip or two of the liqueur, and a glance or two at his black silk stockings, buckled shoes, and best small-clothes, he felt himself fit to go before a Duchess, as once upon a time he had actually done, and expressed himself very well indeed, according to the dialogue delivered, whenever he told the story about it every day.

Welldrum, the butler, was waiting for him, a man who had his own ideas, and was going to be put upon by nobody. 'If my father could only come to life for one minute, he would spend it in kicking that man,' Mrs. Carnaby had exclaimed about him, after carefully shutting the door; but he never showed airs before Miss Yordas.

'Come along, sir,' Welldrum said, after one professional glance at the tray, to ascertain his residue. 'My ladies have been waiting this half hour; and for sure, sir, you looks wonderful! This way, sir, and have a care of them oak faggots. My ladies, Lawyer Jellicorse!'

Chapter V.

DECISION.

The sun was well down and away behind the great fell at the back of the house, and the large and heavily furnished room was feebly lit by four wax candles, and the glow of the west reflected as a gleam into eastern windows. The lawyer was pleased to have it so, and to speak with a dimly lighted face. The ladies looked beautiful; that was all that Mr. Jellicorse could say, when cross-examined by his wife next day concerning their lace and velvet. Whether they wore lace or not, was almost more than he could say, for he did not heed such trifles; but velvet was within his knowledge (though not the colour or the shape), because he thought it hot for summer, until he remembered what the climate was. Really he could say nothing more,

except that they looked beautiful; and when Mrs. Jellicorse jerked her head, he said that he only meant, of course, considering their time of life.

The ladies saw his admiration, and felt that it was but natural. Mrs. Carnaby came forward kindly, and offered him a nice warm hand; while the elder sister was content to bow, and thank him for coming, and hope that he was well. As yet it had not become proper for a gentleman, visiting ladies, to yawn, and throw himself into the nearest chair, and cross his legs, and dance one foot, and ask how much the toy-terrier cost. Mr. Jellicorse made a fine series of bows, not without a scrape or two, which showed his goodly calf; and after that he waited for the gracious invitation to sit down.

'If I understood your letter clearly,' Mistress Yordas began, when these little rites were duly accomplished, 'you have something important to tell us concerning our poor property here. A small property, Mr. Jellicorse, compared with that of the Duke of Lunedale, but perhaps a little longer in one family.'

'The Duke is a new-fangled interloper,' replied hypocritical Jellicorse, though no other duke was the husband of the duchess of whom he indited daily; 'properties of that sort come and go, and only tradesmen notice it. Your estates have been longer in the seisin of one family, madam, than any other in the Riding, or perhaps in Yorkshire.'

'We never seized them!' cried Mrs. Carnaby, being sensitive as to ancestral thefts, through tales about cattle-lifting; 'you must be aware that they came to us by grant from the Crown, or even before there was any Crown to grant them.'

'I beg your pardon for using a technical word, without explaining it. Seisin is a legal word, which simply means possession, or rather the bodily holding of a thing, and is used especially of corporeal hereditaments. You ladies have seisin of this house and lands, although you never seized them.'

'The last thing we would think of doing,' answered Mrs. Carnaby, who was more impulsive than her sister, also less straightforward. 'How often we have wished that our poor lost brother had not been deprived of them! But our father's will was sacred, and you told us we were helpless. We struggled, as you know; but we could do nothing.'

'That is the question which brought me here,' the lawyer said very quietly, at the same time producing a small roll of parchment sealed in cartridge paper; 'last week I discovered a document which I am forced to submit to your judgment. Shall I read it to you, or tell its purport briefly?'

'Whatever it may be, it cannot in any way alter our conclusions. Our conclusions have never varied, however deeply they may have grieved us. We were bound to do justice to our dear father.'

'Certainly, madam; and you did it. Also, as I know, you did it as kindly as possible towards other relatives, and you only met with

perversity. I had the honour of preparing your respected father's will, a model of clearness and precision, considering—considering the time afforded, and other disturbing influences. I know for a fact, that a copy was laid before the finest draftsman in London, by—by those who were displeased with it, and his words were, "Beautiful, beautiful! Every word of it holds water." Now, that, madam, cannot be said of many, indeed of not one in——'

'Pardon me for interrupting you, but I have always understood you to speak highly of it. And in such a case, what can be the matter?'

'The matter of all matters, madam, is that the testator should have disposing power.'

'He could dispose of his own property as he was disposed, you mean.'

'You misapprehend me.' Mr. Jellicorse now was in his element, for he loved to lecture—an absurdity just coming into vogue. 'Indulge me one moment. I take this silver dish, for instance; it is in my hands, I have the use of it; but can I give it to either of you ladies?'

'Not very well, because it belongs to us already.'

'You misapprehend me. I cannot give it, because it is not mine to give.' Mrs. Carnaby looked puzzled.

'Eliza, allow me,' said Mistress Yordas, in her stiffer manner, and now for the first time interfering. 'Mr. Jellicorse assures us that his language is a model of clearness and precision; perhaps he will prove it by telling us now, in plain words, what his meaning is.'

'What I mean, madam, is that your respected father could devise you a part only of this property; because the rest was not his to devise. He only had a life-interest in it.'

'His will therefore fails as to some part of the property? How much, and what part, if you please?'

'The larger and better part of the estates, including this house and grounds, and the home-farm.'

Mrs. Carnaby started and began to speak; but her sister moved only to stop her, and showed no signs of dismay or anger.

'For fear of putting too many questions at once,' she said, with a slight bow and a smile, 'let me beg you to explain, as shortly as possible, this very surprising matter.'

Mr. Jellicorse watched her with some suspicion, because she called it so surprising, yet showed so little surprise herself. For a moment he thought that she must have heard of the document now in his hands; but he very soon saw that it could not be so. It was only the ancient Yordas pride, perversity, and stiffneckedness. And even Mrs. Carnaby, strengthened by the strength of her sister, managed to look as if nothing more than a tale of some tenant were pending. But this, or ten times this, availed not to deceive Mr. Jellicorse. That gentleman, having seen much of the world, whispered to himself that this was all 'high jinks,' felt himself placed on

the stool of authority, and even ventured upon a pinch of snuff. This was unwise, and cost him dear, for the ladies would not have been true to their birth if they had not stored it against him.

He, however, with a friendly mind, and a tap now and then upon his document, to give emphasis to his story, recounted the whole of it, and set forth how much was come of it already, and how much it might lead to. To Scargate Hall, and the better part of the property always enjoyed therewith, Philippa Yordas, and Eliza Carnaby, had no claim whatever, except on the score of possession, until it could be shown that their brother Duncan was dead, without any heirs or assignment (which might have come to pass through a son adult), and even so, his widow might come forward and give trouble. Concerning all that, there was time enough to think; but something must be done at once to cancel the bargain with Sir Walter Carnaby, without letting his man of law get scent of the fatal defect in title. And now that the ladies knew all, what did they say?

In answer to this, the ladies were inclined to put the whole blame upon him, for not having managed matters better; and when he had shown that the whole of it was done before he had anything to do with it, they were firmly convinced that he ought to have known it, and found a proper remedy. And in the finished manner of well-born ladies, they gave him to know, without a strong expression, that such an atrocity was a black stain on every legal son of Satan, living, dead, or still to issue from Gerizim.

'That cannot affect the title now, I assure you, madam, that it cannot,' the unfortunate lawyer exclaimed at last; 'and as for damages, poor old Duncombe has left no representatives, even if an action would lie now, which is simply out of the question. On my part no neglect can be shown, and indeed for your knowledge of the present state of things, if humbly I may say so, you are wholly indebted to my zeal.'

'Sir, I heartily wish,' Mrs. Carnaby replied, 'that your zeal had been exhausted on your own affairs.'

'Eliza, Mr. Jellicorse has acted well, and we cannot feel too much obliged to him.' Miss Yordas, having humour of a sort, smiled faintly at the double meaning of her own words, which was not intended. 'Whatever is right must be done of course, according to the rule of our family. In such a case it appears to me that mere niceties of law, and quips and quirks, are entirely subordinate to high sense of honour. The first consideration must be thoroughly unselfish and pure justice.

The lawyer looked at her with admiration. He was capable of large sentiments. And yet a faint shadow of disappointment lingered in the folios of his heart,—there might have been such a very grand long suit, upon which his grandson (to be born next month) might have been enabled to settle for life, and bring up a legal family. Justice, however, was justice, and more noble than even such prospects. So he bowed his head, and took another pinch of snuff.

But Mrs. Carnaby (who had wept a little, in a place beyond the

candlelight) came back with a passionate flush in her eyes, and a resolute bearing of her well-formed neck.

'Philippa, I am amazed at you,' she said. 'Mr. Jellicorse, my share is equal with my sister's, and more, because my son comes after me. Whatever she may do, I will never yield a pin's point of my rights, and leave my son a beggar. Philippa, would you make Pet a beggar? And his turtle in bed, before the sun is on the window, and his sturgeon-jelly when he gets out of bed! There never was any one, by a good Providence, less sent into the world to be a beggar.'

Mrs. Carnaby, having discharged her meaning, began to be overcome by it. She sat down, in fear of hysteria, but with her mind made up to stop it; while the gallant Jellicorse was swept away by her eloquence, mixed with professional views. But it came home to him, from experience with his wife, that the less he said the wiser. But while he moved about, and almost danced, in his strong desire to be useful, there was another who sat quite still, and meant to have the final say.

'From some confusion of ideas, I suppose, or possibly through my own fault,' Philippa Yordas said, with less contempt in her voice than in her mind, 'it seems that I cannot make my meaning clear, even to my own sister. I said that we first must do the right, and scorn all legal subtleties. That we must maintain unselfish justice, and high sense of honour. Can there be any doubt what these dictate? What sort of daughters should we be, if we basely betrayed our own father's will?'

'Excellent madam,' the lawyer said, 'that view of the case never struck me. But there is a great deal in it.'

'Oh, Philippa, how noble you are!' her sister Eliza cried; and cried no more, so far as tears go, for a long time afterwards.

Chapter VI.

ANERLEY FARM.

On the eastern coast of the same great county, at more than ninety miles of distance for a homing pigeon, and some hundred and twenty for a carriage from the Hall of Yordas, there was in those days, and there still may be found, a property of no vast size, snug, however, and of good repute, and called universally 'Anerley Farm.' How long it has borne that name, it knows not, neither cares to moot the question; and there lives no antiquary of enough antiquity to decide it. A place of smiling hope and comfort, and content with quietude; no memory of man about it runneth to the contrary; while every ox, and horse, and sheep, and fowl, and frisky porker is full of warm domestic feeling and each homely virtue.

For this land, like a happy country, has escaped, for years and years the affliction of much history. It has not felt the desolating

tramp of lawyer or land-agent, nor been bombarded by fine and recovery, lease and release, bargain and sale, Doe and Roe and Geoffrey Styles, and the rest of the pitiless shower of slugs, ending with a charge of Demons. Blows, and blights, and plagues of that sort have not come to Anerley, nor any other drain of nurture to exhaust the green of meadow and the gold of harvest. Here stands the homestead, and here lies the meadow-land; there walk the kine (having no call to run), and yonder the wheat in the hollow of the hill, bowing to a silvery stroke of the wind, is touched with a promise of increasing gold.

As good as the cattle and the crops themselves are the people that live upon them; or at least, in a fair degree, they try to be so; though not of course so harmless, or faithful, or peaceful, or charitable. But still, in proportion, they may be called as good; and in fact they believe themselves much better. And this from no conceit of any sort, beyond what is indispensable; for nature not only enables but compels a man to look down upon his betters.

From generation to generation, man, and beast, and house, and land have gone on in succession here, replacing, following, renewing, repairing and being repaired, demanding and getting more support, with such judicious give-and-take, and thoroughly good understanding, that now in the August of this year, when Scargate Hall is full of care, and afraid to cart a load of dung, Anerley Farm is quite at ease and in the very best of heart, man, and horse, and land, and crops, and the cock that crows the time of day. Nevertheless, no acre yet in Yorkshire, or in the whole wide world, has ever been so farmed or fenced, as to exclude the step of change.

From father to son the good lands had passed, without even a will to disturb them, except at distant intervals, and the present owner was Stephen Anerley, a thrifty and well-to-do Yorkshire farmer of the olden type. Master Anerley was turned quite lately of his fifty-second year, and hopeful (if so pleased the Lord) to turn a good many more years yet, as a strong horse works his furrow. For he was strong and of a cheerful face, ruddy, square, and steadfast, built up also with firm body to a wholesome stature, and able to show the best man on the farm the way to swing a pitchfork. Yet might he be seen, upon every Lord's day, as clean as a new-shelled chestnut; neither at any time of the week was he dirtier than need be. Happy alike in the place of his birth, his lot in life, and the wisdom of the powers appointed over him, he looked up, with a substantial faith, yet a solid reserve of judgment, to the Church, the Justices of the Peace, spiritual lords and temporal, and above all His Majesty George the Third. Without any reserve of judgment, which could not deal with such low subjects, he looked down upon every dissenter, every pork-dealer, and every Frenchman. What he was brought up to, that he would abide by; and the sin beyond repentance, to his mind, was the sin of the turncoat.

With all these hard-set lines of thought or of doctrine (the scab-

bard of thought, which saves its edge, and keeps it out of mischief) Stephen Anerley was not hard, or stern, or narrow-hearted. Kind, and gentle, and good to every one who knew 'how to behave himself,' and dealing to every man full justice—meted by his own measure—he was liable even to generous acts, after being severe and having his own way. But if anybody ever got the better of him by lies, and not fair bettering, that man had wiser not begin to laugh inside the Riding. Stephen Anerley was slow but sure; not so very keen, perhaps, but grained with kerns of maxim'd thought to meet his uses as they came, and to make a rogue uneasy. To move him from such thoughts was hard; but to move him from a spoken word had never been found possible.

The wife of this solid man was solid and well fitted to him. In early days, by her own account, she had possessed considerable elegance, and was not devoid of it even now, whenever she received a visitor capable of understanding it. But for home use that gift had been cut short, almost in the honeymoon, by a total want of appreciaciation on the part of her husband. And now, after five and twenty years of studying and entering into him, she had fairly earned his firm belief that she was the wisest of women. For she always agreed with him, when he wished it; and she knew exactly when to contradict him, and that was before he had said a thing at all, and while he was rolling it slowly in his mind, with a strong tendency against it. In outdoor matters she never meddled, without being specially consulted by the master; but indoors she governed with watchful eyes, a firm hand, and a quiet tongue.

This good woman now was five-and-forty years of age, vigorous, clean, and of a very pleasant look, with that richness of colour which settles on fair women when the fugitive beauty of blushing is past. When the work of the morning was done, and the clock in the kitchen ticked only ten minutes from twelve, and the dinner was fit for the dishing, then Mistress Anerley remembered as a rule the necessity of looking to her own appearance. She went upstairs, with a quarter of an hour to spare, but not to squander, and she came down so neat that the farmer was obliged to be careful in helping the gravy. For she always sat next to him, as she had done before there came any children, and it seemed ever since to be the best place for her to manage their plates and their manners as well.

Alas! that the kindest and wisest of women have one (if not twenty) blind sides to them; and if any such weakness is pointed out, it is sure to have come from their father. Mistress Anerley's weakness was almost conspicuous to herself—she worshipped her eldest son, perhaps the least worshipful of the family.

Willie Anerley was a fine young fellow, two inches taller than his father, with delicate features, and curly black hair, and cheeks as bright as a maiden's. He had soft blue eyes, and a rich clear voice, with a melancholy way of saying things, as if he were above all this. And yet he looked not like a fool; neither was he one altogether, when

he began to think of things. The worst of him was that he always wanted something new to go on with. He never could be idle; and yet he never worked to the end which crowns the task. In the early stage he would labour hard, be full of the greatness of his aim, and demand everybody's interest, exciting also mighty hopes of what was safe to come of it. And even after that, he sometimes carried on with patience; but he had no perseverance. Once or twice he had been on the very nick of accomplishing something, and had driven home his nail—but there he let it spring back without clenching. 'Oh, any fool can do that!' he cried, and never stood to it, to do it again, or to see that it came not undone. In a word, he stuck to nothing, but swerved about here, there, and everywhere.

His father being of so different a cast, and knowing how often the wisest of men must do what any fool can do, was bitterly vexed at the flighty ways of Willie, and could no more than hope, with a general contempt, that when the boy grew older he might be a wiser fool. But Willie's dear mother maintained, with great consistency, that such a perfect wonder could never be expected to do anything not wonderful. To this the farmer used to listen with a grim, decorous smile; then grumbled, as soon as he was out of hearing, and fell to and did the little jobs himself.

Sore jealousy of Willie, perhaps, and keen sense of injustice, as well as high spirit and love of adventure, had driven the younger son Jack from home, and launched him on a seafaring life. With a stick and a bundle he had departed from the ancestral fields and lanes, one summer morning about three years since, when the cows were lowing for the milk-pail and a royal cutter was cruising off the Head. For a twelvemonth nothing was heard of him until there came a letter beginning, 'Dear and respected parents,' and ending, 'Your affectionate and dutiful son, Jack.' The body of the letter was of three lines only, occupied entirely with kind inquiries as to the welfare of everybody, especially his pup, and his old pony, and dear sister Mary.

Mary Anerley, the only daughter and the youngest child, well deserved that best remembrance of the distant sailor; though Jack may have gone too far in declaring (as he did till he came to his love-time) that the world contained no other girl fit to hold a candle to her. No doubt it would have been hard to find a girl more true and loving, more modest and industrious; but hundreds and hundreds of better girls might be found perhaps even in Yorkshire.

For this maiden had a strong will of her own, which makes against absolute perfection; also she was troubled with a strenuous hate of injustice—which is sure, in this world, to find cause for an outbreak—and too active a desire to rush after what is right, instead of being well content to wait for that chary visitor. And so firm could she be, when her mind was set, that she would not take parables, or long experience, or even kindly laughter, as a power to move her from the thing she meant. Her mother, knowing better how the world goes on, promiscuously, and at leisure, and how the right point

slides away, when stronger forces come to bear, was very often vexed by the crotchets of the girl, and called her wayward, headstrong, and sometimes nothing milder than 'a saucy Miss.'

This, however, was absurd, and Mary scarcely deigned to cry about it, but went to her father, as she always did, when any weight lay on her mind. Nothing was said about any injustice, because that might lead to more of it, as well as be (from a proper point of view) most indecorous. Nevertheless, it was felt between them when her pretty hair was shed upon his noble waistcoat, that they two were in the right, and cared very little who thought otherwise.

Now it was time to leave off this, for Mary (without heed almost of any but her mother) had turned into a full-grown damsel, comely, sweet, and graceful. She was tall enough never to look short, and short enough never to seem too tall, even when her best feelings were outraged; and nobody, looking at her face, could wish to do anything but please her; so kind was the gaze of her deep blue eyes, so pleasant the frankness of her gentle forehead, so playful the readiness of rosy lips for a pretty answer or a lovely smile. But if any could be found so callous and morose as not to be charmed or nicely cheered by this, let him only take a longer look, not rudely, but simply in a spirit of polite inquiry; and then would he see, on the delicate rounding of each soft and dimpled cheek, a carmine hard to match on pallet, morning sky, or flower-bed.

Lovely people ought to be at home in lovely places; and though this cannot be so always, as a general rule it is. At Anerley Farm the land was equal to the stock it had to bear, whether of trees, or corn, or cattle, or hogs, or mushrooms, or mankind. The farm was not so large or rambling as to tire the mind or foot, yet wide enough and full of change—rich pasture, hazel copse, green valleys, fallows brown, and golden breast-lands pillowing into nooks of fern, clumps of shade for horse or heifer, and for rabbits sandy warren, furzy cleve for hare and partridge, not without a little mere for willows and for wild ducks. And the whole of the land, with a general slope of liveliness and rejoicing, spread itself well to the sun, with a strong inclination towards the morning, to catch the cheery import of his voyage across the sea.

The pleasure of this situation was the more desirable, because of all the parts above it being bleak and dreary. Round the shoulders of the upland, like the arch of a great arm-chair, ran a barren scraggy ridge, whereupon no tree could stand upright, no cow be certain of her own tail, and scarcely a crow breast the violent air by stooping ragged pinions. So furious was the rush of wind, when any power awoke the clouds; or sometimes when the air was jaded with continual conflict, a heavy settlement of brackish cloud lay upon a waste of chalky flint.

By dint of persevering work, there are many changes for the better now, more shelter and more root-hold; but still it is a battle-ground of winds, which rarely change their habits, for this is the chump of

the spine of the Wolds, which hulks up at last into Flamborough Head.

Flamborough Head, the furthest forefront of a bare and jagged coast, stretches boldly off to eastward, a strong and rugged barrier. Away to the north the land falls back, with coving bends, and some straight lines of precipice and shingle, to which the German Ocean sweeps, seldom free from sullen swell in the very best of weather. But to the southward of the Head a different spirit seems to move upon the face of everything. For here is spread a peaceful bay, and plains of brighter sea more gently furrowed by the wind, and cliffs that have no cause to be so steep, and bathing-places, and scarcely freckled sands, where towns may lay their drain-pipes undisturbed. In short, to have rounded that headland from the north is as good as to turn the corner of a garden wall in March, and pass from a buffeted back, and bare shivers, to a sunny front of hope all as busy as a bee, with pears spurring forward into creamy buds of promise, peach-trees already in a flush of tassel'd pink, and the green lobe of apricot crouching under pointed buttons of unopened leaf.

Below this Point, the gallant skipper of the British collier, slouching with a heavy load of grime for London, or waddling back in ballast to his native north, alike is delighted to discover storms ahead, and to cast his tarry anchor into soft grey calm. For here shall he find the good shelter of friends like-minded with himself, and of hospitable turn, having no cause to hurry any more than he has, all too wise to command their own ships; and here will they all jollify together, while the sky holds a cloud, or the locker a drop. Nothing here can shake their ships, except a violent east wind, against which they wet the other eye; lazy boats visit them with comfort and delight, while white waves are leaping in the offing; they cherish their well-earned rest, and eat the lotus—or rather the onion—and drink ambrosial grog; they lean upon the bulwarks, and contemplate their shadows—the noblest possible employment for mankind—and lo, if they care to lift their eyes, in the south shines the quay of Bridlington, inland the long ridge of Priory stands high, and westward in a nook, if they level well a clear glass (after holding on the slope so many steamy ones), they may espy Anerley Farm, and sometimes Mary Anerley herself.

For she, when the ripple of the tide is fresh, and the glance of the summer morn glistening on the sands, also if a little rocky basin happens to be fit for shrimping, and only some sleepy ships at anchor in the distance look at her, fearless she—because all sailors are generally down at breakfast—tucks up her skirt and gaily runs upon the accustomed playground, with her pony left to wait for her. The pony is old, while she is young (although she was born before him), and now he belies his name, 'Lord Keppel,' by starting at every soft glimmer of the sea. Therefore now he is left to roam at his leisure above high-water mark, poking his nose into black dry weed, probing the winnow-casts of yellow drift for oats, and snorting disappointment through a gritty dance of sand-hoppers.

Mary has brought him down the old 'Dane's Dyke' for society rather than service, and to strengthen his nerves with the dew of the salt, for the sake of her Jack who loved him. He may do as he likes, as he always does. If his conscience allows him to walk home, no one will think the less of him. Having very little conscience at his time of life (after so much contact with mankind), he considers convenience only. To go home would suit him very well, but his crib would be empty till his young mistress came; moreover, there is a little dog that plagues him, when his door is open; and in spite of old age, it is something to be free; and in spite of all experience, to hope for something good. Therefore Lord Keppel is as faithful as the rocks; he lifts his long heavy head and gazes wistfully at the anchored ships, and Mary is sure that the darling pines for his absent master.

But she with the multitudinous tingle of youth runs away rejoicing. The crisping power and brilliance of the morning are upon her, and the air of the bright sea lifts and spreads her, like a pillowy skate's egg. The polish of the wet sand flickers, like veneer of maplewood, at every quick touch of her dancing feet. Her dancing feet are as light as nature and high spirits made them, not only quit of spindle heels, but even free from shoes and socks left high and dry on the shingle. And lighter even than the dancing feet the merry heart is dancing, laughing at the shadows of its own delight; while the radiance of blue eyes springs, like a fount of brighter heaven; and the sunny hair falls, flows, or floats, to provoke the wind for playmate.

Such a pretty sight was good to see for innocence and largeness. So the buoyancy of nature springs anew in those who have been weary, when they see her brisk power inspiring the young, who never stand still to think of her, but are up and away with her, where she will, at the breath of her subtle encouragement.

(*To be continued*).

Shelley as a Lyric Poet.[1]

So many biographies, records, comments, criticisms, of Shelley have lately appeared that I take for granted that all who hear me have some general acquaintance with the facts of his life. Of the biographies none, perhaps, is more interesting than the short work by Mr. J. A. Symonds, which has lately been published as one of the series edited by Mr. Morley, 'English Men of Letters.' That work has all the charm which intense admiration of its subject, set forth in a glowing style, can lend it. Those who in the main hold with Mr. Symonds, and are at one with him in his fundamental estimate of things, will no doubt find his work highly attractive. Those, on the other hand, who see in Shelley's character many things which they cannot admire, and in the theories that moulded it much which is deeply repulsive, will find Mr. Symonds's work a less satisfactory guide than they could have wished. Of the many comments and criticisms on Shelley's character and poetry two of the most substantial and rational are, the essay by Mr. R. H. Hutton, and that by the late Mr. Walter Bagehot. To these two friends Shelley, it would appear, had been one of the attractions of their youth, and in their riper years each has given his mature estimate of Shelley's poetry in its whole substance and tendency. We all admire that which we agree with; and nowhere have I found on this subject thoughts which seem to me so adequate and so helpful as those contained in these two essays, none which give such insight into Shelley's abnormal character and into the secret springs of his inspiration. Of the benefit of these thoughts I have freely availed myself, whenever they seemed to throw light on the subject of this lecture.

The effort to enter into the meaning of Shelley's poetry is not altogether a painless one. Some may ask, Why should it be painful? Cannot you enjoy his poems merely in an æsthetic way, take the marvel of their aërial movement and the magic of their melody, without scrutinising too closely their meaning or moral import? This, I suppose, most of my hearers could do for themselves, without any comment of mine. Such a mere surface, dilettante way of treating the subject would be useless in itself, and altogether unworthy of this place. All true literature, all genuine poetry, is the direct outcome, the condensed essence, of actual life and thought. Lyric poetry for the most part is—Shelley's especially was—the vivid expression of personal experience. It is only as poetry is founded on reality that it has any solid value; otherwise it is

[1] A Lecture delivered in the theatre of the Museum, Oxford.

worthless. Before, then, attempting to understand Shelley's lyrics I must ask what was the reality out of which they came—that is, what manner of man Shelley was, what were his ruling views of life, along what lines did his thoughts move?

Those who knew Shelley best speak of the sweetness and refinement of his nature, of his lofty disinterestedness, his unworldliness. They even speak of something like heroic self-forgetfulness. These things we can in sort believe, for there are in his writings many traits that look like those qualities. And yet one receives with some decided reserve the high eulogies of his friends; for we feel that these were not generally men whose moral estimates of things we would entirely accept, and his life contained things that seem strangely at variance with such qualities as they attribute to him. When Byron speaks of his purity of mind we cannot but doubt whether Byron was a good judge of purity. We must, moreover, on the evidence of Shelley's own works demur; for there runs through his poems a painful taint of supersubtilised impurity, of aweless shamelessness, which we never can believe came from a mind truly pure. A penetrating taint it is, which has evilly affected many of the higher minds who admire him, in a way which Byron's own more commonplace licentiousness never could have done.

One of his biographers has said that in no man was the moral sense ever more completely developed than in Shelley, in none was the perception of right and wrong more acute. I rather think that the late Mr. Bagehot was nearer the mark when he asserted that in Shelley the conscience never had been revealed—that he was almost entirely without conscience. Moral susceptibilities and impulses, keen and refined, he had. He was inspired with an enthusiasm of humanity after a kind; hated to see pain in others, and would willingly relieve it; hated oppression, and stormed against it, but then he regarded all rule and authority as oppression. He felt for the poor and the suffering, and tried to help them, and willingly would have shared with all men the vision of good which he sought for himself. But these passionate impulses are something very different from conscience. Conscience first reveals itself when we become aware of the strife between a lower and a higher nature within us—a law of the flesh warring against the law of the mind. And it is out of this experience that moral religion is born, the higher law rather leading up and linking us to One whom that law represents. As Canon Mozely has said, 'it is an introspection on which all religion is built—man going into himself and seeing the struggle within him; and thence getting self-knowledge, and thence the knowledge of God.' Of this double nature, this inward strife between flesh and spirit, Shelley knew nothing. He was altogether a child of impulse —of impulse, one, total, all-absorbing. And the impulse that came to him he followed whithersoever it went, without questioning either himself or it. He was pre-eminently *τοῖς πάθεσιν ἀκολουθητικός*, and you know that Aristotle tells us that such an one is no fit judge

of moral truth. But this peculiarity, which made him so little fitted to guide either his own life or that of others, tended, on the other hand, very powerfully to make him pre-eminently a lyric poet. How it fitted him for this we shall presently see. But abandonment to impulse, however much it may contribute to lyrical inspiration, is a poor guide to conduct; and a poet's conduct in life, of whatever kind it be, quickly reacts on his poetry. It was so with Shelley.

It is painful to recall the unhappy incidents, but we cannot understand his poetry if we forget them. 'Strongly moralised,' Mr. Symonds tells us, his boyhood was; but of a strange—I might say, an unhuman—type the morality must have been which allowed some of the chief acts of his life. His father was no doubt a commonplace and worldly-minded squire, wholly unsympathetic with his dreamy son; but this cannot justify the son's unfilial and irreverent conduct towards his parent, going so far as to curse him for the amusement of coarse Eton companions. Nobility of nature he may have had, but it was such nobility as allowed him, in order to hurl defiance at authority, to start atheist at Eton, and to do the same more boldly at Oxford, with what result you know. It allowed him to engage the heart of a simple and artless girl, who entrusted her life in his keeping, and then after two or three years to abandon her and her child—for no better reason, it would seem, than that she cared too little for her baby, and had an unpleasant sister, who was an offence to Shelley. It allowed him first to insult the religious sense of his fellow men by preaching the wildest atheism, then in the poem 'Laon and Cythna,' which he intended to be his gospel for the world, to outrage the deepest instincts of our nature by introducing a most horrible and unnatural incident. A moral taint there is in this, which has left its trail in many of his after poems. The furies of the sad tragedy of Harriet Westbrook haunted him till the close, and drew forth some strains of weird agony; but even in these there is no manly repentance, no self-reproach that is true and human-hearted.

After his second marriage he never repeated the former offence, but many a strain in his later poems, as in 'Epipsychidion,' and in his latest lyrics, proves that constancy of affection was not in him, nor reckoned by him among the virtues. Idolators of Shelley will, I know, reply, 'You judge Shelley by the conventional morality of the present day, and, judging him by this standard, of course you harshly condemn him. But it was against these very conventions which you call morality that Shelley's whole life was a protest. He was the prophet of something truer or better than this.' To this I answer that Shelley's revolt was not against the conventional morality of his own time, but against the fundamental morality of all time. Had he merely cried out against the stifling political atmosphere and the dry, dead orthodoxy of the Regency and the reign of George IV., and longed for some ampler air, freer and more life-giving, one could well have understood him, even sympathised with him. But he rebelled

not against the limitations and corruptions of his own day, but against the moral verities which two thousand years have made good, and which have been tested and approved not only by eighteen Christian centuries, but no less by the wisdom of Virgil and Cicero, of Aristotle and Sophocles. Shelley may be the prophet of a new morality, but it is one which never can be realised till moral law has been obliterated from the universe and conscience from the heart of man.

A nature which was capable of the things I have alluded to, whatever other traits of nobility it may have had, must have been traversed by some strange deep flaw, marred by some radical inward defect. In some of his gifts and impulses he was more,—in other things essential to goodness, he was far less,—than other men; a fully developed man he certainly was not. I am inclined to believe that, for all his noble impulses and aims, he was in some way deficient in rational and moral sanity. Many of you will remember Hazlitt's somewhat cynical description of him. Yet, to judge by his writings, it looks like truth. He had 'a fire in his eye, a fever in his blood, a maggot in his brain, a hectic flutter in his speech, which mark out the philosophic fanatic. He is sanguine-complexioned and shrill-voiced.' This is just the outward appearance we could fancy for his inward temperament. What was that temperament?

He was entirely a child of impulse, lived and longed for high-strung, intense emotion—simple, all-absorbing, all-penetrating emotion, going straight on in one direction to its object, hating and resenting whatever opposed its progress thitherward. The object which he longed for was some abstract intellectualised spirit of beauty and loveliness, which should thrill his spirit continually with delicious shocks of emotion.

This yearning, panting desire is expressed by him in a thousand forms and figures throughout his poetry. Again and again the refrain recurs—

> I pant for the music which is Divine,
> My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
> Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
> Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
> Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain
> I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.
>
> Let me drink the spirit of that sweet sound;
> More, O more! I am thirsting yet;
> It loosens the serpent which care has bound
> Upon my heart, to stifle it;
> The dissolving strain, through every vein,
> Passes into my heart and brain.

He sought not mere sensuous enjoyment, like Keats, but keen intellectual and emotional delight—the mental thrill, the glow of soul, the 'tingling of the nerves,' that accompany transcendental

rapture. His hungry craving was for intellectual beauty, and the delight it yields; if not that, then for horror, anything to thrill the nerves, though it should curdle the blood and make the flesh creep. Sometimes for a moment this perfect abstract loveliness would seem to have embodied itself in some creature of flesh and blood; but only for a moment would the sight soothe him—the sympathy would cease, the glow of heart would die down—and he would pass on in the hot, insatiable pursuit of new rapture. 'There is no rest for us,' says the great preacher, 'save in quietness, confidence, and affection.' This was not what Shelley sought, but something very different from this.

The pursuit of abstract ideal beauty was one form which his hungry, insatiable desire took. Another passion that possessed him was the longing to pierce to the very heart the mystery of existence. It has been said that before an insoluble mystery, clearly seen to be insoluble, the soul bows down and is at rest, as before an ascertained truth. Shelley knew nothing of this. Before nothing would his soul bow down. Every veil, however sacred, he would rend, pierce the inner shrine of being, and force it to give up its secret. There is in him a profane audacity, an utter awelessness. Intellectual Αἰδώς was to him unknown. Reverence was to him another word for hated superstition. Nothing was to him inviolate. All the natural reserves he would break down. Heavenward, he would pierce to the heart of the universe and lay it bare; manward, he would annihilate all the precincts of personality. Every soul should be free to mingle with any other, as so many raindrops do. In his own words,

> The fountains of our deepest life shall be
> Confused in passion's golden purity.

However fine the language in which such feelings may clothe themselves, in truth they are wholly vile; there is no horror of shamelessness which they may not generate. Yet this is what comes of the unbridled desire for 'tingling pulses,' quivering, panting, fainting sensibility, which Shelley everywhere makes the supreme happiness. It issues in awelessness, irreverence, and what some one has called 'moral nudity.'

These two impulses, both combined with another passion, he had—the passion for reforming the world. He had a real, benevolent desire to impart to all men the peculiar good he sought for himself—a life of free, unimpeded impulse, of passionate, unobstructed desire. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—these of course; but something far beyond these—absolute Perfection, as he conceived it, he believed to be within every man's reach. Attainable, if only all the growths of history could be swept away, all authority and government, all religion, all law, custom, nationality, everything that limits and restrains, and if every man were left open to the uncontrolled expansion of himself and his impulses. The end of this process of making a clean sweep of all that is, and beginning afresh, would be that family, social ranks, government, worship, would dis-

appear, and then man would be king over himself, and wise, gentle, just, and good. Such was his temperament, the original emotional basis of Shelley's nature; such, too, some of the chief aims towards which this temperament impelled him. And certainly these aims do make one think of the 'maggot in his brain.' But a temperament of this kind, whatever aims it turned to, was eminently and essentially lyrical. Those thrills of soul, those tingling nerves, those rapturous glows of feeling, are the very substance out of which high lyrics are woven.

The insatiable craving to pierce the mystery, of course, drove Shelley to philosophy for instruments to pierce it with. During his brief life he was a follower of three distinct schools of thought. At first he began with the philosophy of the senses, was a materialist, adopting Lucretius as his master and holding that atoms are the only realities, with perhaps a pervading life of nature to mould them—that from atoms all things come, to atoms return. Yet even over this dreary creed, without spirit, immortality, or God, he shouted a jubilant 'Eureka,' as though it were some new glad tidings.

From this he passed into the school of Hume—got rid of matter, the dull clods of earth, denied both matter and mind, and held that these were nothing but impressions, with no substance behind them. This was liker Shelley's cast of mind than materialism. Not only dull clods of matter, but personality, the 'I' and the 'thou,' were by this creed eliminated, and that exactly suited Shelley's way of thought. It gave him a phantom world.

From Hume he went on to Plato, and in him found still more congenial nutriment. The solid, fixed entities—matter and mind—he could still deny, while he was led on to believe in eternal archetypes behind all phenomena, as the only realities. These Platonic ideas attracted his abstract intellect and imagination, and are often alluded to in his later poems, as in 'Adonais.' Out of this philosophy it is probable that he got the only object of worship which he ever acknowledged, the Spirit of Beauty. Plato's idea of beauty changed into a spirit, but without will, without morality, in his own words:—

> That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move,
> That Benediction which the eclipsing curse
> Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
> Which, through the web of being blindly wove
> By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
> Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
> The fire for which all thirst.

To the moral and religious truths which are the backbone of Plato's thought he never attained. Shelley's thought never had any backbone. Each of these successively adopted philosophies entered into and coloured the successive stages of Shelley's poetry; but through them all his intellect and imagination remained unchanged.

What was the nature of that intellect? It was wholly akin and

adapted to the temperament I have described as his. Impatient of solid substances, inaccessible to many kinds of truth, inappreciative of solid, concrete facts, it was quick and subtle to seize the evanescent hues of things, the delicate aromas which are too fine for ordinary perceptions. His intellect waited on his temperament, and, so to speak, did its will—caught up one by one the warm emotions as they were flung off, and worked them up into the most exquisite abstractions. The rush of throbbing pulsations supplied the materials for his keen-edged thought to work on, and these it did mould into the rarest, most beautiful shapes. This his mind was busy doing all his life long. The real world, existence as it is to other minds, he recoiled from—shrank from the dull, gross earth which we see around us—nor less from the unseen world of Righteous Law and Will which we apprehend above us. The solid earth he did not care for. Heaven—a moral heaven—there was that in him which would not believe in. So, as Mr. Hutton has said, his mind made for itself a dwelling-place midway between the two, equally remote from both, some interstellar region, some cold, clear place—

> Pinnacled dim in the intense inane—

which he peopled with ideal shapes and abstractions, wonderful or weird, beautiful or fantastic, all woven out of his own dreaming phantasy.

This was the world in which he was at home; he was not at home with any reality known to other men. No real human characters appear in his poetry; his own pulsations, desires, aspirations, supplied the place of these. Hardly any actual human feeling is in them; only some phase of evanescent emotion, or the shadow of it, is seized—not even the flower of human feeling, but the bloom of the flower or the dream of the bloom. A real landscape he has seldom described, only his own impression of it, or some momentary gleam, some tender light, that has fleeted vanishingly over earth and sea he has caught. Nature he used mainly to cull from it some of its most delicate tints, some faint hues of the dawn or the sunset clouds, to weave in and colour the web of his abstract dream. So entirely at home is he in this abstract shadowy world of his own making, that when he would describe common visible things he does so by likening them to those phantoms of the brain, as though with these last alone he was familiar. Virgil likens the ghosts by the banks of Styx to falling leaves—

> Quam multa in silvis auctumni frigore primo
> Lapsa cadunt folia.

Shelley likens falling leaves to ghosts. Before the wind the dead leaves, he says—

> Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

Others have compared thought to a breeze. With Shelley the breeze is like thought; the pilot spirit of the blast, he says—

> Wakens the leaves and waves, ere it hath past,
> To such brief unison as on the brain
> One tone which never can recur has cast
> One accent, never to return again.

We see thus that nature as it actually exists has little place in Shelley's poetry. And man, as he really is, may be said to have no place at all.

Neither is the world of moral or spiritual truth there—not the living laws by which the world is governed—no presence of a Sovereign Will, no all-wise Personality, behind the fleeting shows of time. The abstract world which his imagination dwelt in is a cold, weird, unearthly, inhuman place, peopled with shapes which we may wonder at, but cannot love. When we first encounter these we are fain to exclaim, Earth we know, and Heaven we know, but who and what are ye? Ye belong neither to things human nor to things divine. After a very brief sojourn in Shelley's ideal world, with its pale abstractions, most men are ready to say with another poet, after a voyage among the stars—

> Then back to earth, the dear green earth;
> Whole ages though I here should roam,
> The world for my remarks and me
> Would not a whit the better be:
> I've left my heart at home.

In that dear green earth, and the men who have lived or still live on it, in their human hopes and fears, in their faiths and aspirations, lies the truest field for the highest imagination to work in. That I believe to be the haunt and main region for the songs of the greatest poets. The real is the true world for a great poet, but it was not Shelley's world.

Yet Shelley, while the imaginative mood was on him, felt this ideal world of his as real as most men feel the solid earth, and through the pallid lips of its phantom people and dim abstractions he pours as warm a flood of emotion as ever poet did through the rosiest lips and brightest eyes of earth-born creatures. Not more real to Burns were his bonny Jean and his Highland Mary, than to Shelley were the visions of Asia and Panthea, and the Lady of the Sensitive Plant, while he gazed on them. And when his affections did light, not on these abstractions, but on creatures of flesh and blood, yet so penetrated was his thought with his own idealism, that he lifted them up from earth into that rarefied atmosphere, and described them in the same style of imagery and language as that with which he clothes the phantasms of his mind. Thus it will be seen that it was a narrow and limited tract over which Shelley's imagination ranged—that it took little or no note of reality, and that boundless as was its fertility and power of resource within its own chosen circle, yet the widest realm of mere brain creation must be thin and

small compared with existing reality both in the seen and the unseen worlds.

We can now see the reason why Shelley's long poems are such absolute failures, his short lyrics so strangely succeed. Mere thrills of soul were weak as connecting bonds for long poems. Distilled essences and personified qualities were poor material out of which to build up great works. These things could give neither unity, nor motive power, nor human interest to long poems. Hence the incoherence which all but a few devoted admirers find in Shelley's long poems, despite their grand passages and their splendid imagery. In fact, if the long poems were to be broken up and thrown into a heap, and the lyric portions riddled out of them and preserved, the world would lose nothing, and would get rid of not a little offensive stuff. An exception to this judgment is generally made in favour of the 'Cenci'; but that tragedy turns on an incident so repulsive that, notwithstanding its acknowedged power, it can hardly give pleasure to any healthy mind.

On the other hand, single thrills of rapture, which are such insufficient stuff to make long poems out of, supply the very inspiration for the true lyric. It is this predominance of emotion, so unhappy to himself, which made Shelley the lyrist that he was. When he sings his lyric strains, whatever is most unpleasant in him is softened down, if it does not wholly disappear. Whatever is most unique and excellent in him comes out at its best—his eye for abstract beauty, the subtlety of his thought, the rush of his eager pursuing desire, the splendour of his imagery, the delicate rhythm, the matchless music. These lyrics are gales of melody blown from a far-off region, that looks fair in the distance. Perhaps those enjoy them most who do not inquire too closely what is the nature of that land, or know too exactly the theories and views of life of which these songs are the effluence; for if we come too near we might find that there was poison in the air. Many a one has read those lyrics and felt their fascination without thought of the unhappy experience out of which they have come. They understood 'a beauty in the words, but not the words.' I doubt whether any one after very early youth, any one who has known the realities of life, can continue to take Shelley's best songs to heart, as he can those of Shakespeare or the best of Burns. For, however we may continue to wonder at the genius that is in them, no healthy mind will find in them the expression of its truest and best thoughts. Other lyric poets, it has been said, sing of what they feel. Shelley in his lyrics sings of what he wants to feel. The thrills of desire, the gushes of emotion, are all straining after something seen afar but unattained, something distant or future; or they are passionate despair, utter despondency for something hopelessly gone. Yet it must be owned that those bursts of passionate desire after ideal beauty set our pulses a-throbbing with a strange vibration even when we do not really sympathise with them. Even his desolate wails make

those seem for a moment to share his despair who do not really share it. Such is the charm of his impassioned eloquence and the witchery of his music.

Let us turn now to look at some of his lyrics in detail.

The earliest of them, those of 1814, were written while Shelley was under the depressing spell of materialistic belief, and at the time when he was abandoning poor Harriet Westbrook. For a time he lived under the spell of that ghastly faith, hugging it, yet hating it; and its progeny are seen in the lyrics of that time, such as 'Death,' 'Mutability,' 'Lines in a Country Churchyard.' These have a cold, clammy feel. They are full of 'wormy horrors,' as though the poet were one

> who had made his bed
> In charnels and on coffins, where black Death
> Keeps record of the trophies won from Life,

as though by dwelling amid these things he had hoped to force some lone ghost

> to render up the tale
> Of what we are.

And what does it all come to?—what is the lesson he reads there?—

> Lift not the painted veil which those who live
> Call life. . . . Behind lurk Fear
> And Hope, twin destinies, who ever weave
> Their shadows o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.

That is all that the belief in mere matter taught Shelley, or ever will teach anyone.

As he passed on, the clayey, clammy sensation is less present. Even Hume's impressions are better than mere dust, and the Platonic ideas are better than Hume's impressions. When he came under the influence of Plato his doctrine of ideas, as eternal existences and the only realities, exercised over Shelley the charm it always has had for imaginative minds; and it furnished him with a form under which he figured to himself his favourite belief in the Spirit of Love and Beauty as the animating spirit of the universe—that for which the human soul pants. It is the passion for this ideal which leads Alastor through his long wanderings to die at last in the Caucasian wilderness without attaining it. It is this which he apostrophises in the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,' as the power which consecrates all it shines on, as the awful loveliness to which he looks to free this world from its dark slavery. It is this vision which reappears in its highest form in 'Prometheus Unbound,' the greatest and most attractive of all Shelley's longer poems. That drama is from beginning to end a great lyrical poem, or I should rather say a congeries of lyrics, in which perhaps more than anywhere else Shelley's lyrical power has reached its highest flight. The whole poem is exalted by a grand pervading idea, one which in

its truest and deepest form is the grandest we can conceive—the idea of the ultimate renovation of man and the world. And although the powers and processes and personified abstractions which Shelley invoked to effect this end are ludicrously inadequate, as irrational as it would be to try to build a solid house out of shadows and moonbeams, yet the end in view does impart to the poem something of its own elevation. Prometheus, the representative of suffering and struggling humanity, is to be redeemed and perfected by union with Asia, who is the ideal of beauty, the light of life, the spirit of love. To this spirit Shelley looked to rid the world of all its evil and bring in the diviner day. The lyric poetry, which is exquisite throughout, perhaps culminates in the well-known exquisite song in which Panthea, one of the nymphs, hails her sister Asia, as

> Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
> With their love the breath between them;
> And thy smiles, before they dwindle,
> Make the cold air fire; then screen them
> In those looks, where whoso gazes
> Faints, entangled in their mazes.
>
> Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
> Through the vest which seems to hide them;
> As the radiant lines of morning
> Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
> And this atmosphere divinest
> Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.
>
> Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
> The dim shapes are clad with brightness,
> And the souls of whom thou lovest
> Walk upon the winds with lightness,
> Till they fail, as I am failing,
> Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing.

The reply of Asia to this song is hardly less exquisite. Everyone here will remember it:—

> My soul is an enchanted boat,
> Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
> Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
> And thine doth like an angel sit
> Beside the helm, conducting it,
> Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing;
> It seems to float ever, for ever,
> Upon the many-winding river,
> Between mountains, woods, abysses,
> A paradise of wildernesses!
> Till, like one in slumber bound,
> Borne to the ocean, I float down, around
> Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.

> Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
> In music's most serene dominions,
> Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
> And we sail on, away, afar
> Without a course, without a star,
> But, by the instinct of sweet music driven;
> Till through Elysian garden islets
> By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
> Where never mortal pinnace glided,
> The boat of my desire is guided:
> Realms where the air we breathe is love,
> Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
> Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

In these two lyrics you have Shelley at his highest perfection. Exquisitely beautiful as they are, they are, however, beautiful as the mirage is beautiful, and as unsubstantial. There is nothing in the reality of things answering to Asia. She is not human, she is not divine. There is nothing moral in her—no will, no power to subdue evil; only an exquisite essence, a melting loveliness. There is in her no law, no righteousness; something to enervate, nothing to brace the soul. After her you long for one bracing look on the stern, severe countenance of Duty, of whom another poet sang—

> Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
> The Godhead's most benignant grace;
> Nor know I anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face;
> Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
> And fragrance in thy footing treads;
> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

Perfect as is the workmanship of those lyrics in 'Prometheus' and many another, their excellence is lessened by the material out of which they are woven being fantastic, not substantial, truth. Few of them lay hold of real sentiments which are catholic to humanity. They do not deal with permanent emotions which belong to all men and are for all time, but appeal rather to minds in a particular stage of culture, and that not a healthy stage. They are not of such stuff as life is made of. They will not interest all healthy and truthful minds in all stages of culture and in all ages. To do this, however, is, I believe, a note of the highest style of lyric poem.

Another thing to be observed is, that while the imagery of Shelley's lyrics is so splendid and the music of their language so magical, both of these are at that point of over-bloom which is on the verge of decay. The imagery, for all its splendour, is too ornate, too redundant, too much overlays the thought, which has not strength enough to uphold such a weight. Then, as to the music of the words, wonderful as it is, all but exclusive admirers of Shelley must have felt at times as if the sound runs away with the sense. In some of the 'Prometheus' lyrics

the poet, according to Mr. Symonds, seems to have 'realised the miracle of making words, detached from meaning, the substance of a new ethereal music.' This is, to say the least, a dangerous miracle to practise. Even Shelley, overborne by the power of melodious words, would at times seem to approach perilously near the borders of the unintelligible, not to say the nonsensical. What it comes to, when adopted as a style, has been seen plainly enough in some of Shelley's chief followers in our own day. Cloyed with overloaded imagery, and satiated almost to sickening with alliterative music, we turn for re-invigoration to poetry that is severe even to baldness.

The 'Prometheus Unbound' was written in Italy, and during his four Italian years Shelley's lyric stream flowed on unremittingly, and enriched England's poetry with many lyrics unrivalled in their kind, and evoked from its language a new power. These lyrics are on the whole his best poetic work. To go over them in detail would be impossible, besides being needless. Perhaps his year most prolific in lyrics was 1820, just two years before his death. Among the products of this year were, the 'Sensitive Plant,' more than half lyrical, the 'Cloud,' the 'Skylark,' 'Love's Philosophy,' 'Arethusa,' 'Hymns of Pan and Apollo,' all in his best manner, with many besides these. About the lyrics of this time two things are noticeable: more of them are about things of nature than heretofore, and there are several on Greek subjects.

Of all modern attempts to reinstate Greek subjects I know nothing equal to these, except perhaps one or two of the Laureate's happiest efforts. They take the Greek forms and mythologies, and fill them with modern thought and spirit. And perhaps this is the only way to make Greek subjects real and interesting to us; for if we want the very Greek spirit we had better go to the originals and not to any reproductions.

You remember how he makes Pan sing—

> From the forests and highlands
> We come, we come;
> From the river-girt islands,
> Where loud waves are dumb,
> Listening to my sweet pipings.
>
> * * * *
>
> Liquid Peneus was flowing,
> And all dark Tempe lay
> In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
> The light of the dying day,
> Speeded with my sweet pipings.
> The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
> And the nymphs of the woods and waves,
> To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
> And the brink of the dewy caves,
> And all that did then attend or follow,
> Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
> With envy of my sweet pipings.

> I sang of the dancing stars,
>   I sang of the dædal Earth,
> And of Heaven, and the giant wars,
>   And Love, and Death, and Birth,
>   And then I changed my pipings—
> Singing how down the vale of Menalus
>   I pursued a maiden and clasped a weed.
> Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
>   It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed:
> All wept, as I think both ye now would,
> If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
>   At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

Of the lyrics on natural objects the two supreme ones are the 'Ode on the West Wind' and the 'Skylark.' Of this last nothing need be said. Artistically and poetically it is unique, has a place of its own in poetry; yet may I be allowed to express a misgiving about it which I have long felt, and others may feel too? For all its beauty, perhaps one would rather not recall it when hearing the skylark's song in the fields on a bright spring morning. The poem is not in tune with the bird's song and the feelings it does and ought to awaken. The rapture with which the strain springs up at first dies down before the close into Shelley's ever-haunting morbidity. Who wishes, when hearing the real skylark, to be told that

> We look before and after,
>   And pine for what is not:
> Our sincerest laughter
>   With some pain is fraught?

If personal feeling is to be inwrought into the living powers of nature, let it be such feeling as is in keeping with the object, appropriate to the theme in hand.

Such is that personal invocation with which Shelley closes his grand 'Ode to the West Wind,' written the previous year, 1819—

> Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
>   What if my leaves are fallen like its own!
> The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
>
> Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
>   Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
> My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
>
> Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
>   Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
> And, by the incantation of this verse,
>
> Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
>   Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
> Be through my lips to unawakened earth
>
> The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
> If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

This ode ends with some vigour, some hope; but that is not usual with Shelley. Everyone must have noticed how almost habitually his intensest lyrics—those which have started with the fullest swing of rapture—die down before they close into a wail of despair. It is as though, when the strong gush of emotion had spent itself, there was no more behind, nothing to fall back upon, but blank emptiness and desolation. It is this that makes Shelley's poetry so unspeakably sad—sad with a hopeless sorrow that is like none other. You feel as though he were a wanderer who has lost his way hopelessly in the wilderness of a blank universe. His cry is, as Mr. Carlyle long since said, like 'the infinite inarticulate wailing of forsaken infants.' In the wail of his desolation there are many tones—some wild and weird, some defiant, some full of despondent pathos.

The lines written in 'Dejection,' on the Bay of Naples, in 1818, are perhaps the most touching of all his wails: the words are so sweet they seem, by their very sweetness, to lighten the load of heart-loneliness:—

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:

I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion.
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found.

* * * *

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I would lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Who that reads these sighing lines but must feel for the heart that breathed them! Yet how can we be surprised that he should have felt so desolate? Every heart needs some real stay. And a heart so sensitive, a spirit so finely touched, as Shelley's needs, far more than unsympathetic and narrow natures, a refuge amid the storms of life. But he knew of none. His universe was a homeless one, had no centre of repose. His universal essence of love,

diffused throughout it, contained nothing substantial—no will that could control and support his own. While a soul owns no law, is without awe, lives wholly by impulse, what rest, what central peace, is possible for it? When the ardours of emotion have died down, what remains for it but weakness, exhaustion, despair? The feeling of his weakness woke in Shelley no contriteness or brokenness of spirit, no self-abasement, no reverence. Nature was to him really the whole, and he saw in it nothing but 'a revelation of death, a sepulchral picture, generation after generation disappearing and being heard of and seen no more.' He rejected utterly that other 'consolatory revelation which tells us that we are spiritual beings, and have a spiritual source of life,' and strength, above and beyond the material system. Such a belief, or rather no belief, as his can engender only infinite sadness, infinite despair. And this is the deep undertone of all Shelley's poetry.

I have dwelt on his lyrics because they contain little of the offensive and nothing of the revolting which here and there obtrudes itself in the longer poems. And one may speak of these lyrics without agitating too deeply questions which at present I would rather avoid. Yet even the lyrics bear some impress of the source whence they come. Beautiful though they be, they are like those fine pearls which, we are told, are the products of disease in the parent shell. All Shelley's poetry is, as it were, a gale blown from a richly gifted but unwholesome land; and the taint, though not so perceptible in the lyrics, still hangs more or less over many of the finest. Besides this defect, they are very limited in their range of influence. They cannot reach the hearts of all men. They fascinate only some of the educated, and that probably only while they are young. The time comes when these pass out of that peculiar sphere of thought and find little interest in such poetry. Probably the rare exquisiteness of their workmanship will always preserve Shelley's lyrics, even after the world has lost, as we may hope it will lose, sympathy with their substance. But better, stronger, more vital far are those lyrics which lay hold on the permanent, unchanging emotions of man—those emotions which all healthy natures have felt and always will feel, and which no new stage of thought or civilisation can ever bury out of sight.

J. C. SHAIRP.

A Royal Commission upon the Scotch Universities.

The 'Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to Enquire into the Universities of Scotland, with Evidence and Appendix,' which was presented last year to both Houses of Parliament, contains some remarkable deliverances, and is altogether rather interesting as an indication which way the wind blows now in the controversies about education.

The Scotch were generally supposed to be proud of their educational institutions—at all events, of two classes of those institutions, the parish school and the University. The old parish school of Scotland has been metamorphosed by recent legislation into the public elementary school, under a school board; and now a Royal Commission, being called on for their opinion, have in effect pronounced that the Universities themselves must be thrown into the crucible, with a view to their receiving a transformation 'into something rich and strange.' But, before examining the verdict, let us note some particulars of the case. And be it observed that the four Scotch Universities are Universities *sui generis*, differing of course very widely from Oxford and Cambridge, but almost equally so in other directions from the University of London, the German Universities, and, in short, almost any University that one can name. The Scotch boast of their Universities as thoroughly national institutions; and so they are in the sense that they suit the people, and that they are attended by students of all denominations and from all classes of society, except, perhaps, the highest and the very lowest. More men proportionately in Scotland than in any other country have risen from the humbler ranks to professional and social eminence. And they have owed this entirely to the Universities, which have served for them as easily accessible, cheap, and efficacious ladders. Again, the percentage of University students to the population is larger in Scotland than elsewhere, being one in 700, or, more strictly speaking—if we deduct the imported students who come from England, Ireland, India, and the colonies to study medicine in the Scotch University schools—one in 800. In the German Empire the proportion of University students to population is one to 1,600; in England, one to about 4,500. Clearly, then, the Scotch Universities are popular institutions. Like the Kirk of Scotland, they are characterised by a severe simplicity. They got no spoils out of the sack of the Romish Church at the Reformation; and during the greater part of their career the motto which was suggested for the 'Edinburgh Review' might have been applied to them—'Musas tenui meditamur avena' ('We cul-

tivate literature and science on a little oatmeal'). Of late private munificence has begun to be directed towards the Universities, especially of Glasgow and Edinburgh. By means of splendid private subscriptions (eked out with Parliamentary grants) the former has obtained a complete set of fine new class-rooms, laboratories libraries, and museums, with moderate residences for the professors attached; and the latter has, in course of erection, buildings for the scientific teaching of its great medical school, which promise to be, of their kind, nearly perfect. But the endowments of all offices attached to the Universities are moderate, and generally meagre; and it is only owing to the large attendance of students, and after much hard work consequent thereon, that some of the professors have of late years realised handsome incomes. The fees charged to students have been extremely moderate, and it has always remained possible to follow a liberal course of study in arts or a complete professional course in medicine, law, or divinity at a Scotch University for very small cost. Originally the students were quartered in collegiate domiciles, with a common table and under academical discipline; but during the last two centuries the collegiate system has been gradually and entirely abandoned in Scotland, and now the students (excepting the small minority who can live at home or are placed to board in private families) fight the battle of life for themselves, and acquire the art of making both ends meet, unchecked and unaided, in independent and often solitary lodgings. Such circumstances are doubtless trying; they are very different from those in which a youth entering a college at Oxford or Cambridge, and surrounded by all the apparatus of gyps (or scouts), battels, hall dinners, tutors, and proctors, finds himself placed. But the Scotch students, as a rule, show themselves quite strong enough for their position. They resist temptation, and keep their heads straight, and their University life is a stern reality for them, and not a mere idle play-time. Anyone who looks at the faces of a large assembly of Scotch students must feel this. They have plenty of good spirits and fun among them, but there is a conspicuous absence of vanity and affectation. If somewhat deficient in the graces, they are manly and simple, and in point of work it seems to be the case that there are proportionately fewer idlers among Scotch University students than among the *Burschen* of Leipsic or Berlin, Göttingen or Bonn. The enthusiasm of the Scotch students for their professors is hearty, and not undeserved. The professors themselves are generally men of some eminence in their respective lines, and Scotland always contains at least one or two professors of European celebrity. Such are some of the external characteristics of the Scotch Universities, which to a superficial observer might seem to be, after their kind, tolerably healthy and flourishing institutions. But not to rest satisfied with the good, to desire the better, is a natural and proper aspiration with man; and a long-felt desire for the better welfare of the Scotch Universities has ended in the demand for a clinical examination of their condition, with prescriptions for its

amelioration. These functions a Royal Commission have now performed, with the results set forth in their Report.

On the whole we may say at once that among the various shortcomings in the graduation system at the Scotch Universities, which the candid friends of these institutions have of late years been in the habit of pointing out, very little has been heard of defects in the regulations for professional study and graduation. Of course, when once the Commission was seated and ready to receive ideas, plenty of suggestions were forthcoming for the improvement of the courses of study in medicine, law, and divinity; but these suggestions came from individual experts, and there had been no general movement in favour of any reform in the modes of study or examinations in these departments. The arts graduation of Scotland, on the other hand, had been the object of constant criticism for many years past, and perhaps this was the more so because the topic was one upon which all sorts of outsiders thought themselves qualified to express an opinion. The points of attack varied with the different classes of attackers. In the first place, the schoolmasters of the country complained that the Universities were doing *their* work, by admitting youths who ought still to be at school and teaching them the rudiments of classics and mathematics, and they called for an entrance examination. Then many persons smitten with the so-called 'modern spirit'—whether really understanding and admiring science, or from being utilitarians at heart, or from feeling a merely Philistine preference for anything rather than culture—wished to break down the old-established arts curriculum, with its three branches of classics, mathematics, and philosophy, and to introduce all sorts of options, such as chemistry, geology, botany, and what not. Another class, observing, perhaps justly, that the present system, with its compulsory three branches, has a tendency to preclude high proficiency in any one of them, desired bifurcation of studies after a certain point and the introduction of something like the triposes of Cambridge or the different schools of Oxford. Again, there were people who objected to the monopoly of teaching his own subject which each professor in a Scotch University enjoys; and, without considering the difficulties in the way, they aspired to the *Lehr-und-lern-Freiheit* of a German University, or at all events asked that there might be recognised teachers of each subject besides the professor. These, then, were the reforming, or revolutionary, ideas which were in the air, and the problems arising out of them were what the Royal Commissioners were invited to solve. Ostensibly, the origin of the Commission was a deputation of some members of the Scotch Universities to the Home Secretary in the summer of 1875, asking that extended powers might be given to the General University Councils. But this question was one which no one acquainted with the subject felt to be of any importance, and the real cause of the Commission being appointed was that it was privately represented to members of the Government that the opportunity was very favourable for com-

pleting the excellent work which had been done by a former Conservative Ministry in 1858 towards settling the Universities of Scotland. It was represented that this work could be advantageously taken up again with the experience since acquired of the system then marked out, that defects might be corrected and omissions supplied, and that, if found expedient, former improvements might be carried a step further. Above all, it was represented that the task might be undertaken safely, and with the confidence of all, if the guidance of it were entrusted to that veteran lawyer, politician, and educationist, the Right Hon. John Inglis, Lord Justice General of Scotland, who as Lord Advocate in 1858 had carried the Universities (Scotland) Act, and who, as chairman of the Executive Commission appointed under that Act, had framed the excellent ordinances under which the Universities are now administered.

The educational services of Mr. Inglis to Scotland have been indeed signal. As chief trustee of Sir William Fettes' bequest he has succeeded in creating the Fettes' College, a school on the model of, and quite equal to, a first-rate English public school; and his Universities Act, followed up by the Commission over which he judiciously presided, has stimulated in a marked degree the prosperity of the Universities, so that the total number of students has risen from 3,459 in 1863 to 5,422 in 1878, while the number of degrees taken annually in arts has increased in the University of Edinburgh alone from six or seven to no less than one hundred per annum. After doing so much for the Scotch Universities, the Lord Justice General was asked to do a little more, and had he declined there is reason to believe that the Commission would never have been issued; but he accepted the fresh task, though he must have felt beforehand that it would be an onerous one.

Of the former Commission all who survived and would accept appointment were placed upon the new Commission. These were Lords Moncreiff and Ardmillan and Sir William Stirling Maxwell. The last-named two gentlemen, however, died during the progress of the inquiry, and their loss was much felt and regretted. The new members appointed were—the Duke of Buccleuch, the Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, Mr. Watson (Lord Advocate), Mr. John Muir, Mr. Froude, Mr. Campbell Swinton, Professor Huxley, and Mr. J. A. Campbell. The *personnel* of this Commission was once referred to in the House of Commons, in contrast with that of the subsequently appointed Oxford University Commission, and it was said that men of scientific eminence, quite independent of the Scotch Universities, had been called in to advise with regard to them. This, however, was not strictly the case. Every name on the Scotch Commission (except, perhaps, that of the Duke of Buccleuch) was in some sense representative. Mr. Froude represented the University of St. Andrews, of which he was ex-Lord Rector; Professor Huxley was at the time of his appointment Lord Rector of the Aberdeen University; Mr. Lyon Playfair was M.P. for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews;

Mr. Watson, for those of Glasgow and Aberdeen; Mr. Muir was well known as a benefactor of the University of Edinburgh, and as constantly watching over its interests; Mr. Swinton was an ex-professor of Edinburgh and a member of the University Court; Mr. Campbell was member of the University Court in Glasgow. At the same time it cannot be denied that there were on the Commission eminent scientific men very independent in their modes of thinking.

The Commissioners were assiduous in the prosecution of their inquiry. They took the evidence of 116 witnesses, and accumulated a mass of able opinion filling 1,543 pages, when in possession of which the Commissioners may well have thought that they knew all about the Universities of Scotland, and were in a position to decide the questions referred to them. The Report commences by analysing these questions into fourteen separate heads of inquiry, of which the two first concerned the constitution of the Universities and the functions and powers of 'Court' and 'Council;' numbers 3, 4, 5, 8, and 9 were on the graduation system, entrance examinations, the recognition of extra-mural teachers, and the length of the University sessions and vacations; number 10 was as to the mode of electing University officers; 12 referred to the patronage of bursaries and scholarships; while numbers 6, 7, 11, 13, 14 virtually comprised the question, How much assistance, in the shape of additional Parliamentary grants, do the Universities of Scotland require for new professorships, for class assistants and apparatus, for the better endowment of existing offices, for improved retiring allowances, for buildings, libraries, and museums, and for general University purposes? On all these matters, which, for convenience sake, we have thrown into five groups, the Commissioners report their opinion in 151 pages of blue-book, and conclude with a neat summary of their recommendations.

I. With regard to the first group, they judiciously recommend that the Scotch 'University Courts' (which are in each case small bodies with a sort of appellate jurisdiction over the Senatus Academicus, the power of regulating fees and of controlling University expenditure, and with certain other minor duties and functions) should be slightly increased in the number of their members. The Commissioners recommend that each 'General Council' should be empowered to elect three representatives instead of one, as at present, to sit in the University Court; but they entirely refuse to listen to any pretensions of the Councils (which consist in each case of the whole body of University graduates, scattered far and wide over the country) to have executive functions, or even to have additional deliberative functions beyond what they possess at present, and in virtue of which they each meet on two stated days in the year, like debating societies, to express and ventilate opinions upon academical topics. In this decision the Commissioners were in accordance with the majority of the evidence which they had received on the subject; but in one point belonging to this group of questions they travelled quite beyond the evidence, and made an original recommendation

which had not occurred to any of the witnesses. This was for the establishment of a 'General Universities Court for Scotland,' to consist of the chancellors of the four Universities, four elected representatives of the Universities (one to be elected by each Senatus Academicus), and three persons to be nominated by the Crown. At present no alteration can be made in the ordinances of a Scotch University without the consent of the Queen in Council, but it was recommended that the proposed General Universities Court should in this respect stand in place of the Queen in Council, and have the power of sanctioning alterations in the ordinances. This recommendation has the appearance of granting a more complete self-government to the Universities of Scotland, and on the whole it has been received with favour in academical circles; but there are terms used by the Commissioners which ought to make the Universities think twice before accepting the boon thus offered to them. It is said, 'This Court would also act as a General Council of Education in relation to the four Universities, and endeavour to attain a high and progressive standard of graduation.' Thus it is evidently proposed that the 'General Universities Court,' in addition to the quiet judicial functions of the Privy Council, should possess initiative and critical powers. This might be an advantage or not; but, at all events, the autonomy now possessed by each University would be gone. And the concluding sentences of the Commissioners on this subject seem to us to betray a curious want of respect for the Universities of Scotland, which we can only wonder at the chairman having endorsed. After recommending that the members of the General Universities Court should have their expenses 'defrayed out of public money,' they add, 'If Parliament provide money for this purpose, it would not be unreasonable to expect that the General Universities Court should *submit a short annual report* to your Majesty on the condition and progress of the four Scotch Universities.' And so these hitherto independent Universities, of which the eldest is more than four and a half centuries and the youngest all but three centuries old, and which in their time have done something to guide the thought of Europe, are to barter their self-respect for the travelling expenses of perhaps four dukes, three Privy Councillors, and four persons of their own election, and to submit to be annually reported on like an elementary school. If we had any influence with the Scotch Universities we would say to them, 'Better go on in the old way—better cultivate the Muses on oatmeal—than accept anything of this kind.'

II. We turn, however, to the second group of matters to be reported on, and here we find the really hard nut which the Commissioners had been invited to crack. Whether change was required in the curriculum for a Degree in Arts? If so, what? and how to be introduced? These were questions in comparison with which in point of difficulty all the other topics mooted by the Royal Commission were as child's play. The condition of the arts faculties in

the Scotch Universities is the result of the history of the country; it is one of the legacies to the present day of the Reformation in Scotland, and of the two centuries of furious fighting about points of Church government which succeeded it. The Reformation, in the first place, profoundly affected the then existing Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Cosmo Innes, in his 'Sketches of Early Scotch History and Social Progress,' says of Glasgow that the storm of the Reformation 'blotted out of mind the whole framework of a University,' and that subsequently the Regent Morton, in 1577, studying to collect the remains of the old University, discarded the ancient constitution, which had been laid down on the model of Bologna and Louvain, substituted his own *erectio nova*, and thus set on foot '*collegium seu pedagogium*, a composite school, half university, half faculty of arts, which with some modifications still exists.' A principal with three regents and four poor students 'received all the revenue and came in place of the fair and lofty sounding university of Papal authority.' It is true that Andrew Melville became principal of the College of Glasgow, and for six years, by his learning and diligence as a teacher, made the name of the college 'noble throwout all the land and in uther countreys also;' and, as the same contemporary record says, 'no place in Europe was comparable to Glasgow for guid letters during these yeirs, and for a plentifull and guid chepe mercat of all kynd of languages, artes, and sciences.' The 'College of Edinburgh' was founded by the Town Council of that city in 1582, on the lines of the *erectio nova*; it was confined to arts and theology, and was entrusted to Robert Rollock, the first principal, a man of eminent piety and great beauty of character, but who was sadly impeded in emulating the work of Andrew Melville by the ecclesiastical turmoils with which he was surrounded. The Universities of Scotland, in a word, became colleges or upper schools. They were for many a long day deprived of that repose and tranquillity which is necessary for the quiet development of learning. Amidst fierce factions the taste for letters died out in the whole country, and that aspiration after perfection of style which, after all, is one of the marks of a great nation, and which had strikingly manifested itself in Scotland from the days of James IV. to the Reformation, was utterly blighted. John Knox, who was full of the pre-Reformation respect for and appreciation of learning, acquired Greek himself in middle life, and in his 'Book of Discipline' he enjoined the establishment of higher schools, in which there should be a ten-years' course, four years being devoted to the study of Greek. But his advice slept in the ear of the nation, who gradually came to care for none of those things. By the end of the seventeenth century they got a pretty complete set of parish schools; but they troubled not to found higher schools. Did not the Universities serve as such?

The professional faculties gradually developed themselves, and that of medicine took such a start in the middle of the eighteenth

century that now the medical schools of the Scotch Universities rival, if not surpass, all others in the United Kingdom. But the arts faculties have remained in a stunted condition, without proper feeders, doing the work of superior schools. And this state of things has been confirmed by the improvement of travelling, which for the last hundred years has enabled the higher classes in Scotland to send their sons to the great grammar schools and afterwards to the Universities of England. What was needed for the middle classes of Scotland—and, it may be added, for the clergy—was a higher culture, which the natural capacity of the people rendered them well qualified to receive, but which the Universities were powerless to impart, owing not to any deficiency of teaching power, but partly to the want of high preliminary schools, and partly to their own poverty and the absence of encouragements to learning, such as abound in the rich Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

It may be said, then, and with some truth, that the root of the evil lies outside the Universities, and that the remedy must begin with the improvement of the school system of Scotland. But what the Commissioners were asked to pronounce upon was, whether the school system might not be stimulated by the introduction of an entrance examination in the Universities; and whether it would not be better for the arts students if, after a certain amount of general training, they were allowed a choice in their studies, so as to follow out more thoroughly those branches for which they had an aptitude, instead of being obliged, for graduation, to pass in Greek, Latin, mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, moral philosophy, and English literature.

One great difficulty in the way of deciding these questions lay in the injury which might be threatened to individual professors. To exclude students, however unprepared, from the University would be to diminish fees. To render optional for graduation classes which had hitherto been compulsory, would be to benefit some professors at the expense of others. This difficulty, however, is lightly passed over by the Commissioners, who seem to think that they do enough in recommending that 'provision shall be made whereby the emoluments of a professor shall not be less than 600*l.* a year.' But what, we may ask, would be the feelings of a now prosperous professor—say, of Greek or mathematics—who found his income of 1,200*l.* or 1,500*l.* a year reduced by changes in the system to the proposed regulation figure of 600*l.*? It is really odd that the Commissioners, while proposing alterations of a most disturbing character, should have said nothing as to the necessity of providing compensation for the hardships which in many cases would be caused. Their only reference to compensation is to bar it: they recommend that the present class fees shall be raised by the University Courts, but with the unexpected proviso that in chairs with large classes 'any increase of revenue from raising the rate of fee shall be applied chiefly to the better remuneration of class assistants,' and that 'no professor whose fee is raised

shall have any right to claim compensation for the loss of income said to be caused or apprehended from measures by way of improvements in the internal arrangements of the University.' This remarkable proposal is of doubtful legality, for, while the University Courts have the power of regulating class fees, it does not appear that they have the power either of ordaining how the fees shall be spent or of making compacts and conditions with the professors. If it came to a compact, it is not likely that any professor with a large class would accept an increase to his rate of fee, on condition that he should hand over any increase of revenue derived therefrom to his class assistants, and at the same time renounce all claim to compensation for losses that he might sustain from revolutionary legislation with which in the same breath he was threatened.

But, at all events, the Commissioners did not feel themselves hampered by financial difficulties in dealing with the educational questions before them, and they dealt with them accordingly from a purely educational point of view. The first of these was the question of entrance examinations, which might be summed up in two sentences. Are you to keep up professorial classes in the University which do work inferior to that of the higher classes in a good school? On the other hand, are you to exclude from the University, because unprepared, an aspirant for admission, even though he comes from a part of the country where there were no facilities for preparation? The Commissioners, after hearing sixty-five witnesses on this subject, say, 'There has been a great preponderance of opinion in favour of a conclusion with which we unreservedly agree—that there should not be any examination the passing of which should be made a condition of admission to the University.' It is curious that the oral evidence should have left this impression upon the minds of the Commissioners, for, when we come to analyse the evidence as preserved in print, we find that out of the sixty-five witnesses thirty-three (including all the five then principals of the Universities) pronounced distinctly in favour of an entrance examination, though many thought that this should be gradually introduced and leniently applied. Of the rest, nine were qualified supporters of an entrance examination, while only twenty-three were decidedly opposed to it, and of these last five merely said that such a thing was not required for the University of Aberdeen, as its place was already supplied by the competitive examination for bursaries, at which almost all students wishing to enter that University presented themselves. The 'great preponderance of opinion,' then, was only produced by the Commissioners throwing their own sword into that scale of the controversy which they were themselves disposed to favour. They had, of course, a perfect right to do so, nor can anyone complain of their recommending a cautious and moderate step, which every one of the sixty-five witnesses would probably acquiesce in, at all events as an instalment—namely, that 'all students, before entering on the curriculum for the degree of M.A., shall be required to pass a "first

examination" in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and English, and, when the state of education in the schools renders it practicable, in elementary, physical, and natural science.' This measure, without producing hardship, would certainly do good by giving the schools something definite to aim at, and also, by organising study within the Universities; it would be a gentle, but not inefficacious, move in the right direction.

Having, however, taken this one cautious step towards academical improvement, the Commissioners immediately soared off with a bold flight into the regions of innovation. Having posited their 'first examination,' or 'little-go,' as it would be called elsewhere, they virtually proposed to give the student who should have passed this examination immunity from further general education and liberty to devote himself to a special line of study. There is an illusory resemblance between this arrangement and that which prevails at German Universities, where the students, having passed the *Abiturienten-Examen* of the schools, all enter at once upon special studies in the Universities; for the *Abiturienten-Examen* of Germany implies a higher standard of attainment than the present M.A. degree in Scotland, so that with the German University student much of what we should consider University culture has been obtained beforehand. The 'first examination' of the Commissioners is evidently of low calibre, since they propose to make it take the place of the well-known 'medical preliminary,' only substituting translation of French and German for an examination in Greek. On the whole this 'first examination' would rank with—perhaps it might be a little more difficult than—the 'responsions' of Oxford or the 'previous examination' of Cambridge. Ought the schoolboy, then, who has passed such a test as this to be set free from general training and allowed to specialise his studies from the very outset of his University career? It is true that Oxford and Cambridge have been gradually marching in this direction during the last twenty years, so that now it appears that, though both those Universities keep up a general intermediary examination for their ordinary pass-men, to be taken in the second year, any young man on passing the first examination may, by declaring himself a candidate for honours, to some extent specialise immediately.

At Oxford an honours candidate may take alternatively either classics or mathematics at his intermediary examination, and then choose the final school of either classics (including ancient history and philosophy), mathematics, natural science, jurisprudence, modern history, or theology. At Cambridge the honours candidate has to pass in some 'additional subjects' of mathematics, and then he is free to enter for any one of nine triposes (mostly of recent creation)—namely, either mathematics, classics, moral sciences, natural sciences, theology, law, modern history, Semitic languages, or Indian languages. The result of all these options introduced of late into the English University system has been apparently to diminish

the number of absolutely idle men and greatly to increase the number of those graduating with honours. At the same time the *laudatores temporis acti* declare that the men turned out from Oxford and Cambridge are not so solidly educated and prepared for life as they used to be.

Whatever may be the truth about this, it is the tendency of the times to substitute in Universities information and the knowledge of facts for education. The old ideal of a University-trained man was a highly cultivated man, with no special knowledge beyond mathematics and classics, and it may be logic, and the history and philosophy of the ancients, but with an acute and methodised mind, a refined taste, an idea of style in writing and speaking, a capacity for acquiring various knowledge, and a certain aptitude for business of the highest kind. The recent ideal, at all events entertained by some, is a specialist and a savant. Which of these two types, when produced, is most valuable to his nation, which it is most desirable to multiply, is a question which we cannot undertake to argue in the abstract. But in England the former type had been plentifully supplied before University reformers aimed at producing the latter; in Scotland, on the other hand, the highly cultivated man was too rare, and some hoped that the recent Universities Commission might stimulate his production. The Commissioners, however—whether obeying generally the modern impulse, or, as is more probable, being carried on by certain energetic spirits among their number—decided that the Scotch Universities should at one leap outstrip Oxford and Cambridge in the path of specialisation. Without entertaining the idea of an intermediary examination, or of any general course of study for arts students within the Universities, they recommended 'that, after passing the "first examination," the candidate for a degree in arts shall be allowed either to proceed in the present curriculum or to select any of five lines of study—viz. (1) literature and philology, (2) philosophy, (3) law and history, (4) mathematical science, and (5) natural science.'

As thus stated in outline, and on the assumption that special study is to take the place of general intellectual training, there would seem to be nothing very unnatural in the scheme of the Commissioners. It looks merely like the programme of Oxford and Cambridge with the intermediary examination dropped out. It is only when we peer into the details of the plan as indicated or suggested by the Commissioners that peculiarities come to light. Of course this scrutiny has been made in Scotland, and Professor Masson, in a memoir written for the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, ably points out that the Commissioners open no less than eleven different roads to the M.A. degree, six of these being various combinations of natural science, and that these roads are of very unequal length and difficulty. A professor naturally measures everything by 'classes'—that is, attendance on courses of lectures—and in the present case we are shown how the Commissioners would make a degree attainable by

attendance on only three classes in either 'philosophy' or 'mathematical science,' while 'literature and philology' and three of the forms of 'natural science' would require four classes each; another form of 'natural science,' five classes; another form of the same, six classes; and the 'present curriculum,' attendance on at least seven classes, before a student who selected it could graduate. It seems, then, like a piece of irony on the part of the Commissioners to have recorded their opinion that 'the candidate for a degree in arts should be allowed to proceed in the present course, if he please, and *as no doubt many will still do*.' On this Professor Masson well observes, 'That belief may be well grounded if none of the proposed new ways to the degree shall be easier; but if any of the new ways shall be easier, then it is in human nature that the old way will be abandoned for these. Neither custom nor the requirements of professions will long stand out for a more difficult and expensive degree of M.A. if an easier can be had.' The scheme of the Commissioners, if we regard it seriously as a complete proposal, must be considered as a plan for abolishing the present curriculum in favour of special schools. But this conclusion would hardly be fair, as the scheme bears marks of being a mere sketch hastily jotted down and left to be completed and adjusted in its parts by other hands. Whether the Commissioners did all that might be expected of them in thus affording merely crude suggestions upon the most difficult and important among the matters referred to them is another question; but, at all events, we shall be right in looking rather to the spirit than the letter of their scheme.

Perhaps the character of their conception is indicated by the fact that, out of the ten new roads to a degree in arts which they propose to open, seven would take the student through natural philosophy, six through physiology, six through chemistry, four through applied mathematics, three through botany, zoology, or geology, and only one through Latin, Greek, pure mathematics, logic, moral philosophy, English literature, history, political economy, or any other in a long list of languages and sciences. This arises, of course, from the proposal that, under the name of 'graduation in arts,' there shall be no less than six different modes of graduation in natural science. We may well ask, Why this solicitude to provide for 'natural science'? seeing that there is in the Scotch Universities already a graduation system in science, under which the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor may be obtained, and in which the natural sciences form a separate curriculum. If the Commissioners wished to enlarge the course for graduation in science, they might have said so. But here we find science playing the cuckoo with arts, and ousting it out of its own proper nest. If a young man wished to betake himself to the study of science, why should he not be content with a science degree in a University which offers degrees both in arts and in science? Why should science have a degree to itself, and also in six different forms qualify for a degree in arts? The proposals of the Commissioners, if carried out in the same spirit in which they have been conceived,

would probably tend to improve arts, properly so called, off the face of the Scotch Universities, and to cause many once flourishing professors to say, like Prometheus on his rock, that they had 'more leisure than they desired.' Professor Masson, in defence of himself and his brethren, proposes a counter-scheme, but it is drawn entirely from a professor's point of view. It recommends that for a degree every student must take seven classes, and that, while allowed certain options, he must take at least one class out of each of the three divisions of the present curriculum—classics, mathematics, and philosophy. This plan would give most of the arts professors some chance of survival in the struggle for existence, though probably Greek would go to the wall. On the other hand, the proposal precludes that bifurcation of studies which many consider to be the great desideratum in the Scotch University system. It is only natural for each professor to say or feel of his own subject that 'there is nothing like leather,' and—without disrespect be it spoken—the professorial tendency manifests itself in the utterances of the Royal Commission. Had there not been on that Commission an eminent professor of physiology and an eminent ex-professor of chemistry, both of them well known as men of great persuasive powers, it is probable, or indeed certain, that the report on graduation in arts would have been very different from that which has been put forth.

Whenever the interests of science are concerned the Commissioners, as we have seen, are revolutionary, but whenever these interests do not come into question they are cautious and mildly conservative. As to the recognition of extra-mural teachers, the length of University sessions and vacations, and (III.) the mode of electing University officers, they suggest no change worth particular mention. With regard to Group IV. of the subjects of inquiry, —namely, the patronage of bursaries—they make some judicious suggestions, which, however, could only be carried out if enforced by Parliament. As to the fifth group of questions, relating to additional grants required for the Universities, the Commissioners are moderate in their recommend ations. They advise the creation of seven new professorships—that is to say, professorships of history, geology, and pathological anatomy, both in Glasgow and Aberdeen, and a professorship of English literature in Aberdeen. These seven chairs, with an endowment of, say, 400*l.* a year each, would only cost 2,800*l.* a year. The Commissioners recommend an addition of 800*l.* altogether to the salaries of the principals of the four Universities; and they propose 1,050*l.* per annum more to be spent on physiology, 750*l.* on natural philosophy, 750*l.* on zoology, 600*l.* on botany, and 650*l.* on subsidiary items for certain medical chairs. The whole of these proposed new annual charges would amount only to 7,400*l.* per annum. Add certain other charges which the Commissioners, without specifying the sum, contemplate throwing upon Parliament—namely, the expenses of the 'General Universities Court,' the pay of examiners for the 'first examination,' the maintenance of Univer-

sity buildings, and the improvement to some extent of the retiring allowances of principals and professors—and the whole annual amount would probably come well within 10,000*l.* a year. The Commissioners, however, do not ask for this or any other sum; they merely indicate separately the desirability of the several objects. Indeed, it would almost appear that they would not ask Parliament to endow the seven new chairs which they recommend. They say that new professorships might be instituted by the Universities themselves, but that 'it is obviously expedient that none should be instituted until adequate provision for their endowment is made.'

But, in fact, the attitude of the Report as a whole is the reverse of decisive. It is as if the Commissioners did not feel sufficiently confident of their own recommendations to ask the Government straight off to carry them out. The mode of procedure which might naturally have been expected from them would have been to state, with more or less detail, the changes which they considered necessary to the Universities of Scotland, then to recommend the passing of a short Act which should appoint an executive commission for the carrying out those changes, and at the same time should empower the Treasury to provide the additional expenditure which would be required, and which, as we have seen, would not amount altogether to more than 10,000*l.* per annum—a mere drop in the bucket as compared with the whole educational budget of the United Kingdom. But the Commissioners did not take this course; they did not say how their proposals *should* be carried into effect; they only pointed out how this *might* be done—namely, that about half the recommendations could be carried out by the Universities themselves, while the rest would require the authority of Parliament. This way of putting it leaves the whole matter precariously balanced upon two stools. Parliament is almost precluded from taking the initiative, because extremely important, if not the most important, parts of the Commissioners' scheme are apparently referred to the Universities themselves. Therefore Parliament can hardly be expected to move until they know whether the Universities endorse and adopt the recommendations. There might have been some prospect of the Universities doing this had the educational changes which are proposed been in accordance with the present mind of the Universities as shown in the evidence. But this is so far from being the case that the extreme changes proposed by the Commissioners are not suggested or supported by the opinion of any one of the witnesses that appeared before them. The Universities are directly at variance with the Commissioners on a matter of principle, for the Universities are unanimous in the opinion that there should be a period of general liberal study for every student commencing a course in the Faculty of Arts; the Commissioners, on the other hand, are in favour of allowing the student to specialise at once. The Universities, therefore, could not and will not accept the scheme of the Commissioners without modifying it so much as to make it something

different in kind. In the meantime for the four Universities to try to obtain agreement within themselves severally and with each other collectively as to the exact scheme to be adopted, is like the beginning of a Trojan war; it is an endeavour of which the present generation would hardly see the end. Moreover, great difficulty has been added to the task by the Commissioners having omitted to recommend any provision for compensation for the injury to individuals which radical changes could not fail to produce. This circumstance must cause additional timidity of movement within the Universities.

At the same time, in all safe matters, the Universities show great respect and deference to the utterances of the Report, as indeed was only due to the distinguished names upon the Commission. With some admixture of mistrust, the Report is regarded as an oracle. One little instance of this may be mentioned. In considering the affairs of the University of Glasgow the Commissioners had it brought to their notice that a debt of about 30,000*l*. had been incurred on the new academical buildings, which had cost altogether over 400,000*l*. It was suggested to them that this debt might be liquidated by the sale of a valuable collection of coins and medals which had been bequeathed to the University about 100 years ago by Dr. William Hunter. This collection appears to be under the custody of the Professor of Natural History, as keeper of the University museum. Coins not being in this gentleman's line, he expressed his contempt for the collection, as 'of absolute indifference to the University or museum, seeing that the coins are not made use of in teaching.' He added that 'the only people to whom the coins are of interest are the inhabitants of Glasgow, who think it a matter of pride that there should be this great collection of coins.' The Commissioners, somewhat innocently, consulted the Professor of Natural History as to whether the coins would not be useful for the teaching of civil history whenever (as they were going to recommend to be done) a chair of that subject should be instituted in the University. To which he replied that the duplicates of the collection would be enough for teaching purposes, and that the rest should be sold off, but that the proceeds should be applied not to liquidating the buildings debt, but to the purposes of the museum. Of course if a professor of numismatics had a collection of stuffed animals under his charge, he would wish to be allowed to sell them and buy coins and medals with the proceeds. However, the Commissioners were apparently quite captivated by the idea of turning the Hunterian collection into cash. They recommended that an Act of Parliament should authorise the sale; they even made suggestions as to the mode of sale which would be likely to realise the best return. They recommended that, even if the buildings debt were otherwise provided for, the sale should still be proceeded with and the result applied to educational purposes; and they actually went on to advise that 'a unique collection of books, printed before 1500, including thirteen specimens of Caxton's printing

and a good many by Pynson and Wynkyn de Worde and other early printers,' also bequeathed by Dr. Hunter, should be 'disposed of' and the proceeds similarly applied. About these surprising, almost Vandal, suggestions a good deal might be said. It showed scant faith in the lucky star of the Glasgow University to suppose that for a deficit of 30,000*l.*, after having raised 370,000*l.*, she need sell her heirlooms; and the event has proved the groundlessness of the apprehension, for since the appearance of this Report the Marquis of Bute has announced the princely gift of 40,000*l.* towards a hall for the University, and another munificent friend has bequeathed 60,000*l.* for the buildings and other University purposes. But the Commissioners urge that, 'under all circumstances,' the rare and noble Hunterian collections should be sold. It is the tendency of the votaries of science to despise the associations attaching to antiquity, if that antiquity fall short of the date of primeval man; but we are astonished that Mr. Froude, as a member of the Commission, should not have stood up for maintaining in possession of one of the Scotch Universities such treasures of historical and antiquarian interest. A man reduced to beggary may be forced to pawn his paternal salt-cellar or his family portraits, or what not; but here there was no such necessity, and it would be *pessimi exempli* to alienate the Hunterian collections. There cannot be more fitting depositaries for rare monuments of the past than Universities, with their permanent life and their never-failing succession of intellectual men, more or less qualified to appreciate and expound the value of such things. Men leave their collections to a University, in the faith that they will never be dispersed, and that sooner or later they will obtain appreciative study; but this idea would be rudely shattered, and such bequests for ever discouraged, if Universities, like vulgar spendthrift heirs, were on light occasion to bring to the hammer what had been gathered with the loving expenditure and taste of a lifetime. In the present instance we are told that the citizens of Glasgow 'think it a matter of pride' that there should be these collections belonging to the University for which they have done so much; but to their feelings the Commissioners apparently pay not the slightest regard.

We introduced this matter, however, merely as an instance of the oracular authority which is attributed to the deliverances of the Commissioners. We are informed that, before their Report was published, the Senatus of the University of Aberdeen, having had a sum of money bequeathed to them for purposes of the kind, were in negotiation for the purchase of a very interesting collection of Greek, Roman, and Jewish coins; but when the Report appeared, what was said in it of the Hunterian collections deterred them from proceeding with their intention, and the collection was snapped at and carried off irrevocably to America.

There are many other points among the recommendations of the Commissioners on which we might have commented, but we have preferred to confine ourselves to the main issues. The Report un-

doubtedly is pervaded by an aspiration after genuine study and the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, though perhaps it too much restricts its view to one sphere of knowledge and too much neglects the interests of education. On the whole we are inclined to believe that the effect of this Report will be to put back, at all events for some few years, any settlement of the question of University reform in Scotland. This is the less to be regretted because the Scotch Universities are at present enjoying great popularity and prosperity, and are doing, in their way, very good work; and the only question was, being so good as they are, whether they could not be made a little better. Before this question is again seriously mooted, people will have had time to take to heart the lessons which are contained in the Commissioners' Report. They will have learned what are the advanced views with regard to the 'University of the future;' they will have discovered that University reform nowadays is likely to be a pretty trenchant business; they will have had brought distinctly before them, and will be able to ponder at their leisure, the cardinal problem which this Report contains—Is it desirable that a University should abrogate, or tend to abrogate, the function of imparting a general liberal education to its students? Is it necessary that the Faculty of Arts—which is the backbone of every University, properly so called—should lose its distinctive character and be transformed into a Faculty of Science?

Bibliomania in 1879:

A CHAT ABOUT RARE BOOKS.

By Shirley.

ANYTHING but unanimity prevails, I believe, among the people who make books as to the most propitious season of the year for composing. There are some men and women who work best in summer, whose ideas unfold with the leaves, and ripen with the strawberries. Their imaginations are nipped by the frost; whereas when the thermometer is at 70° in the shade, when the July breeze sighs softly through the half-closed Venetian blind, and the shimmer of the sea through the open window is as a glimpse of Paradise, they shake off the intellectual torpor of the dark months and grow busy as bees in the sunshine. But there are other writers to whom the long winter evenings are very precious. The keen nor'-easter, which heaps the snow round the doorways and hushes the tumult of the streets, braces their minds as it braces their bodies, stimulating their industry and sharpening their wits. Such people, indeed, are good for nothing in the way of intellectual work after the middle of March. With the first balmy breath of spring they throw aside their pens. The spirit of the gipsy takes possession of them, and thenceforth, till the days draw in and the leaves begin to yellow, they expend a vast amount of energy in going to and fro upon the earth. Something, to be sure, can be urged on behalf of the literary vagabond. Is it not shameful to waste the priceless summer days among musty books? 'Better than all treasures that in books are found' is the fresh morning air upon the hill-side or the pregnant silence of evening among the woods. The moods of Nature are incalculable; age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety; and we shall have to bid her a final adieu long before we have exhausted her resources. This, I suppose, is substantially what the poet meant when he declared that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.[1] But though the love of Nature, when assiduously cultivated, is the most enduring of passions, yet, like other divinities, male and female, she resents a divided allegiance, and unless summer after summer we keep our hand in (as they say at golf) she is apt to discard us as we grow old. So that, for my part, I agree with those who maintain that for a steady spell of literary work the dead season of the year, when the leaves, and the squirrels,

[1] Once recalling Wordsworth's words to our most brilliant man of science, he assured me in his inimitable way that it was an egregious mistake, Nature being, in point of fact, an arrant deceiver. And I dare say that Dr. Abbott, who holds that we rise through illusion to the truth, would say the same.

and the dormice are asleep, and the spirit of life has retreated to its innermost sanctuary, is unquestionably the best. Whatever is done in the dog days is light, fugitive, ephemeral—*pièces volantes*, as they say in France.

I once in this Magazine preferred a plea for Winter—winter in the country—on which a trenchant critic observed that winter in the country was all very well when you lived within hail of the town, and could see your friends daily to expatiate upon the charms of solitude. Cowper, in a sly, humorous aside, had long ago made a similar reply:—

> How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude—
> But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
> Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

And it must be allowed that there is a certain aptness in the retort. The same delightful poet, however, has elsewhere indicated the precise terms on which the deep seclusion of the country in winter may be truly and thoroughly enjoyed:—

> 'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
> To peep at such a world—*to see the stir*
> *Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.*

I am willing to admit, therefore, that the student should select a winter hermitage to which the noise of the city may come to him across the fields. The fierce pressure of the crowd is certainly unwholesome, but a man who lives all the year round among hedges and ditches is apt to grow mouldy. A little of both is best. If you spend your afternoon at your club in town, you will enjoy all the more the walk home beneath the leafless trees in the starlight, when the owls are hooting from the ivy; will listen with even keener zest to the narrative of winter adventure from eager lips—how a woodcock has been flushed in the copse, how a flock of wild duck have pitched in the burn, how the water-hens have fraternised with the poultry, how the kingfisher and the water-ousels have been angling below the bridge, how the footprints of an otter have been seen upon the snow.

But even in the neighbourhood of a great city a country house without a library, or some sort of literary occupation, might become a trifle dreary during such a winter as that which seems so loth to leave us—a winter which will probably hereafter rank with the historical winters of 1709 and 1740, during which, we are told, the cold was so intense that 'in France the sentinels died at their posts, the birds dropt down dead out of the air, and the whole East Sea was frozen over, so that people journeyed from Copenhagen to Dantzic upon the ice.' The bit of work must be such as Providence and your publisher have provided for you; but the furnishing of a really good library is a labour of knowledge as well as of love, and cannot be too circumspectly undertaken. Though the collection

should not be unwieldy or unworkable, nearly every volume to which an ordinary student habitually refers should find a place on the shelves; and while a sprinkling of rare and famous editions may be admitted, the vast majority should consist of handy modern reprints —not too precious for daily use. Then as a key to the whole it should contain a selection of well-digested and well-indexed indices, so that its treasures may be made directly and promptly available to its owner. It is lamentable to think how many precious moments are thrown away in verifying quotations on which the writer cannot lay his hand (I spent an hour this morning in a vain essay to recover the passage in which Sir Thomas Browne maintains that the mind works most smoothly between the autumnal and the vernal equinox), and it is still more lamentable to notice how little care is taken by contemporary writers to avoid the slovenly sin of misquotation. A celebrated novelist appears to be of opinion that Oliver assured Celia in the forest that he had been 'chewing the *cud* of sweet and bitter *fancies*,' and that Hamlet described the king his uncle as 'a *thing* of shreds and patches.' Even the indices are not always to be implicitly trusted. One authority, I see, accuses Coleridge of writing—

> Her gentle limbs she did undress,
> And *laid* down in her loveliness;

and another will have it that Othello compared himself to

> One whose hand,
> Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe.

The 'Indian' to be sure figures in several versions of the plays, though I shall continue to believe that Shakespeare wrote 'Judean' until he assures me to the contrary.[2]

The old race of book-hunters, celebrated in congenial prose by Mr. Hill Burton, has nearly died out. Joseph Robertson, John Stewart, David Laing, were men who not only bought books, but read them. They knew the insides as well as the outsides. They were all comparatively poor men, who could not afford to pay fancy

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[2] The late Principal Scott, of Manchester, concludes a striking and powerful discourse on the range of Christianity with the lines—

> 'From worlds not quickened by the sun
> A portion of the gift is won;
> The intermingling of heaven's pomp is spread
> On ground which mortal creatures tread.'

Any student of Wordsworth knows, of course, that the last line of the passage (which is taken from the *Ninth Evening Voluntary*) should run—

> 'On ground which British shepherds tread.'

But Principal Scott was a man of such nice and scrupulous accuracy of speech and thought, that I have sometimes wondered whether the words might not have been so printed in some early edition, from which he had learnt them.—*Two Discourses*, by A. J. Scott, M.A., 1848.

prices for their tools, but, having each his special subject, which he had assiduously cultivated, they knew the intrinsic importance, the genuinely antiquarian and historical value, of many works which are *caviare* to the crowd of buyers. So they acquired really valuable collections—collections which in some respects were unique. But the bibliomania which flourishes at present is unconnected with any genuinely antiquarian or historical instinct. The picture mania was succeeded by the cracked china mania, and the cracked china mania has been succeeded by the book mania. The men who bought the pictures and the china knew the trade marks by which a painter or a plate could be identified, but they knew little more. In like manner the men who buy the books have come to know that the copy of an early edition which contains a printer's blunder at a specified page is pure and priceless, but that without the misprint it is comparatively worthless and may go for an old song. That is about the measure of the capacity of the majority of our book fanciers, though some of their number possess, in addition, a more or less intelligent appreciation of the distinction between 'half morocco, uncut, top edge gilt by Rivière,' and 'calf extra, uncut, top edge gilt by W. Pratt,' a distinction of no mean value in the auction room. The truth is, that book-buying has become a fashion, and the canons which govern the buyers of books are as capricious and incalculable as those which govern the buyers of old pictures or old china. There are handbooks for the buyers of porcelain; a handbook for the fanciers of rare editions and choice 'bits' for the library is not yet compiled.

The prevailing bibliomania must, I am afraid, be regarded as the expression, more or less intelligent, of a simply sentimental dilettanteism. It is not antiquarian; it is not historical: it affects the personal and the picturesque. An early illuminated missal, a 'Horæ Beatæ Virginis Mariæ' on vellum 'within beautiful arabesque borders, exhibiting flowers, birds, and grotesques, richly ornamented with thirty-one large and twenty-two small miniatures, and numerous capital letters, all exquisitely illuminated in gold and colours, red morocco, silk linings (1518),' an Aldine Dante or Pindar, a first edition of 'Comus' or 'Lycidas,' the 'Adonais' printed at Pisa, are the dainties on which it feeds. January 29 of last year is a red-letter day in the calendar of the bibliomaniac. On that day the library of Mr. Dew Smith was sold by auction at Messrs. Sotheby's room in the Strand. There never was brought together at that classic shrine a more illustrious congregation of book-hunters. The piety which they manifested was infectious; the prices which they gave were fabulous. The very catalogue is a work of genius; it sparkles like a page of Macaulay. And, in the absence of any official handbook, it is perhaps the best guide that the critical student of the latest fashions in bibliography can select. In such a pursuit there cannot, of course, be any absolute standard of value, for there is no why or wherefore in liking; and when the supply of an article is inexorably limited, the

healthy action of competition in equalising prices cannot make itself felt. Mere rarity is an essential element in the estimation in which a work printed not less than 200 years ago is held; and thus an absolutely worthless volume will often fetch a fancy price simply because there is not another in existence. But when the single copy is the sole survivor of the edition in which the poems of 'Will Shakespeare' or the 'Comus' or 'Lycidas' of Milton were first given to the world, the uneducated interest in singularity is intensified by a true literary interest, and the price which it may or ought to bring cannot be nicely appraised even by experts. Yet, in spite of the constant fluctuation in prices, the general drift of the current at any particular moment may be determined with approximate exactness.[3]

The influence of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Dante Rossetti on the prices which a certain class of books command is very noticeable. The passion for 'Horæ' of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is of quite recent growth, being, in fact, one of the offshoots of pre-Raphaelitism. These manuscript offices could be purchased for a trifle not so many years ago in many German and Italian book shops; now they are not to be met with except in the auction room, and the 'Horæ' at Mr. Dew Smith's sale brought from 40*l.* to 50*l.* apiece. In 1850 Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Woolner began the publication of the 'Germ,' of which three or four shilling parts were published; it was thereafter discontinued for lack of subscribers. The numbers, bound together, form a thin octavo volume, which now sells for about 5*l.* The drawings (like the wooden figures carved among the dolomites) are delightfully archaic, though the remarkable Italian story by Mr. Rossetti is probably the main attraction. The 'Blessed Damosel,' moreover, originally appeared in the 'Germ,' and the admirers of that vivid vision are thus enabled to set side by side the original study—somewhat crude and incoherent, it must be confessed—and the finished masterpiece as it appears in the collected poems. (I notice, for instance, in comparing the two, that in the very powerful lines—

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[3] With a Frenchman's passion for logical method, M. Edouard Rouveyre, in his *Connaissances nécessaires à un Bibliophile* (Paris, 1879), has formulated the general rules by which the value of rare books of European repute may be determined. Rarity, it appears, is absolute and relative—absolute when only a limited number have been printed or preserved, relative when the scarcity is due to other causes. Among books whose rarity is absolute are those which have been rigorously suppressed, those which have been destroyed by accident (the fire at Jean Hevelius's, for instance, destroyed the whole edition of the second part of the *Machina Cœlestis*, with the exception of the few copies presented to friends), those printed on vellum or large paper, and ancient MSS. Among works whose rarity is relative are the 'grands ouvrages,' which are to be found only in the great libraries (such as the *Acta Sanctorum* or the *Bibliotheca Maxima Pontifica*), fugitive pieces (*pièces volantes*), local histories, the proceedings of literary societies, the lives of savants, catalogues, illustrated works of which the plates have been destroyed, works which treat of the black arts, macaronics, obscene libellous and seditious tracts, editions printed at the Imperial presses or by the celebrated printers, the Aldes, the Elzeviers, the Baskervilles, &c.

From the fixed lull of heaven she saw
Time, like a pulse, shake fierce
Through all the worlds—

'place' has been substituted for 'lull.') The devotees of the auction room can still remember the days when the weird and grotesque designs of William Blake were simply unsaleable—a mere drug in the market. Then came Mr. Rossetti's brilliant chapter in Gilchrist's Life, in which justice (perhaps more than justice) was done to Blake, and to another great and unsaleable genius, David Scott; and now a copy of the 'Visions of the Daughters of Albion,' which twenty years ago might have been picked up for 30*s.*, cannot be secured for less than 30*l.* It has been irreverently said by unbelievers that Mr. Ruskin *made* Turner, which from the auctioneer's point of view may or may not be true. It is certain, at least, that Turner made Rogers. A fine impression of that worthy old gentleman's Poems is worth 5*l.* at a sale; but it is the poetry of Turner, not of Rogers, for which we are asked to pay. It is needless to add that Mr. Ruskin's own works are always eagerly competed for, most of them being out of print and the 'Modern Painters' having already become a rarity. A copy went the other day for five-and-thirty guineas, and seven or eight pounds have been given for the series of shilling handbooks—the caustic 'Notes on Royal Academy Pictures'—which Mr. Ruskin published for six or seven years.

The most unique and characteristic feature of the Dew-Smith sale was the prices obtained for the original editions of Shelley's poems, a matter to which I am going to refer by-and-by. Meantime it may be added that, except Mr. Ruskin's and Mr. Tennyson's[4] works, there are not many quite modern publications which show any considerable increase in value. This is the *édition de luxe* of the Waverley Novels—the beautiful Abbotsford edition,—published at 12*l.* it sells at present for from 30*l.* to 35*l.* Here are the first edition of Miss Barrett Barrett's Poems (1844), with graceful dedication to her father; most of the first editions of Thackeray's novels; the early edition of Swinburne's 'Queen Mother and Rosamond' (1860), which was allowed to pass unnoticed, a review in this Magazine being, I think, almost the only recognition it obtained, and his 'Poems and Ballads' (1866), afterwards withdrawn from circulation by a panic-stricken publisher ('quite unjustifiably,' says a great poet and painter in a note which is attached to the copy beside me); Clough's 'Bothie of Toper na Fuosich' (1848), which in the collected poems has been re-christened the 'Bothie of Tober na Vuolich;' the facsimiles of the national MSS. of Scotland, which were produced under the super-

[4] At Mr. B. M. Pickering's sale on April 7, 1879, a copy of Mr. Tennyson's suppressed poem, *The Lover's Tale* (1833), was sold for 41*l.* Mr. Pickering paid 4*l.* 12*s.* for it in 1870.

intendence of the Lord Clerk Register[5]—all of which have become rare and comparatively dear. But it may be laid down as a general rule that most of the best editions which have appeared during the last forty years can now be bought for less than the price at which they were published.

Dr. James Martineau has observed, in his 'Hours of Thought,' that, in the absence of anything of nobler scope, limited loves, particular enthusiasms, mere fancies of the mind, be they only innocent, are a great good. 'The active votary of any harmless object is better than the passive critic of all, and the dullest man who lives only to collect shells or coins is worthier than the shrewdest who lives only to laugh at him.' And in the same spirit I would venture to suggest that it is not wise to treat the passion for old, rare, or curious books with disrespect. Any pursuit of the kind has a more or less refining influence upon the mind. It may be tainted and vulgarised, no doubt, by the ignorant caprice of fashion or the mere money-grubbing spirit of speculation; but, on the other hand, it may be so pursued as to be made not only a charming but an instructive occupation. Let us look at it a little in this light.

Here, for instance, is the first edition of Coleridge's 'Sibylline Leaves.' It was published in 1817—that is the date it bears on the title-page. On the back of the title-page there is the name of a London, on the last page of the volume the name of a Bristol, printer. The explanation is simple. The body of the book was printed at Bristol in 1815; but Coleridge kept the sheets beside him for upwards of two years, and only the title-page, the preface, an odd poem or two, and the list of errata were printed (in London) at the time of publication. Now, this list of errata, which is unusually lengthy, is unusually interesting. Its lengthiness is no doubt partly to be attributed to the carelessness of the Bristol printer (as is indeed vaguely insinuated in the preface), but it was partly due to another cause. The printed

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[5] The facsimiles of the national MSS. of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which have been taken by the photo-zincographic process, and published by Government, are extremely well done and ought to become specially popular among book-hunters. The rarest manuscripts and the scarcest prints are reproduced—even to the rents and stains which time and rough usage have made—with absolute exactitude. The Scotch have been, upon the whole, the most successful; but the English, from the greater wealth of available material, are wonderfully interesting, and the Irish are simply splendid. These unattainable Irish chronicles and gospels, with their illuminated capitals and gorgeous borders, are thus brought within the reach of the modest bibliophile, and—were it only for the lovely tints of rainbow light in which the Church artist (whose sense of colour must have been out of all proportion to his knowledge of form) indulged—cannot be too highly prized. But, curiously enough, the English and the Irish series have found few purchasers. Of the 500 copies of the English which were printed, not more than 170 or 180 have been disposed of to the public; of the Irish, only 185 out of 556. The Scotch edition, cn the other hand, is out of print, upwards of 400 of each part having been sold; and the consequence is (the plates having been destroyed) that the price has risen immensely, the three parts, published at a guinea apiece, selling now for 15*l*. (See a very interesting Parliamentary paper on the Record Publications, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, August 14, 1877.)

sheets were lying beside the writer; he naturally reread and revised them, and the fruit of such exceptionally leisurely revision is to be found in the voluminous 'Errata.' Second thoughts, it is said, are best; and, though not invariably justified by the practice of the poets, the adage holds good in this case, Coleridge's second thoughts being almost invariably better than his first. Thus in the 'Destiny of Nations' the fine lines which appear in the errata—

> The power of Justice, like a name all light,
> Shone from thy brow!—

are printed in the body of the work—

> The name of Justice written on thy brow
> Resplendent shone.

In the same poem the didactic—

> Earth's broad shade
> Revealing by eclipse the Eternal Sun—

is translated into the more direct and dramatic—

> Infinite Love,
> Thou with retracted beams and self-eclipse
> Veiling revealest thy Eternal Sun!

Again, in the same poem, the words 'blended with the clouds,' as first printed, are altered to 'looming thro' the mist':—

> Like hideous features looming thro' the mist,
> Wan Stains of ominous Light!

The lines in the 'Picture,' describing with sweet and powerful elaboration the reunion of the waters after their momentary division—

> And see! they meet,
> Each in the other lost and found; and see,
> Placeless as Spirits, one soft Water-sun
> Throbbing within them, Heart at once and Eye!
> With its soft neighbourhood of filmy Clouds,
> The stains and shadings of forgotten Tears,
> Dimness o'erswum with lustre!—such the hour
> Of deep enjoyment, following Love's brief feuds!—

were originally printed—

> They meet, they join,
> In deep embrace, and open to the Sun
> Lie calm and smooth.

It is obvious that in all these alterations Coleridge was striving after a more direct and dramatic simplicity of expression—not, as it seems to me, without considerable success; but by far the most remarkable after-thought is the noble passage in the 'Æolian Harp'—

> O the one Life, within us and abroad,
> Which meets all Motion, and becomes its soul,
> A Light in Sound, a sound-like power in Light,
> Rhythm in all Thought, and Joyance everywhere—
> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world so filled,
> Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still Air
> Is Music slumbering on its instrument!

which in the first edition is printed among the Errata!

No one can deny that a first edition which throws so much light upon an interesting chapter in the literary history of a great poet is of real value. Here, again, is an illustration of a different kind of interest. The late Dean Ramsay's volume on 'Scottish Life and Character'—which is, in its way, a vivid and graphic book—would have been even more so if a number of racy stories in the author's wallet had not been excluded at the last moment. The Dean had as little of the priest about him as a sturdy Scotch episcopalian of the old school could well have, the only priestly qualities which he affected being the simplicity, kindliness, and general helpfulness which were natural to the man; but it was thought that the language of some of the anecdotes was too direct and emphatic for ears polite, or at least for ears ecclesiastical. The clergy are now allowed to appear in undress, like the rest of us, and are occasionally pleased to take advantage of the privilege, whereas when the Dean wrote this concession to common sense and clerical comfort had not been formally approved. Fortunately the proofs of the excluded sheets were preserved, and in the copy I am using they are inserted at the end of the volume, and add vastly to its piquancy. I venture to print one of these racy reminiscences in the Dean's own words.

> In the manse of Loudon the minister, Mr. Lawrie—on whose family Burns wrote a well-known prayer—had a fine engraving of a picture (by Guido?) which represented the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The present Mr. Smith, of Jordanhill, tells me that Mrs. Lawrie, when eighty years of age, related to him that the old Countess of Loudon (who died in 1777, at the age of a hundred), calling at the manse near the close of her protracted life, took a look at this picture, with which she seemed greatly pleased, particularly with the beauty of the Egyptian lady, and then, turning with great simplicity to the minister, said, '*What ailed the fallow at her?*'

The 'prayer' to which the Dean alludes is the fine poem which ends with the familiar lines—

> When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
> On life's rough ocean driven,
> May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
> A family in heaven!—

and which was left at the manse of Loudon by the poet (it was found in the bedroom where he had slept) as a sort of thank-offering for a

true, steady, and (what was very rare, sadly exceptional in poor Burns's experience) *judicious* friendship.

The interest which attaches to a volume of this kind, though slight and accidental, is quite legitimate—the omission of the stories being significant of the state of public feeling at the time, and the stories themselves being racy and characteristic. Then there are special copies of books, old and new, which, for one reason or another, many of us would be pleased to possess. The habit of scribbling upon the margins of books which do not belong to the writer is very properly objected to by Mr. Mudie (from whom I learn that it is obnoxiously prevalent); but it makes all the difference when the annotator is a Milton, a Cowper, or a Coleridge. The sources of bibliographical interest, however, are very various. There are two volumes, for instance, for which a bibliomaniacal friend has been seeking in vain for years. In the 'Life of Izaak Walton,' by Sir John Hawkins (published in 1760), we are told that Walton, living, while in London, in the parish of St. Dunstan in the West, whereof Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, was vicar, became a convert of that excellent preacher, and so was commissioned to write his Life. 'As soon as the book came out,' Sir John continues—'a complete copy was sent as a present to Walton by Mr. John Donne, the Doctor's son, afterwards Doctor of Laws; and one of the blank leaves contained his letter to Mr. Walton. The letter is yet extant, and in print, and is a handsome and grateful acknowledgment of the honour done to the memory of his father.' And then in a note—'The very book, with the original manuscript letter, was in the year 1714 in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Borrodale, Rector of Market-Deeping, in the county of Lincoln.' That is one of the volumes which my friend would give his ears (figuratively speaking) to recover; the other is the copy of the 'Quarterly Review' which Lockhart sent to his old crony Lord Robertson (commonly known as 'Peter'), when his Lordship's volume of serious poetry was reviewed in that lively organ of literary opinion. It is credibly affirmed that the copy which was despatched to the Falstaff of the Scotch bench contained the uncomplimentary couplet—

> Here lies that peerless paper peer Lord Peter,
> Who broke the laws of God, and man, and metre.

As only a single copy of the article in its original shape was printed off—the identical copy addressed to his Lordship—I am afraid that my friend's ambition is not likely to be gratified; for the paper peer was justly indignant, and no doubt vented his wrath against his faithless friend by consigning the malignant and obnoxious article to the flames.

It is true, however, that the bibliomaniac in the course of his rambles is sometimes generously rewarded and abundantly repaid. One of the experiences related by M. de Latour in his 'Mémoires d'un Bibliophile' is certainly very picturesque. The story of the famous

periwinkle found by M. de Latour in Rousseau's copy of Thomas à Kempis, has been summarised in an ingenious and excellent little tract on 'Bibliomania,' published at Edinburgh in 1867 (Edmonston and Douglas), to which I must refer the reader curious in such matters.

The literature of what may be called the Shelley revival is becoming abundant, if not redundant, and the first editions of the poet's works are not now to be had for love or money—certainly not for love, and rarely for money. This thin quarto of twenty-five pages is the 'Adonais,' printed at Pisa in 1821; and at Mr. Smith's sale the 'Adonais' sold for exactly forty guineas. At the same time 'Queen Mab' (1813) brought 8*l.* 5*s.*, 'Alastor' (1816) 9*l.*, 'Laon and Cythna' (1818) 8*l.* 15*s.*, and 'Epipsychidion' (1821) 13*l.* 10*s.* These are extraordinary prices. Seeing that an excellent edition of the collected poems can be had for about five shillings, how comes it that the coolest bidder loses his head when a copy of the first edition of 'Epipsychidion' or 'Adonais' is 'going'? The answer to this question involves a good many bibliographical considerations, which (though some of them merit more elaborate treatment than can be given in a paper of this kind) may be briefly glanced at.

The curiosity about Shelley is perfectly intelligible, and more than ordinarily justifiable. Faust selected Helen of Troy when Mephistopheles undertook to raise a famous shade; many of us, if we got the chance, would select Shelley. That unearthly creature was so grotesquely and cruelly out of place in this world. 'His face was as the face of an angel;' and if an angel had got adrift among us the idealities and incompatibilities of his nature could not have inflicted more limitless wrong upon those with whom he was brought in contact than did Shelley's. That Shelley should have been born into a society of which Lord Eldon was Lord High Chancellor is one of those surprises which nature has always in reserve—for a good purpose, no doubt—probably to save us from dying of ennui in this best (and dullest?) of all possible worlds. In like manner, when a fine but frigid critic like Mr. Leslie Stephen takes Shelley in hand, we feel that he is beating the air,—let him stick to Johnson or Defoe! The sylvan, elemental beings who roamed about the woods 'when Italy was yet guiltless of Rome' cannot be caught, and clothed, and taught the Catechism and the Ten Commandments and the use of knives and spoons, without risk of misunderstanding and general unpleasantness. One cannot help feeling that the body in which Shelley abode for a brief season was altogether an anachronism; he regained his native freedom when he dispensed with it. The squall in the Bay of Spezzia seems thus so entirely fitting; it was thus that this fairy changeling was restored to his kin. I do not believe that Shelley could have grown old in body any more than in genius. Those who talk about what his mature poetry might have been deceive themselves: he would have remained eager, simple, fervid, at white heat, a passionate abstraction, to the end. Had Keats lived to complete 'Hyperion,' we should probably have got the

great poem of the century; but, after he had fairly mastered the rudiments of poetic speech, there was no appreciable growth in Shelley.

That anything that brings us closer to such an abnormal personality should be prized need not excite any wonder; and undoubtedly an early edition does bring us nearer to the writer. Charles Lamb declared that he could not read Beaumont and Fletcher except in folio (adding characteristically that he did not know a more heartless sight than the octavo reprints of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy'), and a man who has learnt his 'Adonais' from the first edition feels that it is not the same thing in a modern dress; the virtue has gone out of it. And the first edition of the 'Adonais' does bring us into exceptionally close relations with Shelley. It was printed by himself at Pisa, where he was living, in 1821, and it cannot be said to have been 'published' in the ordinary sense of the word—that is, for general circulation. 'My poem is finished,' he writes on June 8—

> and consists of about forty Spenser stanzas. I shall send it you, either printed at Pisa or transcribed in such a manner as it shall be difficult for the reviser to leave such errors as *assist* the obscurity of the 'Prometheus.' But in case I send it printed, it will be merely that mistakes may be avoided; so that I shall have only a few copies struck off in the cheapest manner.

These 'few copies struck off in the cheapest manner,' or such of them as remain, have now mainly drifted into the great libraries, and are worth much more than their weight in gold—excluding altogether from the calculation that unique copy belonging to Lord Houghton, into which, on the first page or the last (I forget which) another of his poems has been inscribed by Shelley himself. The 'Revolt of Islam' in its original shape is even rarer; it used to be said that only three copies of 'Laon and Cythna' were issued before the alterations were made, though Mr. Symonds believes that many more must have been put in circulation. 'When I was a boy at Harrow,' he says, 'I picked up two uncut copies in boards at a Bristol book shop, for the price of 2*s.* 6*d.* apiece'—lucky boy!—with a sagacity and foresight that might have become a veteran book-hunter. Mr. Symonds's sketch,[6] let me say in passing, is the best we have yet got (any absolutely best on such a subject is hopeless; we might as well look for perfect biography of moonbeam or gossamer); but for a man well up in the Shelley literature he makes some unaccountable blunders. Thus he remarks that 'it is even still uncertain to which Harriet' (his wife or his cousin) 'the dedication of "Queen Mab" is addressed,—the fact being that in a well-known letter, written when the pirated edition of 'Queen Mab' appeared in 1821, Shelley informed Ollier (June 11, 1821), 'I ought to say, however, that I am obliged to this piratical fellow in one respect—that he

[6] *Shelley*, by J. A. Symonds, 1878.

has omitted, with a delicacy for which I thank him heartily, a foolish dedication to my late wife, the publication of which would have annoyed me, and indeed is the only part of the business that could seriously have annoyed me, although it is my duty to protest against the whole.' This pirated edition of 'Queen Mab' is also a curiosity in its way. The thief, William (?) Clark by name, is most polite and considerate to his victim, eager to consult his feelings and to respect his wishes. He skins him tenderly, as though he loved him. 'It will be seen,' he says, in a paragraph printed midway between the poem and the notes, 'it will be seen by the author of "Queen Mab" and those few gentlemen who have a copy of the former edition that I have been studious in adhering to the original copy.'

In the letter relating to the 'Adonais' from which I have quoted, Shelley alludes playfully, though not without a certain soreness perhaps, to the misprints in the 'Prometheus.' But in this respect the 'Prometheus' was not singular—most of the early editions, indeed, swarming with printer's blunders. I do not remember if there are any misprints in the 'Adonais;' my impression is that there are none; and as this was almost the only instance in which the author revised the proofs, the fact seems to show that he had no such intense repugnance to, or sheer incapacity for, revision as has sometimes been alleged. The majority of the poems were printed in England when Shelley was in Italy. In the days of railways an author living abroad may revise his proofs if he likes; but there were no railways in Shelley's time, and an Italian resident was forced to rest content with such revision as his English publisher could secure. Thus the text of the Shelley poems is as corrupt as the Shakespeare plays, and opens nearly as wide a field for criticism and conjecture. To the corruption of the early text, curiously enough, the exceptional value of the early editions is now mainly due. A succession of editors have 'improved' the original with such success that they may be said to have improved it out of existence. There are many obvious blunders in the early editions. No one can doubt, for instance, that Shelley wrote 'the blue Ægean *girds*,' and not 'the blue Ægean *girls*.' The editors, however, have not been content to correct the errors that lie on the surface, but have exercised their ingenuity upon passages where no correction was needed. They have insisted on Shelley saying many things which in point of fact he did not say, but which in their opinion he ought to have said. Thus it has come about that the latest editions of Shelley are no more reliable than the earliest; and the student who, so to speak, wishes to see all round him in arriving at accurate knowledge of the genuine Shelley text, must consult the original editions, which were bungled by the printers, as well as the more recent, which have been 'improved' by the editors. In Shelley's case, therefore, a first edition has a real literary as well as sentimental value, and the competition of students accounts more or less for the prices which have been obtained.

A delightful article, showing critical subtlety and insight of a rare order, appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' some years ago[7] on those wilful and gratuitous emendations. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Forman, in his sumptuous edition of the poems, acknowledges his obligations to this article, which has been attributed—rightly, I believe—to Professor Baynes, of St. Andrews, the editor of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' The number of Shelleys in this world is strictly limited, and Mr. Baynes has shown how extremely *risky* it is for people who are not Shelleys to try to mend a web which is woven of gossamer. Unless he has a very clear case indeed it is better for the able editor to leave even the commas unmolested; when he disturbs semicolons, colons, or full stops he is pretty certain to come to grief. Mr. Rossetti, for instance, inserts a full stop after the word 'calm' in the last stanza of the second canto of the 'Revolt of Islam,' thereby entirely changing the sense of the passage, and this simply on the fallacious plea that calm is not consistent with intensity of passion. Then Mr. Craik maintains that the semicolon after 'fire' in the second stanza of the 'Skylark' is misplaced—

> Higher still and higher
>   From the earth thou springest
> Like a cloud of fire;
>   The deep blue thou wingest
> And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest—

and thereupon inserts it after 'springest,' thus failing to recognise that the comparison 'like a cloud of fire' applies not to the bird when it rises from the ground, but to its continuous ascent when already in the upper air, when its song is coming 'from heaven or near it.'

The influence of the Shelley bibliomania has been widely felt. Everyone who was even remotely connected with the poet has been invested with fresh interest; and we have come to know much more about Mary Wollstonecraft, William Godwin, William Godwin's mother, Fanny Imlay, Mary Godwin, and Clare Clairmont than was known to their friends and contemporaries. Shelley has in the meantime rather pushed his friend Keats into the background; but even Keats is being unearthed, and those tragic love letters of his to Fanny Brawne, in which the dying poet is seen clinging with such fierce tenacity to love and life, have been printed in an elegant little volume, which, with its ghastly sketch by Severn of the poet in the exhaustion of disease, with the death dew upon his brow, has no doubt been eagerly welcomed by the experts who make a speciality of broad margins and *papier vergé*.[8] Lord Houghton had said all that could be said with decency about this love passage; and a woman

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[7] April 1871.
[8] *Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne.* London, 1878.

with any delicacy of self-respect would have put these sad relics of her dead lover in the fire. Then poor Robert Burns is suffering from the same treatment. An *édition de luxe* of his works is being printed at Edinburgh, which, so far as typography goes, reflects infinite credit upon printer and publisher. But the editor obviously holds that it is a pious duty to print every scrap of doggerel penned by the gifted peasant on which he can lay his hands. A pernicious mistake! One would have thought that the unaccountable follies of the life, and the still more unaccountable inequalities of the genius, had already in all conscience been sufficiently exposed. Mr. Carlyle (rather unnecessarily, as I think) introduced into his wonderfully fine essay on Burns some defamatory remarks on Keats,—the poetry of Keats, it appears, being characterised mainly by 'a weak-eyed, maudlin sensibility and a certain vague, random tunefulness of nature.' I would venture, on the contrary, to assert that whereas Keats, with his supreme sense of form and his intuitive perception of the fitness of expression, has, in his poetry at least, left no line which, dying, he would wish to blot, Burns, on the other hand, except in a brief song, never maintained for any time the high level of poetic inspiration which he sometimes unquestionably reached. No great poet was ever so unequal. Even in the 'Cottar's Saturday Night' there are many false and jarring lines; and always in his more ambitious poems a burst of true poetic fire or true poetic tenderness is succeeded by a passage of 'maudlin sensibility,' if not of absolute drivel. When we compare such lines as—

> The hares cam hirplin' down the furrs—

or—

> Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
> Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
> Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
> An' when he fa's,
> His latest draught of breathin' lea'es him
> In faint huzzas—

with other passages in the same pieces, we find difficulty in understanding how they could come from the same pen. This world of ours is not very big at the best, and an *édition de luxe*, in seven or eight volumes folio, takes a deal of room. The truth is that only a man's very best should be kept. As a heavy cargo may sink the ship, everything that is not intrinsically imperishable, absolutely priceless, should be thrown overboard without compunction. So that the capable editor is the man who knows how to divide the wheat from the chaff, and the *édition de luxe* for posterity should be a single volume in duodecimo. Sappho's fame, I dare say, will outlive Burns's; and this simply because in the one case only a few incomparable fragments which can be carried in the memory have been rescued, whereas in the other from the heap of rubbish which a disastrous industry has brought together posterity may altogether fail to recover the gems. Moreover, it is quite true that the world is apt

to weigh a man's best by his worst, and if there be a cartload of the worst and only a thimbleful of the best, the repute of the best is dimmed. We used to think much more highly of the 'Mort d'Arthur' before the 'Idylls of the King' were written than we do now; and, in fine, if any poet needed stringent, severe—it might almost be said, *savage*—editing, that poet was Burns.

At the same time it would be ungrateful to deny that the bibliomaniacal activity which the Shelley revival in particular has called into play has been rewarded by some really notable successes.[9] Godwin himself, the happy-go-lucky, impecunious philosopher, dreaming of the perfectibility of the race while unable to pay his bills, and never losing in the sorest straits his invincible suavity and imperturbable good temper, is a most curious figure; and this central figure is surrounded by one of the strangest groups of women, from the old mother down to the baby Allegra, that were ever got together in this world. I cannot say that I share Mr. Kegan Paul's admiration for Mary Wollstonecraft; he gives us the letters which she wrote to Gilbert Imlay, but he does not give us any of those written by Gilbert in reply, and I confess that before finally condemning the man I should have liked to have heard what he had to say for himself. There can be no doubt that Mary's 'tempers' must have been rather trying to male humanity; even the mild and pacific Godwin had to live a few doors off; she was clearly of a jealous, imperious, and exacting disposition; so that, had one been forced to judge Godwin himself solely by the letter, for instance, which she addressed to him on his return from an amusing visit to Dr. Parr, we should have been led to conclude that he was fully as great a brute as Imlay. Mr. Kegan Paul complains that her principles about marriage and other trifles have been misunderstood and misrepresented; but, so far as one can gather from her practice, she does not seem to have held any principles to speak of—except, perhaps, that it is wrong to marry one man until you have lived, as his mistress, with another. Her daughter Fanny appears to me to have been an infinitely finer and more lovable character; and the scrap from the 'Cambrian' which Mr. Kegan Paul's industry has recovered is a really pathetic, because homely and unconscious, disclosure of the fatal difficulties and discrepancies of her position.[10] Then there is a sister Hannah, who attracts us by the simple and engaging way in which she entreats her brother to 'make me a clever girl.' But old Mrs. Godwin is unquestionably the grand discovery of the book. This piece of sturdy English humanity, ruddy and wholesome as English air can make her, is a permanent addition to our literature, more substantial than any number of political dreamers or petticoated philosophers. She rather

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[9] See in particular Mr. Kegan Paul's *Life of Godwin* and the *Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Imlay* (1878).

[10] 'The name appears to have been torn off and burnt, but her stockings are marked with the letter "G.", and on her stays the letters "M. W." are visible.' —*Life of Godwin*, ii. 242.

reminds us, to be sure, of the maternal dorking whose half-fledged ducklings are escaping into an alien and unfamiliar element, while she herself keeps cautiously to *terra firma*. A shrewd old lady, whose literary education, no doubt, has been somewhat neglected, but whose orthodoxy is unimpeachable and unassailable, and who regards with an air of even grim contempt her bewildered and bewildering progeny. Yet all the time she is, in her homely way, wonderfully broad and catholic, not allowing any intellectual or theological delinquencies (as she considers them) to affect her natural sense of justice or her equal distribution of the good things of the Norfolk farm—fresh butter and new-laid eggs, Michaelmas geese, and fat turkeys at the New Year. Her letters (which were recovered in the height of the Shelley fever) are delightfully quaint and racy, Mary Wollstonecraft's even being tame in comparison. It is really the best trait in Godwin's character that he loved and honoured her to the last, his tender reverence for this amazingly direct and outspoken old lady being by far the deepest part of his nature.

Much may be pardoned to the curiosity which has recovered this typical Englishwoman; nor can such concise and handy manuals[11]—'Tennysoniana,' the 'Bibliography of Ruskin,' 'Forgotten Books worth Remembering'—be seriously objected to, unless by the parties experimented upon; and, from a characteristic letter which Mr. Shepherd has printed, it appears that Mr. Ruskin at least is well-pleased.[12] The 'Bibliography of Ruskin' is little more than a catalogue of the writings, from the early poems contributed to 'Friendship's Offering' in 1835 (when Mr. Ruskin, it appears, was fifteen) to the notes on the Turner drawings exhibited last year in Bond Street. Various editions of the Turner notes have already appeared, none of them, however, to my mind being so noteworthy as the first (it was prepared immediately before the severe illness of last spring), in which we see the overworked brain in the very act of giving way—the words dropping slowly and more slowly from the labouring pen till they stop altogether. Indomitable energy! The hero does not know that he is beaten, but fights on to the last gasp. Mr. Shepherd of course, as a genuine bibliographer, cannot resist the temptation to restore passages which had been purposely omitted; and we learn how Mr. Ruskin lost his heart at Chamouni to Miss Georgie Beecher Stowe, and how Mr. Carlyle cannot walk the streets of London without being molested, 'chiefly because he is a grey old man, and also

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[11] By R. H. Shepherd. A new and enlarged edition of *Tennysoniana* has been recently published.

[12] Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire: Oct. 23, 1878.

DEAR MR. SHEPHERD,—I am very deeply grateful to you, as I am in all duty bound, for this very curious record of myself. It will be of extreme value to me in filling up what gaps I can in this patched coverlid of my life before it is draped over my coffin—if it may be.

I am especially glad to have note of the letters to newspapers, but *most* chiefly to have the good news of so earnest and patient a friend. Ever gratefully yours,

R. H. Shepherd, Esq. J. RUSKIN.

because he is cleanly drest'—information which, it is understood, was quite new to Mr. Carlyle at the time.

'Tennysoniana' is somewhat more than a catalogue. One chapter is devoted to showing that there is a remarkable correspondence between 'In Memoriam' and Shakespeare's sonnets, a correspondence which appears to me not vital, but accidental (Shakespeare writing 'five hundred courses of the sun,' Tennyson 'all the courses of the sun,' and so on), and another to the earlier and later readings of the former poem. Few casual readers, I fear, will care to be informed that 'the' has been more than once substituted for 'her,' 'so' for 'but,' 'will' for 'would,' and 'who' for 'that.' We may be content to admit that

> Whispers to the worlds of space
> In the deep night that all is well,

is an unquestionable improvement on

> Whispers to the vast of space
> Among the worlds.

But some of the later readings, such as 'to *shroud* me from my proper scorn' for 'to *cloak* me from my proper scorn,' 'dear to me as *sacred wine*' for 'dear as *sacramental wine*,' and 'in the *dark church* like a ghost' for 'in the *chancel* like a ghost,' are more doubtful. It may be due to mere accidents of early association, but when Mr. Tennyson substitutes—

> And that dear voice I once have known
> Still speak to me of me and mine—

for—

> The dear dear voice that I have known
> Will speak to me of me and mine—

I feel a sense of loss, the original being to my ear more simple, direct, and pathetic.

Such notes might be indefinitely extended, but here in the meantime I must pause.[13]

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[13] While these pages are passing through the press, the great Didot sale is proceeding at Paris. I notice that a Horæ B. M. V., with drawings attributed to Hans Hemling, brought 832*l.*, and that a small volume of illuminated prayers which belonged to Anne of Austria was purchased by M. Fontaine for 1,180*l.*—probably, as the *Athenæum* remarks, the highest price ever paid for a book of the size.

In all Labour there is Profit.

We tread the grapes, but shall not drink the wine.
All through the hazy hours of autumn heat
The red juice foams around our weary feet,
Our garments blush with many a purple sign;
But not for us, who trained the meagre vine
To fruitful strength, this vintage shall be sweet;
We shall not join the banqueters who meet
When these rich drops through glowing crystal shine.
Not for our lips the draught our hands prepare;
But when slow time has ripened it, and when
Its mellow warmth makes glad the hearts of men,
May we, the husbandmen, in spirit share
The feasters' joys, which we with painful care
Laid up for them in years before their ken.

The Fountains of Love.

Two fountains mingle in the tide of love
Their sweet and bitter waters, with a sound
Wherein the notes of joy and pain are found,
As in low pleadings of a mated dove;
And o'er the banks through which those waters move
A tangled bower of diverse growth is wound,
Where, mixed with honeysuckle rosy-crowned,
The cruel nightshade hangs the stream above.
And whoso plucks the flowers of morning glow
Holds also in his hand the flowers of woe,
Their intertwisted stems so closely meet;
And whoso tastes the waters as they flow,
Ere yet his thirst is quenched shall hardly know
The bitter fountain's flavour from the sweet.

Unhoped Delight.

I chose the fairest nook of garden soil,
And covered warm within its natal bed
The seed, wherefrom, with dew and sunlight fed,
I hoped should rise the offspring of my toil,
My promised flower, my golden cinquefoil.
But when the soft green leaflets upward spread,
The shoot that should have borne the queenly head
Shrank, nipped and brown, the frost's untimely spoil.
Long hours I wept, and made my passionate moan,
Till morn came trembling through the tearful night,
And lo! a peerless lily rosy-white,
A flower of God by some bird-angel sown,
Beside my perished dream of joy had grown,
To give for hope foregone unhoped delight.

Charlotte Elliot.

Gossip and Gossip.

GOSSIP is a fine thing; without it life would be very vapid to the most of us. If we had not that lively interest in our fellow-creatures which induces us to look out for every new incident in their history, how could we endure them at all? For in themselves they are not very amusing; they say very little that is original, they do little that is remarkable. If we come across the same man twelve times in a day, the chances are that he will have nothing more attractive to say to us than 'How d'ye do again?' Nor are they generally beautiful, so that it is a pleasure to look at them. They contradict us; they worry us; they prefer their own opinions to ours; sometimes they disappoint us, sometimes they rob us of pleasures long hoped for, or take all the savour out of these pleasures, not to speak of more serious affairs. But the perennial charm of gossip makes up for many of these drawbacks. It is the link that holds the world in unity. It is common to say that we herd together for mutual security, for the protection of the policeman, and the ease of barter, and other practical purposes. We would not detract from the force of these economical motives; but the mind demands its share as well as the outward being, and there is something in us that lives by gossip, as there is a good deal that lives by bread. Society is the drama of mankind. We cannot always be at the theatre; indeed there is often little in the theatre to charm the inquiring mind; but at no time can we be without a little stage of our own, upon which our acquaintances are posturing, where they are all going through their little performances—farce or comedy, or the higher tragic *rôle*, which sometimes falls upon one or another to the anguish and wonder of the chosen player, the quickened interest of the spectators. To see how they acquit themselves is one of the first businesses of humanity; it is this which quickens the general sympathy for everybody in trouble. We want to help our poor brother? Yes, but first of all to see how he behaves himself under it, what light he will throw upon the way of getting through it. In this sense death attracts us all as nothing else does; for it is a thing that we have all got to do, and an infinite eagerness of curiosity hangs round the inevitable event. To collect examples of how it is accomplished is more than a pleasure, it is a duty. And, not to speak of anything so important, there is no event of life that does not interest us in the same way. We want examples; we want to know how you take it—in which way you fail, and in which succeed, how you get through that dangerous passage, and if your attitude is impressive, or only absurd, in that uphill struggle. We are always thinking about this, whatever else we may have to occupy us. Some people go about the world continually with

hungry eyes, prying everywhere to see how their fellow-creatures conduct their campaign, and get through their difficulties. There is scarcely the most trifling event that is not a trial of manhood, a test of mettle; nor an hour in one's life when the stage is not set, and the prompter ready, and a world of eager eyes looking on—not necessarily out of love for the actor, nor hatred, but out of a natural, not reprehensible, inherent human curiosity to know how he will manage it, how he will stand against the unintelligent forces with which he has to contend, or the principles he has defied, or the laws which are bigger than he, and which he wants to fulfil, or not to fulfil, as the case may be. This is the native need of humanity whence arises gossip, without which we could not live.

And a great deal of history is but gossip condensed. The ages we know best are those in which it was the fashion not only to talk but to write about the doings of our acquaintances, keeping a record of the manner of facing life, sometimes with, sometimes without, the why and the wherefore that give that record its deepest meaning. It is at all times a study to which philosophy may lend itself without derogation, and for which the crowd has exquisite reasons. What are clubs but committees sitting upon the life of man? Committees of the House of Commons are nothing to them: those formal boards of inquiry investigate only political questions; the others hold their court upon humanity. And so does every drawing-room, nay, every workshop, and the cobbler's bench, and the steamy precincts of the laundry. Whatever our other work may be, we have all some leisure for this universal occupation, keeping a watchful eye upon our kind, to see how they are getting through with their lives.

Such a general business must be capable of very different modes of treatment. The fashion of it changes according to the age in which it is exercised; but yet there is one prevailing tendency, which has done more than anything to bring it into disrepute. Gossip, it must be allowed, is rarely benevolent. We all of us expect, and a great many of us seem to hope, that the players so unconsciously performing their parts before us will do it badly; when there arises a man here and there who takes up the contrary opinion, who sees what goes on before him, as we say, through rose-coloured spectacles, we are apt to condemn him as a humbug or laugh at him as a visionary. We have spoken of a prompter: but instead of one there are a hundred prompters always ready; for we who look on are convinced that we understand the character of each *rôle* far better than they who perform it; and that there is a general want of appreciation of their own necessities among the actors, an inclination to adopt the worst ways of action, and neglect what would ensure success.

> Oh would some power the giftie gie *them*
> To see themselves as others see *them*,

is the sigh we all breathe as we sit and look on, and see how every effort fails. This propensity of the spectator is the reason why

gossip has even at the best something of a bad name, and has been so often identified with scandal, or even slander, though it is not necessarily associated with those darker and more cruel powers.

The reader may suppose that we should not have launched him upon these general remarks without intending some special application of them; and perhaps, with that discrimination which distinguishes him, he has already guessed what that application is likely to be—need we say that he has divined justly? This statement of the principles of gossip has been drawn from us by the growing and offensive importance of gossip as a trade. We have before our eyes an extraordinary instance of that practical cleverness, so characteristic of our century, which, taking a perfectly tolerable and harmless amateur art out of the hands of those who have little power of offence in them, make of it, by the practised skill of a lawless artist, a painful instrument of annoyance and human discomfiture. We might indicate perhaps a visible instance of the effect to which we allude, in the high artistic world of the Grosvenor Gallery—which, however, we approach with the utmost respect in itself, as the most delightful and most enjoyable of exhibitions. The Smudges of private life did no great harm, and the illustrators of the fashion books were even of some humble use; but when their modest and unremunerative achievements are turned into a branch of a fine profession, (or should we say two branches?), by Mr. Whistler and M. Tissot, the critic acquires the right to intervene with his strongest adjectives. This is what has happened with regard to that art of gossip in which, more or less, we are all amateur performers—it has been erected before our eyes into a lucrative and flourishing trade, like cotton-spinning or the manufacture of cutlery, and, like them, has become subject, we need not say, to all the adulterations which commerce seems to bring in its train. It has begun to be an industry by which fortunes can be made. We are informed that one of its leading professors stated not long ago in a court of justice, that the income he made by it amounted to several thousands a year—as good as an estate. Of most developments of human skill and toil it is an advantage to say that money can be made and a livelihood gained by their means; but there are some few departments of ingenuity in which this is not an advantage. The desire to know what is going to happen to ourselves in the future, is almost as strong and as general as the desire to know what our neighbours are about in the present; and there never has been a time when, in jest or in earnest, there were not many enlightened persons who professed to have some power of investigating futurity; but the moment that one of them tells a fortune for money, if he were the greatest of those eccentric wits who love astrology and the occult sciences, he would become a rogue and an impostor in the eye of the law. The same law does not formally apply to gossip so far as the statute-book is concerned, though it is difficult to tell why; for the professional investigator of private lives and stories is capable of doing a great deal more harm than any

fortune-teller. In fact, the two cases are very much alike. When a man begins to sell gossip across the counter and to make money by it—even supposing he begins with good intentions—he is exposed to temptations which are overwhelming. There is danger enough in the afternoon diversion of the clubs, when each speaker is tempted to outdo his neighbour by adding a tinge of higher colour, a detail more piquant; and we should have read our novels in vain, and in vain assisted at the performance of the 'School for Scandal' and many other edifying dramas, if we were not aware how readily, even in the most elegant drawing-room, the seed of scandal germinates. But when it comes to be the whole costly fabric of a newspaper office that has to be kept up, with all its officials, from the able editor down to the printer's devils, upon a weekly tale of personal incidents, highly spiced stories, family revelations, *et hoc genus omne*, the strain upon the virtue of the producers must be incalculable. And, indeed, it does not seem that this virtue has ever attempted to stand against a strain so extraordinary. The result has been the production of an entirely new branch of periodical literature, or something which calls itself such—a literature more mean (we think) in its methods, and more debasing in its influence, than anything which the press in England of equal pretensions has hitherto known.

It is necessary to say 'of equal pretensions,' because there can be no doubt that the same kind of offensive commentary which we have to submit to has long been exercised upon the public of the areas and the alehouses, and has circulated most successfully in the lower levels of life. We remember to have seen in a provincial town, in the hands of an indignant housemaid, a small and shabby broadsheet sold about the streets, in which the attention of that audience was called to the visitors at the back-door of No. 10 in the square, and to the matrimonial negotiations in progress between the cook at the corner and the new policeman, in language which was a faithful, if slightly coarse, adumbration of the paragraphs which convey so much information to a higher class of readers in our day.

We will not assert, however, that gossip is not capable of being touched with a lighter hand and to more genial purpose. If we turn to the polite and accomplished century which preceded our own, and which has lately become a storehouse for us of examples, we shall find an excellent instance of its better use. In that age the daily chronicle of men and things was made with all an artist's feeling, and all the creative instinct of a man of genius. The 'Spectator,' quintessence of an age of gossip, had the gift of throwing its social criticism into such vivid groups of human creatures, that those strictures of the moment have become the truest history, and the age is made alive before us with all its antiquated airs and graces, as well as the peccadilloes and the vices, the public wrongs and private follies against which its delicate satire is aimed. We might go a great deal further back than the 'Spectator' for instances of the same result; the gossips of Theocritus

are just as fresh in all the colours of life; but, one example being as effectual as the other, we prefer to confine ourselves to the region nearest home. The 'Spectator' was the daily paper of our great-grandfathers; there was not much of it—not nearly so much as there is of its namesake, which only instructs us once a week; but what there was, was of the finest quality. When the little broadsheet produced itself at those old breakfast-tables, no doubt there was a flutter of interest, an interest all the more pronounced and lively when a fashionable adventure, or one of the many difficult cases of love-making suggested to the casuist in that sentiment, took the place of those fine discourses on moral qualities, or bits of elegant criticism by which the familiar critic of the age diversified his entertainment. One can fancy the little chill which came over Dorinda as she sipped her chocolate, or Cleanthes playing with the curls of his periwig, when they discovered that only the Pleasures of the Imagination, or the merits of Homer or Shakespeare, were the subject in hand; and how the firmament brightened when Mr. Spectator announced himself as about to publish 'for the Entertainment of this Day, an odd sort of a Packet, which I have just received from one of my female correspondents;' or declared that 'the present Paper shall be employed in the service of a very fine Young Woman.' Nothing can be more plainspoken than those lectures to ladies which he thinks himself bound to give in his capacity as 'a kind of Guardian to the Fair,' or his animadversions upon the fopperies and the frailties of the day. He uses plainer language in this particular, than anyone would venture to do nowadays, and he is very frank about the peculiarities of his time, and sets it so clearly before us, that the most uninstructed reader could not doubt that it was the eighteenth century to which all these patched and powdered belles, and the gentlemen with their cocked hats and periwigs belonged. And his pages swarm with them; there is scarcely room to move in the crowd. All kinds of people are there; fine ladies without number, and lords not quite so fine, and boys and girls in little hoops and laced coats. They are as living and as life-like as if we had met them in the Park this morning; but in no Mall or walk did Mr. Addison himself ever meet the exact counterparts of these picturesque people. They live because they are living, not because they are copies direct from the life; nor are those fine dilemmas, delicately exaggerated out of the limits of fact, those playful hyperboles, pushed just a hair's breadth too far into the regions of fiction, capable of being forced into the service of libel, or made the instruments of individual murder. We know that it was Mr. Addison himself who was so cruelly and we hope unjustly pilloried under the name of Atticus; but even amid all the exuberant letter-writing and memoirs of the time, nobody ever discovered who were the Melissas, the Clarindas, the Damons and Strephons of the 'Spectator;' they were themselves far better examples of the race than my Lady Jones or Sir Peter—dead transcripts from fact, with all their actual foibles in evidence—could ever be made.

But this is not the fashion of social criticism in our day. Mr. Matthew Arnold in a recent volume speaks with great charity and amiability of the journals to which we have referred, we fear in a different spirit. 'Those journals of a new type, full of talent, and which interest me particularly because they seem as if they were written by the young lion of our youth—the young lion grown mellow, and as the French say *viveur*, arrived at his full and ripe knowledge of the world, and minded to enjoy the smooth evening of his days,' is the description he gives of them. We have no notion for our own part how a young lion would write even when he had grown mellow; but if he wrote like certain journalists 'of a new type,' we should not be able, even on Mr. Arnold's recommendation, to rate him very highly. These writers do not attempt, like the 'Spectator,' to show us ourselves in any humorous mirror of reflections, where everything should be true and nothing actual; nor can they invent new neighbours for us who shall play their pranks very much as the real ones do without ever being the real ones, or even deceiving us with that prosaic splendour of imitation which the vulgar conceive to be the most wonderful effort of art. They do not take the trouble of imitation. They produce any man, or, for that matter, any woman, whom they may choose to select, clumsily and confusedly, *in propriâ personâ*, upon the stage. They do not even take that trouble about their names which the 'Spectator' suggests as the highest artifice of his day. 'The reader generally,' he tells us, 'casts his eye upon a book, and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up and peruses it with great satisfaction. An *M* and a *k*, a *T* and an *r*, with a short line between them, have sold many an insipid pamphlet; nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well written &c.——.' These are simple-minded devices of a timid art. Our social critics put all the points on their i's and do not spare even a vowel. If they can find out something to say about Mrs. Robinson, they say it frankly, writing her name in full, and giving you her number in the square. There wants no domino, no little bit of a mask with its scrap of lace to make a pretence at a disguise. Masks have gone out of fashion along with all the old-fashioned notions about individual privacy, on which at one time so much stress was laid. Nowadays there is no false shame about the matter; we follow the bill-sticker from house to house, and chuckle at the posters he puts up. Here it is 'cheat,' there it is 'profligate,' sometimes it is only the fact of a misfortune that is *affiché* in letters a yard long. These are all pleasing indications that our neighbours are no better than ourselves. Why should there be any mystery about it? The organs of Society good-naturedly give up any pretence of superior virtue. And to them the big world of London is not a world at all, but only the 'little village' which slang once delighted to call it, a circle of so many streets where everybody knows, more or less, everybody else, and where naturally there is no concealing what happens. Their contents form 'a gazette of aristo-

cratic society,' says Mr. Arnold, and no doubt this is the character to which they aspire; but at all events it is the record of a small society, a community in which there is mutual acquaintance, where the allusions are understood and all the names familiar. The London of the 'Spectator's' time is a great deal bigger, more varied, and less pervaded by this mutual knowledge. This is a curious variation from the mere outside fact, by which we are taught to believe that our overgrown capital has expanded, not lessened, within the last hundred years; but nevertheless it is true.

But to show the reader what we mean, we must not shrink from actual quotation, and we will begin by the most innocent, the commentary given on public life. Even in the region of politics, the open ground of public affairs, the impertinent familiarity which we have indicated comes in with an effect which but for its insolence would be amusing. The glib and jocular acquaintance of the weekly scribbler with the most dignified of statesmen gives a piquancy to the record—it is something like the delightfully unconscious impudence of 'Punch's' crossing-sweeper to the astounded 'swell' into whose hands he thrusts his broom. Like the crossing-sweeper, the journalist is just so far aware of his own temerity as to derive a secret enjoyment from it, but he does not in the smallest degree measure the abyss of distance which lies between himself so low down, and the serene but astounded potentate so high up. Here is a specimen of the jaunty superiority with which the gentlemen of the Society papers treat their betters. The first is (we presume) upon the Liberal side, and comments as follows upon the last public appearance of the Prime Minister:—

Lord Beaconsfield over-exerted himself in his speech in reply to the Duke of Argyll. He commenced with his accustomed vigour, but this vigour was not maintained, and he soon, although his oration had evidently been prepared, and he had frequent recourse to his notes, muddled up dates and names in a truly distressing manner. In his own interests, as well as in those of the country, it is desirable that he should be relieved of his arduous duties at the next general election.

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The gallery, which was filled with ladies, rapidly thinned after the Premier had been up half an hour, and even the Princess of Wales and her brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, left before the speech was ended.

Clearly Lord Beaconsfield is senile and falling into his dotage. Our friend is sorry for the old man; it is a pity, but it was to be expected. Perhaps this is what Mr. Arnold means when he talks of papers which are as if they had been written by the 'lion of our youth.'

But here is another still more jaunty voice upon the other side, for no party has a monopoly of this agreeable talent. It is droll to realise what must be the feelings of the courtly leader of the Opposition, in the upper House, when thus suddenly jostled and thrust off the pavement by the dauntless swaggerer of the fourth estate:—

I am happy to be able to announce that Lord Granville has been completely amnestied, and is once more in favour at Court. On Thursday last, on the occasion of the dinner in honour of the Empress of Germany, he was very kindly received at Windsor. The consequence was that the following evening, after the Duke of Argyll's animated speech, he was pointedly complimented by Lord Beaconsfield, who condescended to distinguish Lord Granville from such unpatriotic oppositionists as Mr. Gladstone and others. Pussy was quite delighted, purred like the most well-conditioned cat that ever was, and when its turn came to speak, gently threw over the angry Duke, seeming to say, 'That may be very eloquent, but it is not quite the tone of our *salon*.'

After this, the following description of a high official, and the extra work put upon him by (as distinctly implied) the fussiness and troublesome requirements of his Royal mistress, is merely light and amiable *badinage*:—

The ungazetted office which Lord Barrington fills of Special Parliamentary Reporter to the Queen is by no means a new one, though Mr. Courtney's heavy wit has drawn special attention to it. All through the reign of the present Sovereign it has been the custom of one of her Ministers to report to her the salient points of a night's debate. . . . The task is no sinecure; it requires unwearying attention, and is performed without even that meagre accommodation which is supplied to Lord Barrington's brethren in the Press gallery. The Vice-Chamberlain having no desk is obliged to write his notes on his knee, and must withal make them with sufficient legibility to obviate difficulty at the telegraph office. The responsibility necessitates his attention through the greater part of the evening, and the lateness of the hour at which an interesting or important speech is made is not held an excuse for non-fulfilment of duty. It of course often happens that the leaders of either side make their speeches after midnight. It would be thought that here Lord Barrington's duty might be intermitted; her Majesty must surely be in bed before the telegram reached her. But whatever the hour be, Lord Barrington is faithful to his post, painfully writing long-hand on his knee.

Who does not see the courtly slave kept out of bed half the night, while Majesty comfortably tucks itself in, unthinking of the weariness, which is 'held no excuse' on the part of the noble vassal?

Public men, however, may be allowed to be fair game. The price which they pay for their greatness includes this, that they must always be ready to receive rotten eggs and other noxious missiles from the partisans of the other side. They have at least something to show in compensation, and probably Lord Beaconsfield is quite indifferent to the fact that one organ of 'Society' thinks him a driveller, and Lord Granville not too seriously affected by the title of 'Pussy' bestowed upon him by another. Nor are we disposed to say much as to certain portraits for which the subjects seem to be willing sitters. The magnates who allow themselves to be sketched with all their personal surroundings are no doubt ready to take the consequences whatever they may be, and do not object, it is to be supposed, to the description of their 'morning-room hung round with portraits of ancestors, and fresh with flowers and plants deftly

arranged by the tasteful hand of Lady So-and-So. It is very bad taste, we think, but that is evidently not the opinion of the 'Celebrities,' and they have a perfect right to expose themselves if they please, and open their 'Homes' to everybody who likes to pay sixpence for the privilege. So have the ladies who allow their portraits to be published, and their 'leading position in London society,' along with the popularity their husbands enjoy by their influence, to be biographically set forth, cheek by jowl with the very free and still more interesting accounts of sundry Parisian actresses, their loves and their looks. We, for our part, cannot think that the portrait of a woman of good repute, by no means remarkable as a leader of Society, has anything to do with the public; but these are matters of private taste with which the critic has nothing to do. In this case the 'leader of Society' has a choice in the matter, which Mdlle. Léontine Massin, her companion in such fame as can be thus conferred, probably had no chance of exercising.

Our immediate concern however is not with the revelations which our superiors so kindly condescend to make of their own private circumstances and features (they could have no possible excuse for making these revelations if they were not our betters, so that we imply no sneer in the use of the word), but of the unlicensed disclosures which touch those less distinguished persons from whose private history the newspapers in question derive their chief interest. The reader will perceive as we go on, that Society is kindly willing to take an interest in people of all kinds, and is not at all exacting in respect to their quality. It is not even necessary to be remarkable, or to possess any special claim to distinction in order to become a mark to these roving libellers. One of their chief fascinations is, that we never know whose private affairs we may find under discussion in the current number which the traveller, weak-minded and full of curiosity, if not approving, buys with such zest at the railway station. What he hopes for, no doubt, is to see his neighbour pilloried, or to gather some agreeable particulars of the private history of his enemy. But he may just as well find out from the first paragraph that his daughter's engagement is broken off, or that his son has left the service for reasons totally different from those reported to the parent. Nay, for aught he can tell, it may be some schoolboy prank of his own which has been dug out of the past to be made the occasion of a malicious fling at one of his old friends—a thing which actually occurred some time ago; or it may be the deficiency of his balance at his bankers; or the fantastic changes he is making in his house, kindly assumed to be entirely beyond his means, and condemned accordingly—which form the subject of the comment. We cannot hope to occupy the position of showman, and exhibit the various phenomena even of one day's issue for the first time to the most unsophisticated reader; but we may at least point out with what impartiality and straightforwardness these assaults are made, and how perseveringly the newspaper of Society thrusts itself

into every man's affairs—nay, not only into every man's, but every woman's and every child's, as shall be seen; no game being too small, no individual too harmless, for their notice. It is not given to every artist to slay a man with a sword; his heart may not be big enough, nor his person, for such a feat; but he can always score a woman with the point of a penknife, and put a pin into a child; and on the whole the spectators seem to like the fun in these cases even better than when more serious mischief is done; while, on the other hand, no reprisals are to be feared. Horsewhipping is an antiquated amusement which has gone out of fashion, so that in most cases there is absolute impunity for the literary *chiffonnier*; to kick him is beneath the dignity of the only portion of the populace (in the polite classes) which ever had any turn for kicking—young men have learnt at school that it is bad form to fight; and thus the only safeguard is removed, and the tattler and scandalmonger may roam about all the doorways as he pleases. It is 'bad form' to do anything but laugh, even when the laugh may be, according to the vulgar, on the wrong side of the mouth.

We will take at random a few specimens of the literary fare which is thus served up once a week, hot and hot, to the eager appetite of Society. In the first the writer has the grace not to give us the name and address of his victims, but there is no doubt that these will be supplied by a great part of his readers without any difficulty at all. We omit a few words which contain the easiest means of identification:—

'So I hear,' he exclaims, with delightful confidential effusiveness, 'that the engagement between a certain gallant major and a young lady of great wealth and personal attractions . . . . has been broken off after all, and the Major sailed on Thursday for Zululand. It seems that when her *fiancé* was ordered to active service in South Africa, the young lady's friends made inquiries at head-quarters if some reprieve could not be granted to the gallant Major to give him time to wind up his courtship. They found, however, to their amazement, that he was going out as a volunteer, and leaving his lady-love of his own accord; so the engagement was abruptly broken off.'

Now, this is a piece of information such as Society specially prizes. Why it should be pleased to think that men have to be 'dragged to the altar,' that lovers are 'only amusing themselves,' and that to enjoy the pleasure of love-making without undergoing the penalty of marriage is the universal desire of the British hero, is a curious question of popular ethics; but such does certainly seem a very favourite article of popular belief. How many circles must have read with delight this edifying and important piece of news, and how pleasant it must be for the lady and for her friends to know that nobody can be at any loss now for the cause of the breach, and that the position she occupies, or is supposed to occupy, has been fully set forth for the delicate and amiable judgment of society. A more admirable instance of the cowardly blow which cannot be resented or avenged could not be given.

Here, however, is something much more piquant, an inquiry so intimate and searching that one feels at once its appropriateness to the columns of a newspaper:—

> Is it true that Lord — —has made up his mind to marry a certain lady well known in London society, and especially in the Marlborough House clique, in case Sir James Hannen cuts the knot which now binds her to her second husband?

Take notice that the name, represented above by two blanks, is given in full in the newspaper. We do not make ourselves an accomplice; we only indicate the abomination.

The same journal instructs us that certain heads in a popular picture are painted from two persons named; but makes haste to add, with fine taste, in respect to the last of these—

> This young lady, good readers, only sat for the head of Galatea, the limbs being those of a well-known subject [also named] who appeared last year as Tadema's 'Sculptor's Model.'

The writer then goes on to discuss the beauty of the owner of the head, 'who is now seventeen years of age.' Even if kicking has gone out of fashion, we must ask whether the young lady has a brother or lover who knows how to behave himself in such a case?

After this outrage upon a girl, the indignation of the reader will be soothed by the following equally impertinent, but less offensive, selection of a boy as the subject of attack:—

> From information received, I learn that the 'Eton boy,' whose name was at last made public in these notes the other day, has, in spite of his full appreciation of the high value set upon him by his friends, thought it best to spend the summer on the Continent, in order that he may enter Cambridge in October at a reduced figure. Those, therefore, who are looking forward to seeing that short but sturdy form under all the advantages of the declamatory costume and attitude next 4th of June will be disappointed.

The fine point of malice intended in this, being physical, will evidently be lost upon the general public. That a full-grown man should occupy so much print in a spiteful jeer at a boy, even when he happens to be a boy of genius, seems incredible; but if it is an Etonian who has thus vented his envious gall upon a comrade, it is to be hoped that Dr. Hornby will bestir himself, and let the little cad have something to remember his journalistic venture by. Bad enough to throw this despicable mud upon the mature; but what is it to hold a harmless boy up to public mockery, or, still worse, train or tempt his schoolfellow to indulge in premature malice, the meanness of which he is not old enough to understand?

We have become, we fear, rather serious in our comments, amusement disappearing in indignation. But, to cure this gravity, let us turn to the foreign correspondence of one of these favoured journals, in which we are supposed to find a reflex of the mind of Society. We have not a guess who the gentleman is who is so delightfully familiar with all that is best and worst in Paris, but his prattlings are beautiful.

I am glad [he bursts forth with charming cordiality *à propos de bottes*] I am glad poor Madame de Croix has got a house at last. Ever since her Hôtel was destroyed by the prolongation of the Boulevard St. Germain the poor Marquise has been filling all the *salons* of Paris with lamentations and inquiries after a new abode. She has now bought for 2,000,000 francs the beautiful Hôtel Mortemart on the Quai, formerly the property of the Duc de Trevise. The house is a splendid one, if I recollect right, but I shall be greatly surprised if Madame la Marquise is contented with her bargain.

The suddenness of this plunge into fine society takes away our breath. We are almost too much surprised to be duly sympathetic. The poor Marquise! Let us hope however that our friend's melancholy prognostication about her bargain will not be realised. But here is more, and finer still:—

I met the other day [says this aristocratic correspondent], by the merest accident, the charming Duchesse de Sesto in the Rue de la Paix. Of course you know she was formerly Duchesse de Morny (*née* Troubetzkoï), and sacrificed the greater part of her fortune to marry her present husband, who, however, is not one of the very poorest nobles of Spain. The young Duc de Morny, her son, is one of the most charming fellows I ever met, as is his brother Serge, who is only nineteen, but who already shows that he is his father's son by his admiration of the fair sex. So poor old Madame de la Tour du Pin is dead! It was only the other day I was speaking of her at Madame de Bisaccia's. . . . .

Now, this is something like Society. To feel ourselves introduced on such a familiar footing among so many titles is worth much more than sixpence. Only at long intervals do we find anything so fine in literature. The reader will remember in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' one tantalising but, alas! too brief revelation of a similar kind, in which we were allowed to hear the Duke calling 'Jerningham! Jerningham! Jerningham! bring me my garters!' but never were permitted to learn what followed. However, if he would like a little more of such fine company now, far be it from us to balk him. Our friend continues with undiminished gusto—nay, with increased delight, as feeling that he has got a bit of nastier tattle in hand. 'The Marquis de Molins is coming back to us after all, much to everybody's delight,' he says, interjectionally; then proceeds, with that suddenness which adds piquancy to a change of subject:—

So poor Madame Musard has passed away from our midst for ever! Her story was indeed a sad one, and the worst of it is that one may be very unhappy, and indeed die of ennui and disappointment even while possessing millions. The story about the paralysis of her eye having been brought on by the use of a certain hair-dye is false; the real cause was a terrible scare she had in London when her horses tried to bolt with her. . . . . Who will get the famous rope of pearls, which is so heavy that it is painful to wear it? I wonder how that horrid old satyr King William of Holland felt when he heard that Eliza Musard had passed quietly and without pain, but wholly insane, out of this world?

And then the gentleman becomes profane and quotes a line belonging to Mr. Tennyson which has nothing to do with him and

his courtesans. We are bound to confess that we know no more about 'poor Madame Musard' than we did about 'poor Madame de Croix' (and we hope that 'poor Marquise' likes the company in which she finds herself); but if the reader turns to a sister publication he will be gratified by a whole article about Madame Musard, who, it appears, had 'estates and petroleum mines, and went out of her mind because she was unable to tear down the barrier which separates the *demi-monde* from the *grand monde*;' and whose husband is already the object of the hopes of 'a young lady bearing an historical name,' whose antecedents he will find minutely described, and on whose behalf 'overtures' are about to be made to the presumably not inconsolable widower. These details about Madame Musard and the *demi-monde*, and all the means that have been adopted to amalgamate the one and the other, are, we suppose, considered fine and edifying reading for the young ladies and gentlemen of Society.

Such is the foreign correspondence of the newspapers which give themselves out as the special organs and representatives of the polite classes. They are worthy of the home contributions. A footman's vulgar babble about his masters and their friends would have more reality in it, for he at least cannot fail to know something about the people whom he must serve at dinner, and whose talk goes on in his hearing. Jenkins and Jeames are indeed accomplished historians in presence of this 'super' on the stage of gossip; the people of whose proceedings he seems really to know something are not persons whose doings are generally reported in mixed society at all.

All these jewels are picked at hazard out of a single week's issue of well-known papers, in which there is still much more of the same kind to be gathered by anyone who likes it. Trials for libel naturally follow in the wake of such social vivacities, but we must also add that the plaintiffs in such cases are seldom persons who secure the sympathies of the public; the families of quiet people who find themselves suddenly picked out and held up to the gaze of the world some fine morning by reason of a forgotten foolish incident maliciously turned into a semblance of scandal—the boys and girls for whose confusion, as has been seen, these noble members of an enlightened press exert their fine faculties—do not bring actions against their assailants. But what can be said of the consumers to whom all this garbage is supplied as their favourite food—who make such enterprises successful, and confer upon the trade of scandalmonger, and the still smaller craft of the petty gossip, the dimensions of a flourishing and prosperous art? The writers are but a few individuals after all, probably not much superior to their occupation to begin with, and who, if they were not doing this, would be about some other kind of industry of a similar character. But the readers! What a pitiful spectacle is the public, which awaits with impatience, and pores over and delights in, all these impertinent pettinesses, all these insolent suggestions—the village tattle—'The Town Talk'—Faugh! 'What the World says'—! The world! Never was an alehouse parlour, a dressmaker's workroom, more small, more spiteful, more ignoble.

Three Small Books:

By Great Writers.[1]

It is not often that we find so many of the greatest names in contemporary literature standing together in one list of new books as at the present moment. We have been used to get the contributions of these demi-gods to the history of letters in their time, in rare instalments—now one appearing, now another, making a point of brighter light in a vague firmament of mediocrities. But at this midsummer, perhaps by way of making up to us for the want of sunshine on the external landscape, the three highest personages of the republic of letters in England present themselves simultaneously before the public. Perhaps there may be exceptions taken, in the instance of Mr. Browning, to this supreme rank; but so far as George Eliot and Alfred Tennyson go, no one will grumble at the place accorded to them. There have been, no doubt, greater writers, greater poets within the four seas; but none living who can claim the same place. There are no rivals near their throne. Both of these great artists have risen to a place, above that which is the ordinary fate even of the greatest artists among their contemporaries. In most cases there is division of opinion; there are fluctuations of public favour; in the very midst of success there will come a moment of failure; but to Mr. Tennyson and George Eliot there has been no cloud for years upon the brilliant zenith of fame. Even the most audacious of critics, they know, will venture upon nothing but the mildest fault-finding in respect to these monarchs of the public fancy. One of them indeed has strained the subserviency of the public to a point which is almost ludicrous. The mass of ordinary readers have found George Eliot's later works altogether above their comprehension. They have not been able to follow the laborious accuracy of analysis, the scientific closeness of observation, by which these works have been distinguished. Their countenances have grown blank and rueful, their interest has flagged: but never their loyal faith in their instructress. Nor, though the critical leaders of opinion (so called) have felt an equal coldness, and although there has been wafted through society a whispered undercurrent of comment, in which, perhaps, some jealousy of her unusual sway, and some natural satisfaction in catching their acknowledged superior tripping, has been mingled with real disapproval—has any one ventured to proclaim that disapproval loudly. The readers have been uneasy, but the writer has had no reason to doubt the continued

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[1] *Dramatic Idyls.* By Robert Browning. Fcp. 8vo. cloth, 5*s.*
Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot. Crown 8vo. cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Lover's Tale. By Alfred Tennyson. Fcp. 8vo. cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

certainty of her sway. She has not had to wait like Wordsworth for a tardy acknowledgment, or to fight her way as Carlyle had to do. Neither has Mr. Tennyson encountered these resistances of humanity to greatness—that unwillingness to yield the palm, which has sent so many poets disappointed to those shades, Elysian or otherwise, in which they have their final reward. Our age is thorough in its allegiance, and it is loyal. From these two supreme favourites of its fancy it has taken meekly a great many things which have been hard to understand, and some bitter morsels, and some over-sweet. The 'tip-tilted' nose of a poetical heroine has not discomposed its adoring seriousness even for a moment, and the poet's fine failures in the dramatic art have been produced and listened to with a devotion and gravity of endeavour to prove them equal to Shakespeare, which it is affecting to behold. Do what they will, they will do well for us these princes of our fancy, and the part of the critic is rather that of a respectful showman pointing out their beauties, teaching the unfailing worshipper what it is best to admire, and magnifying himself by his power of entering into the beauty of their conceptions, than of one who weighs and sifts the gold from the dross. When the contemporary mind is thus triumphantly won, the dross is scarcely less valuable than the gold

Mr. Browning has not by any means been received with the same acquiescence in his claims. He has had the more natural fate of the poet for whom a vehement band of disciples contend on one side almost with violence, while on the other the world resists with all the more vigour that it cannot by any means shake off a disagreeable consciousness that posterity will not uphold its opinion. This is a much more usual, and we are disposed to think natural, position for a writer of genius in face of his generation than the other. At the same time the fact must not be overlooked that Mr. Browning himself is very greatly to blame. He has never so much as attempted to please the public, which on its side desired nothing better than to be pleased. He has teased it by perverse convolutions of language—by broken rhymes, contracted words, ellipsis, parenthesis, every confusing twist of which style is capable; and by a still more perverse choice of subject—until he has made his very name an exasperation to many good people, who cannot quite consent to give him up though he has been so unkind to them. When he jeers at the British public who 'love me not,' it is with an air more jaunty than bitter, as of a man not half-displeased to be above his audience, nor quite unproud of that distinction—sentiments which no audience is likely to approve of. But indeed the public has always shown itself very well disposed to do him justice when he could persuade himself to put aside those tricks of style which form no part of any passport to immortality, and to let the simple reader perceive the noble manliness of his conceptions, the penetrating keenness of his insight, the passion of sympathy—tender, indignant, and tuned to all lofty things—that is in him. But if a poet prefers to play such pranks before high heaven as make

the vulgar jeer, and his friends and lovers retire confused from the lists where they have been ready to defend him against all comers, he has only himself to blame.

We will leave the poets for the moment, and turn to the great writer who, though we have never been able to give in our adhesion to her pretensions in verse, is unquestionably a poet in prose, and has brought forth as noble strains as are to be heard, save at long intervals, from any instrument. For many years George Eliot has held the foremost place in the ranks of fiction. Thackeray's career was all but over, and Dickens had dwindled down into the imperfect successes of his later days, when she took at one step her footing upon the same level which they had held between them without competitor; and since their conclusion she has been without competitor. A little lower down there are changes and doubtful degrees of reputation, one writer coming uppermost at one moment, and another at the next, as the wave of public favour ebbs and flows—but no one has stood beside George Eliot. She has kept her place alone. Even when, as we have said, her productions have not been up to her own standard, her position has still been unaffected. She forms the first-class of fiction in her own person; the others are all of a different and lower degree. And during this period she has added many names to our personal acquaintance—types like Maggie Tulliver and Romola, perhaps a trifle too good for human nature's daily food, yet of the noblest class of visionary women; and on a lower level, with what a homely, wise, natural, and kind, yet harsh and rigid, and self-seeking and worldly population, has she peopled England—filling the farmhouses and the cottages, and the houses of the gentry and the streets of the country towns, with a characteristic race. When we look back upon that long array of countenances, anxious and serene, each set in its natural circle of circumstances, we seem to see another England as real, as living as our own, a twin country, though of shadows, in which the winds blow freshly over the self-same fields, and everything is and continues to be, for ever, set fast beyond the range of dying. Never was there artist who had a more powerful grasp of the human beings he created. Which of us does not know Amos Barton as well, not to say a great deal better, and his beautiful Milly with her soft eyes, than the inhabitants of our own street? When we come now to the apparent ending of that assembly, and see within the little volume at present placed before us what would seem to be some part at least of the very material with which the artist works—not the finished product, but the beginnings, the settings-on of the web, the first studies for the picture—it would be difficult to regard the book otherwise than sadly. We expect to find in it the characteristic wisdom, the fine and close observation, with which we are already acquainted—and yet a something more familiar and attracting. Few people will have read its title without forming some idea of the thoughtful *double* by means of whom George Eliot has thought fit to convey a ripened and mellow *résumé* of the thoughts of her own

long spectatorship and contemplation of the world. Theophrastus Such will have appeared to these expectant readers in the aspect of one of the tender and exquisite, or crotchety and paradoxical philosophers of fiction—a more substantial Sir Roger, a nobler Mr. Shandy, an Uncle Toby without the periwig.

But unfortunately this expectation will be altogether disappointed. Whether it is weariness, or indifference, or perhaps that consciousness of great power and influence which sometimes has a demoralising effect even upon genius—for when everything pleases that one takes the trouble to produce, why take the additional trouble of making it worthy a higher approbation?—the fact is that the reader will find in Theophrastus Such no new individual at all, but only the most shadowy of suggestions, without substance enough to justify any name, much less such a big one. The vague personality through which George Eliot has thought fit to speak is little better than a masquerade costume. It is a nobody, a pale and dubious ghost, utterly unlike life. Even the attributes of a long upper lip, large feet, and 'an inveterate way of walking with my head foremost and my chin projecting,' somewhat carelessly bestowed upon him by the author, fail altogether to give him any semblance of flesh and blood. Nor does the revelation of his inner being convey anything to us which might not have been said by the general 'I' or 'we' of authorship. We make a faint grasp, so to speak, at his skirts, in the delicate but faint sketch of childhood and parentage which is to be found in the second essay, and which affords scope for some fine and characteristic landscape-painting in George Eliot's peculiar manner. But after this he is dropped altogether, and fades out of the reader's recollection. There is no more question of him in the book which bears his name. He is less distinct a great deal than the simple character sketches that follow. The book is indeed nothing more than a collection of essays and sketches, many of them of the slightest kind. It looks, we are sorry to say, more like a clearing out of old drawers, and sweeping together of scattered leaves and scraps, than the last rich and mellow gatherings of a great vintage. The scraps are interesting, for we can imagine how, filled out as George Eliot could, with life breathed into them, and all their proportions expanded, they might have grown into the animated background of a great drama; and of themselves some of them are fine and others amusing; but coming to us as they do from such a hand at such a time, they are disappointing in many ways. They convey the idea, either that our great social dramatist has forgotten how to discriminate, in her own case, at least, between the great and the petty, or that the subserviency and adulation of the public have given her a contempt for its judgment. Neither of these suggestions is a pleasant one, but it is difficult to find an alternative. Some of the sketches are brilliantly humorous and graphic in parts, but these points intervene at distant intervals among wastes of level land which are somewhat dreary, and heights which are very arti-

ficial—which are, as the French say, with their politely inexorable judgment, *pas réussis.* The whole book in short bears this aspect. There are traces of much effort, and there is considerable merit in parts: but as a whole it is not *réussi.* The labour is much more evident than the success; and even the success, where attained, is not of a satisfactory kind. We can afford to smile at the inferior writer who, strong in his or her professionalism, pours forth scoffs and scorn upon the self-importance of amateur authorship, for example; but it is somewhat unworthy of George Eliot to put her large sword through such a little body, and take the trouble to hold it up to the world's derision. And we have so often found in story-books examples of the harm which can be produced by that which is 'Only temper,' that we grudge the employment of a full-grown and mature genius in the creation of others. Such transparent evils, such commonplace sinners, want but little pointing out.

Even in the case of such a brilliant little drawing as that of Hintze, one of the best in this book, something of the same feeling haunts us. He is so distinct, so real, so humorous, that we receive him instantly among the circle of our acquaintances, and are ready to identify him, if need be, although he is not nearly so humorous in society as he is in print. Hintze is the 'too deferential man,' whose smiling presence bowing over the hat which he keeps smoothing, may be recognised in almost every circle where there is anything to admire. He is made visible to us in a little luminous picture, with his natural drawing-room accessories—a perfect study in natural history. He has got himself presented to a sensible, not remarkable member of society, a well-bred woman, whom he approaches with reverent wonder, regarding apparently 'this introduction to her as an opportunity comparable to an audience of the Delphic Sibyl,' and gathering all that falls from her lips with 'rapt attention and subdued eagerness of inquiry.' Notwithstanding her first half-confused, half-amused responses,

> He continued to put large questions, bending his head slightly that his eyes might be a little lifted in awaiting her reply. 'What, may I ask, is your opinion as to the state of art in England?' 'Oh,' said Felicia, with a little deprecatory laugh, 'I think it suffers from two diseases—bad taste in the patrons and want of inspiration in the artists.' 'That is true indeed,' said Hintze, in an undertone of deep conviction. . . . . Presently he was quite sure that her favourite author was Shakespeare, and wished to know what she had thought of Hamlet's madness. When she had quoted Wilhelm Meister on this point, and had afterwards testified that 'Lear' was beyond adequate representation, that 'Julius Cæsar' was an effective acting play, and that a poet may know a good deal about human nature while knowing little of biography, Hintze appeared so impressed with the plenitude of these revelations that he recapitulated them, weaving them together with threads of compliment, 'As you very justly observed,' and 'It is most true, as you say,' and 'It were well if others noted what you have remarked.'

A little later we find this delightful personage following about a

pseudo-great man, who is the special god of his devotion, with, 'figuratively speaking, a small spoon ready to pick up every dirty crumb of opinion that the eloquent man may have let drop.' Nothing could be more graphic and humorous than this sketch. Among the fine company that is to be found in 'Daniel Deronda,' what an agreeable interlocutor he would have been. But by himself, detached and inconsequent, we can scarcely help asking was he worth George Eliot's while? He is the most perfect of the gallery of portraits here presented to us. Spike, the 'political molecule,' though set forth more slightly, has an incisive line or two which fixes him like the pin of the entomologist. 'He aspired to what he regarded as intellectual society, willingly entertained beneficed clergymen, and bought the books he heard spoken of, arranging them carefully on the shelves of what he called his library, and occasionally *sitting alone in the same room with them.*' The satire here is ruthless, but it is very telling. A picture done with more feeling and sympathy is that of Mixtus, who has begun life in evangelical society, 'a visitor and exhorter of the poor in the alleys of a great provincial town,' hanging upon the lips of 'Mr. Apollos, the eloquent Congregational preacher,' but who has now become a merchant-prince, in a London mansion, and with a fashionable wife. It is entirely in accord with George Eliot's practice, and some lingering sentiment which, one cannot help feeling, breathes to herself also from 'the fields of sleep,' the long levels of the past—that the prosperous man of money, scarcely feeling himself to belong to the brilliant worldly society which collects round his wife's table, should entertain at the bottom of his heart an inextinguishable regret, a half-smothered yearning for his preacher and his district-visiting, and all the homely good works and ambitions of his youth. Here the author might almost be supposed to feel with her hero of the moment, so tenderly does she enter into the second and deeper being which has scarcely any share in his actual life; and the sketch is the most affecting in the book, indeed the only one that moves the heart. We may note in passing the odd incongruity of the names—which might have been taken out of the 'Spectator,' and contain, no doubt, a reminiscence of that now much copied age—with the essentially nineteenth century character of the writing, which alike in its real depth and artificial laboriousness is as unlike the reign of Anne as it is possible to imagine. We cannot suppose that 'the fashion' can in this trivial way affect so great an artist, but rather that she has adopted this old expedient lightly, half in sport, half for convenience. It gives a droll little masquerade air to the work, in which there is so much serious purpose, humour so grave, and thought so earnest, rising like a solemn face out of an actor's disguise, to expose the innocent trick it has itself resorted to.

The one essay out of this collection which will most please the reader, whose imagination fondly returns to the earlier charm of those noble works which made George Eliot's fame, is the one which is called 'Looking Backward.' It occurs very early in the

book, while the author is still dallying vaguely with the pale conception, so soon abandoned, of Theophrastus Such, and she has tacked a little sketch of his supposed antecedents to the delightful pages in which her own experiences are no doubt recorded. The sketch of the country clergyman, his father, and the little boy on his pony accompanying the kind, laborious, practical parish priest, who knows everybody, over the homely English district so green and tranquil, gives all the interest that she finds it possible to give to this laboriously described but unrealisable personage. And the thought of the England of that time leads her to consider the ideal country itself—the serene and genial mother-land which no writer has done more to commend to the love of her children.

Is there any country which shows at once as much stability and as much susceptibility to change as ours? Our national life is like that scenery which I early learned to love, not subject to great convulsions, but easily showing more or less delicate (sometimes melancholy) effects from minor changes. Hence our midland plains have never lost their familiar expression and conservative spirit for me. Yet at every other mile since I first looked on them some sign of world-wide change, some new direction of human labour, has wrought itself into what one may call the speech of the landscape in contrast with the grander and vaster regions of the earth, which keep an indifferent aspect in the presence of men's toils and devices. What does it signify that a lilliputian train passes over a viaduct amidst the abysses of the Apennines, or that a caravan laden with a nation's offerings creeps across the unresting sameness of the desert, or that a petty cloud of steam sweeps for an instant over the face of an Egyptian colossus immovably submitting to its slow burial beneath the sand? But our woodlands and pastures, our hedge-parted cornfields and meadows, our bits of high common where we used to plant the windmills, our quiet little rivers, here and there fit to turn a mill-wheel, our villages along the old coach roads, are all easily alterable lineaments that seem to make the face of our motherland sympathetic with the laborious lives of her children. She does not treat their ploughs and waggons contemptuously, but rather makes every hovel and every sheepfold, every railed bridge or fallen tree-trunk, an agreeably noticeable incident: not a mere speck in the midst of unmeasured vastness, but a piece of our social history in pictorial writing. . . . .

But because our land shows this readiness to be changed, all signs of permanence upon it raise a tender attachment instead of awe—some of us at least love the scanty relics of our forests, and are thankful if a bush is left of the old hedgerow. A crumbling bit of wall where the delicate ivy-leaved toad-flax hangs its light branches, or a grey thatch with patches of dark moss on its shoulder, and a troop of grass-stems on its ridge, is a thing to visit. And then the tiled roof of cottage and homestead, of the long cow-shed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently, of the broad-shouldered barns where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music, while the watchdog barked at the timidly venturesome fowls making pecking raids on the outflying grain—the roofs that have looked out from among the elms and walnut trees, or beside the yearly group of hay and corn stacks, or below the square stone steeple gathering those grey or ochre-tinted lichens and thin olive-green mosses under all ministries—

let us praise the sober harmonies they give to our landscapes, helping to unite us pleasantly with the older generations who tilled the soil for us before we were born, and paid heavier and heavier taxes with much grumbling, but without that deepest root of corruption—the self-indulgent despair which cuts down, and consumes, and never plants.

This contemplative picture of the kind and constant soil—the country that breeds us and buries us, and folds us softly in her patient breast, and goes on, but not without a thought and a record of us, to do the same for our children—might be taken as an example of the writer at her best. We wish with all our heart that George Eliot might never do worse. It is not in her nature to make trifling sketches, to fling off the lighter froth of literature—neither, we think, is it in her nature to toil in the rigid grooves of science. But when she deals with the greater qualities of the soul, and the profounder aspects of the world, then she is at home. Her England is a nobler country than that poor microcosm of Society from which she has taken the trouble to select these latest sketches. Henceforward, we hope, should our foreboding turn out unfounded as to the ending of her work, that she will keep her stored materials for her own use, and not countenance the idea that all the *disjecta membra* of a note-book, all the scraps of a waste-paper basket, may be put together between two boards, and thrust upon the attention of the public as if they were something, and meant something, worthy its regard—a pernicious custom too common in this age.

Mr. Tennyson comes before the world with something like an apology for the slim and delicate little volume which he brings in his hand. It is a poem of his youth, never published, but which, in spite of his interdiction, has crept abroad and circulated privately, and been pirated, as was natural. The 'Lover's Tale,' he himself informs us, was composed in his nineteenth year:—

> Two only of the three parts (he says) then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends however, who, boylike, admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light?

The answer of the reader, we make bold to say, will be entirely in the affirmative. The ideal of the boy-poet whose fastidious taste at eighteen considered such a poem as 'scarce worthy to live,' must have been high indeed; and there is something very touching and attractive in the suggestion of the other young enthusiast, who secured the rejected proofs, and had them handed about among the eager boyish circle, all in the fresh and dewy days when the glory and the dream had not departed, and when love, superlative and impassioned, was as natural as life, and no more wonderful. It is

said, we do not know with what truth, that this friend was Arthur Hallam—so soon to be the subject of one of the noblest of elegies; but Mr. Tennyson throws no vulgar light upon these sacred recollections of his youth. In his riper days, when the young and unassured singer had become the acknowledged first in England, and every line from his hand was received with applause, he turned back upon the early uncompleted story, and gave to it its crown of meaning, in the final act of generous devotion and love, superior to all the suggestions of selfishness, which we find in the 'Golden Supper,' printed as a fragment in one of his later volumes, and which certainly was then a very tantalising morsel. This is now restored to its context, and gains much by the conjunction. And here—with, we presume, the omissions and amendments above referred to—we have 'The Lover's Tale.' It is a tale of that absolute and passionate love which is the privilege of poetry, but which, happily for humanity, does not often appear in life, absorbing all the victim's powers of living, and becoming the one only motive of existence. The personages of the story are three in number—Julian and Camilla, and the man whom she prefers to him. The two first are cousins, brought up together, and sharing every detail of life and every thought, till the moment when the total severance comes. Here is the description of their childhood, which is pretty, though somewhat feeble and oversweet:—

> She was my foster-sister: on one arm
> The flaxen ringlets of our infancies
> Wander'd, the while we rested: one soft lap
> Pillow'd us both: a common light of eyes
> Was on us as we lay: our baby lips,
> Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence
> The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,
> One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large,
> Still larger moulding all the house of thought,
> Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps—
> All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,
> Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoe'er
> Our general mother meant for me alone,
> Our mutual mother dealt to both of us:
> So what was earliest mine in earliest life,
> I shared with her in whom myself remains.
> As was our childhood, so our infancy,
> They tell me, was a very miracle
> Of fellow-feeling and communion.
> They tell me that we would not be alone,—
> We cried when we were parted; when I wept,
> Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,
> Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved
> The sound of one-another's voices more
> Than the gay cuckoo loves his name, and learn'd
> To lisp in tune together; that we slept
> In the same cradle always, face to face,
> Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,

> Folding each other, breathing on each other,
> Dreaming together (dreaming of each other
> They should have added), till the morning light
> Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane
> Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke
> To gaze upon each other.

(We are obliged to remark parenthetically that this must have been very bad for the babies, and that the mother of the boy had good reason to find fault with the 'mutual mother' who dealt to two what was intended for one. Perhaps this was why Julian was less strong than he might have been. But these remarks are, we feel, profane, and it was not be expected that a poet of eighteen could have known what was good for children as a writer more experienced would have done). The two grew up together in this close union. 'Ye ask me,' he cries, 'when I began to love. How should I tell you?'—

> Young Life knows not when young Life was born,
> But takes it all for granted : neither Love,
> Warm in the heart, his cradle, can remember
> Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,
> Looking on her that brought him to the light.
>
> . . . .
>
> For how should I have lived and not have loved?
>
> . . . .
>
> In that I live I love; because I love
> I live : whate'er is fountain to the one
> Is fountain to the other; and whene'er
> Our God unknits the riddle of the one,
> There is no shade or fold of mystery
> Swathing the other.

These extracts will show how wonderfully the boy of eighteen had already caught the rhythm and cadence of his elder years. The measure and sweetness of the strain are wonderfully perfect; a feeble line now and then may weaken the sequence more often than in his maturer utterance; but the reader, we believe, will be more struck with the boy's extraordinary mastery of the instrument, which the man has since struck to bolder and grander, but rarely more melodious meanings, than with the traces of imperfection. That so young a writer should have attained to such command of language, and already developed a style so distinct, so rich and smooth and ornate, and at the same time should have had the boldness to venture upon those lawless freedoms which have always continued to re-appear in his most perfect and matured verse, is very wonderful—

> When I said to her,
> 'A day for Gods to stoop,' she answered, 'Ay,
> And men to soar.'

Every line we meet is perfect Tennyson. There could be no more convincing proof of the old conclusion that a poet is born and not

made. We do not know that Mr. Tennyson has ever written anything more beautiful, more full of impassioned feeling, and touching the reader's sympathy more deeply in its kind, than the passage in which Camilla tells to the man who loves her, her love for his unsuspected rival. The 'linkèd sweetness long drawn out' of the story; their pleasant wanderings together by the sea, and among their hereditary pines, are equally true to the characteristics of Mr. Tennyson's mature work, and so is the unfortunate lover's perpetual returns upon his passion and all its sweet and terrible episodes—the aspect of the skies that arched them over as they strayed, he adoring, she unconscious, and every tinkle of the stream and breath of the summer air which accompanied the final climax. For at length, when they are 'sitting down upon the golden moss,' in the heart of a still and lovely nook, in the evening of the radiant day which he had just described—the 'divinest day,' which the young poet celebrates more sadly, yet with a not unsimilar splendour of words to those which the elder poet used when he saw the 'happy day' on which he had told his love, 'blushing from east to west,' and passing the happy news, in a rosy flush of gladness, over blowing seas and throughout all the worlds —the climax comes.

> What marvel my Camilla told me all?
> It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
> And I was as the brother of her blood,
> And by that name I moved upon her breath;
> Dear name, which had too much of nearness in it
> And heralded the distance of this time!
> At first her voice was very sweet and low,
> As if she were afraid of utterance;
> But in the onward current of her speech,
> Her words did of their meaning borrow sound,
> Her cheek did catch the colour of her words.
> I heard and trembled, yet I could but hear;
> My heart paused—my raised eyelids would not fall,
> But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
> I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,
> And saw the motion of all other things;
> While her words, syllable by syllable,
> Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
> Fell; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not to speak;
> But she spake on, for I did name no wish.
> What marvel my Camilla told me all
> Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love—
> 'Perchance,' she said, 'return'd.' Even then the stars
> Did tremble in their stations as I gazed;
> But she spake on, for I did name no wish,
> No wish—no hope. Hope was not wholly dead,
> But breathing hard at the approach of Death,—
> Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
> No longer in the dearest sense of mine—
> For all the secret of her inmost heart,

> And all the maiden empire of her mind,
> Lay like a map before me, and I saw
> There, where I hoped myself to reign as king,
> There, where that day I crown'd myself as king,
> There in my realm and even on my throne,
> *Another*! then it seem'd as tho' a link
> Of some tight chain within my inmost frame
> Was riven in twain: that life I heeded not
> Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the grave,
> The darkness of the grave and utter night,
> Did swallow up my vision; at her feet,
> Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
> Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.

We think the reader will agree that in the conclusion of the poem, written in mature years, and considered by the poet worthy of his fame, there is no such touching passage as this. The boy of eighteen, knowing the stops of his instrument, the heart, so well, and able to play thus happily upon its many and varying tones, whose rigorous judgment rejected this as 'scarcely worthy to live,' is almost as great a wonder as any poem.

The dismal dreams and visions of poor Julian after this revelation, and the preparations that follow for the marriage of Camilla to her lover, who is indicated in the faintest manner, and for whom we have not a jot of sympathy—as who has for the successful competitor?—conclude the juvenile portion of the tale. His dreams are all of strangely mingled tenor—a funeral procession turning into a bridal—Death and Marriage going hand in hand—an incomprehensible blending of images. He hears 'the hollow tolling of the bell' suddenly change into 'four bells instead of one'—

> Four merry bells, four merry marriage-bells,
> In clanging cadence jangling peal on peal—

and sees the 'six stately virgins all in white,' who have been carrying the bier, throw it down 'with shrieks and ringing laughter'—and as he draws near, his heart shrinking and melting in him—

> Waiting to see the settled countenance
> Of her I loved adorned with fading flowers—

there comes a sudden transformation—

> She from her bier, as into fresher life,
> My sister, and my cousin, and my love,
> Leapt lightly clad in bridal white—her hair
> Studded with one rich Provence rose—a light
> Of smiling welcome round her lips—her eyes
> And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd the hill.
> One hand she reach'd to those that came behind,
> And while I mused nor yet endured to take
> So rich a prize, the man who stood with me
> Stept gaily forward, throwing down his robes,

And claspt her hand in his . . . .
And I stood sole beside the vacant bier.

There, there, my latest vision—then the event!

So far the boyish work. It is not necessary to go on to the 'Golden Supper,' which concludes it, and which has already for some years been before the public. The story is not original. There are various traditions lingering about the world which show the fascinating power it has upon the imagination. It is the story of Ginevra, save that it is not the lady who, suddenly awaking, wanders out of her grave to seek the closed doors of husband or friends, but the despairing and heart-broken lover who goes to pay a last visit to his lady in the funeral vault, and finds her still living, and carries her home. How he made a great supper, the supremest effort of hospitality, and asked all the noble people far and near, and in the face of day restored her to her husband, is the incident of the last part, which the reader already knows. Its fragmentary character has always put this fine poem at a certain disadvantage. The personages in it, not even now, when it is restored to completeness, very clearly defined, were then indistinct as shadows; and the elaborate character of the feast which concluded the undeveloped drama confused the reader. The 'Golden Supper' has accordingly gained much by being made the concluding chapter of 'The Lover's Tale;' but it is extraordinary to have to add that it has not gained so much as might have been supposed by contrast with the immature work which the poet did not think worth preserving. Taking it for granted that the publication has been made in good faith as it was written, and without having undergone any elaboration of amendment, it is quite astounding to note how little difference these forty years have made, and how nearly Alfred Tennyson at eighteen resembles Alfred Tennyson at sixty. The workmanship of the boy may show by times a looser thread, a weaker line, a less chastened adornment, but even in this particular there is little to comment upon; and we cannot, on the other side, claim for the young rival whom our mature poet has thus pitted against himself, the young against the old, any marked exhibition of that counterbalancing energy and fire which youth might suggest, and which we naturally expect from it. The young poet has no wild force of life to be controlled, no exuberance to cut down, any more than he has any marked inferiority to be pardoned. His Julian is no Lancelot indeed, but he is perfectly Tennysonian, and falls naturally into his place in the gallery of noble but visionary figures, with weakness involved in their very beauty, which we owe to our poet. The hero of the 'Princess' is just such another, a man of dreams and visions, against whom we cannot wonder that the queenly Ida should struggle, incapable of yielding herself, and all her fine ideal contentions with a fictitious world, to his embodied unreality—just as we feel no wonder that Camilla should turn from the adoring double by her side to something more tangible. Here, perhaps, is the secret

of that limit of Mr. Tennyson's fine genius which his warmest lovers must have perceived. In such divine musings as those of 'In Memoriam' he is supreme; but when he comes in contact with flesh and blood, and has to fathom the mysteries of human nature, he is always knocking his head against the stars, and never realises perfectly the conditions of the world about him. When we see what manner of youthful hero it was into which his early inspiration shaped itself—an ethereal being all made of emotions, sensitive to every wind that blew, nursed upon dews and flowers, no fighting in him, but exquisite self-renunciation, ineffable love and sorrow—we feel a certain want, more remarkable in earlier than later years. A stronger impulse, a less ethereal passion, a possibility of anger, indignation, even bitterness, a certain storm and resistance to fate, would have been natural at eighteen. But there is nothing of this. Soft pathos, beautiful generosity, all those emotions which are loveliest and most generous, are in the young poet's ideal love; but nothing more. Had his verse been inferior, and his creative impulse more violent, we might have had in his mature development a greater poet. Let us not blaspheme. We have reason to thank Heaven for the subdued splendour of the gift which has been given us, as it stands.

Mr. Browning has fortunately afforded us the means of a remarkable contrast. No one will say that his heroes are of this visionary sort, or that he is wanting in vigour or passion. Unluckily he has so strange an idea on the other side of poetical language, and so little sympathy with the smooth and sweet, that he has, with a perverseness most exasperating to his admirers, got himself at enmity with the public rather than taken the place to which his genius entitles him as one of its leading influences. He has not acted the part of Orpheus with his lute as Mr. Tennyson has done: and the trumpet notes which he has sounded forth have always had more or less a jar in them. He has seemed to take a malicious satisfaction in disconcerting us with a flood of dislocated syllables after his finest outbursts. He has interrupted himself in his most exciting narratives to catch at the tail of a stray metaphor, in parenthesis within parenthesis. To read one of his poems aloud requires as much care and study as if it were written in an imperfectly known foreign language. His disciples have to suffer for their devotion to him, and according to all appearance he likes to have it so. We are not sure that there is not a certain attraction in the mere fact that we have thus something to pay for our delight: it binds Mr. Browning's poetical following together, and gives them a warmth of partisanship scarcely to be found among the adherents of other and easier poets. Indeed such was the charm of this, that up to a recent date the Browningites were almost as strenuous in their defiance of the world and maintenance of their leader's standard, as are the Burne-Jonesites now. At the period of 'The Ring and the Book' this bold and fearless band were ready to strike upon any man's shield in proof of their devotion. That wonderful poem was perhaps too long, we

were willing to allow; but even the unconverted newspapers, even those critics who know so little about it, though they prate so much, were obliged to acknowledge the subtle force with which old Guido was made to paint himself upon the glowing canvas, the pathetic sweetness of Pompilia, the heroic manhood of Caponsacchi. But since that day the party has grown timorous. Mr. Browning, moved by some will and pleasure of his own, unfathomable by the meaner intelligence, has chosen to become more dislocated, more elliptical, more parenthetic than ever. He has picked out of the mud the most disagreeable subjects he has been able to find, and he has sung his songs in the most creaking voice and with the most disjointed eccentricity. One by one his partisans have fallen silent; the unconverted papers have crowed aloud, the critics have been rampant, and we, who love Mr. Browning, have held our tongues, unable to make any way against the tide in favour of the Red Cotton Night-cap or the Inn Album, or the ear-rending versification of Pacchiorotto. We have been silent, not knowing what to say for our poet—we have gone into corners and read the 'Men and Women,' and said to ourselves, what Galileo did not say, 'E pur si muove:' still he is a poet. Yes, still he is a poet, and a great one—and we hasten to proclaim to all the brotherhood, if discouraged by previous failure, they may not have had the hardihood to take up this last volume, that, after long wading in these dismal marshes, our minstrel has got to shore again. Praisèd be heaven! This time he comes with no basket of mud, no screech-owl's cry. His imagination has got fitter food; he brings us a few of those heroic rhymes in which no one has surpassed him, embodying incidents which are worth his telling, and inspired by that profound acquaintance with human feeling at its highest strain, which few writers possess in the same superlative degree.

We need not say that it is no love-sick hero seeing nothing in the world but his lady's eyes, and falling into mystic dreams and visions the moment her back is turned, who occupies Mr. Browning. All for love the world has never been to him. He has known from the beginning that there were other influences as potent as love, nay, what is still more remarkable, that there were other loves strong enough to conquer and subdue the one love which is the embodiment of all human possibilities of affection to most singers and tellers of tales, though we all know well in our hearts it is not so. We fear there are some readers who will turn away from the book when they hear that there is not a single love-story in it. There is, what is perhaps as potent as a dramatic *motif*, more than one stern tale showing what ravening beasts and cruel traitors to nature are those who love not; but there is no fair woman lighting up heaven and earth with her eyes, and no Julian sorrowing between the sweetness of it and the misery of it. We cannot suppose it at all likely that Mr. Browning could chime into the measure of a boyish strain and give it completion. His is the eye 'which hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,' his the 'thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.' No man has

written of love with more tender and passionate warmth. The 'One word more' with which all his readers will be familiar, is one of the most perfect love-lyrics (though we fear—and hope—not capable of being set to music) in the language, full of manly, profound, and exquisite passion; but he is not capable of harping upon one string. The book before us contains six poems—ballads of conscience we might call them—moral songs in the eighteenth century meaning of the word. Except the one that is called 'Pheidippides,' they all treat of the awakening of the conscience and its struggle and protest—or else of the calm of satisfaction, superior to all fate, which its approval gives; a serious theme, but not too serious for poetry, and capable of calling forth a nobler music than any boyish rapture over a fair face or a pair of beautiful eyes.

The first in order is, though clear enough in its argument, not perfectly clear in its circumstances. Is it an incident of the American War? Mr. Browning has given us no clue, but the description seems to demand a state of affairs such as could only have existed in such a conflict. The speaker is 'a strange old man, with a beard as white as snow,' who stands every year, 'on a bright May day,' 'on the hill outside our town,' striking his forehead and pronouncing his own anathema. Just as he stands in his penitence he had stood to see a woman shot who was condemned for sending news of the little force that held the village, to the rebels, thus saving them from a trap laid for them. It is in a letter to her lover, 'one of the King's own clerks,' that she has written this news, and he has been sent for to prove that it is honest unmeaning news, written without evil intention or any idea of treachery. The lover however has not come, a failure which proves him guilty as everybody believes, and a false coward as well, saving himself at the cost of her life. She is about to die, when Martin Relph, on the top of the hill, sees—what none of the others can see—a figure approaching—

> a man, it sure must be!—
> Who staggeringly, stumblingly, rises, falls, rises, at random flings his weight
> On and on, anyhow onward—a man that's mad he arrives too late!
> Else why does he wave a something white high-flourished above his head?

This man is the lover with a pardon, which he has been struggling and waiting to get. Martin Relph alone sees him, but says not a word; and immediately there is 'a volley, a smoke, and the clearing of smoke,' and the woman accused lies dead,—and dead too suddenly falls on the level, half a mile off, the running figure—

> Dead! dead as she, by the self-same shot: one bullet has ended both,
> Her in the body and him in the soul.

Whose fault was it? 'A word, cry, gasp, would have rescued both.' But Martin Relph did not give that cry. Was it cowardice? was it something worse?

Friends, look you here! Suppose . . . suppose . . . But mad I am, needs must be!
Judas the Damned would never have dared such a sin as I dream! For, see!
Suppose I had sneakingly loved her myself, my wretched self, and dreamed
In the heart of me 'She were better dead than happy and his!'—while gleamed
A light from hell as I spied the pair in a perfectest embrace,
He the saviour and she the saved,—bliss born of the very murder-place!

'No!' he cries; 'say I was scared, friends; call me fool and coward, but nothing worse.' It is like the tragical moment in 'Daniel Deronda,' when Gwendolen is relieved of her wretched husband by an accident about which her mind is similarly exercised. Was it an accident? or did she murder him by the pause of half fright, half horror, half hatred—the suggestion, rapid as lightning, that flashed through her mind, that it would be happiness to be rid of him and his ill-omened presence? George Eliot gave us the strained, crazed, fantastical doubt; but she did not give us the strange touch of sophistry with which Martin Relph makes a kind of capital of his yearly penance.

A cuff on the brow does good:
The feel of it hinders a worm inside which bores at the brain for food.
For, every day that is first of May, on the hill-top, here stand I,
Martin Relph, and I strike my brow, and publish the reason why,
When there gathers a crowd to mock the fool. No fool, friends, since the bite
Of a worm inside is worse to bear: pray God I have baulked him quite!

When the penance is over the old man ends with a certain satisfaction: 'Now I can walk, get home by myself, I think,' he says—having subdued the gnawing of his worm for the moment, and feeling comfortable. This is more subtle than the too tragical penitence of Gwendolen. The irony in it is profound and keen, yet it is simple nature all the same.

'Halbert and Hob' is what may be called a Gothic rendering of a classical suggestion: and a very wild and fierce story it is. Aristotle gives the original germ of the tale as an illustration of the hereditary force of anger. Mr. Browning takes the incident with a northern sentiment, less scientific but more touching:—

'Is there a reason in nature for these hard hearts?' O Lear,
That a reason out of nature must turn them soft, seems clear!

is his conclusion. The poem brings before us two wild men, father and son, living lawlessly, their hand against every man, in some wild corner of the northern dales:—

Inhabiting one homestead, neither a hovel nor hut,
Time out of mind their birthright: father and son, these—but—
Such a son, such a father! Most wildness by degrees
Softens away; yet, last of their line, the wildest and worst were these.

They are hated and feared on all sides, and herd together, with a 'growling, grudged agreement,' alone. 'Still beast irks beast on occasion,' and 'one Christmas night of snow' there arose a quarrel between them. The son flies at the father's throat, bidding him begone out of the house, a summons which 'the mountainous man,' the 'mammoth,' whose seventy years had not broken 'one whipcord nerve,' receives with an extraordinary stupor of non-resistance, standing

> struck mute, much as a sentry stands,
> Patient to take the enemy's fire : his captain so commands.

Half bewildered and mad with fury, the son rushes at the aged giant, and drags him to the door, and down the stairs, until they reach 'a certain turn in the steps,' where the old man suddenly faces his son and speaks—in words slow and 'strangely mild,' though the young man's clutch is still on his neck :—

> 'Halbert, on such a night of a Christmas long ago,
> For such a cause, with such a gesture, did I drag—so—
> My father down thus far : but, softening here, I heard
> A voice in my heart, and stopped : you wait for an outer word.
>
> 'For your own sake, not mine, soften you too ! Untrod
> Leave this last step we reach, nor brave the finger of God !
> I dared not pass its lifting : I did well. I nor blame
> Nor praise you. I stopped here : Halbert, do you the same !'
>
> Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the father's throat,
> They mounted, side by side, to the room again : no note
> Took either of each, no sign made each to either : last
> As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas-night they passed.

In the morning the old man is dead, and the young one broken and subdued. He goes to the funeral tottering, all his strength gone, muttering with inarticulate lips. Swearing, some say—others, praying—who can tell? But it is a 'reason out of nature,' something beyond our ken, no movement of voluntary virtue, no conscious exercise of will, which has made the change. This is Mr. Browning's method, the deeper point of suggestion with which he ends.

The finest poem in the book is, however, that called 'Ivàn Ivànovitch,' in which once more an old story is taken up for renewed use, and marked with the sign-manual of the poet in a new and powerful turn. The key-note of the tale is struck by a remark which the poet is supposed to make, 'Quoth I to my friend the Russ,' about the potency of the Russian axe in skilled hands. The Russ tells all the wonderful tale in illustration of this. One portion of it is not new : it is the story, in the first place—a horror in literature—of the wretched mother who, pursued by wolves, throws out her children to them one by one, and thus saves her miserable life. It opens with a sketch of the Russian village 'on the great main road 'twixt two great solitudes,' black pine woods stretching on either side, traversed only

by this 'wide bare line' of the imperial highway, and specked at long distances by here and there a village:—

> Man's inch of masterdom,—spot of life, spirt of fire,—
> To star the dark and dread, lest right and rule expire.

Early on a winter's morning we are introduced to this little stronghold of humanity in the midst of the forestry—all snow, except the middle road, ice-roughed by the sledges—and see Ivàn Ivànovitch the carpenter working at 'a huge shipmast trunk':—

> About him, watched the work his neighbours sheepskin-clad;
> Each bearded mouth puffed steam, each grey eye twinkled glad
> To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping play,
> Proved strong man's blood still boils, freeze winter as he may.
> Sudden a burst of bells—

and into the midst of the wondering villagers, all collecting at the sound, comes a sledge drawn by an exhausted horse, which drops 'in one last bound for life' as it reaches the village square. In the sledge lies something which looks like a frozen corpse, but is 'Dmìtri's wife,' not dead, and whom the kind cares of the neighbours soon bring to life and consciousness. She comes to herself with a horrible scream,

> as if all power of voice within her throat
> Poured itself wild away to waste in one dread note!

and then she tells her still more horrible tale. The flight through the dreadful wood after the wretched woman has realised that the sound she hears behind her is 'the pad of the wolves in pursuit of the life in the sledge;' the wild labouring onward of the terrified, but faithful horse; the terror rising to madness; yet the frightful calculation that runs through all—become darkly visible before us. Mr. Browning has traced with extraordinary effect the working of the woman's mind, the instantaneous, scarcely conscious impulse of self-defence, the horrible undercurrent of comparison and reasoning:—

> Poor Stiòpka, so foolish! though first
> Of my boy-brood, he was not the best: nay, neighbours have called him the worst:
> He was puny, an undersized slip,—a darling to me, all the same!
> But little there was to be praised in the boy, and a plenty to blame.

He is the first who goes, and the others follow in succession. The poet's dissection of the ignoble soul is terrible. She comforts herself—'A mother who boasts two boys was always accounted rich'—as the sledge goes on with wild rumbling, and staggering of the maddened horse, while the wolves tear and snarl over the poor little victim thrown out to them. Her pride in her boys has served her for love so far, but cannot stand in this fiery trial against her warmer love of herself; and her horrible satisfaction, settling down 'to what near seems

content,' when she hopes the danger is past, though at the cost of her first-born; the wild renewal of terror and murderous maddened impulse; the gleams of cold reason and reflection that run through all—are given with wonderful force. One catches one's breath as one rushes through the rapid breathless narrative, full of passionate excitement, yet of sophistry and subtle argument and special pleading, which is impassioned too, in the terrible effort to prove itself something less guilty than it is. It is a consolation to think this is not the main interest of the poem, though its exciting force for the moment carries all before it. All this time, however, Ivàn Ivànovitch, leaning on his axe, is listening to the tale. It is he who has brought her to life with kind warmth of his hands and tender sympathy, and it is to him that she addresses herself passionately at the end. It is he, she says, who has taken the haunting of those wolfish eyes out of her mind:—

> ''Tis you unharden me, you thaw, disperse the thing!
> Only keep looking kind, the horror will not cling.
> Your face smooths fast away each print of Satan. Tears
> —What good they do! Life's sweet, and all its after-years,
> Ivàn Ivànovitch, I owe you! Yours am I!
> May God reward you, dear!'
>
> Down she sank. Solemnly
> Ivàn rose, raised his axe,—for fitly, as she knelt,
> Her head lay: well-apart, each side, her arms hung,—dealt
> Lightning-swift thunder-strong one blow—no need of more!
> Headless she knelt on still: that pine was sound at core
> (Neighbours were used to say)—cast-iron-kerneled—which
> Taxed for a second stroke Ivàn Ivànovitch.
>
> The man was scant of words as strokes. 'It had to be:
> I could no other: God it was bade "Act for me!"'
> Then stooping, peering round—what is it now he lacks?
> A proper strip of bark wherewith to wipe his axe.
> Which done, he turns, goes in, closes the door behind.
> The others mute remain, watching the blood-snake wind
> Into a hiding-place among the splinter-heaps.

The people are struck dumb by this sudden catastrophe, but after a while, still silent, they gather the remains together, and carry them, in a speechless procession overwhelmed by the double horror, to the open space opposite the church, where at length they all sit down on the bank of snow, every one in the village—men, women, and children—assembling awe-stricken to know what is to be done.

> The very Jews are there:
> A Gipsy-troop, though bound with horses for the Fair,
> Squats with the rest. Each heart with its conception seethes
> And simmers, but no tongue speaks: one may say,—none breathes.

During this pause the heads of the village join the agitated

assembly: the pope—the priest—'hardly alive, so old, a hundred years at least;' the stàrosta (the head of the commune); and the proprietor, the 'lord of the land, who wields—and none demurs—a power of life and death.' The cause is then argued before the mute, passionately excited audience on the snow, all the eager faces turning from one to another of the speakers. The landlord reluctantly declares Ivàn's act to be, in the eye of the law, murder; but the old pope gives another judgment. Life, he says, is of all God's gifts the most precious, and the mother to whom God has entrusted 'the holy task of giving life in turn,' is its chiefest guardian. 'Crowned by this crowning pride,' what shall be said of her if she discrowns herself, drops from 'the hand God trusted with life's torch, kindled to light the world,' that sacred fire, because a spark stings her?—is she to be allowed to live, to scorn the world and shame God! No! the assembly with one voice echoes his words: Ivàn Ivànovitch is no murderer, but the servant of God. Then the elders of the assembly troop silently to the house which alone has sent no deputation to the general meeting. They listen at the closed door, but finding all silent, push it open and enter. This is what they find:—

Ivàn Ivànovitch
Knelt, building on the floor that Kremlin rare and rich
He deftly cut and carved on lazy winter nights.
Some five young faces watched, breathlessly, as, to rights,
Piece upon piece, he reared the fabric nigh complete.
Stèscha, Ivàn's old mother, sat spinning by the heat
Of the oven where his wife Kàtia stood baking bread.
Ivàn's self, as he turned his honey-coloured head,
Was just in act to drop, 'twixt fir-cones,—each a dome,—
The scooped-out yellow gourd presumably the home
Of Kolokol the Big: the bell, therein to hitch,
—An acorn-cup—was ready: Ivàn Ivànovitch
Turned with it in his mouth.
They told him he was free
As air to walk abroad. 'How otherwise?' asked he.

We think that, notwithstanding a few harsh rhymes and awkward words (the above astonishing line about 'the bell therein to hitch' among others), which will we, nill we, we are obliged to accept from Mr. Browning—his wayward toll and tribute, to be paid by all whom he carries along the great and nobly flowing river of song—we have read few things finer than this grand ballad, if so it may be called. The peasant's rude, primitive, but noble sense of justice, unreflecting, unhesitating, contrasts in the most forcible way with the fluttering frenzy of the woman, her brain sharpened by need to every subterfuge of casuistry, the desperate skill of self-defence. The poet knows better than to leave in us any emotions of pity for the ignoble creature who can anticipate the sweetness of life's after years after the tragedy she has lived through; and the calm of the executioner is noble, not cruel, as it might so easily have been made to appear. Thus

once more the foundation of story, not original, and something too horrible for ordinary treatment, is ennobled by the new element in it, the new setting and moral. Any possible reproach as to the absence of invention shown in the choice of these old tales is thus met and extinguished in the most noble way.

We cannot conclude, however, without an energetic protest against 'Ned Bratts.' Some foolish worshippers in the press have, we see, been persuading Mr. Browning that it is a fine poem. We wonder that his own fingers were not pulled from the joints as he wrote those dislocated and dislocating pages. Ned Bratts and his wife Tab, odious criminals of the very worst class, get suddenly converted by Bunyan in prison, and rush wildly into the court at 'Bedford Special Assize,' when the bench and the jury and all the audience are sweltering with heat (of which Mr. Browning spares us not one detail), and in great want of an excitement—and suddenly confessing a mass of undiscovered crimes, demand with much earnestness to be hanged, making which prayer—

> the mass of man sank meek upon his knees,
> While Tab, alongside, wheezed a hoarse 'Do hang us, please!'

Mr. Browning informs us that there was 'no eye but ran with tears at this moment;' but for our part we have much ado to believe that he can mean us to do anything but laugh. The ridiculous here is certainly much too close to the sublime; and we fear we shall have still a losing battle to fight for him so long as he will mistake the grotesque for the great—so strange a mistake for one who is capable of the noblest work, and whose mind can give originality and novel form, by touching them, to the oldest fables! Let us at least take comfort that after so many eccentricities he has consented to let us have so fine a poem as 'Ivàn Ivànovitch.' It is enough to cover a multitude of sins.

A Government on its Defence.

OPINIONS may differ on the origin and nature of the change; but it can hardly be questioned that a change of a very grave kind has been wrought during the last year and a half in the relations between Great Britain and the British Empire. In the councils of the State more account has been made of the Empire, and less of the United Kingdom. Throughout the country at large an uncomfortable feeling has begun to stir that it no longer stands where it stood formerly. Ministers, from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir William Hart Dyke to Mr. Cross and Sir Stafford Northcote, assure us that we are in a greatly improved position; but the most uncompromising advocate cannot deny that at all events the position of British policy has shifted. Not only Liberals are sensible of uneasiness at finding themselves gradually edged, whether backwards or forwards, to the unknown. Conservative enthusiasm betrays the same suspicion, though in this case partisans persuade themselves that the alteration is all for the better. Fortunately for the balance of national policy, there exists, besides Liberals and Conservatives, a huge mass of floating opinion, neither definitely Liberal nor definitely Conservative. It is this which decides party contests, ranking itself now on one side, now on the other. At the last general election it turned the scale against Mr. Gladstone's Government. On its bias within the next twelve months will depend the issue of the pending conflict between the present Opposition and the present Cabinet. How this somewhat chaotic body will incline at the polling booths in the course of 1880 cannot be predicted with certainty. So much at least may be said, that it shares the perplexity of Liberals as to the point whither the kingdom's policy is tending. No single issue is or is likely to be before the country on which the nation will be required to choose between Lord Hartington and Lord Granville, and Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote. On the Eastern Question the two great parties were opposed to each other; but the British people cannot be said to have sided with the Liberal chiefs. When a majority in the Cabinet repudiated Lord Derby's policy of a watchful neutrality, public opinion felt no shock. The measures taken to defend Constantinople and Gallipoli from a *coup de main* seemed to be sanctioned by the nation. The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary brought back from Berlin 'peace with honour.' Their success was extolled as something heroic. Scarcely a sound was heard but of universal jubilation. Yet the country all the time knew that the secret convention between Great Britain and Russia, the cession of Cyprus, and the guarantee of Turkey in Asia, left it some steps from where it had stood at the Constantinople conference. Every point in

the Ministerial policy was applauded. But the applause was applause at an adventure which might turn out profitable, but which was confessedly speculative. The Afghan difficulty arose; and again the nation acquiesced in a menace of war followed very speedily by the reality. Indian trade was already so disorganised that the middle and commercial classes were almost ready to believe that Shere Ali's coquetries with Tashkend were connected with the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. At any rate, in their compulsory leisure it was agreeable to be afforded some excitement. Yet the enthusiasm for the invasion of Afghanistan was obviously of a very different kind to that which greeted the blossoms without fruit of the Berlin Congress. Beneath the championship of Lord Lytton's and Lord Salisbury's policy might be felt a mistrust that British policy had shifted and was shifting.

The Zulu war followed, and the impression of instability became stronger still. At the same time the habit of expecting surprises has grown more confirmed. There was a period when the public would have experienced no astonishment had it heard that war was proclaimed in any part of Asia or Africa, and for any object. At each point in the transition the Ministry invited—after the event—the concurrence both of Parliament and of the country. After the event, Parliament and the country at each stage accorded an indemnity to its rulers. At each stage the national confidence in the wisdom of the course pursued might be less assured; but in the same proportion the resistance to a policy because it was novel has gone on diminishing. In this phenomenon the ministerialist rank and file discover evidence that the country is with them. On the contrary, it proves nothing but that the country, not understanding whither it is being conducted, has for the moment transferred the entire responsibility to its official representatives. When it opens its eyes and perceives, what it already suspects, that as vast a space separates it from the platform above as from the platform it has been tempted to leave below, Ministers will have to account for having removed the landmarks of national policy as if they had never received a vote of confidence at Westminster, or been acclaimed at Charing Cross and at Knightsbridge. Even now symptoms may be discerned that the country, which is neither Liberal nor Conservative, is putting them on their defence.

It does not follow that because the attitude of the country has altered, it has altered for the worse. It does not even follow that, if the alteration be for the worse, any statesman or either party is responsible for the deterioration. For the purposes of our present inquiry the account of gain and loss can be more conveniently made up hereafter. The several shares of responsibility will have to be distributed when we have considered the difference in the foreign relations of the country now and eighteen months ago. Even a short twelvemonth back neither England nor British India itself was aware of any special danger threatening our Eastern Empire from without.

The consequences of the famine were still being felt financially. Financial remedies were in operation to cure the past and to guard the future. Danger may have been brooding over the peninsula. The country has been told with great confidence that there had long been imminent danger by statesmen who previously had been perpetually denying the fact. Obviously it is open to them to say that they are now better informed. If they do not say it, human weakness may be forgiven for reluctance to admit that it was not so wise and sagacious before as after the event. That Sir Stafford Northcote was tranquil on the politics of Central Asia, that Lord Salisbury recommended alarmists of the school of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Bartle Frere to take to the study of larger maps, is no evidence that they were right then any more than they are right in affirming the exact contrary now. But it is, at all events, undeniable that the prospect seemed more smiling in those days. Suddenly it dawned upon Conservative politicians that a storm was blowing up from the Khyber. The plains of India were pictured lying at the feet of an invading Russian army, pioneered by an army from Cabul. It was an uncomfortable revelation; but, such as it was, the peril is now represented as conjured away by the policy of the Foreign Office. The passes through which Russia was to hurl herself upon the Punjab are surrendered, so far as Yakoob Khan has any power to surrender them, to the Indian Government. The Ameer has made a qualified cession of part of his hereditary dominions to British keeping. He has agreed to have no foreign policy except such as Great Britain may inspire. To provide the Viceroy with the means of framing a foreign policy for Cabul, a British Resident is to watch the politics of the Khanates from an eyrie in the Ameer's capitol. Subordination implies protection. If the Ameer has become the mere mouthpiece of the Indian Government in negotiating with his mighty neighbour in the north, he has gained a reciprocal right to claim our aid against menaces from the same quarter. In proportion as he can invoke our aid, Russia will have established a moral claim to an indemnity for injuries she may suffer, or conceive she has suffered, from a British feudatory. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury would maintain that the risk from leaving Afghanistan free to intrigue with the Russian viceroy at Tashkend exceeds the risk from pledging ourselves virtually for the good behaviour of the Ameer to his neighbours in Persia and the Khanates, and for their good behaviour towards him. With that question for the present we have here nothing to do. All we are now concerned to show is, that the very thing Lord Lawrence and his school of Eastern politicians have succeeded for the past twenty years in avoiding has come to pass. For all the purposes of international relations Great Britain and Russia are conterminous Asiatic Powers.

The change, it may be argued, is in idea chiefly. It may be said that the Ameer of Cabul only now recognises our title to do what we always should have done whenever a special state of circum-

stances occurred. If that be so, so much the less justifiable would be the commotion raised to do nothing at all. In fact, the change is a real change. A very few years, or perhaps months, will prove that the treaty marks the end in domestic as well as in foreign affairs of the independence of Afghanistan. But that is matter of opinion. It is not matter of opinion that we have pledged ourselves to ourselves to assert our mastery of the passes into Afghanistan. The Ameer has given us the passes; we shall be curious to know what expenditure of men and money against the wild tribes which claim them for their own will be required before we can tranquilly enjoy the Ameer's gift. His concession resembles the transfer by the keeper of a menagerie of the property in an escaped tiger to the policeman on the beat. An army has been keeping those passes open. An army will be needed to keep them open. The 600,000*l.* estimated for the expenses of the Afghan expedition last year, and the 2,000,000*l.* for this year, are a mere earnest of the financial drain which has now been established on the British frontier. The Famine Insurance Fund may be regarded as having, by a flagrant breach of public good faith, been permanently converted into a Khyber garrison fund. General Strachey lately denied on his brother's behalf that any guarantee was ever given against the diversion of the fund to supply an exceptional deficit. He would scarcely deny that the new annexations import either the diversion of the fund in perpetuity, or the creation of at least an equivalent new charge. None can fail to perceive the difference between the past and the present, with a new element like this of expenditure and anxiety added to the growing burden of the Indian Empire upon itself and upon these islands. Conservative politicians and their organs in the press have been speaking as if the Afghan war were a thing of the past. Its real difficulties are only just commencing. Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook never questioned the downfall of the Ameer's power before a British expedition. Lord Carnarvon last autumn warned the country, not so much against the possible perils of an invasion, only then contemplated, of Afghanistan, as against the perils of an occupation. He explained that the real question to be solved was how, when the Ameer Shere Ali should have collapsed before us, we should deal with the responsibilities his ruin would transfer to us. The shout of Conservative triumph at the conclusion of the Afghan difficulty is still echoing, when it appears that the difficulty has not been concluded at all. We have received from the new Ameer the cession of a right to occupy roads which the late Ameer himself could not traverse without paying black mail. We have bargained with Cabul for the right to subjugate freebooters Cabul could never tame for the sake of rounding off a scientific frontier. The result of our triumphant expedition into a corner of Afghanistan is a sulky permission to wage other triumphant wars with the Mohmands and the Afridis. In the meantime, the most experienced Indian statesmen declare that the old frontier was more

defensible than the new. They see nothing scientific in the occupation of passes into a savage wilderness of mountains beset by a multitude of suspicious and plundering tribes. Were the danger real of an attempt in the near future by Russia to invade India through Afghanistan, it would still, we believe with Lord Lawrence, have been safer to meet her on the southern side of the mountain barrier Under pressure of anxiety to meet half-way a peril which might never have become actual, we have quitted a position in which we were safe. In any case the difficulties, military and financial, of the Indian Empire have, as was shown in last month's debate on the Indian Budget, been cruelly aggravated by the blow we have aimed at Afghan independence. With a scientific frontier, it was promised us that the English garrison of India might be diminished. British India was almost depicted as having been converted into an island. A sufficient commentary on the relief the Ameer's submission has brought was the contemporaneous announcement that the British forces which were dragging the Indian exchequer into insolvency could not at present be reduced. The war seems to us to have been begun without good cause, and to have been prosecuted without a plan. If its objects were worth effecting, they might have been accomplished by diplomacy more fully than by war. The Ameer might have been trained into a friend and lieutenant instead of a discontented dependent. Far from guarding his frontier for our protection, he may have to invoke us to guard it for him. But be the ends good or bad, necessary or superfluous, whether they have been achieved with consummate success, or have repaid national sacrifices with counterfeits of the avowed objects, there can be no doubt or controversy that the external responsibilities of and on behalf of British India since last year have been enlarged and supplemented. A new task has been accepted which we do not believe will bring profit eventually, and which must certainly impose heavy charges now.

The Zulu war suggests a similar train of reflections. In that as in the Afghan expedition may be seen a sudden plunge out of what appeared a condition of tranquillity into chaos. We are told by Sir Bartle Frere that we were standing already on the brink of chaos. Only we did not know it. The reason he offers for his apprehensions is the brave and determined army at the command of Cetewayo. Sir Bartle Frere cannot, at the moment he made war, have thought that army extraordinarily formidable; for he despatched against it a force he now admits to have been entirely insufficient. He will now point to the proved disproportion between the attack and the defence at Isandlana as evidence the more of the justice of his alarm. Sir Bartle Frere assumes that a neighbour's military strength is ample ground for proclaiming war against him. He seems to comprehend as little as Lord Lytton that a formidable savage or semi-savage neighbour may be fought by diplomacy as well as arms. Patience and vigilance might have kept the Zulu king

from aggressive movements. Power strained like his is seldom long-lived. Within a few years the accumulation of his military resources would doubtless have broken up and slipped away. Sir Bartle Frere may deny the right of one in his position to rely upon possibilities. The denial does not come fittingly from the lips of a statesman who is shown by the fatality of Isandlana to have relied much upon them. In any case he cannot deny, and certainly he would be very sorry to deny, the greatness of the difference between the responsibilities under which we supposed ourselves to lie a year ago in South Africa, and those we know we now have to bear. England may have simply been blissfully ignorant; but, in error or not, it cannot be questioned that she did not suspect the danger from the Zulu forces which Sir Bartle Frere discerned in them. England is less well off than she esteemed herself a year ago by the charges present and prospective of a war with the most powerful of African nations.

We have spoken first of the new foreign relations of England in India and Africa; for Conservatives themselves have ceased to dilate on the strength added to the kingdom by the Berlin Treaty. A few months ago they and the Cabinet were congratulating each other on the success won diplomatically over Russia. At Berlin the world, we were told, was tranquillised through the resolution of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. Conservatives are no longer apt to boast themselves of the Congress. The British Ministers at the Congress exulted especially in the retention of Turkey's right to garrison the Balkans. Now it appears that the right is to be let drop into abeyance. They thought they had appeased the territorial aspirations of Greece. The Powers have had as much difficulty since the Congress in prevailing on the Porte to negotiate seriously with Athens, as if the Congress had never sketched an arrangement between them. Turkey seems no stronger for the decision of the European conclave, which in stripping off many of her provinces was supposed to have consolidated the rest. Her finances are no better administered. She is more insolvent than ever. The internal happiness of Asia Minor has undergone no improvement from a recognition of the British right to improve it. That is a possible incumbrance on our resources. The annexation of Cyprus is an actual load. The champions of the Government assert that only the promptness and pertinacity of the Ministers saved the kingdom from great evils in the present and far greater in the future. We find no semblance of evidence that these present and future evils existed otherwise than in imagination. But the strongest partisan can hardly assert that the ministerial adventures have not added to the liabilities of the State. Wars and menaces of wars always leave a brood of future difficulties behind them. They are, however, undertaken commonly to loosen or cut knots. The object of the English foreign policy in the past year and a half might, to judge by effects, have simply been to entitle Great Britain to charge herself with new and interminable obligations.

States can seldom obtain an aggrandisement without accepting obligations. Liability to loss may fairly be incurred in view of an equivalent gain. The need of confirming a conquest, or of weakening an adversary, sometimes drives States to take a step forwards when they would gladly have remained stationary. But at any rate they may be expected to endeavour to secure a base for their future operations, and to have satisfied themselves that the prize is worth the price. The difficulty, in measuring the policy of the past eighteen months, is to discover what vantage ground we have occupied to cover the risks we have undertaken. We have bound ourselves to defend Asia Minor against attack. But we have not pledged the Porte to let us enter in to see that Asia Minor is made defensible. The leasing of Cyprus from the Sultan is all we have done towards enabling us to prepare for a friendly occupation of the neighbouring continent. Unfortunately the geographical circumstances of Cyprus are such that, were an army destined for Asia Minor, it would certainly not be quartered in Cyprus as a preliminary to its disembarkation on the opposite coast. The guarantee is altogether one-sided. Turkey has given us no means or title to combine her resources with our own against aggression. Were Turkey exposed to invasion, and willing to accept aid from England on English terms, and were England ready to grant it, the secret treaty of London would be absolutely superfluous. We should be entreated to do what we have now obliged ourselves to do. If Turkey courted invasion—as in some of the varying moods of her rulers might easily happen—England is not rendered by the secret treaty more capable of forcing her way in to push the rival invader out, than she would have been in default of a treaty. Again, we attacked the Ameer of Afghanistan to punish him for his intrigues with Russia, and to deter the Afghans from such intrigues in future. The Ameer's son and successor has admitted his inability to withstand us. But we have rendered him neither able nor more desirous to treat our enemies as his enemies. Strategical authorities of commanding eminence allege that we have not by the concessions we have extorted qualified ourselves to withstand an invasion from the north-west more successfully behind the new frontier than behind the old. Strategical authorities the most friendly to the war do not pretend that the new frontier is a frontier at all until we have conquered it by main force. The home Government adopted the operations already commenced by the High Commissioner against Zululand without counting their cost or the worth of success. Even now it knows so little of the possible advantages of the enterprise, that it is utterly incompetent to make up its mind whether, in the event of absolute victory, it would accept the whole of Cetewayo's kingdom as a gift.

Recently a change may be observed in the tone of the professed advocates of the Government. Much was at one time heard of Cyprus, much of Candahar and Jellalabad. Even an annexation of Zululand had its advocates once. Material compensations were

reckoned upon in return for State sacrifices. That temper has been strangely modified. A reiteration of the gains made by the Treaty of Berlin, the annexation of Cyprus, and the assumption of a title to protect Asia Minor, would sound now like burlesque. To any complaint of the formidable augmentations of British responsibilities the favourite reply is not an enumeration of the corresponding resources we have accumulated to bear them, but a personal retort. Critics of the Government are told that, had they been in the place of the Conservative Ministry, they must have acted exactly in the same way. A kind of overruling and tyrannical necessity is imaged installed behind a curtain in the Council Chamber and dictating each Cabinet minute. A necessity, it may be granted, existed for protecting Constantinople from capture by a Russian army. No necessity existed for attempting the work single-handed. No more extraordinary paradox can well be imagined than that Austria, France, and even Berlin and Rome, would have looked on while Constantinople was being delivered up to the Slav. The piles of State papers the Foreign Office has been so profuse in issuing to the world long after all interest in them had subsided, nowhere indicate any real effort by the British Government to combine the Powers for the neutralisation of Constantinople. Until it be proved that the safety of Constantinople was uncared for by its natural champions other than Great Britain, it cannot be accounted necessary that Great Britain should have asserted a monopoly of international responsibilities. No necessity certainly lay upon the champion of the integrity of Turkey to snatch at part of the spoils it was affecting to rescue from the grasp of the Czar. So far from alleging the existence of any necessity to crush Cetewayo, the Conservative Government has steadfastly refused to sanction the theories of Sir Bartle Frere on an exigency it apparently suspects to have been born in Sir Bartle's own brain. Yet we have had no ground given us hitherto for hope that the instructions to Sir Garnet Wolseley to make a quick end of an unpopular war contemplate any other termination to it than the same extirpation of the king's power which was the object of Sir Bartle Frere himself. The spectacle is fortunately rare of a war conducted by a Government which had distinctly forbidden it. The Government may perhaps allege that it has been an unwilling agent. But such a plea of necessity is an extraordinary confession of incapacity to impress its will on its own subordinates. Finally, the Afghan war was necessary if the Indian Government were simply destitute of the diplomatic apparatus which had procured for Russia her influence at the Court of Cabul. It was necessary if a jealous despot like Shere Ali were likely to have cemented a firm alliance with the Power which had annihilated the independence of his fellow khans in Central Asia. It was necessary if Great Britain have no other resource in smoothing relations with her neighbours than physical force. It was necessary, if British power be so sensitive to the frowns of a petty neighbouring prince

that it could not have safely allowed him to have his sulk out in his own corner.

The charge against the Conservative Government is not so much that its objects have been misconceived, as that it has exhibited remarkable obtuseness or perversity in the choice of means. One or two members of the Government may have a sentimental preference for the Turks over their Greek and Slav subjects. But the majority of ministers probably have no warmer love than their opponents for the Porte. They feared to see Constantinople in the hands of Russia; and the Liberal party, as a whole, would concur in that apprehension. The Conservative Cabinet, however, acted as if there were no alternative between sanctioning a Russian occupation of the Ottoman capital and a threat of war between this country and the Czar. The attitude of English diplomacy had pitted England against Russia as a principal. Her true position was that of a friendly colleague with Austria, France, and Germany in the deliberations which should be held for restoring peace on a reasonable basis. In the final scenes of the war she assumed a demeanour which relieved Austria herself from the primary obligation of warding off a danger which affected her far more than us. We may hold that Great Britain has her proper place in European councils, yet think the enormous circle of her imperial duties forbids her to arrogate individual responsibilities for ends which are much more vital to Continental Powers than to herself. In the whole of the Eastern policy of the Ministry since Lord Derby quitted office, a want of sense of proportion has been visible. The object now only partially achieved might, with greater coolness, have been attained more fully and at less risk. The country has assumed the most indefinite obligations towards Turkey in the face of Europe without any power to fulfil them unless at the cost of trenching upon resources and energies appropriated to nearer and more intimate interests. Russia, again, could not have been allowed to effect a permanent lodgment in Afghanistan. So far Liberals and Conservatives were agreed. But a Foreign Minister like Lord Derby or Lord Granville would have been content to bring direct diplomatic pressure to bear upon the intruder for the withdrawal of its envoys. When that object was attained, war with Afghanistan became superfluous. As against Afghanistan itself war was of all the possible procedures the least effectual for the object a wise statesman would have desired. The system of persuasion which had served Russia in her relations with the Ameer might have been employed with far greater effect by the Indian Government. If Indian statecraft be not equal to such a diplomatic competition, Shere Ali might have been safely left to reflect in solitude on the superior worth of an alliance with a Power at whose dictate his northern neighbour had recalled its mission. Lord Lytton and Lord Salisbury seem unable to understand that within certain limits British India is the stronger for a sturdily independent Afghanistan. That Afghanistan should be at once independent and friendly ought to be an aim not beyond

the accomplishment of the great school of political Orientalists British India has prided herself on her power to train. States pay the cost of neglecting the approach of danger. But the restless timidity which is always running to meet dangers half way is as mischievous and as expensive. That is what the Government, beguiled by false prophets, has done with the relations, not very satisfactory, but by no means very alarming, between the Indian Government and the Ameer of Cabul. Ministers relied upon Sir Bartle Frere as a principal interpreter of their Afghan policy. His was the authority to which they appealed in justification of the strife with Afghanistan. By an unhappy coincidence the advocate of the Afghan war had an opportunity of acting on his own principles in Southern Africa. He saw in the Zulu army an instrument so terrific that the South African colonies could not feel secure so long as that kept its edge. An army of twenty thousand disciplined Africans is not to be despised. Its neighbourhood demands precautions. The mistake of Sir Bartle Frere and the colonists in Africa resembles Sir Bartle Frere's mistake and that of Lord Lytton and Lord Salisbury in India. They seem to have forgotten that civilisation has other weapons besides swords and rifles. With South African colonists it is vain to argue. They regard the existence of an independent State on their borders as in itself a scandal and an affront. Their only method of dealing with such a neighbour is the method of force. Anything short of the subversion of the Zulu kingdom would appear to them a very impotent conclusion. Englishmen, though no violent partisans, will believe that a little patience and consideration would have sufficed to disband a formidable army, without annihilating a nationality. The formation of an African nationality is too important an incident in the history of negrodom for us not to anticipate its dissolution as a consequence of Sir Bartle Frere's policy with regret. Colonists may be forgiven for contemplating such a result with pleasure. There is even an excuse for a benevolent enthusiast like Sir Bartle Frere. It is not vilifying Lord Beaconsfield to say that if he suffer the stone which Sir Bartle Frere has set rolling to fulfil its natural course of crushing Cetewayo's throne, he cannot plead Sir Bartle Frere's excuse.

To the overmastering fascinations of imperialism we must look for a clue to the Prime Minister's acquiescence up to the last week in May in the quiet resolve of Sir Bartle Frere to go his own way, which apparently was not the Prime Minister's way. The same consideration which explains Lord Beaconsfield's toleration of a generous but intractable doctrinaire explains the connivance of sober-minded men of business like Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Cross, and Mr. W. H. Smith. Lord Beaconsfield has no desire to christianise Southern and Central Africa. Lord Cranbrook and Lord Salisbury himself have no faith in the possible regeneration of Turkey. Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross would have been startled could they a couple of years back have had a prevision of themselves pushing forward

British suzerainty into contiguity with Asiatic Russia. The Ministry can command the services of as experienced and skilful diplomatists as any of its predecessors, yet the last year and a half have been a continuity of blundering on the verge of war or into it. First came high-sounding threats of war; then the Government made war; thirdly, war was made for it, and it accepted the war. Gradually the country has become prepared to believe that any leap in the dark in the direction of what is supposed to be a spirited policy is possible. Probably no persons were more agreeably surprised than the most loyal Ministerialists that Lord Salisbury did not welcome the suggestion of the merchants of Rangoon to engage in another little war with the Court of Mandalay, or the reported offer of the Porte to depose the Khedive and make the Egyptian pashalic once more an appanage of the Seraglio. The country is in truth suffering through its present rulers a reaction from the purely domestic legislation of their predecessors. The late Cabinet performed great things at home, and outstripped the popular appetite for legislation. The nation's own house was so thoroughly swept and set in order, that it began to think it high time that it had something to do with putting in order other people's houses. Had Mr. Gladstone conceived an ambition for interfering in foreign politics, he might have taken out a fresh lease of popularity. Lord Beaconsfield made this discovery of the national inclination only by an accident. He had proclaimed as his ministerial motto, 'Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas.' But he has a soul above gas, and water, and sewers. The Bulgarian disturbances put him on the track of a spirited foreign policy. A foreign policy such as inspired English councils in the days when England led the European confederation against Napoleon, would not have satisfied modern Englishmen. Englishmen now expect to see England and English interests at the end of every vista. Lord Beaconsfield was able to point to the Russian invasion of Turkey as menacing its chain of communication with the Indian Empire. He converted first the masses to his doctrine, and with them for his lever conquered his own colleagues. All eyes, both in Downing Street and in Lombard Street, have been fixed for the last eighteen months upon the outer rim of the huge British dominion. Average Englishmen, including most of the members of the Conservative Cabinet, have forgotten the limits of the resources of England herself. When the habit has once been formed of beating the bounds of the colonial empire to see that all is safe, the remoteness of an interest or a danger becomes no bar to sounding the policeman's rattle.

The importance of open communications between England and her Eastern dependency cannot be overestimated, except when put in comparison with the strength of these islands themselves. But only in a time of nervous apprehension that the further confines of the empire were being endangered would a British Minister have relieved Austria from taking the lead in precautions for the prevention of a contingency which would have compromised Austria infinitely more

than England. India, we have often been told, was troubled by Russian intrigues at Cabul. We wonder what subject of the Empress of India ever wasted a serious thought on the subject. Lord Lytton and the home Government, timorously rather than wilfully, invented the scare between them. In truth, not so much the intriguing of Cabul with Russia, as the independence of Cabul, was an offence to a Ministry which had contracted a habit of sweeping the horizon to descry the advent of some possible enemy to the British empire. The Ameer was entitled, as an independent sovereign, to entertain Russian emissaries in his dominions. The Indian Government had at its disposal peaceful means of out-diplomatising Russia. But it did not condescend to use them. The Ameer must, by the doctrines of Imperialism, be compelled to abandon any claim to an independence which, not now, but in the undefined future, might attract to Afghanistan foreign connections of a character dangerous to British interests. Cetewayo was menaced into war by Sir Bartle Frere, who had benevolently planned the subjugation of Southern and Central Africa in the interests of Africa. An English Cabinet, even including such a cosmopolitan philanthropist as the Premier, care little for Sir Bartle Frere's evangelical panoramas. It was enough to learn that the British colonists in South Africa had neighbours powerful enough to be harmful if in some coming period they should have the will. A contingency which would at any time justify war with France or Germany, or with the United States, was sufficient to reconcile the Government to a conflict apparently unjust, and certainly unremunerative, except to the colonists, who find profitable customers for their wares in their British defenders.

'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves' is a dangerous proverb to accept as a rule for the management of an empire like that of Great Britain. Excessive official zeal and private self-interest soon take the measure of the Minister's foot, as a horse does of its rider's courage. Had such a Cabinet been in power at the time of the Trent incident, England and the United States would have found themselves suddenly at war. An empire like ours has its obligations which cannot be neglected with honour or self-respect. That in itself is ground for caution in enlarging their already enormous circle. Every fresh corner of territory England annexes is a possible fresh point of attack. Any aggression on the pettiest morsel of dominion which has been brought under British protection must and would be repelled with the entire force of the empire. But it is a violation of the duty of the State to the whole body of its members to go half-way to meet a peril supposed to be brooding over some one of our almost numberless dependencies. The storm will very probably have innocently dissipated itself meanwhile, if we merely await its onset within our borders. It is always possible for a British Minister, if he please, to detect cause for apprehension, and even for panic. The wise statesman calculates proportions. He is not perpetually beating to arms and wasting strength which will cer-

tainly be needed to repulse actual assaults. The British Empire is too powerful to give way to terror at prospective isolated attacks. Its interests are too many and various for it safely to be stretching out its arms so far that it would be difficult at short notice to draw them back. For the security of the limbs the heart must be kept vigorous and sound. Were it only for the benefit of the dependencies which are proud of their connection with England, England must beware of so lending out her capital as to be unable to meet a sudden run upon her resources. The charge against Lord Beaconsfield's Government is that it has thought more of the dependencies than of the centre. It has been pursuing a course which, were succeeding Ministries mad enough to follow it, would end in draining the heart of the blood necessary for maintaining the proper circulation throughout the body: it has been locking up the national means in investments which could not, on an emergency, be realised sufficiently fast to avert national bankruptcy.

This is what is meant by Liberal protests against Imperialism. The opponents of the Government recognise the lien the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain have upon Great Britain. The stored-up power and wealth of Great Britain are theirs for their defence as much as if Peshawur were York, and Durban were Cardiff. But Liberal Foreign Ministers like Lord Clarendon, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Granville, and a Conservative Foreign Minister like Lord Derby, do not forget that there is a Durban as well as a Peshawur, a Melbourne and a Toronto as well as both. Only thus can such an Empire remain self-sufficing and independent of external complications. Great Britain is bound to maintain a good understanding with the world at large, but to rely on herself for her own protection. An Eastern policy such as Lord Beaconsfield has initiated requires, as its indispensable supplement, a network of compromising alliances. Organs of the French Republican press, by no means unfriendly to this country, lately reproached its Ministers with the danger they were incurring in not supporting French policy in Egypt. Their argument was that England, in pursuing an ambitious foreign policy, had pledged herself, for her own security, to cement intimate relations with other European States. Nothing can be sounder than the warning if the late foreign policy be that which the country intends to prosecute. Nothing, at the same time, can be more repulsive to English instincts than the supposed necessity. Englishmen were deluded into admiring the part played recently in the Bosphorus and at Berlin for the imaginary independence of entangling European diplomacy which it was thought to indicate. England had stepped into the breach, and by herself forbidden the onward march of Russia. The truth is, as French journals courteously remind us, we have for the moment plunged ourselves into the quagmire of European doctrines on the balance of power from which we had fondly believed ourselves emancipated for ever.

The path on which British diplomacy has entered might seem to

be one which has no turning. Great Britain, like the typical Irishman at a fair, trails its coat on the earth, and has offered a general challenge to the world to tread on its skirts. British officials and diplomatists have had, as it were, the word given to them to watch for causes of offence. British colonists are seldom averse from a disturbance of their relations with their neighbours. Adventurousness is the first element in successful colonisation. Until the attack upon Shere Ali, it might almost have been said that no colonial war was ever undertaken without the first aggressive step being taken by some English settlement. Now it is the mother-country which sets the example. Of the two wars we have lately been waging, one has been only partially the work of English residents abroad, and the other not at all. With such evidence as the most passing observation of the Foreign and India and Colonial Offices during the last few months can supply, there is scarcely a British colony from Vancouver's Island to Sierra Leone but will have felt the delightful sense that a licence has been given it to plunge the world into strife. We should despair of the peace and tranquillity of the four quarters of the globe were it not for a happy reserve of inconsistency in the Anglo-Saxon temperament. Foreign States which have hailed the reappearance of Great Britain among the gamblers in international policy may discover that the fit has calmed down before they have more than tasted their profit from it. Restless British colonists may learn that their burdened fellow-countrymen at home are not content to accept new responsibilities by extending domains of which not a hundredth part has yet been reclaimed. The spasmodic impulse of popular sentiment of which one or two members of the Conservative Government availed themselves to colour the policy of the Cabinet has already subsided. For the moment neither a philanthropic High Commissioner nor an imaginative Viceroy would find any countenance in Downing Street for ambitious projects.

Yet it would be dangerous to trust to a repose which arises from repletion. The peace which has been signed with Yakoob Khan has been lauded for its moderation. So far as Yakoob is concerned it may well be esteemed moderate. Afghanistan lay at our mercy. We might have taken the whole: we have taken only a part. From that part we have occupied the Ameer will derive more revenue in our hands than his father probably ever enjoyed. If his dominions have been retrenched by the cession of his rights over the Khyber and Michni passes, they were rights which his ancestors could exercise only by leave of the surrounding tribes. He has ceased to enjoy the prerogative of negotiating openly with St. Petersburg. No treaty can deprive Tashkend of the power of intriguing with him. For the rights, more or less titular, which he has surrendered, he has obtained what Shere Ali could never extort from Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, or Lord Northbrook. We have practically guaranteed him at once against Russia, and against his own subjects. When the balance is struck of gains and losses, Yakoob himself may well doubt

if his father's rashness have not proved his own great advantage. With regard to our interests there can, unhappily, be no doubt at all. By the secret treaty with Turkey we resigned to the Sultan the power of putting us into a state of war with any nation which might attack the Turkish dominions in Asia. The convention would have been calamitous to the last degree but for the consciousness of the negotiators on both sides, and of the British people whom they apparently compromised, that it would never be executed. Now we have virtually repeated the same guarantee to the Ameer of Afghanistan by charging ourselves with the conduct of his foreign relations. Unhappily, in this case the stipulation is not formal merely, but very real. The affairs of Central Asia henceforward touch us closely. Instead of developing the prosperity and internal resources of India, the eyes of viceroys and Indian civilians will be ever turning to Cabul and to Herat. Questions will gain a factitious importance which formerly were not understood as affecting us except in the remotest degree, and which were, and are, absolutely nought in comparison with the duty upon us within the frontiers of India itself. In Southern Africa Sir Bartle Frere has received the gravest of censures in the formation of the disturbed portion of his government into a separate administration for Sir Garnet Wolseley. There again, however, it would be premature to suppose that Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet has given proof of a change of policy. Sir Garnet Wolseley has doubtless been instructed not to annex Zululand. But Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury would deny that they had annexed Cyprus or the Kuram Valley. They understand annexation after a different fashion from the British public. We shall ourselves be very agreeably disappointed if Sir Garnet have been directed to leave Cetewayo, if suffered to reign at all, free to raise even an armed bodyguard. The ruler of Zululand will be mediatised in a much more complete way than the Ameer of Afghanistan has been mediatised. Sir Bartle Frere will have been disgraced for acts which his official superiors have probably decided to ratify, and of which they will appropriate the fancied benefits.

While the present Government lasts the country can never be sure that some eccentric peril will not be detected looming overhead which requires a sudden decampment from what was considered the settled national policy. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have shown what manner of statesmen they are. Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Cross, and Mr. Smith would never have devised the policy they now defend. But their conversion to a policy of adventure, skin-deep as the conversion may be, shows too fatal a want of moral courage to warrant confidence in their stability for some time to come. We lament the fact, for they have given signs that they are good administrators, though their hard fate has forbidden them in fact to administer. The wholesome leisure of Opposition may enable them to collect their thoughts, and review the

distance between the views of national policy with which they entered office and those of which they find themselves the official exponents. In the meantime it is impossible to perceive how the materials of a national administration which shall satisfy the country, grown tired of diplomatic surprises, could be patched together out of the Conservative party. Not the less hard is it to understand how the Opposition can take up the unpalatable task which an unexpected development of Conservative recklessness has been preparing for it. Questionable as the course pursued by a Cabinet may have been, its successor is bound to accept the results bequeathed to it. Cyprus cannot be restored to the Porte, though the trouble and cost expended upon it would make an earthly paradise of any one of a score of islands in the British patrimony. The Kuram Valley and the Khyber cannot be repudiated, though in the guardianship of their sullen natural lords they would be a better defence of India than turned into an advanced work of the Indian Empire. A Liberal Ministry, whenever it returns to office, must make the best of the costly inheritance left to it by its Conservative predecessors. This duty, however, ends with such among the results of dangerous foreign complications as have been already reduced into possession. No obligation rests upon a future Liberal Administration to squander its energies in vain attempts to get in its predecessor's bad debts, like the protectorate of Asia Minor and the charge of the foreign portfolio of Afghanistan. Liberals may well be as anxious as Conservatives to do all in their power to regenerate, if it be possible, a country so richly endowed by nature as Asia Minor. If the Porte ask for the aid of British financiers, let British financiers be lent to the Porte; if it desire the help of the honesty and resolute will of British administrators and judges, England can afford to supply the want. If British capitalists choose to accept Turkish security, there is no reason why they should be hindered in risking their principal. But whatever is done must be understood to be a boon granted to Turkey for the benefit of the populations of Turkey, and not, as in the secret Conservative convention with the Porte, a boon to Great Britain. The State must not be understood to be backing capitalists or officials who have accepted Turkish offers. It must not be supposed to guarantee Ottoman misgovernment against the indignation it may have provoked either abroad or at home. The Ameer of Afghanistan must be left to take the responsibility of his own foreign relations. If he violate the duties imposed by his relations of near neighbourhood to us, he will know that the arm of Great Britain is long enough to reach him. As for provinces, whether acquired from the Sultan or from the Ameer, on the terms that the sovereignty remains with their former lord, the relation is unnatural and in all ways insupportable. Wherever Great Britain consents to administer, they whose affairs she administers must be her subjects, and owe no other allegiance. A divided allegiance is equally unfair to subject and to ruler. Whatever rights have been reserved had better

be redeemed with all convenient speed. If the provinces be not worth the purchase money of their sovereignty, they are not worth the sacrifice of national strength involved in their qualified occupation. South Africa offers difficulties almost as formidable as either Afghanistan or the protectorate of Asia Minor. If the requirements of tottering Conservative reputation result in the more or less disguised annexation of Zuzuland, South Africa, which rejoices in the assumption of the obligation, must be given to understand that it will have to bear the charges. We should be glad to learn that Mr. Smith was in the confidence of his colleagues when he intimated last month that this is in truth contemplated by the Cabinet. The South African colonies are evincing gratitude to Sir Bartle Frere for the spirited policy which has willed the subjugation of King Cetewayo. It will be interesting to remark how far their gratitude will sustain the shock should the mother country bestow upon them the prize which Sir Bartle Frere's policy will have won for their behoof.

It may be thought premature to be considering the foreign policy of a Liberal Government at a moment when each division manifests an increasing strength of Conservative majorities in both Houses of Parliament. The attitude of Conservatives themselves sufficiently evinces that they have little faith in triumphant majorities. Those majorities are themselves on their defence, and they know it. Ministers reiterate their assurances to the country of their own high deserts; they scarcely have the air of expecting the country to believe them. Their favourite retort upon their opponents is to invite them to cease criticising Conservative rashness in foreign, and inertness in domestic policy, and to fight each other on the merits of the several questions which divide the Liberal party. Sir William Hart Dyke was very indignant in Kent a month ago that the Liberal party presents for the time a serried array. The Liberal party, we trust, will be too sagacious to fight on a field of its adversaries' selecting. Its policy for the present is defined by Conservative policy. It too, like the Conservative party, is on its defence. The difference is that now that vast residual force of the British nation which sways by turns to this or that side in the balance of parties, is beginning to feel that it is on its defence along with Liberalism. Liberals and a multitude of electors who voted with the Conservatives at the last election are alike on their defence against a policy which recognises no centre in this huge bulk of the British dominions. They are confederated against a policy which appears to have been suggested by a belief that our empire is mortal in every limb, that its life-blood flows at every pin-prick. Liberal crotchets are as convenient to Conservative managers as they are inconvenient to Liberal leaders. They show, however, a healthier life than the party discipline which drives into the Conservative lobby scores of reluctant and ashamed members who love Lord Beaconsfield's Indian and Turkish transformation scenes as little as they loved Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill. Liberalism works openly, and not by way of secret conventions.

The divisions within it are only the national mind experimenting in the various directions towards one or another of which its path lies. Not rarely what has been ridiculed for a generation as a crotchet vindicates its right to be esteemed a principle of constitutional progress. But Liberal crotchets have an instinct which may teach them to bide their time. The great battle must first be decided of the right of the nation to be made privy before the event to the pledging by a Minister of its fortunes and its future for objects which bear merely a remote and contingent relation to its happiness. The one question to be answered by the English people now, is whether the kingdom is to suffer a Cabinet to dissipate, in tilting at all sorts of imaginary enemies without, resources which are wanted to consolidate and invigorate the nation's strength within. Until this issue be determined, it is premature to raise any other.

TO GARIBALDI.

BRAVE Garibaldi, from the heart of God,
Tired with the stuff that shapes a great emprise,
With sword of vengeance and with chastening rod
To flash red justice in men's blinking eyes,
Thou hast done great things—made thine Italy free,
Made Popes to fall and trampled slaves to rise.
But this one thing the gods denied to thee,
The greatest grace of greatness—to be wise.
Good Garibaldi, would that thou might know,
What hasty wits are passing slow to learn—
That things by inches, not by ells, do grow,
And meal is ground by patience in the quern.
Thy work was done as eagles seize their prey;
Now stout-necked oxen gently drive the day.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE: *Roma, Maggio.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at
39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1879.

MARY ANERLEY: A YORKSHIRE TALE.

CHAPTER VII.

A DANE IN THE DYKE.

NOW, whether spy-glass had been used by any watchful mariner, or whether only blind chance willed it, sure it is that one fine morning Mary met with somebody. And this was the more remarkable, when people came to think of it, because it was only the night before that her mother had almost said as much.

'Ye munna gaw doon to t' sea be yersell,' Mistress Anerley said to her daughter; 'happen ye mought be one too many.'

Master Anerley's wife had been at 'boarding-school,' as far south as Suffolk, and could speak the very best of Southern English (like her daughter Mary) upon polite occasion. But family cares and farm-house life had partly cured her of her education, and from troubles of distant speech she had returned to the ease of her native dialect.

'And if I go not to the sea by myself,' asked Mary, with natural logic, 'why, who is there now to go with me?' She was thinking of her sadly-missed comrade, Jack.

'Happen some day perhaps, one too many.'

The maiden was almost too innocent to blush; but her father took her part as usual.

'The little lass sall gaw doon,' he said, 'whenivel sha likes.' And so she went down the next morning.

A thousand years ago the Dane's Dyke must have been a very grand entrenchment, and a thousand years ere that perhaps it was still grander; for learned men say that it is a British work, wrought out before the Danes had ever learned to build a ship. Whatever, however, may be argued about that, the wise and the witless do agree about one thing—the stronghold inside it has been held by Danes, while severed by the dyke from inland parts; and these Danes made a good colony of their own, and left to their descendants distinct

speech and manners, some traces of which are existing even now. The Dyke, extending from the rough North Sea to the calmer waters of Bridlington Bay, is nothing more than a deep dry trench, skilfully following the hollows of the ground, and cutting off Flamborough Head and a solid cantle of high land from the rest of Yorkshire. The corner, so intercepted, used to be and is still called 'Little Denmark;' and the indwellers feel a large contempt for all their outer neighbours. And this is sad, because Anerley Farm lies wholly outside of the Dyke, which for a long crooked distance serves as its eastern boundary.

Upon the morning of the selfsame day that saw Mr. Jellicorse set forth upon his return from Scargate Hall, armed with instructions to defy the Devil, and to keep his discovery quiet—upon a lovely August morning of the first year of a new century, Mary Anerley, blithe and gay, came riding down the grassy hollow of this ancient Dane's Dyke. This was her shortest way to the sea, and the tide would suit (if she could only catch it) for a take of shrimps, and perhaps even prawns, in time for her father's breakfast. And not to lose this, she arose right early, and rousing Lord Keppel, set forth for the spot where she kept her net covered with sea-weed. The sun, though up and brisk already upon sea and foreland, had not found time to rout the shadows skulking in the dingles. But even here, where sap of time had breached the turfy ramparts, the hover of the dew-mist passed away, and the steady light was unfolded.

For the season was early August still, with beautiful weather come at last; and the green world seemed to stand on tip-toe to make the extraordinary acquaintance of the sun. Humble plants which had long lain flat stood up with a sense of casting something off; and the damp heavy trunks which had trickled for a twelvemonth, or been only sponged with moss, were hailing the fresher light with keener lines and dove-coloured tints upon their smoother boles. Then conquering the barrier of the eastern land-crest, rose the glorious sun himself, strewing before him trees and crags in long steep shadows down the hill. Then the sloping rays, through furze and brushland, kindling the sparkles of the dew, descended to the brink of the Dyke, and scorning to halt at petty obstacles, with a hundred golden hurdles bridged it, wherever any opening was.

Under this luminous span, or through it where the crossing gullies ran, Mary Anerley rode at leisure, allowing her pony to choose his pace. That privilege he had long secured, in right of age, and wisdom, and remarkable force of character. Considering his time of life, he looked well, and sleek, and almost sprightly; and so, without any reservation, did his gentle and graceful rider. The maiden looked well in a place like that, as indeed in almost any place; but now she especially set off the colour of things, and was set off by them. For instance, how could the silver of the dew-cloud, and golden weft of sunrise, playing through the dapples of a partly wooded glen, do better (in the matter of variety) than frame a pretty moving figure in a pink checked frock, with a skirt of russet

murrey, and a bright brown hat? Not that the hat itself was bright, even under the kiss of sunshine, simply having seen already too much of the sun; but rather that its early lustre seemed to be revived by a sense of the happy position it was in; the clustering hair and the bright eyes beneath it answering the sunny dance of life and light. Many a handsomer face, no doubt, more perfect, grand, and lofty, received—at least if it was out of bed—the greeting of that morning sun; but scarcely any prettier one, or kinder, or more pleasant; so gentle without being weak, so good-tempered without looking void of all temper at all.

Suddenly the beauty of the time and place was broken by a sharp angry sound. Bang, bang, came the roar of muskets fired from the shore at the mouth of the Dyke, and echoing up the winding glen. At the first report the girl, though startled, was not greatly frightened; for the sound was common enough in the week, when those most gallant volunteers, entitled the 'Yorkshire Invincibles,' came down for their annual practice of skilled gunnery against the French. Their habit was to bring down a red cock, and tether him against a chalky cliff, and then vie with one another in shooting at him. The same cock had tested their skill for three summers, but failed hitherto to attest it, preferring to return in a hamper to his hens, with a story of moving adventures.

Mary had watched those Invincibles sometimes from a respectful distance, and therefore felt sure (when she began to think) that she had not them to thank for this little scare. For they always slept soundly in the first watch of the morning; and even supposing they had jumped up with night-mare, where was the jubilant crow of the cock? For the cock, being almost as invincible as they were, never could deny himself the glory of a crow, when the bullet came into his neighbourhood. He replied to every volley with an elevated comb, and a flapping of his wings, and a clarion peal, which rang along the fore-shore, ere the musket-roar died out. But before the girl had time to ponder what this was, or wherefore, round the corner came somebody, running very swiftly.

In a moment Mary saw that this man had been shot at, and was making for his life away; and to give him every chance she jerked her pony aside, and called and beckoned; and without a word he flew to her. Words were beyond him, till his breath should come back, and he seemed to have no time to wait for that. He had outstripped the wind, and his own wind, by his speed.

'Poor man!' cried Mary Anerley, 'what a hurry you are in! But I suppose you cannot help it. Are they shooting at you?'

The runaway nodded, for he could not spare a breath, but was deeply inhaling for another start, and could not even bow without hindrance. But to show that he had manners, he took off his hat. Then he clapped it on his head and set off again.

'Come back!' cried the maid; 'I can show you a place. I can hide you from your enemies for ever.'

The young fellow stopped. He was come to that pitch of exhaustion in which a man scarcely cares whether he is killed or dies. And his face showed not a sign of fear.

'Look! That little hole—up there—by the fern; up at once, and this cloth over you!'

He snatched it, and was gone like the darting lizard, up a little puckering side-issue of the Dyke, at the very same instant that three broad figures and a long one appeared at the lip of the mouth. The quick-witted girl rode on to meet them, to give the poor fugitive time to get into his hole, and draw the brown skirt over him. The dazzle of the sun, pouring over the crest, made the hollow a twinkling obscurity; and the cloth was just in keeping with the dead stuff around. The three broad men, with heavy fusils cocked, came up from the sea-mouth of the Dyke, steadily panting, and running steadily with a long enduring stride. Behind them a tall bony man with a cutlass, was swinging it high in the air, and limping and swearing with great velocity.

'Coast-riders,' thought Mary, 'and he a free-trader! Four against one is cowardice.'

'Halt!' cried the tall man, while the rest were running past her, 'halt! ground arms; never scare young ladies.' Then he flourished with a grand bow to Mary. 'Fair young Mistress Anerley, I fear we spoil your ride. But his Majesty's duty must be done. Hats off, fellows, at the name of your king! Mary, my dear, the most daring villain, the devil's own son, has just run up here—scarcely two minutes—you must have seen him. Wait a minute, tell no lies—excuse me, I mean fibs. Your father is the right sort. He hates those scoundrels. In the name of his Majesty, which way is he gone?'

'Was it, oh, was it a man, if you please? Captain Carroway, don't say so.'

'A man? Is it likely that we shot at a woman? You are trifling. It will be the worse for you. Forgive me—but we are in such a hurry. Whoa, whoa, pony.'

'You always used to be so polite, sir, that you quite surprise me. And those guns look so dreadful! My father would be quite astonished to see me not even allowed to go down to the sea, but hurried back here as if the French had landed!'

'How can I help it, if your pony runs away so?' For Mary all this time had been cleverly contriving to increase and exaggerate her pony's fear, and so brought the gunners for a long way up the Dyke, without giving them any time to spy at all about. She knew that this was wicked from a loyal point of view; not a bit the less she did it. 'What a troublesome little horse it is!' she cried. 'Oh, Captain Carroway, hold him just a moment. I will jump down, and then you can jump up, and ride after all his Majesty's enemies.'

'The Lord forbid! He slews all out of gear, like a carronade with rotten lashings. If I boarded him, how could I get out of his way? No, no, my dear, brace him up sharp, and bear clear.'

'But you wanted to know about some enemy, captain. An enemy as bad as my poor Lord Keppel?'

'Mary, my dear, the very biggest villain! A hundred golden guineas on his head; and half for you. Think of your father, my dear, and Sunday gowns. And you must have a young man, by-and-by, you know; such a beautiful maid as you are. And you might get a leather purse, and give it to him. Mary, on your duty, now?'

'Captain, you drive me so; what can I say? I cannot bear the thought of betraying anybody.'

'Of course not, Mary dear; nobody asks you. He must be half a mile off by this time. You could never hurt him now; and you can tell your father that you have done your duty to the king.'

'Well, Captain Carroway, if you are quite sure that it is too late to catch him, I can tell you all about him. But remember your word about the fifty guineas.'

'Every farthing, every farthing, Mary; whatever my wife may say to it. Quick, quick! Which way did he run, my dear?'

'He really did not seem to me to be running at all; he was too tired.'

'To be sure, to be sure, a worn-out fox! We have been two hours after him; he could not run; no more can we. But which way did he go, I mean?'

'I will not say anything for certain, sir; even for fifty guineas. But he may have come up here—mind, I say not that he did—and if so, he might have set off again for Sewerby. Slowly, very slowly, because of being tired. But perhaps after all he was not the man you mean.'

'Forward, double quick! We are sure to have him!' shouted the lieutenant—for his true rank was that—flourishing his cutlass again, and setting off at a wonderful pace, considering his limp. 'Five guineas, every man Jack of you. Thank you, young mistress, most heartily thank you. Dead or alive, five guineas!'

With gun and sword in readiness, they all rushed off; but one of the party, named John Cadman, shook his head and looked back with great mistrust at Mary, having no better judgment of women than this, that he never could believe even his own wife. And he knew that it was mainly by the grace of womankind that so much contraband work was going on. Nevertheless it was out of his power to act upon his own low opinions now.

The maiden, blushing deeply with the sense of her deceit, was informed by her guilty conscience of that nasty man's suspicions, and therefore gave a smack with her fern whip to Lord Keppel, impelling him to join, like a loyal little horse, the pursuit of his Majesty's enemies. But no sooner did she see all the men dispersed and scouring the distance with trustful ardour, than she turned her pony's head towards the sea again, and rode back round the bend of the hollow. What would her mother say if she lost the murrey skirt, which had cost six shillings at Bridlington fair? And ten times that

money might be lost much better than for her father to discover how she lost it. For Master Stephen Anerley was a straight-backed man, and took three weeks of training in the Land Defence Yeomanry, at periods not more than a year apart, so that many people called him 'Captain' now; and the loss of his suppleness at knee and elbow had turned his mind largely to politics, making him stiffly patriotic, and especially hot against all free-traders putting bad bargains to his wife, at the cost of the king and his revenue. If the bargain were a good one, that was no concern of his.

Not that Mary, however, could believe, or would even have such a bad mind as to imagine, that any one, after being helped by her, would be mean enough to run off with her property. And now she came to think of it, there was something high and noble, she might almost say something downright honest, in the face of that poor persecuted man. And in spite of all his panting, how brave he must have been, what a runner, and how clever to escape from all those cowardly coast-riders shooting right and left at him! Such a man steal that paltry skirt that her mother made such a fuss about! She was much more likely to find it in her clothes-press filled with golden guineas.

Before she was as certain as she wished to be of this (by reason of shrewd nativity) and while she believed that the fugitive must have seized such a chance and made good his escape towards North Sea or Flamborough, a quick shadow glanced across the long shafts of the sun, and a bodily form sped after it. To the middle of the Dyke leaped a young man smiling, and forth from the gully which had saved his life. To look at him, nobody ever could have guessed how fast he had fled, and how close he had lain hid. For he stood there as clean, and spruce, and careless, as even a sailor can wish to be. Limber yet stalwart, agile though substantial, and as quick as a dart while as strong as a pike, he seemed cut out by nature for a true blue-jacket; but condition had made him a smuggler, or, to put it more gently, a free-trader. Britannia, being then at war with all the world, and alone in the right (as usual), had need of such lads, and produced them accordingly, and sometimes one too many. But Mary did not understand these laws.

This made her look at him with great surprise, and almost doubt whether he could be the man, until she saw her skirt neatly folded in his hand, and then she said, 'How do you do, sir?'

The free-trader looked at her with equal surprise. He had been in such a hurry, and his breath so short, and the chance of a fatal bullet after him so sharp, that his mind had been astray from any sense of beauty, and of everything else except the safety of the body. But now he looked at Mary, and his breath again went from him.

'You can run again now, I am sure of it,' said she; 'and if you would like to do anything to please me, run as fast as possible.'

'What have I to run away from now?' he answered in a deep sweet voice; 'I run from enemies, but not from friends.'

'That is very wise. But your enemies are still almost within call of you. They will come back worse than ever, when they find you are not there.'

'I am not afraid, fair lady, for I understand their ways. I have led them a good many dances before this; though it would have been my last, without your help. They will go on, all the morning, in the wrong direction, even while they know it. Carroway is the most stubborn of men. He never turns back; and the further he goes, the better his bad leg is. They will scatter about, among the fields and hedges, and call one another like partridges. And when they cannot take another step, they will come back to Anerley for breakfast.'

'I dare say they will; and we shall be glad to see them. My father is a soldier, and his duty is to nourish and comfort the forces of the king.'

'Then you are young Mistress Anerley? I was sure of it before. There are no two such. And you have saved my life. It is something to owe it so fairly.'

The young sailor wanted to kiss Mary's hand; but not being used to any gallantry, she held out her hand in the simplest manner, to take back her riding skirt; and he, though longing in his heart to keep it, for a token or pretext for another meeting, found no excuse for doing so. And yet he was not without some resource.

For the maiden was giving him a farewell smile, being quite content with the good she had done, and the luck of recovering her property; and that sense of right, which in those days formed a part of every good young woman, said to her plainly that she must be off. And she felt how unkind it was to keep him any longer, in a place where the muzzle of a gun, with a man behind it, might appear at any moment. But he, having plentiful breath again, was at home with himself to spend it.

'Fair young lady,' he began, for he saw that Mary liked to be called a lady, because it was a novelty; 'owing more than I ever can pay you already, may I ask a little more? Then it is, that on your way down to the sea, you would just pick up (if you should chance to see it) the fellow ring to this, and perhaps you will look at this to know it by. The one that was shot away flew against a stone just on the left of the mouth of the Dyke, but I durst not stop to look for it, and I must not go back that way now. It is more to me than a hatful of gold, though nobody else would give a crown for it.'

'And they really shot away one of your ear-rings! Careless, cruel, wasteful men! What could they have been thinking of?'

'They were thinking of getting what is called blood-money. One hundred pounds for Robin Lyth. Dead or alive—one hundred pounds.'

'It makes me shiver, with the sun upon me. Of course, they must offer money for—for people. For people who have killed other people, and bad things—but to offer a hundred pounds for a free-trader, and fire great guns at him to get it—I never should have thought it of Captain Carroway.'

'Carroway only does his duty. I like him none the worse for it. Carroway is a fool, of course. His life has been in my hands fifty times; but I will never take it. He must be killed sooner or later, because he rushes into everything. But never will it be my doing.'

'Then are you the celebrated Robin Lyth—the new Robin Hood, as they call him? The man who can do almost anything?'

'Mistress Anerley, I am Robin Lyth; but as you have seen, I cannot do much. I cannot even search for my own ear-ring.'

'I will search for it, till I find it. They have shot at you too much. Cowardly, cowardly people! Captain Lyth, where shall I put it, if I find it?'

'If you could hide it for a week, and then—then tell me where to find it in the afternoon towards four o'clock, in the lane towards Bempton Cliffs. We are off to-night upon important business. We have been too careless lately, from laughing at poor Carroway.'

'You are very careless now. You quite frighten me almost. The coast-riders might come back at any moment. And what could you do then?'

'Run away gallantly, as I did before; with this little difference that I should be fresh, while they are as stiff as nut-cracks. They have missed the best chance they ever had at me; it will make their temper very bad. If they shot at me again, they could do no good. Crooked mood makes crooked mode.'

'You forget that I should not see such things. You may like very much to be shot at; but—but you should think of other people.'

'I shall think of you only—I mean of your great kindness, and your promise to keep my ring for me. Of course you will tell nobody. Carroway will have me like a tiger, if you do. Farewell, young lady, for one week farewell.'

With a wave of his hat he was gone, before Mary had time to retract her promise; and she thought of her mother, as she rode on slowly, to look for the smuggler's trinket.

Chapter VIII.

CAPTAIN CARROWAY.

Fame, that light-of-love trusted by so many, and never a wife till a widow—fame, the fair daughter of fuss and caprice, may yet take the phantom of bold Robin Lyth by the right hand, and lead it to a pedestal almost as lofty as Robin Hood's, or she may let it vanish like a bat across Lethe—a thing not bad enough for eminence.

However, at the date, and in the part of the world now dealt with, this great free-trader enjoyed the warm though possibly brief embrace of fame, having no rival, and being highly respected by all who were unwarped by a sense of duty. And blest as he was with a lively nature, he proceeded happily upon his path in life, notwith-

standing a certain ticklish sense of being shot at undesirably. This had befallen him now so often, without producing any tangible effect, that a great many people and especially the shooters (convinced of the accuracy of their aim) went far to believe that he possessed some charm against wholesome bullet and gunpowder. And lately even a crooked sixpence dipped in holy water (which was still to be had in Yorkshire) confirmed and doubled the faith of all good people, by being declared upon oath to have passed clean through him, as was proved by its being picked up quite clean.

This strong belief was of great use to him; for, like many other beliefs, it went a very long way to prove itself. Steady left-hands now grew shaky in the level of the carbine, and firm fore-fingers trembled slightly upon draught of trigger, and the chief result of a large discharge was a wale upon the marksman's shoulder. Robin, though so clever and well-practised in the world, was scarcely old enough yet to have learned the advantage of misapprehension; which, if well handled by any man, helps him in the cunning of paltry things, better than a truer estimate. But without going into that, he was pleased with the fancy of being invulnerable; which not only doubled his courage, but trebled the discipline of his followers, and secured him the respect of all tradesmen. However, the worst of all things is, that just when they are establishing themselves, and earning true faith by continuance—out of pure opposition the direct contrary arises, and begins to prove itself. And to Captain Lyth this had just happened in the shot which carried off his left ear-ring.

Not that his body, or any fleshly member, could be said directly to have parted with its charm; but that a warning and a diffidence arose from so near a visitation. All genuine sailors are blessed with strong faith; as they must be, by nature's compensation. Their bodies continually going up and down upon perpetual fluxion, they never could live if their minds did the same, like the minds of stationary landsmen. Therefore, their minds are of staunch immobility, to restore the due share of firm element. And not only that, but these men have compressed (through generations of circumstance), from small complications, simplicity. Being out in all weathers, and rolling about so, how can they stand upon trifles? Solid stays, and stanchions, and strong bulwarks are their need, and not a dance of gnats in gossamer; hating all fogs, they blow not up with their own breath misty mysteries, and gazing mainly at the sky and sea, believe purely in God and the devil. In a word, these sailors have religion.

Some of their religion is not well pronounced, but declares itself in over-strong expressions. However, it is in them, and at any moment waiting opportunity of action—a shipwreck or a grape-shot; and the chaplain has good hopes of them, when the doctor has given them over.

Now one of their principal canons of faith, and the one best

observed in practice, is (or at any rate used to be) that a man is bound to wear ear-rings. For these, as sure tradition shows, and no pious mariner would dare to doubt, act as a whetstone in all weathers to the keen edge of the eyes. Semble—as the lawyers say—that this idea was born of great phonetic facts, in the days when a seaman knew his duty, better than the way to spell it; and when, if his outlook were sharpened by a friendly wring from the captain of the watch, he never dreamed of a police-court.

But Robin Lyth had never cared to ask why he wore ear-rings. His nature was not meditative. Enough for him that all the other men of Flamborough did so; and enough for them that their fathers had done it. Whether his own father had done so, was more than he could say, because he knew of no such parent; and of that other necessity, a mother, he was equally ignorant. His first appearance at Flamborough, though it made little stir at the moment in a place of so many adventures, might still be considered unusual, and in some little degree, remarkable. So that Mistress Anerley was not wrong when she pressed upon Lieutenant Carroway how unwise it might be to shoot him, any more than Carroway himself was wrong in turning in at Anerley gate for breakfast.

This he had not done without good cause of honest and loyal necessity. Free-trading Robin had predicted well the course of his pursuers. Rushing eagerly up the Dyke, and over its brim with their muskets, that gallant force of Revenue-men steadily scoured the neighbourhood; and the further they went the worse they fared. There was not a horse standing down by a pool, with his stiff legs shut up into biped form, nor a cow staring blandly across an old rail, nor a sheep with a pectoral cough behind a hedge, nor a rabbit making rustle at the eyebrow of his hole, nor even a moot, that might either be a man, or hold a man inside it—whom or which those active fellows did not circumvent and poke into. In none of these, however, could they find the smallest breach of the strictest laws of the revenue; until at last, having exhausted their bodies, by great zeal both of themselves and of mind, they braced them again to the duty of going, as promptly as possible, to breakfast.

For a purpose of that kind few better places perhaps could be found than this Anerley Farm, though not at the best of itself just now, because of the denials of the season. It is a sad truth about the heyday of the year, such as August is in Yorkshire—where they have no spring—that just when a man would like his victuals to rise to the mark of the period, to be simple yet varied, exhilarating yet substantial, the heat of the summer day defrauds its increased length for feeding. For instance, to cite a very trifling point—at least in some opinions—August has banished that bright content and most devout resignation which ensue the removal of a petted pig from this troublous world of grunt. The fat pig rolls in wallowing rapture, defying his friends to make pork of him yet, and hugs with complacence unpickleable hams. The partridge among

the pillared wheat, tenderly footing the way for his chicks, and teaching little balls of down to hop, knows how sacred are their lives to others as well as to himself; and the less paternal cock-pheasant scratches the ridge of green-shouldered potatoes, without fear of keeping them company at dinner.

But though the bright glory of the griddle remains in suspense for the hoary mornings, and hooks that carried woodcocks once, and hope to do so yet again, are primed with dust instead of lard, and the frying-pan hangs on the cellar nail with a holiday gloss of raw mutton suet—yet is there still some comfort left, yet dappled brawn, and bacon streaked, yet golden-hearted eggs, and mushrooms quilted with pink satin, spiced beef carded with pellucid fat, buckstone cake, and bread scented with the ash of gorse bloom—of these and more that pave the way into the good-will of mankind, what lack have fine farm-houses?

And then again for the liquid duct, the softer and more sensitive, the one that is never out of season, but perennially brisk—here we have advantage of the gentle time that mellows thirst. The long ride of the summer sun makes men who are in feeling with him, and like him go up and down, not forego the moral of his labour, which is work and rest. Work all day, and light the rounded land with fruit and nurture, and rest at evening, looking through bright fluid, as the sun goes down.

But times there are when sun and man, by stress of work, or clouds, or light, or it may be some Process of the Equinox, make draughts upon the untilted day, and solace themselves in the morning. For lack of dew the sun draws lengthy sucks of cloud quite early, and men who have laboured far and dry, and scattered the rime of the night with dust, find themselves ready about 8 A.M. for the golden encouragement of gentle ale.

The farm-house had an old porch of stone, with a bench of stone on either side, and pointed windows trying to look out under brows of ivy; and this porch led into the long low hall, where the breakfast was beginning. To say what was on the table would be only waste of time, because it has all been eaten so long ago; but the farmer was vexed because there were no shrimps. Not that he cared half the clip of a whisker for all the shrimps that ever bearded the sea, only that he liked to seem to love them, to keep Mary at work for him. The flower of his flock, and of all the flocks of the world of the universe to his mind, was his darling daughter Mary; the strength of his love was upon her, and he liked to eat anything of her cooking.

His body was too firm to fidget; but his mind was out of its usual comfort, because the pride of his heart, his Mary, seemed to be hiding something from him. And with the justice to be expected from far clearer minds than his, being vexed by one, he was ripe for the relief of snapping at fifty others. Mary, who could read him, as a sailor reads his compass, by the corner of one eye, awaited with good content the usual result—an outbreak of words upon the

indolent Willie, whenever that young farmer should come down to breakfast, then a comforting glance from the mother at her William, followed by a plate kept hot for him, and then a fine shake of the master's shoulders, and a stamp of departure for business. But instead of that, what came to pass was this.

In the first place, a mighty bark of dogs arose; as needs must be, where a man does his duty towards the nobler animals; for sure it is that the dogs will not fail of their part. Then an inferior noise of men, crying, 'Good dog, good dog!' and other fulsome flatteries, in the hope of avoiding any tooth-mark on their legs; and after that a shaking down and settlement of sounds, as if feet were brought into good order, and stopped. Then a tall man with a body full of corners, and a face of grim temper, stood in the doorway.

'Well, well, captain, now!' cried Stephen Anerley, getting up after waiting to be spoken to, 'the breath of us all is hard to get, with doing of our duty, sir. Come ye in, and sit doon to table, and his Majesty's forces along o' ye.'

'Cadman, Ellis, and Dick, be damned!' the lieutenant shouted out to them; 'you shall have all the victuals you want by-and-by. Cross legs, and get your winds up. Captain of the coast-defence, I am under your orders, in your own house.' Carroway was starving, as only a man with long and active jaws can starve; and now the appearance of the farmer's mouth, half full of a kindly relish, made the emptiness of his own more bitter. But happen what might, he resolved, as usual, to enforce strict discipline, to feed himself first, and his men in proper order.

'Walk in, gentlemen, all walk in,' Master Anerley shouted, as if all men were alike, and coming to the door with an hospitable stride; 'glad to see all of ye, upon my soul I am. Ye've hit upon the right time for coming too; though there might a' been more upon the table. Mary, run, that's a dear, and fetch your grandfather's big Sabbath carver. Them peaky little clams a'most puts out all my shoulder-blades, and wunna bite through a twine of gristle. Plates for all the gentlemen, Winnie lass! Bill, go and drah the black jarge full o' yell.'

The farmer knew well enough that Willie was not down yet; but this was his manner of letting people see that he did not approve of such hours.

'My poor lad Willie,' said the mistress of the house, returning with a curtsey the brave lieutenant's scrape, 'I fear he hath the rheum again, overheating of himself after sungate.'

'Ay, ay, I forgot. He hath to heat himself in bed again, with the sun upon his coverlid. Mary, lof, how many hours was ye up?'

'Your daughter, sir,' answered the lieutenant, with a glance at the maiden over the opal gleam of froth, which she had headed up for him; 'your daughter has been down the Dyke before the sun was, and doing of her duty by the king and by his revenue. Mistress Anerley, your good health! Master Anerley, the like to you, and

your daughter, and all of your good household!' Before they had finished their thanks for this honour, the quart-pot was set down empty. 'A very pretty brew, sir, a pretty brew indeed! Fall back men! Have heed of discipline. A chalked line is what they want, sir. Mistress Anerley, your good health again! The air is now thirsty in the mornings. If those fellows could be given a bench against the wall—a bench against the wall is what they feel for with their legs. It comes so natural to their—yes, yes, their legs, and the crook of their heels, ma'am, from what they were brought up to sit upon. And if you have any beer brewed for washing days, ma'am, that is what they like, and the right thing for their bellies. Cadman, Ellis, and Dick Hackerbody, sit down and be thankful.'

'But surely, Captain Carroway, you would never be happy to sit down without them. Look at their small clothes, the dust and the dirt! And their mouths show what you might make of them.'

'Yes, madam, yes; the very worst of them is that. They are always looking out, here there and everywhere, for victuals everlasting. Let them wait their proper time, and then they do it properly.'

'Their proper time is now, sir. Winnie, fill their horns up. Mary, wait you upon the officer. Captain Carroway, I will not have anybody starve in my house.'

'Madam, you are the lawgiver in your own house. Men of the coastguard, fall to upon your victuals.'

The lieutenant frowned horribly at his men, as much as to say, 'Take no advantage, but show your best manners;' and they touched their forelocks with a pleasant grin, and began to feed rapidly; and verily their wives would have said that it was high time for them. Feeding, as a duty, was the order of the day, and discipline had no rank left. Good things appeared and disappeared, with the speedy doom of all excellence. Mary, and Winnie the maid, flitted in and out, like carrier-pigeons.

'Now when the situation comes to this,' said the farmer at last, being heartily pleased with the style of their feeding and laughing, 'his Majesty hath made an officer of me, though void of his own writing. Mounted Fencibles, Filey Briggers, called in the foreign parts "Brigadiers." Not that I stand upon sermonry about it, except in the matter of his Majesty's health, as never is due without ardent spirits. But my wife hath a right to her own way, and never yet I knowed her go away from it.'

'Not so, by any means,' the mistress said, and said it so quietly that some believed her; 'I never was so much for that. Captain, you are a married man. But reason is reason, in the middle of us all, and what else should I say to my husband? Mary lass, Mary lof, wherever is your duty? The captain hath the best pot empty.'

With a bright blush Mary sprang up to do her duty. In those days no girl was ashamed to blush; and the bloodless cheek savoured of small-pox.

'Hold up your head, my lof,' her father said aloud, with a smile of tidy pride, and a pat upon her back; 'no call to look at all ashamed, my dear. To my mind, captain, though I may be wrong, however, but to my mind this little maid may stan' upright in the presence of downright any one.'

'There lies the very thing that never should be said. Captain, you have seven children, or it may be eight of them justly. And the pride of life—Mary, you be off!'

Mary was glad to run away, for she liked not to be among so many men. But her father would not have her triumphed over.

'Speak for yourself, good wife,' he said. 'I know what you have got behind, as well as rooks know ploughtail. Captain, you never heard me say that the lass were any booty, but the very same as God hath made her, and thankful for straight legs and eyes. Howsoever, there might be worse-favoured maidens, without running out of the Riding.'

'You may ride all the way to the city of London,' the captain exclaimed, with a clench of his fist, 'or even to Portsmouth, where my wife came from, and never find a maid fit to hold a candle for Mary to curl her hair by.'

The farmer was so pleased that he whispered something; but Carroway put his hand before his mouth, and said, 'Never, no never in the morning!' But in spite of that, Master Anerley felt in his pocket for a key, and departed.

'Wicked, wicked, is the word I use,' protested Mrs. Anerley, 'for all this fribble about rooks and looks, and holding of candles, and curling of hair. When I was Mary's age—oh, dear! It may not be so for your daughters, captain; but evil for mine was the day that invented those proud swinging-glasses.'

'That you may pronounce, ma'am, and I will say Amen. Why, my eldest daughter in her tenth year now——'

'Come, Captain Carroway,' broke in the farmer, returning softly with a square old bottle; 'how goes the fighting with the Crappos now? Put your legs up, and light your pipe, and tell us all the news.'

'Cadman, and Ellis, and Dick Hackerbody,' the lieutenant of the coastguard shouted, 'you have fed well. Be off, men; no more neglect of duty! Place an outpost at the fork of the Sewerby road, and strictly observe the enemy; while I hold a council of war with my brother officer, Captain Anerley. Half-a-crown for you, if you catch the rogue, half-a-crown each, and promotion of twopence. Attention, eyes right, make yourselves scarce! Well, now the rogues are gone, let us make ourselves at home. Anerley, your question is a dry one. A dry one; but this is uncommonly fine stuff! How the devil has it slipped through our fingers? Never mind that, *inter amicos*—sir, I was at school at Shrewsbury—but as to the war, sir, the service is going to the devil, for the want of pure principle.'

The farmer nodded; and his looks declared that to some extent

he felt it. He had got the worst side of some bargains that week; but his wife had another way of thinking.

'Why, Captain Carroway, whatever could be purer? When you were at sea, had you ever a man of the downright principles of Nelson?'

'Nelson has done very well in his way; but he is a man who has risen too fast, as other men rise too slowly. Nothing in him; no substance, madam; I knew him as a youngster, and I could have tossed him on a marling-spike. And instead of feeding well, sir, he quite wore himself away. To my firm knowledge, he would scarcely turn the scale upon a good Frenchman of half of the peas. Every man should work his own way up, unless his father did it for him. In my time we had fifty men as good, and made no fuss about them.'

'And you not the last of them, captain, I dare say. Though I do love to hear of the Lord's Lord Nelson, as the people call him. If ever a man fought his own way up——'

'Madam, I know him, and respect him well. He would walk up to the devil, with a sword between his teeth, and a boarder's pistol in each hand. Madam, I leaped in that condition a depth of six fathoms and a half into the starboard mizen-chains of the French line-of-battle ship, "Peace and Thunder."'

'Oh, Captain Carroway, how dreadful! What had you to lay hold with?'

'At such times a man must not lay hold. My business was to lay about; and I did it to some purpose. This little slash across my eyes struck fire, and it does the same now by moonlight.'

One of the last men in the world to brag was Lieutenant Carroway. Nothing but the great thirst of this morning, and strong necessity of quenching it, could ever have led him to speak about himself, and remember his own little exploits. But the farmer was pleased, and said, 'Tell us some more, sir.'

'Mistress Anerley,' the captain answered, shutting up the scar which he was able to expand, by a means of a muscle of excitement; 'you know that a man should drop these subjects, when he has got a large family. I have been in the Army and the Navy, madam, and now I am in the Revenue; but my duty is first to my own house.'

'Do take care, sir, I beg you to be careful. Those free-traders now are come to such a pitch, that any day or night they may shoot you.'

'Not they, madam. No, they are not murderers. In a hand-to-hand conflict they might do it, as I might do the same to them. This very morning my men shot at the captain of all smugglers, Robin Lyth of Flamborough, with a hundred guineas upon his head. It was no wish of mine, but my breath was short to stop them, and a man with a family like mine can never despise a hundred guineas.'

'Why, Sophy,' said the farmer, thinking slowly with a frown, 'that must have been the noise come in at the window, when I were getting up this morning. I said, "Why, there's some poacher-fellow

popping at the conies," and out I went straight to the warren to see. Three gunshots, or might a' been four. How many men was you shooting at?'

'The force under my command was in pursuit of one notorious criminal; that well-known villain, Robin Lyth.'

'Captain, your duty is to do your duty. But without your own word for it, I never would believe that you brought four gun-muzzles down upon one man.'

'The force under my command carried three guns only. It was not in their power to shoot off four.'

'Captain, I never would have done it in your place. I call it no better than unmanly. Now go you not for to stir yourself amiss. To look thunder at me is what I laugh at. But many things are done in a hurry, Captain Carroway, and I take it that this was one of them.'

'As to that, no! I will not have it. All was in thorough good order. I was never so much as a cable's length behind, though the devil, some years ago, split my heel up, like his own, sir.'

'Captain, I see it, and I ask your pardon. Your men were out of reach of hollering. At our time of life the wind dies quick, from want of blowing oftener.'

'Stuff!' cried the captain. 'Who was the freshest that came to your hospitable door, sir? I will foot it with any man for six leagues, but not for half a mile, ma'am. I depart from nothing. I said, "Fire!" and fire they did, and they shall again. What do Volunteers know of the service?'

'Stephen, you shall not say a single other word;' Mistress Anerley stopped her husband thus; 'these matters are out of your line altogether; because you have never taken anybody's blood. The captain here is used to it, like all the sons of Belial, brought up in the early portions of the Holy Writ.'

Lieutenant Carroway's acquaintance with the Bible was not more extensive than that of other officers, and comprised little more than the story of Joseph, and that of David and Goliath; so he bowed to his hostess for her comparison, while his gaunt and bristly countenance gave way to a pleasant smile. For this officer of the British Crown had a face of strong features, and upon it, whatever he thought was told as plainly as the time of day is told by the clock in the kitchen. At the same time, Master Anerley was thinking that he might have said more than a host should say, concerning a matter which, after all, was no particular concern of his; whereas it was his special place to be kind to any visitor. All this he considered with a sound grave mind, and then stretched forth his right hand to the officer.

Carroway, being a generous man, would not be outdone in apologies. So these two strengthened their mutual esteem, without any fighting—which generally is the quickest way of renewing respect—and Mistress Anerley, having been a little frightened, took credit to

herself for the good words she had used. Then the farmer, who seldom drank cordials, although he liked to see other people do it, set forth to see a man who was come about a rick, and sundry other business. But Carroway, in spite of all his boasts, was stiff, though he bravely denied that he could be; and when the good housewife insisted on his stopping, to listen to something that was much upon her mind, and of great importance to the revenue, he could not help owning that duty compelled him to smoke another pipe, and hearken.

Chapter IX.

ROBIN COCKSCROFT.

Nothing ever was allowed to stop Mrs. Anerley from seeing to the bedrooms. She kept them airing for about three hours, at this time of the sun-stitch—as she called all the doings of the sun upon the sky—and then there was pushing, and probing, and tossing, and pulling, and thumping, and kneading of knuckles, till the rib of every feather was aching; and then (like dough before the fire) every well be-laboured tick was left to yeast itself awhile. Winnie, the maid, was as strong as a post, and wore them all out in bed-making. Carroway heard the beginning of this noise, but none of it meddled at all with his comfort; he lay back nicely in a happy fit of chair, stretched his legs well upon a bench, and nodded, keeping slow time with the breathings of his pipe, and drawing a vapoury dream of ease. He had fared many stony miles afoot that morning; and feet, legs, and body were now less young than they used to be once upon a time. Looking up sleepily, the captain had idea of a pretty young face hanging over him, and a soft voice saying, 'It was me who did it all,' which was very good grammar in those days; 'will you forgive me? But I could not help it, and you must have been sorry to shoot him.'

'Shoot everybody who attempts to land,' the weary man ordered drowsily; 'Mattie, once more, you are not to dust my pistols.'

'I could not be happy without telling you the truth,' the soft voice continued, 'because I told you such a dreadful story. And now—oh, here comes mother!'

'What has come over you this morning, child? You do the most extraordinary things, and now you cannot let the captain rest. Go round and look for eggs this very moment. You will want to be playing fine music next. Now, captain, I am at your service, if you please, unless you feel too sleepy.'

'Mistress Anerley, I never felt more wideawake in all my life. We of the service must snatch a wink whenever we can, but with one eye open; and it is not often that we see such charming sights.'

The farmer's wife having set the beds to 'plump,' had stolen a look at the glass, and put on her second-best Sunday cap, in honour of a real officer; and she looked very nice indeed, especially when

she received a compliment. But she had seen too much of life to be disturbed thereby.

'Ah, Captain Carroway, what ways you have of getting on with simple people, while you are laughing all the time at them. It comes of the foreign war experience, going on so long, that in the end we shall all be foreigners. But one place there is that you never can conquer, nor Boneypart himself, to my belief.'

'Ah, you mean Flamborough—Flamborough, yes! It is a nest of cockatrices.'

'Captain, it is nothing of the sort. It is the most honest place in all the world. A man may throw a guinea on the cross-roads in the night, and have it back from Dr. Upandown any time within seven years. You ought to know by this time what they are; hard as it is to get among them.'

'I only know that they can shut their mouths; and the devil himself—I beg your pardon, madam—Old Nick himself never could unscrew them.'

'You are right, sir. I know their manner well. They are open as the sky with one another, but close as the grave to all the world outside them, and most of all to people of authority like you.'

'Mistress Anerley, you have just hit it. Not a word can I get out of them. The name of the king—God bless him!—seems to have no weight among them.'

'And you cannot get at them, sir, by any dint of money, or even by living in the midst of them. The only way to do it is by kin of blood, or marriage. And that is how I come to know more about them than almost anybody else outside. My master can scarcely win a word of them even, kind as he is, and well-spoken; and neither might I, though my tongue was tenfold, if it were not for Joan Cockscroft. But being Joan's cousin, I am like one of themselves.'

'Cockscroft! Cockscroft? I have heard that name. Do they keep the public-house there?'

The lieutenant was now on the scent of duty, and assumed his most knowing air, the sole effect of which was to put everybody upon guard against him. For this was a man of no subtlety, but straightforward, downright, and ready to believe; and his cleverest device was to seem to disbelieve.

'The Cockscrofts keep no public-house,' Mrs. Anerley answered, with a little flush of pride; 'why, she was half-niece to my own grandmother, and never was beer in the family. Not that it would have been wrong, if it was. Captain, you are thinking of Widow Precious, licensed to the Cod with the Hook in his Gills. I should have thought, sir, that you might have known a little more of your neighbours having fallen below the path of life by reason of bad bank-tokens. Banking came up in her parts like dog-madness, as it might have done here, if our farmers were the fools to handle their cash with gloves on. And Joan became robbed by the fault of her trustees, the very best bakers in Scarborough, though Robin never

married her for it, thank God! Still it was very sad, and scarcely bears describing of, and pulled them in the crook of this world's swing to a lower pitch than if they had robbed the folk that robbed and ruined them. And Robin so was driven to the fish again, which he always had hankered after. It must have been before you heard of this coast, captain, and before the long war was so hard on us, that everybody about these parts was to double his bags by banking, and no man was right to pocket his own guineas, for fear of his own wife feeling them. And bitterly such were paid out for their cowardice and swindling of their own bosoms.'

'I have heard of it often, and it served them right. Master Anerley knew where his money was safe, ma'am!'

'Neither Captain Robin Cockscroft nor his wife was in any way to blame,' answered Mrs. Anerley. 'I have framed my mind to tell you about them; and I will do it truly, if I am not interrupted. Two hammers never yet drove a nail straight, and I make a rule of silence, when my betters wish to talk.'

'Madam, you remind me of my own wife. She asks me a question, and she will not let me answer.'

'That is the only way I know of getting on. Mistress Carroway must understand you, captain. I was at the point of telling you how my cousin Joan was married, before her money went, and when she was really good-looking. I was quite a child, and ran along the shore to see it. It must have been in the high summer time, with the weather fit for bathing, and the sea as smooth as a duck-pond. And Captain Robin, being well-to-do, and established with everything except a wife, and pleased with the pretty smile and quiet ways of Joan—for he never had heard of her money, mind—put his oar into the sea and rowed from Flamborough all the way to Filey Brigg, with thirty-five fishermen after him; for the Flamborough people make a point of seeing one another through their troubles. And Robin was known for the handsomest man, and the uttermost fisher of the landing, with three boats of his own, and good birth, and long sea-lines. And there at once they found my cousin Joan, with her trustees, come overland, four waggons and a cart in all of them; and after they were married, they burned sea-weed, having no fear in those days of invasions. And a merry day they made of it, and rowed back by the moonshine. For every one liked and respected Captain Cockscroft on account of his skill with the deep sea-lines, and the openness of his hands when full—a wonderful quiet and harmless man, as the manner is of all great fishermen. They had bacon for breakfast whenever they liked, and a guinea to lend to anybody in distress.

'Then suddenly one morning, when his hair was growing grey, and his eyes getting weary of the night work, so that he said his young Robin must grow big enough to learn all the secrets of the fishes, while his father took a spell in the blankets, suddenly there came to them a shocking piece of news. All his wife's bit of money,

and his own as well, which he had been putting by from year to year, was lost in a new-fangled Bank, supposed as faithful as the Bible. Joan was very nearly crazed about it; but Captain Cockscroft never heaved a sigh, though they say it was nearly seven hundred guineas. "There are fish enough still in the sea," he said; "and the Lord has spared our children. I will build a new boat, and not think of feather-beds."

'Captain Carroway, he did so, and everybody knows what befell him. The new boat, built with his own hands, was called the "Mercy Robin," from his only son and daughter, little Mercy and poor Robin. The boat is there as bright as ever, scarlet within, and white outside; but the name is painted off, because the little dears are in their graves. Two nicer children were never seen, clever, and sprightly, and good to learn; they never even took a common bird's nest, I have heard, but loved all the little things the Lord has made, as if with a foreknowledge of going early home to Him. Their father came back very tired one morning, and went up the hill to his breakfast, and the children got into the boat and pushed off, in imitation of their daddy. It came on to blow, as it does down there, without a single whiff of warning, and when Robin awoke for his middle-day meal, the bodies of his little ones were lying on the table. And from that very day Captain Cockscroft, and his wife, began to grow old very quickly. The boat was recovered without much damage; and in it he sits by the hour on dry land, whenever there is no one on the cliffs to see him, with his hands upon his lap, and his eyes upon the place where his dear little children used to sit. Because he has always taken whatever fell upon him gently; and of course that makes it ever so much worse, when he dwells upon the things that come inside of him.'

'Madam, you make me feel quite sorry for him,' the lieutenant exclaimed, as she began to cry. 'If even one of my little ones was drowned, I declare to you, I cannot tell what I should be like And to lose them all at once, and as his own wife perhaps would say, because he was thinking of his breakfast! . And when he had been robbed, and the world all gone against him! Madam, it is a long time, thank God, since I heard so sad a tale.'

'Now you would not, captain, I am sure you would not,' said Mistress Anerley, getting up a smile, yet freshening his perception of a tear as well; 'you would never have the heart to destroy that poor old couple, by striking the last prop from under them. By the will of the Lord, they are broken down enough. They are quietly hobbling to their graves, and would you be the man to come and knock them on their heads?'

'Mistress Anerley, have you ever heard that I am a brute and inhuman? Madam, I have no less than seven children, and I hope to have fourteen.'

'I hope with all my heart you may. And you will deserve them all, for promising so very kindly not to shoot poor Robin Lyth.'

'Robin Lyth! I never spoke of him, madam. He is outlawed, condemned, with a fine reward upon him. We shot at him to-day, we shall shoot at him again; and before very long we must hit him. Ma'am, it is my duty to the king, the Constitution, the service I belong to, and the babes I have begotten.'

'Blood-money poisons all innocent mouths, sir, and breaks out for generations. And for it you will have to take three lives, Robin's, the captain's, and my dear old cousin Joan's.'

'Mistress Anerley, you deprive me of all satisfaction. It is just my luck, when my duty was so plain, and would pay so well for doing of.'

'Listen now, captain. It is my opinion, and I am generally borne out by the end, that instead of a hundred pounds for killing Robin Lyth, you may get a thousand for preserving him alive. Do you know how he came upon this coast, and how he has won his extraordinary name?'

'I have certainly heard rumours; scarcely any two alike. But I took no heed of them. My duty was to catch him; and it mattered not a straw to me, who or what he was. But now I must really beg to know all about him, and what makes you think such things of him. Why should that excellent old couple hang upon him? and what can make him worth such a quantity of money? Honestly, of course, I mean; honestly worth it, ma'am, without any cheating of his Majesty.'

'Captain Carroway,' his hostess said, not without a little blush, as she thought of the king, and his revenue; 'cheating of his Majesty is a thing we leave for others. But if you wish to hear the story of that young man, so far as known, which is not so even in Flamborough, you must please to come on Sunday, sir; for Sunday is the only day that I can spare for clacking, as the common people say. I must be off now; I have fifty things to see to. And on Sunday my master has his best things on, and loves no better than to sit with his legs up, and a long clay pipe lying on him down below his waist (or, to speak more correctly, where it used to be, as he might indeed almost say the very same of me) and then not to speak a word, but hear other folk tell stories, that might not have made such a dinner as himself. And as for dinner, sir, if you will do the honour to dine with them that are no more than in the volunteers, a saddle of good mutton fit for the Body-guards to ride upon, the men with the skins around them all turned up, will be ready just at one o'clock, if the parson lets us out.'

'My dear madam, I shall scarcely care to look at any slice of victuals until one o'clock on Sunday, by reason of looking forward.'

After all, this was not such a gross exaggeration, Anerley Farm being famous for its cheer; whereas the poor lieutenant, at the best of times, had as much as he could do to make both ends meet; and his wife, though a wonderful manager, could give him no better than coarse bread, and almost coarser meat.

'And, sir, if your good lady would oblige us also——'

'No, madam, no!' he cried with vigorous decision, having found many festive occasions spoiled by excess of loving vigilance; 'we thank you most truly; but I must say "no." She would jump at the chance; but a husband must consider. You may have heard it mentioned that the Lord is now considering about the production of an eighth little Carroway.'

'Captain, I have not, or I should not so have spoken. But with all my heart I wish you joy.'

'I have pleasure, I assure you, in the prospect, Mistress Anerley. My friends make wry faces; but I blow them away. "Tush!" I say, "tush, sir! at the rate we are now fighting, and exhausting all British material, there cannot be too many, sir, of mettle such as mine!" What do you say to that, madam?'

'Sir, I believe it is the Lord's own truth. And true it is also that our country should do more to support the brave hearts that fight for it.'

Mrs. Anerley sighed, for she thought of her younger son, by his own perversity launched into the thankless peril of fighting England's battles. His death at any time might come home, if any kind person should take the trouble even to send news of it; or he might lie at the bottom of the sea unknown, even while they were talking.

But Carroway buttoned up his coat and marched, after a pleasant and kind farewell. In the course of hard service, he had seen much grief, and suffered plenty of bitterness, and he knew that it is not the part of a man to multiply any of his troubles but children. He went about his work, and he thought of all his comforts, which need not have taken very long to count, but he added to their score by not counting them, and by the selfsame process diminished that of troubles. And thus upon the whole he deserved his Sunday dinner, and the tale of his hostess after it, not a word of which was Mary allowed to hear, for some subtle reason of her mother's. But the farmer heard it all, and kept interrupting so, when his noddings and the joggings of his pipe allowed, or perhaps one should say compelled him, that merely for the courtesy of saving common time, it is better now to set it down without them. Moreover, there are many things well worthy of production, which she did not produce, for reasons which are now no hindrance. And the foremost of those reasons is that the lady did not know the things; the second, that she could not tell them clearly as a man might; and the third and best of all, that if she could, she would not do so. In which she certainly was quite right; for it would have become her very badly, as the cousin of Joan Cockscroft (half removed, and upon the mother's side), and therefore kindly received at Flamborough, and admitted into the inner circle, and allowed to buy fish at wholesale prices, if she had turned round upon all these benefits, and described all the holes to be found in the place, for the teaching of a Revenue officer.

Still, it must be clearly understood that the nature of the people

is fishing. They never were known to encourage free-trading, but did their very utmost to protect themselves; and if they had produced the very noblest free-trader, born before the time of Mr. Cobden, neither the credit nor the blame was theirs.

Chapter X.

ROBIN LYTH.

Half a league to the north of bold Flamborough Head, the billows have carved for themselves a little cove among cliffs which are rugged, but not very high. This opening is something like the grain-shoot of a mill, or a screen for riddling gravel, so steep is the pitch of the ground, and so narrow the shingly ledge at the bottom. And truly in bad weather and at high tides, there is no shingle ledge at all, but the crest of the wave volleys up the incline, and the surf rushes on to the top of it. For the cove, though sheltered from other quarters, receives the full brunt of north-easterly gales, and offers no safe anchorage. But the hardy fishermen make the most of its scant convenience, and gratefully call it 'North Landing;' albeit both wind and tide must be in good humour, or the only thing sure of any landing is the sea. The long desolation of the sea rolls in with a sound of melancholy, the grey fog droops its fold of drizzle in the leaden-tinted troughs, the pent cliffs overhang the flapping of the sail, and a few yards of pebble and of weed are all that a boat may come home upon harmlessly. Yet here in the old time landed men who carved the shape of England; and here, even in these lesser days, are landed uncommonly fine cod.

The difficulties of the feat are these—to get ashore soundly, and then to make it good; and after that to clench the exploit by getting on land, which is yet a harder step. Because the steep of the ground, like a staircase void of stairs, stands facing you, and the cliff upon either side juts up close, to forbid any flanking movement, and the scanty scarp denies fair start for a rush at the power of the hill-front. Yet here must the heavy boats beach themselves, and wallow and yaw in the shingly roar, while their cargo and crew get out of them, their gunwales swinging from side to side, in the manner of a porpoise rolling, and their stem and stern going up and down, like a pair of lads at see-saw.

But after these heavy boats have endured all that, they have not found their rest yet, without a crowning effort. Up that gravelly and gliddery ascent, which changes every groove and run at every sudden shower, but never grows any the softer, up that the heavy boats must make clamber somehow, or not a single timber of their precious frames is safe. A big rope from the capstan of the summit is made fast, as soon as the tails of the jackasses (laden with three cwt. of fish apiece) have wagged their last flick at the brow of the

steep; and then with 'yo-heave-ho' above and below, through the cliffs echoing over the dull sea, the groaning and grinding of the stubborn tug begin. Each boat has her own special course to travel up, and her own special berth of safety, and she knows every jag that will gore her on the road, and every flint from which she will strike fire. By dint of sheer sturdiness of arms, legs, and lungs, keeping true time with the pant and the shout, steadily goes it with hoist and haul, and cheerily undulates the melody of call, that rallies them all with a strong will together. Until the steep bluff and the burden of the bulk by masculine labour are conquered, and a long row of powerful pinnaces displayed, as a mounted battery, against the fishful sea. With a view to this clambering ruggedness of life, all of these boats receive from their cradle a certain limber rake and accommodating curve, instead of a straight pertinacity of keel, that so they may ride over all the scandals of this arduous world. And happen what may to them, when they are at home, and gallantly balanced on the brow-line of the steep, they make a bright show upon the dreariness of coastland, hanging as they do above the gullet of the deep. Painted outside with the brightest of scarlet, and inside with the purest white, at a little way off they resemble gay butterflies, preening their wings for a flight into the depth.

Here it must have been, and in the middle of all these, that the very famous Robin Lyth—prophetically treating him, but free as yet of fame, or name, and simply unable to tell himself—shone in the doubt of the early daylight (as a tidy-sized cod, if forgotten, might have shone) upon the morning of St. Swithin, A.D. 1782.

The day and the date were remembered long by all the good people of Flamborough, from the coming of a turn of long bad luck and a bitter time of starving. For the weather of the summer had been worse than usual—which is no little thing to say—and the fish had expressed their opinion of it by the eloquent silence of absence. Therefore as the whole place lives on fish, whether in the fishy or the fiscal form, goodly apparel was becoming very rare, even upon high Sundays; and stomachs, that might have looked well beneath it, sank into unobtrusive grief. But it is a long lane that has no turning; and turns are the essence of one very vital part.

Suddenly over the village had flown the news of a noble arrival of fish. From the cross-roads and the public-house, and the licensed head-quarters of pepper and snuff, and the loophole where a sheep had been known to hang, in times of better trade, but never could dream of hanging now; also from the window of the man who had had a hundred heads (superior to his own) shaken at him, because he set up for making breeches, in opposition to the women, and showed a few patterns of what he could do, if any man of legs would trade with him,—from all these head-centres of intelligence, and others not so prominent but equally potent, into the very smallest hole it went (like the thrill in a troublesome tooth) that here was a chance come of feeding, a chance at last of feeding. For the man on the cliff, the despairing watch-

man, weary of fastening his eyes upon the sea, through constant fog and drizzle, at length had discovered the well-known flicker, the grassy flaw, and the hovering of gulls, and had run along Weighing Lane so fast, to tell his good news in the village, that down he fell and broke his leg, exactly opposite the tailor's shop. And this was on St. Swithin's eve.

There was nothing to be done that night of course, for mackerel must be delicately worked; but long before the sun arose, all Flamborough, able to put leg in front of leg, and some who could not yet do that, gathered together where the landhold was, above the incline for the launching of the boats. Here was a medley, not of fisher-folk alone, and all their bodily belongings, but also the thousand things that have no soul, and get kicked about and sworn at much, because they cannot answer. Rollers, buoys, nets, kegs, swabs, fenders, blocks, buckets, kedges, corks, buckie-pots, oars, poppies, tillers, sprits, gaffs, and every kind of gear (more than Theocritus himself could tell) lay about, and rolled about, and upset their own masters, here and there and everywhere, upon this half-acre of slip and stumble, at the top of the boat-channel down to the sea, and in the faint rivalry of three vague lights, all making darkness visible.

For very ancient lanterns, with a gentle horny glimmer, and loop-holes of large exaggeration at the top, were casting upon anything quite within their reach a general idea of the crinkled tin that framed them, and a shuffle of inconstant shadows, but refused to shed any light on friend or stranger, or clear up suspicions more than three yards off. In rivalry with these appeared the pale disc of the moon, just setting over the western highlands, and 'drawing straws' through summer haze; while away in the north-east over the sea, a slender irregular wisp of grey, so weak that it seemed as if it were being blown away, betokened the intention of the sun to restore clear ideas of number and of figure by-and-by. But little did anybody heed such things; every one ran against everybody else, and all was eagerness, haste, and bustle for the first great launch of the Flamborough boats, all of which must be taken in order.

But when they laid hold of the boat No. 7, which used to be the 'Mercy Robin,' and were jerking the timber shores out, one of the men stooping under her stern beheld something white and gleaming. He put his hand down to it; and lo, it was a child, in imminent peril of a deadly crush, as the boat came heeling over. 'Hold hard!' cried the man, not in time with his voice, but in time with his sturdy shoulder, to delay the descent of the counter. Then he stooped underneath, while they steadied the boat, and drew forth a child in a white linen dress, heartily asleep and happy.

There was no time to think of any children now, even of a man's own fine breed, and the boat was beginning much to chafe upon the rope, and thirty or forty fine fellows were all waiting, loth to hurry Captain Robin (because of the many things he had dearly lost), yet straining upon their own hearts, to stand still. And the captain could not find

his wife, who had slipped aside of the noisy scene, to have her own little cry, because of the dance her children would have made, if they had lived to see it.

There were plenty of other women running all about to help, and to talk, and to give the best advice to their husbands and to one another; but most of them naturally had their own babies, and if words came to action, quite enough to do to nurse them. On this account, Cockscroft could do no better, bound as he was to rush forth upon the sea, than lay the child gently aside of the stir, and cover him with an old sail, and leave word with an ancient woman for his wife when found. The little boy slept on calmly still, in spite of all the din and uproar, the song and the shout, the tramp of heavy feet, the creaking of capstans, and the thump of bulky oars, and the crash of ponderous rollers. Away went these upon their errand to the sea, and then came back the grating roar and plashy jerks of launching, the plunging, and the gurgling, and the quiet murmur of cleft waves.

That child slept on, in the warm good luck of having no boat-keel launched upon him, nor even a human heel of bulk as likely to prove fatal. And the ancient woman fell asleep beside him; because at her time of life it was unjust that she should be astir so early. And it happened that Mistress Cockscroft followed her troubled husband down the steep, having something in her pocket for him, which she failed to fetch to hand. So every body went about its own business (according to the laws of nature), and the old woman slept by the side of the child, without giving him a corner of her scarlet shawl.

But when the day was broad and brave, and the spirit of the air was vigorous, and every cliff had a colour of its own, and a character to come out with; and beautiful boats, upon a shining sea, flashed their oars, and went up waves, which clearly were the stairs of heaven; and never a woman, come to watch her husband, could be sure how far he had carried his obedience in the matter of keeping his hat and coat on; neither could anybody say what next those very clever fishermen might be after—nobody having a spy-glass—but only this being understood all round, that hunger and salt were the victuals for the day, and the children must chew the mouse-trap baits, until their dads came home again; yet in spite of all this, with lightsome hearts (so hope outstrips the sun, and soars with him behind her) and a strong will, up the hill they went, to do without much breakfast, but prepare for a glorious supper. For mackerel are good fish that do not strive to live for ever, but seem glad to support the human race.

Flamburians speak a rich burr of their own, broadly and handsomely distinct from that of outer Yorkshire. The same sagacious contempt for all hot haste and hurry (which people of impatient fibre are too apt to call 'a drawl') may here be found, as in other Yorkshire, guiding and retarding well that headlong instrument,

the tongue. Yet even here there is an advantage on the side of Flamborough—a longer resonance, a larger breadth, a deeper power of melancholy, and a stronger turn up of the tail of discourse, by some called the end of a sentence. Over and above all these, there dwell in 'Little Denmark' many words, foreign to the real Yorkshireman. But alas! these merits of their speech cannot be embodied in print, without sad trouble, and result (if successful) still more saddening. Therefore it is proposed to let them speak in our inferior tongue, and to try to make them be not so very long about it. For when they are left to themselves entirely, they have so much solid matter to express, and they ripen it in their minds and throats with a process so deliberate, that strangers might condemn them briefly, and be off without hearing half of it. Whenever this happens to a Flamborough man, he finishes what he proposed to say, and then says it all over again to the wind.

When the 'lavings' of the village (as the weaker part, unfit for sea and left behind, were politely called, being very old men, women, and small children), full of conversation, came, upon their way back from the tide, to the gravel brow now bare of boats, they could not help discovering there the poor old woman that fell asleep, because she ought to have been in bed, and by her side a little boy, who seemed to have no bed at all. The child lay above her in a tump of stubbly grass, where Robin Cockscroft had laid him; he had tossed the old sail off, perhaps in a dream, and he threatened to roll down upon the Granny. The contrast between his young beautiful face, white raiment, and readiness to roll, and the ancient woman's weary age (which it would be ungracious to describe), and scarlet shawl which she could not spare, and satisfaction to lie still—as the best thing left her now to do—this difference between them was enough to take anybody's notice, in the well-established sun.

'Nanny Pegler, get oop wi' ye!' cried a woman even older, but of tougher constitution. 'Shame on ye to lig aboot so. Be ye browt to bed this toime o' loife?'

'A wonderful foine babby for sich an owd moother!' another proceeded with the elegant joke; 'and foine swaddles too, wi' solid gowd upon 'em!'

'Stan' ivery one o' ye oot o' the way,' cried ancient Nanny, now as wide awake as ever; 'Master Robin Cockscroft gie ma t' bairn, an' nawbody sall hev him but Joan Cockscroft.'

Joan Cockscroft, with a heavy heart, was lingering far behind the rest, thinking of the many merry launches, when her smart young Robin would have been in the boat with his father, and her pretty little Mercy, clinging to her hand, upon the homeward road, and prattling of the fish to be caught that day; and inasmuch as Joan had not been able to get face to face with her husband on the beach, she had not yet heard of the stranger child. But soon the women sent a little boy to fetch her, and she came among them, wondering what it could be. For now a debate of some vigour was

arising upon a momentous and exciting point, though not so keen by a hundredth part as it would have been twenty years afterwards. For the eldest old woman had pronounced her decision.

'Tell ye wat, ah dean't think bud wat yon bairn mud be a Frogman.'

This caused some panic and a general retreat; for though the immortal Napoleon had scarcely finished changing his teeth as yet, a chronic uneasiness about Crappos haunted that coast already, and they might have sent this little boy to pave the way, being capable of almost everything.

'Frogman!' cried the old woman next to her by birth, and believed to have higher parts, though not yet ripe. 'Na, na, what Frogman here? Frogmen ha' skinny shanks, and larks' heels, and holes down their bodies like lamperns. No sign of no frog aboot yon bairn. As fair as a wench, and as clean as a tyke. A' mought a'most been born in Flaambro'. And what gowd ha' Crappos got, poor divils?'

This opened the gate for a clamour of discourse; for there surely could be no denial of her words. And yet while her elder was alive and out of bed, the habit of the village was to listen to her say, unless any man of equal age arose to countervail it. But while they were thus divided, Mrs. Cockscroft came, and they stood aside. For she had been kind to everybody, when her better chances were; and now in her trouble all were grieved because she took it so to heart. Joan Cockscroft did not say a word, but glanced at the child with some contempt. In spite of white linen and yellow gold, what was he to her own dead Robin?

But suddenly this child, whatever he was, and vastly soever inferior, opened his eyes and sent home their first glance to the very heart of Joan Cockscroft. It was the exact look—or so she always said—of her dead angel, when she denied him something, for the sake of his poor dear stomach. With an outburst of tears, she flew straight to the little one, snatched him in her arms, and tried to cover him with kisses.

The child, however, in a lordly manner, did not seem to like it. He drew away his red lips, and gathered up his nose, and passion flew out of his beautiful eyes, higher passion than that of any Cockscroft. And he tried to say something, which no one could make out. And women of high consideration, looking on, were wicked enough to be pleased at this, and say that he must be a young lord, and they had quite foreseen it. But Joan knew what children are, and soothed him down so, with delicate hands, and a gentle look, and a subtle way of warming his cold places, that he very soon began to cuddle into her, and smile. Then she turned round to the other people, with both of his arms flung round her neck, to his cheek laid on her shoulder, and she only said, 'The Lord hath sent him.'

(*To be continued*).

Egypt and the Pre-Homeric Greeks.

HOMER has been called by a very late Greek poet of the Anthology, 'the second sun of the life of Hellas.' In the warm light of his poem a world of men is alive, a world that we know from no other source. The sunshine of Homer breaks for a moment through the darkness of time, and the Achaeans and Danaans, when that light is withdrawn, fade back again into the obscurity that shrouded them before, like Children of the Mist. Of their history and of the development of their civilisation before the Homeric age, we have no authentic account, and of what befell them when the epics fail us, up to the moment when Greek literary records begin, we learn but vaguely from legend and tradition. Yet it is plain that a people so essentially civilised as the people amidst whom Homer sung, must have had a long training in experience of life, and in the knowledge of foreign culture. On the nature of that training and that early history, it has for some time been believed that light was cast by the Egyptian monuments. Within the last year, however, the 'History of Egypt,' by Dr. Brugsch, has been published and translated into English. The aim of some chapters in that learned work is to destroy the idea that the prehistoric Greeks had any connection with Egypt. The present article will be devoted to a consideration of the arguments for and against the opinions that the ancestors of Homer's Greeks were well acquainted with the empire on the Nile. It may be as well, in the first place, to sketch a picture of what that empire was like, in the distant years when the Achaeans and Danaans did not yet possess their sacred poet.

When we read Homer, we find ourselves in the morning of the world. Society has not yet fixed, by hard and fast limits, the special duties and conditions of human existence. The division of labour is still all but unknown. The king of one island may become the thrall, the swineherd, in another. The leader in war is a carpenter, a shipwright, a mason in time of peace. The merchant is a pirate on occasion, and the pirate a merchant. Each day brings variety and adventure to men who are ready for every vicissitude, and who still find in all experience, in war, storm, and shipwreck, in voyage of discovery, in the marvels of great towns, and in the peril of enchanted islands, something delightfully fresh and strange. The Homeric Greeks, in spite of the orderliness of their public and domestic life, are still like children, easily moved to wonder, easily adapting themselves to every change of fortune, and only impatient of dull drill, and of routine.

With Homer's men, we live in a young world; but on their very border, and within their knowledge, there existed a world already

old, rich, artificial, and the slave of habit. The island of Crete was a part of heroic Greece; it owned Agamemnon as its over-lord, and from Crete he drew some of his bravest warriors. Within five days' sail of the island (if a ship had a fair north wind in her sails), were the mouths of 'the River of Egypt,' and the 'most fruitful fields of the Egyptian men' (Odyssey, xiv. 257). In Egypt, when Homer sung, civilisation had passed its noon, and was declining to its evening. Thus in 'Hundred-gated Thebes, where lies the greatest store of wealth in the houses' (Iliad, ix. 381; Odyssey, iv. 127), were already found the extremes of wealth and poverty, and the fixed divisions of society. Already the day-long and life-long labour which the Greeks detested deformed the bodies of the artisans.

The weaver, within his four walls, is more wretched than a woman; his knees are lifted to the height of his heart, he never breathes the free air. . . . . The armourer has great toil and labour when he carries his wares into far-off countries. A heavy price he must pay for his beasts of burden when he sets out on his journey, and scarce has he returned to his home when again he must depart. . . . . Every worker in metals fares more hardly than the delvers in the fields. *His* fields are the wood he works on, his tools the metal wherewith he toils. In the night, when he should be free, he is labouring still, after all that his hands have wrought during the day. Yes, through the night he toils by the light of the burning torches. . . . . Thus all arts and trades are toilsome; but do thou, my son, love letters and cleave to them. Letters alone are no vain word in this world; he who betakes himself to them is honoured by all men, even from his childhood. He it is that goes forth on embassies and that knows not poverty.—(Maspéro, 'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient,' p. 127. Translation of Egyptian epistle.)

What a modern picture this is! How unlike anything that Homer has to draw, though he, too, pities the toil of the woman who lives by her loom, and of the woman grinding at the mill! The letter from which this sketch of Egyptian life is quoted was written by a certain scribe under the Nineteenth Dynasty, some fourteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. It was written, probably, at the very time when the children of Israel were suffering from cruel taskmasters, who 'made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and brick, and all manner of service in the field; all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour.' To that Egypt, where the Hebrews were bond-slaves, the ancestors of Homer's Greeks may have come as pirates, or as hostile settlers, and may have remained as mercenary soldiers, or as labourers. Thus when Odysseus tells a feigned tale about his adventures in Egypt, he declares that he invaded the country, that his men were defeated, 'and some the Egyptians slew, and some they led away alive, to toil for them perforce' (Odyssey, xiv. 272). The monuments of an age much earlier than that of Homer, of an age between the dates of Joseph and of the Exodus, have been generally interpreted in the same sense as the story of Odysseus. They have been supposed to prove that,

while the Israelites were yet in Egypt, or had but recently left it, the prehistoric Greeks fought there, were defeated, and became the mercenaries of the Pharaohs. There can scarcely be a more interesting or romantic moment in history than this was, if the usual reading of the monuments is correct. The early Greeks are learning a sense of their own national unity, and are gaining their first sight of an advanced civilisation, on the same soil as that where the Hebrews learned the same lessons. The romantic interest of this theory must not, however, lead us to neglect the arguments urged against it by Dr. Brugsch. Let us examine, then, the foreign relations of Egypt at this period, and the evidence as to Homer's knowledge of one of the peoples who have bequeathed to us our art, our politics, science, philosophy, and our religion.

The Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Dynasties of Egypt bore sway, widely speaking, during the centuries which passed between 1700 B.C. and 1100 B.C. In these ages the Egyptian empire reached the summit of her wealth and power. Her arms were carried victoriously northward, into Asia Minor, southwards down the Nile valley, and the Arabian Gulf, and across the 'great sea' to Cyprus. On the walls of her temples may still be seen the painted procession of captive or tributary races. These races are mentioned by names which it is not always possible to attach, with certainty, to known peoples, but the pictures themselves often afford the clearest evidence as to types of race. The Egyptians, broadly speaking, knew four races. These were the black men, negroes, whose type is unchanged; the hook-nosed Semitic peoples, whose features survive in the Jews; the Egyptians themselves, painted in a conventional victorious red, and lastly, the white non-Asiatic races of northern Africa, and of the islands and coasts of the Mediterranean. It was chiefly with the thick-lipped and curly-haired blacks of the interior, or with the Phoenicians and other Semitic races, that the Egyptians of the sixteenth century before Christ had to do. From the Hittites of the Orontes valley and other Asiatic tribes, conquered in the great battle of Megiddo, Thothmes III. took as tribute all those marvels of Sidonian art that Homer is never weary of extolling. The representations of the gold and silver vases on the monuments prove that Homer did not exaggerate the merit of the Phoenician craftsmen. Thothmes III. boasts how he took 'many golden dishes, and a large jug with a double handle, a Phoenician work.' He also acquired 'chairs with the foot-stools to them of ivory and cedar wood' (Brugsch, i. 327). We are reminded of Homer's description of the chair which Icmalius 'wrought with ivory and silver, and joined thereto a footstool that was part of the chair itself' (Odyssey, xix. 57). The horses of the Asiatic enemy also fell into the hands of Thothmes with the golden-studded chariots which had been framed in the isle of Cyprus, 'the land of the Asebi,' the very country where Homer places his most skilful artificers. It was thus that the Pharaohs dealt with their Semitic enemies, while from the negroes they took, as tribute,

leopards and apes, incense and fragrant woods, and slaves, and tusks of ivory.

Such were the relations of the Egyptians with two out of the four races into which they divided the dwellers in the world. From the white-skinned peoples of Northern Africa, and from their allies, also white, who came from the isles and coasts of the great sea, Egypt took little by way of tribute. They rather came to seek her; it was not she who wished to attack them. As early as the reign of Thothmes III., the victor over the Asiatics at Megiddo, the monuments speak of the *Tamahu*, the 'people of the North,' and of the 'tribes of the islands.' Among these the most conspicuous at first were called *Tahennu*, the 'white men' of Northern Africa. Early in the reign of Ramses II. (about 1450 B.C.) the monarch boasts of conquests over 'the barbarians of the north, and the Libyans, and the warriors of the great sea' (Chabas, 'Études,' p. 184). It is among these 'warriors of the great sea' that we seem to recognise those indubitably powerful Mediterranean peoples, the ruins of whose vast Cyclopean cities, built before the dawn of history, crown many an isolated rocky height, and command many a harbour and creek, on the shores of Greece, Italy, and the islands. These warriors, in short, were in all probability the ancestors of Homer's more than half-mythical heroes.

For more than two centuries Egypt was exposed to the attacks and invasions of these northern peoples. Her wealth, her rich soil, her soft climate, and the beginnings of her decrepitude, attracted the maritime tribes, and the races of the Lybian mainland. As we read the accounts of these invasions in the inscriptions, we are irresistibly reminded of the similar excursions of the Northmen 'on viking.' The very language of the monuments reads like the language of the English chroniclers who went in fear of Danish pirates. The first recorded inroad on a large scale by the confederated forces of Libya and the maritime powers was made in the time of Ramses II. This king began his reign by an exploit which brought him into collision, according to some authorities, with the tribes which later succoured Ilion. In the battle of Kadesh he checked the power of the Khita or Hittites, with their allies, the Leku, the Dardani, the warriors of Carchemish, 'all the peoples from the extremest end of the sea, to the land of the Khita.' In the Khita some authorities see the otherwise mysterious Keteians who were led to fight for Troy by Eurypylus the son of Telephus (Odyssey, xi. 519). In the Dardani they remark the familiar Dardanians of Homer, and in the 'Leku' the no less familiar Lycians. Dr. Brugsch, the determined opponent of views so easy and so pleasing, is not content with these identifications. He thinks that the Leku are not the Lycians, but a much less powerful and important tribe, 'the Legyes mentioned by Herodotus as a people of Asia Minor' (Herodotus, vii. 72). Now the Greeks called all the wide-spread Ligurians of the north Mediterranean coast 'Legyes,' so it is not easy to see why, if 'Leku' is 'Legyes,' the allies of the Khita may not have come from Trieste or from the

shores under the Maritime Alps. The Dardanians again are not, so Dr. Brugsch holds, the Dardanians with whom we are all familiar, but a sept named once by Herodotus (i. 189). Yet even the Dardanians of Herodotus were next neighbours of the Paphlagonians, who, in their turn, are numbered by Homer among the allies of Priam. Thus, even on the showing of Dr. Brugsch, the Asiatic enemies of Agamemnon, and the Asiatic enemies of Ramses II. drew their allies from the same districts. But why should we look for an obscure sept of Dardani on the Tigris, people only casually alluded to by Herodotus, writing a thousand years later? We might as plausibly identify the Dardani who fought against Ramses II. with the Dardani who, according to Strabo, lived in dens excavated under dunghills in Illyria, but possessed an unaffected taste for music.

When he attacked the Leku, Khita, and Dardani, Ramses II. was aided by some foreign mercenaries, called the Shardana 'of the sea.' These men are called 'the King's prisoners,' and it is probable that they had first been made captives in some war with North Africa, and afterwards trained to bear arms with the native Egyptian soldiery. The name of the Shardana, with that of other maritime peoples, was soon to be terrible to the Egyptians. The reign of Ramses II. lasted very long—no less than sixty-eight years—and it is possible that the government of Egypt shared the weakness of the king's old age. However that may be, Ramses II. had not long lain within his strangely humble tomb when the Libyans, with the peoples of the Mediterranean, invaded the empire. The story of the invasion is told by reliefs and inscriptions on the walls of a little court to the south of the precinct of the chief temple at Carnac. The inscriptions are described by Champollion, who partly deciphered them (1828), but did not identify the names of the races mentioned as hostile to Egypt. As read by the late Vicomte de Rougé, and (with occasional variations) by M. Chabas and Dr. Brugsch, they describe the war between the Libyan king and his allies on the one part, and Meneptah, son of Ramses II. (the Pharaoh of Exodus), on the other. The names of the allied powers are thus written by Dr. Brugsch: 'The A-qa-ua-sha, the Tulisha, or Turisha, the Liku, the Shair-dan, the Sha-ka-li-sha, peoples of the north which came hither out of all countries.' (Brugsch, ii. 116.) The Vicomte de Rougé spelled the names, 'Akaiusa, Tuir'sa, Leku, Shairdina, S'akalesha.' ('Mémoire sur les Attaques,' etc., p. 11.) Both authorities agree that the Rebu (Libyans) and Mashuasha (Maxyes, an African people who, in Herodotus' time, claimed Trojan ancestry) were among the invaders. All authorities agree in saying that these allies had for months pitched hostile camps in Egypt, did violence, 'plundered, loved death, and hated life.' In this inscription (translated also by Dr. Birch, 'Records of the Past,' vol. iv. p. 36), one seems to hear Gildas grumbling about the Saxons, or the English chroniclers denouncing the Danish pirates. Though Meneptah refused (on the pretence of a warning vision) to lead his troops into action, the charioteers of Egypt utterly

routed the confederate hosts. Of the Libyans there fell over six thousand men, of the Shakalsha more than two hundred, many of the Shardana, whose kinsmen fought against them in the ranks of Egypt, and many of the Aqaiusha. The bloody trophies of victory, fragments and hands of the mutilated dead, were counted over before the king.

The all-important question must now be asked, who were these maritime nations, these enemies of Egypt? The spelling of their names by various interpreters does not vary so much, but that a ready answer rises to the lips. When the Vicomte de Rougé published his celebrated 'Mémoire' in 1866, he identified, as most people would be prone to do, the Aqaiusha with the Achaeans, who, in Homer's time, were the chief race in Greece. In the Shakalusha he saw the Sicilians, whom Homer frequently alludes to as slave merchants, and therefore, probably, as pirates. The Shardana were taken for the Sardinians and the Tuirsha for the Tyrrhenians or Etrurians; these famous seafarers, an identification favoured by the spelling of the Tyrsenian, or Tyrrhenian name in Oscan inscriptions. Even if these natural suggestions are adopted, it does not follow that the Tyrrhenian, Sardinian, Sicilian, and other tribes had as yet established themselves in Etruria, Sardinia, and Sicily. De Rougé's system was adopted by Maspéro, Chabas, Lenormant, and (provisionally) by Dr. Birch. It has been disturbed by the theory of Dr. Brugsch ('History of Egypt,' vol. ii. p. 124). According to Dr. Brugsch, the invaders were 'Colchio-Cretan tribes.' They came from the distant Caucasus, and from Crete, where, as Homer tells us, dwelt Achaeans, native Cretans, Cydonians, Dorians, and Pelasgians. (Odyssey, xix. 175.) Dr. Brugsch, however, says little about the Cretans among the invaders. It is from the spurs of the Caucasus and the coasts of the Black Sea that he brings the allies of the Libyans. Let us examine his reasons.

Dr. Brugsch's system is based, partly on a point of Egyptian verbal scholarship, in which no one agrees with him; secondly, on ethnological conjecture. He interprets the inscriptions about the Egyptian victory to mean that the dead Aqaiusha and Shakalsha, whose hands were cut off and brought to Meneptah, were circumcised men. No other translator, neither Dr. Birch, nor M. Chabas, nor De Rougé (and their combined opinion is of immense weight) has understood the inscription in this sense. Dr. Brugsch holds that the Libyans were despised by the Egyptians as an uncircumcised race, while the circumcised Aqaiusha and Shakalsha were comparatively respected. He argues that 'to identify *circumcised* tribes, as some have done, with the Achaeans, Sicilians, Sardinians, &c., is to introduce a serious error into the primitive history of the classical nations.' Here, then, is the negative argument; the Aqaiusha conformed to the Egyptian and the Jewish rite, therefore, they were not the Achaeans of Greece. Here two obvious answers suggest themselves; first, the translation on which Dr. Brugsch reposes is not, as yet, accepted by other scholars; second, we have no means of knowing whether the prehistoric ancestors of

the Greeks did or did not practise a rite which is widely spread, especially among savage races. We only know that, in the age of Herodotus, a thousand years after this period, no tradition that the Greeks had ever practised the rite seems to have survived. It is perfectly possible that races with the Hellenic instinct for refinement at one time conformed to, but later, and long before the time of Herodotus, abandoned a custom which, in origin, seems essentially savage. In precisely the same way, the Phoenicians gave up this trait of manners when they became acquainted with the Greeks (Herodotus, ii. 104), and many Polynesian peoples are abandoning it in our own time. Again, it must be noted that Dr. Brugsch declares the Mashuasha (Maxyes) to have conformed to the Egyptian manners in this respect. Now, Herodotus, on whose evidence Dr. Brugsch elsewhere relies, omits to mention the Maxyes in his catalogue of circumcised races, while, in his account of the Maxyes, he says nothing about circumcision. Did Dr. Brugsch assume that the Maxyes conformed to the rite, *because* he found that their hands were cut off, after a battle, like the hands of the Aqaiusha? Singularly enough, the mutilation of a hand is the punishment now inflicted in Socotra, on persons who are *not* circumcised. Many other arguments derived from the practice of Polynesian races might here be adduced. It is enough to say that, even if Dr. Brugsch's translation is accepted, the authentic history of manners permits us to suppose that the Achaeans of the thirteenth century before our era may have conformed to the descriptions of the Aqaiusha in the Egyptian texts, as translated by Dr. Brugsch.

The learned German is dissatisfied with the old identification. What reasons lead him to put forward his new theory? At a first glance, it does seem very unlikely that the tribes of 'remotest Caucasus,' that 'wall of the world's end,' as the Greeks thought it, should ally themselves with Libya, and invade Egypt. No Greek tradition or legend speaks of such an alliance, while Greek legendary history starts from a supposed constant intercourse between Libya, Egypt, Sardinia, Sicily, and Greece. Herodotus however assures us, that, whether the Caucasian tribes came to Egypt or not, the Egyptians went to the Caucasus. This expedition was made, he says, under Sesostris, that is, Ramses II., the monarch on whose death the Caucasians (*teste* Brugsch) in their turn invaded Egypt! This was a singular turning of the tables. Herodotus thinks that the Colchian tribes learned Egyptian manners from the soldiers of Ramses II. Is it probable that the practice became at once so general that they could send a circumcised army to invade the realms of the son of Ramses? Here, at least, is the argument of Dr. Brugsch; the maritime invaders of Egypt conformed to the Egyptian rite, therefore, they were not the ancestors of the famous Achaeans. But the tribes of the Caucasus (a thousand years later), practised the rite, therefore it is proper to look among them for the invaders of Egypt. Yet even Dr. Brugsch has to come down to much later times for his facts. He wishes to find, among the Colchian and Caucasian mountaineers, names of tribes

that correspond to the names of invaders on the monuments, and these names he finds, more than a thousand years later, in the pages of Strabo, a writer of the time of Augustus. As Dr. Brugsch goes to the Caucasus, and to Colchis, to find the invaders of Egypt, it may be as well to quote Herodotus's account of the Colchians, and of their apparent ethnological connections with the Egyptians.

Thereafter he (Sesostris, Ramses II.) went all through the continent, even till he crossed out of Asia into Europe, where he overcame the Scythians and the Thracians. So far, and no further, methinks, came the Egyptian host, for in the land of these peoples are the memorial pillars set, and still to be seen, but beyond these they are no longer to be found. Thence he turned about, and went back, and when he came to the Phasis river, I have thereafter no clear story to tell, as to whether the King Sesostris himself sundered a portion of his army, and planted them there, or whether certain of the soldiers, being weary of wandering, chose to abide there about the River Phasis. For the Colchians seem to be of Egyptian race, and this I say as one that noted it myself, before I heard it from others. But when the thing came into my mind I made inquiry of both peoples, and the Colchians remember the Egyptians better than the Egyptians remember the Colchians. The Egyptians said they reckoned the Colchians to be in the host of Sesostris, but I guessed at the matter by this, that both Egyptians and Colchians are dark-skinned and curly haired. And this proves nothing, for other men so far resemble them; but by this I was more led to my guess, namely, that the Colchians, Aegyptians, and Aethiopians, *and they alone*, have always from the beginning practised circumcision. . . . . Come, now, I will mention other Colchian matters, to show how like they are to the Egyptians. They and the Egyptians are the only peoples that weave linen (in the same way), and all their manner of life, and the tongue they speak, resemble each other. And Colchian linen the Greeks call *Sardonikon*, but that which comes from Egypt they call Egyptian. (Herodotus, ii. 103, 104.)

So far Herodotus goes, and by aid of his evidence Dr. Brugsch recognises his circumcised *Shardana* in the Colchian makers of Sardonian linen (λίνον Σαρδονικὸν). The *Tursha* of the sea, Brugsch calls people from Mount Taurus, but it appears that philological reasoning ('if anyone is inclined to trust that,' as Herodotus would say) strongly favours De Rougé's identification of the Tuirsha with the Tyrseni, or Etruscans. The *Leku*, or *Luku*, as we have already seen, Dr. Brugsch believes to be, not Lycians, but Legyes. The *Aqaiusha* are Achaeans with Dr. Brugsch, as well as with De Rougé and Chabas, but then they are not the Achaeans of Greece or Crete, but the Achaeans of the Caucasus. This interesting tribe (the ancestors of 'the gallant Lazi') are mentioned by Strabo, some thirteen hundred years after their appearance on the monuments. According to Strabo, the Achaeans of the Caucasus were not unlike the modern buccaneers of Batoum. In his time, they dwelt near the rugged and harbourless coasts of the Black Sea. They lived somewhat inland, in the forests and glens, in which they dragged up the canoes (capable of holding about twenty-five men each), in which they made

buccaneering expeditions. When an expedition was over, they returned to their fastnesses, and drank, and feasted till all was spent. It is in the ancestors of these semi-savage neighbours of the degraded 'lice-eaters,' that Dr. Brugsch recognises the allies of Libya, the men who shook the empire of Egypt. Few other students will be inclined to overlook the claims of the Achaean race, which was certainly, within four centuries, so powerful in the Levant, in favour of a remote and obscure set of savages, without history, traditions, or architectural remains. The remains of Mycenae, Orchomenos, and scores of other towns, attest the prehistoric homes of the dwellers in Greek coasts and isles. The legends of Libya, Sardinia, Sicily, Egypt, and Greece, as Pausanias shows, are all in undesigned coincidence with the Egyptian monuments, as read by De Rougé and Chabas. The contents of the oldest graves in Greek and in Sardinian soil, speak to a prehistoric intercourse with Egypt. The very sculptures on the sepulchral *stelae*, found in the Acropolis of Mycenae, are most easily explained as rude and debased imitations of the familiar Egyptian group, in which the king fights from his chariot. In face of all this tangible evidence which connects prehistoric Greece with Egypt, it seems superfluous to seek for casual similarities of name among the obscure tribes of the remote Caucasus.

The next mention of the people of the Mediterranean coasts and islands is found in the monument of Ramses III. (1200–1166 B.C.) On the walls of Medinet Habou in Western Thebes are depicted the chief events in the history of an invasion of Egypt, in the eighth year of Ramses. The inscriptions declare that 'the people quivered with desire of battle in all their limbs, they came up leaping from their coasts and islands, and spread themselves all at once over the lands.' (Brugsch, vol. ii. p. 147.) They were moved by the irresistible attraction of the south, by the force that draws the Slavonic races towards India and the Mediterranean, the force that led the Northmen to Byzantium and the Goths to Rome. 'It came to pass,' says another inscription, 'that the people of the northern regions, who reside in their islands and on their coasts, shuddered [with eagerness for battle] in their bodies. They entered into the lakes of the mouths of the Nile. Their nostrils snuffed up the wind, *their desire was to breathe a soft air*.' (Brugsch, vol. ii. p. 149.) From the reliefs and inscriptions we learn that the invasion was attempted both by land and sea. Some of the Northerners landed on the coast of Canaan, defeated the Khita, the people of Kadi (Galilee), and of Karchemish, and so advanced on Egypt. Others sailed round to the mouths of the Nile. By the rapidity of his movements Ramses III. discomfited the double attack. In the reliefs of Medinet Habou, we see the king distributing arms, we accompany the army on the march, and behold the destruction of the islanders and men of the Mediterranean coasts. A fourth picture represents the return march of the Egyptians to encounter the hostile navy, and the fifth shows us the earliest extant view of a naval battle. Ramses had

formed a *cordon* of ships and boats to protect the great water-gate of Egypt. 'A defence was built on the water, like a strong wall, of ships of war, of merchantmen, of boats and skiffs. They who had reached the boundary of my country never more reaped harvest. . . . Their ships and all their possessions lay strewn on the mirror of the waters.' (Brugsch, vol. ii. p. 148.)

Who were the islanders and coastmen who thus failed to make good their enterprise? The inscriptions give their names, the bas-reliefs present pictures of their ships, costumes, and weapons. First let us examine the names. They are read thus by Dr. Brugsch: 'Their home was in the land of the Purosatha, the Zakkar, the Shalkalsha, the Daanau, and the Uashuash.' ('The Tuirsha of the sea,' Brugsch's Taurians, and the Tyrrhenians of De Rougé, were also engaged.) For Purosatha, M. Chabas, with almost all other scholars, reads Pelesta, vaguely identified with Pelasgians, or Philistines. For Zakkar, it is usual to read Tekkri, or Tekkariu, supposed to be the classical Teucri. There is a general agreement as to the *spelling* of Shakalsha or Shalkulsha, Taanau or Daanau, and Uashuash, though not about the peoples mentioned under these names. Now here the method of Dr. Brugsch is well worth attending to; it is so extraordinary as to be almost incredible. He protests that the Shakalsha are not Sicilians, but the people of Zagylis (vol. ii. p. 124). Now what was Zagylis? It was 'a village in the time of the Romans.' There 'the last remnant of the Shakalsha still remained.' Obviously this tells us nothing. The Shakalsha are the people of Zagylis, and the people of Zagylis (some fourteen hundred years later), are—the remnant of the Shakalsha! Take another example: the Shardana are 'the Chartani,' and the Chartani are—the remains of the Shardana. Here, however, we have at least some clue as to who the Shardana were: they were not the Sardinians, but Colchians, linen-manufacturing people, inferred to exist from the term 'Sardonian linen,' in Herodotus. Let us try the Daanau; these are the classic Danai, or the Daunians, according to other students. Dr. Brugsch says they are the people of Taineia, mentioned by the geographer Ptolemy. And who are the people of Taineia? They are the remains of the Daanau. Finally, the Zakkar are identified with the Zygritae (vol. ii. p. 151), and when we ask who the Zygritae were, we find that they were a small tribe, who perpetuated the name of the Zakkar. Surely it is not a very scientific process to identify a powerful ancient race with a small one first heard of a thousand years later, and then to explain that the weak tribe is the descendant of the strong one. We think it is sufficiently obvious that Dr. Brugsch's theory is no satisfactory substitute for the older system, which recognised powerful and historical peoples of the Levant in powerful prehistoric races of almost identical names, only slightly altered by Egyptian orthography.

Let us now turn from the record of names in his inscriptions to the record of facts in the bas-reliefs. In these representations

preserved to us through three thousand years, we may admire, with absolute confidence, the lively pictures of the old masters of the Mediterranean. From the representations of the battle on land, it is plain that the Tekkri and Pelesta were in the same social conditions as the Cimbri who were defeated by Marius, and the Tartars who invaded Russia in the thirteenth century. Like the Tartars, they came to conquer and settle; they brought their wives and children with them in huge wains of wicker work, with solid wheels, each wain being drawn by four oxen. The descriptions of the Russian annalist might serve for an account of these inroads of the Tekkri. The Egyptians, like the Slavs, must have been dismayed by 'the grinding of the wheels of the wooden chariots, the bellowings of the buffaloes, the howling of the barbarians.' While the warriors of the Tekkri and Pelesta were fighting in open chariots like those of the Egyptians and Greeks, the wains with the women and children were drawn up in the rear. The van of the foreign army was routed, and in the pictures of Medinet Habou we see the Egyptians falling on the waggons, and slaying the children whom the women in vain endeavour to rescue. It is a singular fact that the Tekkri who took the lead of the land-forces also supplied many mariners to the confederate navy. In the sea-piece which preserves the events of the naval battle, we recognise the Tekkri by their peculiar head-piece, which is not absolutely unlike a rude form of the later Greek helmet. This head-piece is also worn by Pelesta, Daanau, and Uashuash.

The picture of the sea-fight throws a great deal of light on the civilisation of the predecessors (we dare not say 'ancestors') of Agamemnon. The artist has been most careful to mark the difference between the ships of the Shalkalsha, Shardana, and Daanau, and those of his own countrymen. The Egyptian vessels are low at prow and stern, either extremity is tipped by a carved lion's head, and it is easy for a warrior to have one foot on deck, and the other on the figure head of his ship. The bulwarks are slightly raised at each extremity, and the ships must have been half-decked. The confederates on the other hand fight in barques which are lofty in prow and stern. Either extremity is finished off with a bird's beak, which rises high out of the water. The reader of Homer at once recognises the *νηυσὶ κορωνίσι*, the ships with beaks at either end, the *νέας ἀμφιελίσσας*, vessels curved at prow and stern (*recurvatae*) of the poet. The later barques of the Greeks, as we see them painted on vases of the sixth century, were quite unlike these. The prow was by that time constructed for ramming purposes, for which these high birds' beaks of the early Mediterranean vessels were not at all adapted. That the people of the Mediterranean did use such vessels as those which they man in the Egyptian pictures, is proved by a very old Cyprian vase in the Cesnola collections (Cesnola's 'Cyprus,' pl. xlv.). On this vase is painted a ship with the arrangement of mast and sail common to the barques of the Egyptians and their enemies.

The prow and stern, however, are built high out of the water, and protected, as in the reliefs, by lofty bulwarks. This is good evidence to the accuracy of the Egyptian draughtsmen, who were careful to mark all these distinctions, as they were engaged in compiling historical records, rather than in producing mere works of art.

In the sea-fight the Egyptians are, of course, having the best of the battle. The masts of the Tuirsha, Tekkri, and Shakalsha are going by the board; the Egyptians shower in their arrows with deadly effect; the Tekkri, with drawn swords, in vain attempt to drive back the boarders. The face of the sea is covered with the bodies of men who have fallen from the decks, and the Egyptians, with the clemency which was peculiar to them, help the wounded to reach the shore, or take them on board their own vessels. In some of the ships of the allied invaders are soldiers who wear a peculiar helmet. It so far resembles the helmets of the Shardana, that it has a curved horn on each side, but, unlike them, it has no spike and ball in the centre. A horned helmet of the same sort (but probably much later) has been found in an Italian grave, and may be seen in the British Museum. In other ships of the allies appear the Tekkri, with their crested bonnets, mingled with allies who wear the conical cap of the Greek and Etruscan sailors, the cap, or fez, which, in Greek art, is worn by Odysseus. The wearers of these caps are, probably with justice, recognised as the Tuirsha, whom Dr. Brugsch calls the Taurians, but whom we prefer to call Etrurians or Tyrrhenians. The striped tunics worn by these two last classes of allies are the same as those in which the Shardana were still dressed, even after they had become allies of the Egyptians.

We have now caught a glimpse of the races in whom it seems not unreasonable to recognise Mediterranean peoples, the ancestors of Homer's heroes. We may say, then, with some confidence, that for centuries before the period dealt with in the Homeric poems, the dwellers on the borders of the midland sea, the Tuirsha, Shakalsha, Aqaiusha, Tekkri, and the rest, were adventurous warriors, capable of forming such large confederacies as those which took part in the siege of Troy. About the Tekkri, we may say with certainty that they had not passed the period of great national migrations. Unless a whole people had moved, or had at least sent out a *ver sacrum*, they would not have led with them women and children, in the wains drawn by oxen. About the sea-faring Aqaiusha, Shakalsha, and Shardana, we cannot speak so certainly. 'They desired to breathe a soft air,' they were eager to plunder the Egyptians, but it does not seem that they brought their women with them, or definitely meant to settle. When we turn from the monuments to Homer, we certainly find in him a picture of an established society contented with secure habitations. The Achaeans and Argives of the poems are deeply attached to home; their thoughts always go back from the leaguer under Troy to wives, children, and aged fathers, who now and again send them news of their welfare, from Phthia, Crete, or Argos. Homer knows

nothing of combined Achaean invasions of Egypt. The more recent feuds of the eastern and western shores of the Aegean have put any such adventures out of memory. Only here and there the roaming spirit of the older pirates survives in such men as Odysseus feigned himself to be, in the story told to Eumaeus (Odyssey, xiv. 240–300). When he there describes himself as a Cretan pirate who ventured to make a raid on Egypt, he also declares that such adventurous persons are now rare. His joy, he says, is in all that other men hold in horror.

Though Homer knows nothing of confederated invasions of Egypt, his acquaintance with the manners of the country is tolerably exact. He knows Thebes as the richest city in the world, full of stored wealth, of chariots, and horses. Mr. Gladstone and others have tried to show that this description could only apply to Thebes in the days of its imperial prosperity. We cannot possibly say, however, how long the memory of Thebes as the 'mickle-garth' of the world might survive its actual decline. It is unnecessary to discuss Dr. Lauth's bold attempt to find Ramses III., 'the old man of the sea,' in the Proteus of the fourth book of the Odyssey. Proteus is merely the Homeric form of the *märchen* which in Scotland becomes the ballad of *Tamlane*.

Setting aside these far-fetched conjectures, it is certain that Homer knows 'the River Aegyptus,' which in Hesiod has already become 'the Nile.' He knows Thebes and its wealth; he knows the island Pharos. He is familiar with the clemency of the Egyptians. The king, in the story of Odysseus, conveys the pirate chief safely away in his own chariot, just as the sailors, on the monuments, rescue their drowning enemies. Homer is also aware that the Egyptians had friendly relations with Cyprus and Phoenicia (Odyssey, xvii. 440). He knows the Egyptian reputation for skill in medicine. 'There each man is a physician skilled beyond all others, for they are of the race of Paeaeon.' (Od. iv. 211, 213.) To be brief, Egypt is to Homer a land within the limits of the real world; it is beyond Libya that the enchanted isles and shores come into the ken of his wandering hero.

We have tried to show reason for maintaining the opinion that the Egyptian monuments reveal to us a moment in the national education of the early Greeks. Egypt probably gave them their first glimpse of a settled and luxurious civilisation, first taught them to take delight in other things than 'swords, shafts, and spears, and ships with long oars.' What manner of life would Greek prisoners or mercenaries see in Egypt? There they would find towns wealthier than the fabled city of the Phaeacians. Thebes alone they knew of as a dim rich city that rose on the borders of the world, as did Byzantium on the horizon of the Danes. In Thebes and the other cities of Egypt they beheld 'the fields full of good things, the canals rich in fish, the lakes swarming with wild fowl, the meadows green with herbs. There are lentils in endless abundance, and melons honey-sweet grow in the well-watered fields. The barns are full of wheat, and reach as high as heaven; the vine, the almond, and the fig-tree grow in the gardens. Sweet is their wine, and with honey do

they mingle it. The youths are clad always in festive array, the fine oil is poured upon their curled locks.' It is thus that an Egyptian scribe depicts one of the towns of his country. The picture is precisely that which Homer draws of ideal luxury and comfort. Even in trifling details the Homeric domestic life is like that of Egypt. In Phaeacia, as in the monuments, kings' daughters drive chariots. In Ithaca, as in Thebes, kings and queens are fond of geese, of all birds! In the tribute brought to Thutmes III. from the Phoenician land are 'two geese. These were dearer to the king than anything else' (Brugsch, i. 334). Compare Penelope's story of her dream: 'Twenty geese have I in the house that eat wheat out of the water-trough, and it gladdens me to look on them.' (Odyssey, xix. 540.) In the Egyptians' 'Garden of Flowers' the northern mercenaries may have seen the strange tamed beasts, and have undergone (as some romances in the papyri show us) the magic wiles of Circe. (See 'Records of the Past,' vi. 152, iv. 129; where there are ancient Egyptian stories in the style of the 'Arabian Nights.') If the stranger passed through the temple precincts he saw the walls covered with signs, which perhaps were deciphered for him. He then listened to chants like those which the minstrels of his own lands were soon to recite. There are some curious, though probably accidental resemblances, in the style of Egyptian and Greek epic poetry. The similes are often identical. Thus the slaughtered Khita, under the walls of Kadesh, are said by the Egyptian poet to lie kicking in heaps, like fishes on the ground. Compare the slain wooers in the Odyssey (xxii. 384): 'He found all the host of them fallen in their blood, in the dust, like fishes that the fishermen have drawn forth in the net, into a hollow of the beach, from out of the grey sea . . . . and the sun shines forth and takes their life away.' In the account of the battles with the invaders, the Egyptian warriors 'come down like lions of the hills, like hawks stooping upon birds.' The Khita, before Ramses II., are 'like the foals of mares, which tremble before the grim lions.' But the Egyptian poet most closely resembles Homer when he dilates on the valour and piety of Ramses II., when cut off from his army at Kadesh. The religious sentiment, the relations between Amon and Ramses, are precisely like those between Odysseus and Athene. Ramses, with his charioteer, is alone in the crowd of foes. Then he calls to Amon, as Aias calls to Zeus, or Odysseus to Athene, reminding the god of all the honours he has paid him. 'Shall it be for nothing that I have dedicated to thee many temples, and sacrificed tens of thousands of oxen? Nay, I find that Amon is better to me than millions of warriors, than hundreds of thousands of horses. . . . . Amon heard my voice, and came at my cry (saying), "I am with thee, and am more to thee than hundreds of thousands of warriors."' This is like the reply of Athene to Odysseus: 'And now I will tell thee plainly, even though fifty companies of men should compass us about, and be eager to slay us in battle, their kine shouldst thou drive off, and their brave flocks.'

These resemblances, and many others, are, no doubt, the result of similar ideas prevailing in societies not wholly uninfluenced by each other. The point we have tried to prove is, that the Homeric civilisation had been influenced by occasional contact with Egypt. The pre-Homeric Greeks seem to have mixed, in their years of youthful audacity and unsettled temper, with the most civilised people of the earlier world, and to have looked, with their eager eyes and teachable minds, on the marvels of the empire of Ramses. They were in connection, in short, with the highly developed art and culture which the Phoenicians spread from the Euphrates to Egypt, and through the islands to the Hellenic coasts. Centuries of these oriental influences gradually ripened society into the free and flexible organisation which we meet in the lays of Homer.

A. LANG.

SONNET

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF THE ANNUNCIATION, BY E. BURNE JONES.

Woman, whose lot hath alway been to bear
Love's load beneath the heart, set there to hold
It high, and keep it resolute and bold
To clasp God's feet, and hang on to the fair
Wide skirts of light,—thy sealëd sense can spare
The open vision, thou being called to fold
From time's mischance, and from the season's cold,
The wonder in thy breast, and nurse it there.
What though thy travail hath been long and sore,
Love being borne in so great heaviness,
Through loss and labour, joy shall be the more
Of love that living shall the nations bless:
Love that shall set man's bounden spirit free,
The 'holy thing' that still is born of thee.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Of Parting Company.

YOU have had your breakfast, and are now sitting down at your writing-table to begin the forenoon's work, when you are subjected to a brief interruption. A little boy of eight years, with a fat and rosy face, comes in; and in a loud voice exclaims 'Good-bye!' He is going to school, where he must be at ten o'clock. According to daily wont, you hasten to the window, and see the little man set forth. He issues from the door, then looks round, and solemnly waves his hand. Then he turns his face to his own burden, which none can share. He has his own world, a heavy enough world for his little strength: he must face it, alone. No mortal can share all his experiences. He is anxious, as you mark him trotting along till he is out of sight, how he is to get on at school that day; not knowing (any more than the distinguished person known as St. Paul did) 'how it may go with him.' Possibly he has got into some inconceivably little scrape, about which he would not on any account tell anybody: and he is burdened with the fear that things may never come right any more. Possibly he has had some small difference with a contemporary; and is perplexing himself how the quarrel is to be made up, or continued and aggravated. The lesson of the day may weigh heavily: the difference between an adverb and a preposition appearing beyond human comprehension. You go back to your work,—which he knows nothing about; and the little man goes his own way.

That is the beginning. Ah, the beginning was here, a good while earlier. As soon as an individual being begins to consciously be, the individual being begins to part company with all being besides: begins to go on alone. We may try to keep together in this life: some of us try to do so, hard: but it is vain. Our personality must needs separate us, separate us widely, from every other person. There are points, points in time, points in interest, at which we seem to touch others: we exchange thoughts, and in a measure each sees for the moment how the other fares, and feels. But in the larger part by far of the inward experience of every day, we are quite alone. Hard work, notably, is a very solitary thing: so is worry. And language, after all, is but a rude and imperfect instrument to convey the shades of human thought and feeling.

But it is not the condition of our being that is to be the subject of the present dissertation. We are not going to think of that, any more than we allow ourselves to think of a good many things. It is moral cowardice, doubtless, not to look things full in the face; but then most thoughtful folk are moral cowards. The writer, notably. Intellectually and morally, a good deal of one's time is spent in looking the other way: if that may not be, then in shutting the eyes, reso-

lutely. The topic of present thought is the fashion in which, from very near the beginning, circumstances push those apart who would earnestly wish to keep together.

At this point it is inevitable that something be said as to the surroundings amid which these lines are written. For they are strange: and the writer, like some few of the human beings he knows, among unfamiliar scenes is a different person. Many days hence (if such days are given) this hour and that prospect will come vividly back; and the lonely feeling of the place and time. For, having sadly parted company to-day, after ten days together, with a friend whose face may not be seen again for long, he has come as a solitary pilgrim to this beautiful spot among the green fields and trees of Hertfordshire. There, in full view, the little red city nestles to-day in the suddenly spread foliage of the thirtieth of May. And here, having walked down the green slope, crossed the little river Ver, and passed by or through the vanished Verulam (taking a memorial flint-stone from the ruined Roman wall), I stand in a quiet lane; and am amazed to find myself here. On the opposite slope, across the narrow wooded valley, stretches the vast length of the great church of St. Albans: ancient church but new cathedral. The central tower shows plainly its strange material: the Roman bricks, so thin that one would rather call them tiles, which are serving a second use. From the older dwellings of Verulam, built by Roman hands, the materials were taken; carried across the Ver to the northern slope: and piled up, eight hundred years since, into that severe, but magnificent structure, second in length among mediæval churches that abide: Winchester, which is first, transcending, with its 555 feet and 8 inches, St. Albans by just seven feet. The flat tiles were leisurely laid: the walls all round rose but seven feet in each year of the time of building: the superabundant mortar had time to harden before it was severely compressed: and the upshot was that in the walls of the nave it is calculated there is as much mortar as there is of tiles. But mortar, even of the faithfully-working middle ages, is not as stone: not even as Roman tiles, second-hand: and that wall which stretches its inordinate length away to the left of that red tower, striated with horizontal lines, was till lately two feet off the perpendicular. But the strength and skill of the nineteenth century pulled it right; and these great buttresses will doubtless hold it right for some centuries to come. Over the great church and the red city stretches, this afternoon, the blue sky, with many fleecy clouds slowly drifting towards the north-west: for (though you would not think it) there is an easterly wind. The trees wear their first wonderful green: the leaves, delaying long, have come quickly at last; and the apple-trees are glorified with blossoms. And so here they are in actual presence: Verulam, and St. Albans, and the grand abbey church: all set in the greenest of verdure, all spread under the bluest of May skies. One has thought of Bacon, to whom popular consent has given a

title which never came from the recognised source of such distinction: What is the use of talking of Lord Verulam, and informing your fellow-creatures that never on this earth there lived such a man as Lord Bacon? You would merely be set down as a pedant, over-accurate: or even as one who, knowing extremely little, desires to make parade of the little you know. One has thought, too, of Dickens and *Bleak House*: for that quiet city is the very place which poor Jo named as *Stolbuns*. Here dwelt the brick-makers, and to this scene, so different in the wild winter night and day, came Lady Dedlock on her last awful walk. Persons lacking in culture inhabit these parts still: for of three individuals whom the writer asked the way to the Cathedral, one had never heard of any such thing, and the other two directed him wrong. It is conceivable, indeed, that the English language, as spoken by him, was not easily understanded of English ears. The little hostelry, too, by the Ver, and hard by a narrow stream quite covered with water-cresses, bearing the name of *The Fighting Cocks*, preserves the memory of a form of diversion not much approved at any season by cultured souls. But with this glittering green of the earth, and the sapphire sky above, which seemed impossible of return through that black and awful winter, St. Albans and its environing fields and woods look now the ideal of peaceful beauty. I knew the church well, though it was seen but once before, and then cursorily at the rate of fifty miles an hour: but what one wants now is to drink in its aspect and feel that one is here. For I am not likely ever to be in this place again; and far different scenes will be around one to-morrow.

All things are strange, even to the names above the shop-doors. You can hardly walk along a street in an English town without seeing some name you never saw nor heard of before.

Time goes fast here. I had three hours, but they are nearly gone. Nothing shall be said of the church on this page. That may be again. Through this little gate: into this green wood: by the wall of Verulam, ruined and ivy-grown: over the bridge: past *The Fighting Cocks*: up the green swell of grassy field to the Cathedral: by blossoming apple-tree and great yew: so to the Midland station; and back to ordinary life again.

Some may regard all this as a digression from the severity of the argument. Possibly they are right.

The little boy of eight comes back at one o'clock, and tells you, as fully as he can, all that has befallen him since you parted. It is but the beginning of a deeper separation that you have here. His brothers, who are older, go out for the long day, and you and they have already begun to go your several ways. And further on, when the children are growing into young men and young women, even though you do all you can to retain their confidence, and though you listen with unfeigned interest to all they tell you about their interests and companions, still their life has in great measure parted company with yours, and you would do no better than weary them by trying to

keep the old way. You strive vainly with the estranging power of time, and with the isolation that comes of being an individual being. You know mainly all your little boy is thinking of, unless you be a selfish brute; all that he is afraid of and anxious about. But the rift soon comes, and it will grow into a wide separation. The young nature is transparent at the first, and you see through it. But the water, shallow and transparent at its rise, deepens fast and darkens; and you cannot see through it any more. And when the sad and perplexing day comes, that the hopeful lad must leave you for some distant place which you will never see, you know that though he is sorry to leave you, he would be still more sorry to stay with you; and you discover that the manifest intention of Providence is, that human beings should each stand on his own feet and go each his separate way. In earlier days one could not imagine how the ageing parents managed to live at all, with their children scattered over the wide world. When a man, returning from India, told you it was ten years since he saw his children last, you gazed at him with wonder, and with a pity which you subsequently discovered to have been needless. The parting had been bitter at the first, but it is the rule that people shall get over things. The facts are stated, truly and beautifully, by Philip van Artevelde:

> Pain and grief
> Are transitory things, no less than joy:
> And though they leave us not the men we were,
> Yet they do leave us.

But that the trial is in contemplation rather than in fact, makes it all the sadder to look forward to. To be told, when you were a little fellow, heart-broken at going away from home for a year, that when you were grown up you would not care a bit though you never saw your brothers and sisters at all, would be no comfort whatsoever. Just the reverse. Let us be knocked on the head at once, if *that* be what we shall come to if we live. There is a pleasant rural place, not unknown to fame, where the writer abode when he was a little boy: only green fields and trees, red rocks and a little river. If any mortal had told him, in those days, that the time would come when through years he would never see that place and never miss it, it would have been a sharp pang. Now he is in a measure content, though it has been visited just once in the last twenty-five years: half a lifetime; nearly a whole working lifetime. And there are few things which more infuriate one, than when a hard-headed mortal with no heart whatever, but with a good deal of worldly experience, expresses his calm conviction of the unreliability of human purposes and the evanescence of human feeling. I have heard, long ago, a grim being, with high cheek-bones and a frost-bitten complexion, speaking in that fearful tone which indicates origin in Aberdeenshire and the idiosyncrasy concomitant, say of a poor crushed creature whose young wife had died, 'Ah, don't let him say he won't marry a third.' Except, indeed, attendance at a Scotch *Church Court*, I know nothing more irritating than

the like hard sayings; which are all the harder that they have many times proved to be quite true. Different folk, doubtless, are irritated in different ways. The mention of a name, with unpleasing remembrances attaching to it, subjects the patience of some to a breaking strain. 'For any sake,' said the kindliest of duchesses, addressing a man known to the present writer, 'don't mention the name of Mr. Snooks before the Duke: it always makes him swear horribly!' As indeed it did. The greatest by far of recent Scotch churchmen told me that he never could read the newspaper reports of the meetings of a certain ecclesiastical assembly, without the like phenomenon occurring in his personal experience: only that his cursory remarks were said inaudibly, and so gave no offence. But when the pressure rises to a certain height, it appears needful that the steam be blown off. And a verbal vent is the one which first suggests itself to many. My friend Smith tells me that there are certain touching bits of verse which he thinks over, when embittered by ecclesiastical vulgarity and dishonesty (not to name stupidity), which never fail to recall him to his better self. He lately showed me certain verses, which have proved efficacious many times. They bear the title *Sin' his mother gaed awa'*: their writer is unknown, but surely one of the nameless immortals. And they tell, beautifully, how the awful blow of a great bereavement did but change the strong man, but was killing the little boy. Not everyone, however, would be helped by means so simple. But of their number, thus soothed and helped, let my readers ever be.

My friend Smith told me that on a beautiful autumn day he was in a great and confusing railway station at the entrance of the Highlands, which at that season is for certain hours of the day a place of unspeakable hubbub and crowding. For whether you are making for Inverness-shire heather or for Aberdeenshire birches, it is very nearly inevitable that you pass through that lengthy and gusty shed. Stolid are the servants, and too few: the piles of luggage and the boxes of grouse are dreadful. Though you must needs wait there for many minutes, the wise man will not come forth from his carriage if it be in any way possible to abide in it. There, seated alone in a carriage which had come from beside the bleak North Sea and was making for awful London, Smith found an old gentleman he knew. One sees the quiet, sharp, cynical face: the world knew well how very keen and trenchant the nearest to him in blood could be. Smith talked with him till the train went: the thing which most impressed him was how entirely alone that old man had come to be. His wife was dead: and his great household of boys and girls were scattered far and wide: all grown up, each in his own home or hers. He could not have told you the names of his grandchildren: he had no idea earthly what sons or daughters were thinking of or doing on that day. One was an eminent author; but the old man never read his books. The old man was cynically cheerful: he had quite parted company with the faces and the interests of former years: he did not

really care a bit for anybody but himself. He had run about on the grass on summer mornings with the merry little boys and girls, forty years ago: but that was all gone by. The stern-faced moustached sons, and the clever worldly middle-aged women, who were in fact his children, were not the little boys and girls at all. He had no children: they had ceased to be such, unless in form of law. The rift that began when the lad of eight years came to say good-bye, going to school, had grown into a severance broader than the broad Atlantic. You will be startled, some day, my reader, to find yourself coming to be as the old gentleman was: to find yourself going about quite cheerfully, though your boys are far away, though you have seen your wife die. You would not have believed it, once.

But there is more to say. Let me address myself to men and women whose years are approaching fifty, and who married early in their career. Such know a touching but inevitable form of parting company. Let me ask such, Where are the children? Where are the little fairies that ran about your home, these short years ago? I do not mean that they are dead: not even that they are scattered: only that they are changed. You always knew, even from the first, that the charm of childhood must needs go: you often thought to yourself, looking at the little faces and listening to the merry voices, that you wished nobody would ever grow older. For something would be lost, which not even the growing intelligence of early manhood and womanhood would quite repay. They are all you could wish, your boys and girls: and you are thankful: I will not suppose the occasional black sheep, nor the cantankerous unmanageable fool; for unless there were somewhat of that same in yourself, it will not be. But I say, Where are the children: the solemn eyes that scanned your face so earnestly when some question was put, touching the nature of our being here, whose answer only God knows: the little dog that came in, barking as no ordinary dog ever did, when you were very busy, but whom you could not possibly send away: the young looker-on into the Future who sat upon your knee, and eagerly told you many things which were pictured as sure to happen, which you know now were in fact never to be? These are gone, utterly and for ever. If they had died, they would have abode in memory the same little beings for ever: years would not have changed them: and you would have cherished the firm belief that when you found them again, where we hope to find everyone, you would find them the very same, little children waiting to welcome you as of old. There is no death so complete, as the death which comes through continuing life: there is nothing you lose so utterly as what you keep: here. The little one that gradually died into the grown-up man or woman, is dead irrevocably and for evermore.

If I had ever attached any importance whatever to the argument (so-called) for a Future Life, which founds on the transparent delusion that anything you miss very much you are sure to get back

again, and that anything you don't see how you are to do without will in fact be given to you, I confess I should be frightened sorely by this which has just been said. For it has never been suggested that in a better world you will find your friend more in number than one individual being: not even that you will be allowed to fix on the stage in your friend's development at which you would like to arrest him and keep him evermore the same. No one supposes that even there you can have your children as both old and young: the often-remembered looks and sayings of their earliest youth are gone away eternally. There are many such that sometimes bring the tears to your eyes: but unless there came the revolution of the great Platonic year, you are always leaving them further behind you. And you must just learn to do without them. If these dear things are never to come back, wherefore any? It is quite manifest that the fact that we should be unutterably glad to have again some prized thing departed, is no warrant earthly that it is to return.

It touches one to see even very homely manifestations of the fashion in which men manage to live, who have parted company with most people and most things they valued. In these hard and dry days, much is made of sober satisfactions. 'I like to see anything right: it lightens the mind, Doctor.' Such were the very words once said to my friend Smith. There was the sad worn old face: the speaker's wife was long dead, and his children mostly scattered: the frailties of age were gathering fast: in fact, he was pretty well broken-hearted. To see little things about his house and his garden right was the only enjoyment that remained. And that was hardly enjoyment: it did but lift the burden a little. 'It lightens the mind.' And the statement was made in a quiet sorrowful voice. This is certainly better than the kind of satisfaction which I once heard sketched in a coarse speech by a coarse soul. 'Their only enjoyment,' said the blatant vulgarian, 'is getting drunk, and going to the Devil in other ways.' 'Going to the Devil' is a euphemism: the phrase actually used was coarser. But to partake of this range of gratification, even to a large measure, that sorry being declared was not so bad as to sign certain testing articles in a different sense from that in which the sorry being did himself understand them. It was a sober satisfaction to the writer that no mortal with a soul above contempt minded in the least what that being said.

There are few things more touching to one with some little discernment, than the fashion in which many human beings try to smile at grave facts. 'Were not my heart light, I wad die,' wrote Lady Grizel Baillie; and said the broken-spirited Robert Burns: there is no heavier heart than the one which affects that unreal lightness. It is as when poor Anne Boleyn the evening before her execution jested about her little neck. Even so, one has seen those who tried to talk cheerfully, not to say comically, about the great wrench of parting. One of the most successful attempts to put such a thing amusingly may be found in one of the earlier stories of Mr. Anthony

Trollope. He relates how a kind-hearted but philosophic Frenchman, aware of the necessity of submission to the inevitable, and desirous to express his sorrow and his submission at once to certain friends whose departure was imminent, devised the following line of idiomatic English to convey his mingled feelings:—

Are you go? Is you gone? And I left? Verra vell!

You may try, kindly reader, the next time the necessity occurs, whether that kind of thing will much help you. When the railway train is sweeping you away in one direction, and the great steamship bearing your brother in the other, who parted two hours since and may not meet any more in this world, you may lean back and close your eyes and think of the poor Frenchman's pathetic line, and aim at his judicious resignation. *Verra vell!* I fear you will find the thing will not do. Like many other helps here provided, it may look like something real in days when it is not wanted, but it will collapse into utter emptiness when it is needed. A document which is possibly the earliest written that survives makes mention of *miserable comforters.* And the latest experience of human hearts is not unlikely to resemble the first recorded.

A homely expression of solemn facts does not make them less solemn: rather more. When it comes home to one's self, we cannot bear anything high-flown. The simplest words are the only ones that seem real. An anxious wife said to her husband, who had been ill for a very few days, and who (speaking as one with special knowledge) had conveyed that the danger was greater than she thought, 'But you don't mean that you may have to leave me?' There was a moment's pause: and the answer came, 'It's on the cards.' It was more. It was to be, and that very soon. You cannot allow yourself to say out what you are thinking and feeling. A little since, I saw two lads, each of twenty-one, who had been more than brothers since each was five years old, part for at least many years. 'Good-bye, old fellow,' were the last words. They could not begin to talk sentimentally in the bustle of the railway station, when the finest train which runs in this world was about to go. And I knew well that they had not done it at all. It was when Mr. Crummles was parting from Nicholas Nickleby, caring very little about it, that he strained the recalcitrant Nicholas to his heart, on the street, as the coach was starting, and exclaimed, 'Farewell, my noble, my lion-hearted boy!' But when, afterwards, the parting came which was indeed a trial, things were changed. 'Not a jot of his theatrical manner remained: he put out his hand with an air which, if he could have summoned it at will, would have made him the best actor of his day in homely parts.' We remember, vividly, the time and place of parting: but we make no use of the word 'Farewell,' and we speak of these things to no one. Happily, we do not take in that the one who goes is to be so long away: that a year will go over, and another year: and the bright face will never be seen, the familiar step never heard, the

pleasant presence gone out of our daily life, and from the dwelling and the ways we know. Yet you will understand something of the meaning of the lines which say, ''Twas strange that such a little thing Should leave a blank so large,' or, as the man said in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when Eva died, 'The world is as empty as an egg-shell.'

The separation is wide which is made by culture. One sees it, when the toiling father and mother have pinched themselves for years to send their boy to a Scotch University, thinking to make him a gentleman: but not realising the estrangement which is sure to follow the success of their toils and schemes. There need be no severance in affection: but the highly-educated lad with his degree in honours has found access into a world of thought which to the cottager and his thrifty wife is not at all. Just yesterday, I received a letter from an unknown friend in British Columbia, telling how, some fifty years ago, he and a little brother were sent from Perth to Glasgow by the coach. The sixty miles take two hours now, but then it was a long journey. The guard of the stage coach was a swart, broad-faced, ruddy man: he was kind to the two boys, and told them that he had a laddie of his ain, who was a gude scholar. The guard's language was a very moderate expression of the fact. For his son was James Halley, who was out of sight the best scholar of his time in the University of Glasgow: a pale, freckled, gentle lad, whose mother eked out the good guard's income by keeping a little shop in the High Street, hard by the College where her son was *facile princeps*. One sees the decent trustworthy guard going out for his long day's journey, in all kinds of weather: helping luggage up and down: saying a cheering word to lonely boy travellers: sitting with the honest sensible Scotch face screwed up in the north wind: and the pale student lad going into his classes, and toiling in his little room at home: the most lovable of sons as well as the most brilliant of scholars: writing Greek Iambics as one man in a generation does: living in a world of thought unknown on the Perth coach or in the little shop in the High Street. One pictures the guard coming home in the winter evening, and asking how Jamie (so they called him) had got through the day: and Jamie telling him how grandly Sir Daniel had read a bit of Æschylus that afternoon: likewise that there had been *no misfortunes*. In such words was a little boy known to the writer wont to relate that no punishment had befallen him at school. And some analogous expression would convey to the proud old Halley that Jamie's Greek verses for that day had not been surpassed or equalled by those of any other. Still, here parents and child were not so far asunder. It was not as when the old working man John McLiver went on earning his eighteenpence a day when his son was F.M. Lord Clyde. The Field Marshal bought his father a cottage, and sent him an occasional bank-note through the parish minister: but he did not come to see him. It was nobody's fault: but it was sad all the same.

Thus we part company. A. K. H. B.

A Gallician Novelist.

OUR morbid and introspective nineteenth century may be said to have applied in a peculiar mode the Greek maxim Γνῶθι σεαυτόν. Poets and romancers are subjective enough to make us tremble when we remember that Goethe stigmatised such a tendency in an epoch as a sure evidence of retrogression. Fortunately there are compensatory signs on which we have not space to dwell, that make the hand-to-hand struggle for pre-eminence now being carried on between idealism and materialism less depressing than it would otherwise be. That such a time should stamp its impress upon its writers is inevitable. Some incline to one side, some to another; it is rare to find an author, like the one of whom we propose to treat, who tries to combine both in a truly philosophical spirit. This very remarkable man is a Gallician, Sacher-Masoch, whose craving to anatomise and systematise all social questions is characteristic of the age. A robust and original genius worthy of attention, the study of his works is more than a pastime; they bring us face to face with some of the hardest social perplexities. But here at the outset we meet with a check. Sacher-Masoch is a voluminous writer; the mere enumeration of his works would fill our page. But are all these of value? Truth obliges us to say not only that they are not, but that the greater portion are so far beneath criticism that they can only range with the lowest type of inane and frivolous French romance: French romance, moreover, vulgarised by the less *raffiné* because more honest German tongue. It is a disputed point how far we may identify authors with their works. But we are not often confronted with the difficulty of identifying authors with themselves. As a rule the excuse for inferior work is immaturity or deterioration. Here is an author who writes good and bad pell-mell. Seeing what he has achieved, what he can do, we earnestly bid him beware. Even the godlike Goethe did not fritter his powers with impunity upon *vers d'occasion* and courtly mummeries. How much less then can a mere mortal afford to squander his gifts on ephemera! Economy of force is as needful in literature as in physics. An author who forgets this is guilty of high-treason to himself, to his art, to the world. Neither has Sacher-Masoch the too common excuse—the need to keep the grass growing and save the steed from starving.

Leopold Ritter von Sacher-Masoch was born at Lemberg in Gallicia, January 27th, 1836. His family are of Spanish origin, and can trace their genealogy back to the middle ages. The grandfather Sacher came to Gallicia as governor when the dismemberment of Poland gave this country to Austria. His son Leopold was made chief of the Gallician police. During the insurrections of 1837, 1846, and 1848 he displayed

great administrative ability and tact in dealing with difficult problems, and gained the esteem of both the nobles and the peasantry. After his marriage with the last descendant of an ancient Slav family, he assumed his wife's name of Masoch. Our author is the offspring of this marriage. His childhood was passed between Lemberg and its neighbourhood. In winter the family lived in the government residence, a sad dwelling in those troublous times. Every day under the windows flogging was administered. The boy was early familiar with spies, criminals, and vagabonds; with smug, self-satisfied bureaucrats; with Austrian maladministration; with Polish nobles, turbulent and squalid: in short, with all that strangely mingled, seething, semi-barbaric phase of human endeavour enacted in this far-away corner of Eastern Europe Indoors his nurse, a Little-Russian peasant, inflamed his imagination and his love of the marvellous by her vivid and impassioned recitation of folk-songs and legends. From her he learned the history of the brigand Dobosch, of the Woywode Potocki, of the beautiful Esterka, the Jewish Pompadour of Poland, of the unhappy Barbara Radziwill; and thus from his cradle imbibed all the aspirations, the melancholy, and the poetry of the Slavs. In summer the family removed to a rambling country-house, half farm, half mansion, such as Sacher-Masoch has frequently described. Here he learned to fish and hunt, to climb the mountains, to yearn for a borderer's life, and mingling with the country folk gleaned their weal and woe, and listened for hours to their narratives of adventures. And the Little-Russian is a good storyteller, and Sacher-Masoch has a good memory. He was only ten when the insurrections of 1846 occurred; but the terrible scenes he witnessed burned themselves into his brain, and he has never forgotten when the carts entered Lemberg bearing the dead and wounded insurgents. The blood flowed from under the straw, and the hungry dogs licked it ravenously. And this was only one of many ghastly scenes. His education was conducted first at Lemberg, then at Prague and Gratz, where he distinguished himself in modern subjects. The classics did not attract him, and it is to the lack of discipline and harmonious proportion which their study promotes that his chief literary faults may be ascribed. His own account of his University years is, 'I drank much beer and fought many duels.' That he did something besides is proved by the fact that he was nominated Professor of History at Gratz. Till this period he had not shown any extraordinary vocation for literature. Accident revealed his powers. One evening, when he had narrated his reminiscences of 1846, a lady said to him, 'Write that; it would make a splendid romance.' He obeyed, and produced 'Count Donski.' It deals with that curious rising of the Polish nobles, who were deluded into thinking that the peasantry they had so cruelly oppressed would side with them for Poland. We see the Poles earnest amid their frivolity, the ladies vivacious and enthusiastic, the peasants politically dazed but instinctively conscious that these, and not the Austrians, are their bitterest foes, and replying to the cry, 'Hail Poland!' to their masters'

consternation, with 'Hail the Emperor!' It was a vigorous piece of descriptive work—broad in outline, but not leaving out of regard the finer lights and shades that personal knowledge alone can bestow. Writing this romance awoke Sacher-Masoch's nostalgia. He returned to Gallicia, spent two months among the peasantry, and then wrote 'The Emissary,' a tale dealing with the abortive rising of 1848. We are again introduced into the midst of the Polish nobles, and learn how conspiracies are for them what private theatricals and rubbers of whist are for us, namely, diversions. They are presented in all their pride, their fascination of manner, their superficial culture, their sensuality, justifying the Gallician proverb concerning them: 'The Fatherland upon their tongue and deceit in their heart.' Let those who still cherish sentimental longings for the resuscitation of Poland read these pages, and they will understand why 'Finis Poloniæ' was inevitable. Behind their time, believing, as in inspiration, in the superiority of the noble over the lowly born, they trod under foot every sentiment of duty and humanity to their subordinates, until even these patient worms turned, and recognised that in Austria lay their hopes of deliverance from worse than Egyptian bondage.

The characters, like all Sacher-Masoch's creations, are presented with keen dramatic touches: they exist, they are no shadows; they are muscular, they breathe. The energy of their passions is infectious; while the gentler sides of life, though lightly indicated, are not wholly absent. Here, as before, Sacher-Masoch was in his true vein. But his next literary venture was a *faux pas*, and signalised his departure for some time from his proper sphere. Abandoning these small *genre* pictures, he launched forth into the historical romance, that most tedious and mechanical form, which requires the genius of a Walter Scott to give it vitality. In 1868 he published his 'Last King of the Magyars,' dealing with Louis II.—a faithful reflection of Hungarian manners, but lengthy and inartistic. Indications were not lacking in 'The Emissary' of faults that became emphasised here, and are among the gravest of Sacher-Masoch's failings—a want of good taste and reticence, an offensive realism, an inclination to deal with the passions in the mode defined by Plato as a wild beast appetite. His phantasy is luxuriant, and inclines to the cruelly voluptuous. The glaring, harsh, and bizarre preponderate. Though this intoxication of phantasy well accords with the romanticism of the Magyar world, and thus lends a reality to his pictures, it offends our æsthetic perceptions to have the lower side of human nature so constantly forced upon our notice—forced, too, with no sense in the author of its degrading character. His tales from 'Russian Court Life,' treating of the days of Catherine II., and his 'Female Sultan,' obviously gave this tendency full scope. These historical sensational romances, like all German novels of this class, deal less with offences against civil than against moral laws. Sacher-Masoch here first develops the type of woman that has an overpowering attraction for him, for she reappears again and again—duodecimo editions of Catherine II. and

Semiramis, Amazons who shoot and ride, whose love is deadly poison, who intoxicate their lover at one moment, and lash him with their remorseless knout at another; women who embrute and enslave man, rather than raise and ennoble him; proud, beautiful, commanding, corrupt; fascinating as the snake, and equally dangerous. It is the glowing Oriental imagination of the Slav, not the calm Western fancy that meets us in these pages. Perhaps we should view them wholly from the former standpoint if the ground tone of thought were not so Western. It is this startling anomaly that forms one of Sacher-Masoch's chief attractions. The above-named books were followed by many others, 'The Messalinas of Vienna,' 'False Ermine,' 'Theatrical Stories,' &c., &c., of which the titles sufficiently indicate the contents. They remind us of one of Joubert's delicate criticisms, that such novels 'ont l'air d'avoir été écrits dans un café, par un joueur de dominos, en sortant de la comédie.' And yet in even the flimsiest of these stories it is grievous to see how much of that subtle essence the French name 'esprit' is carelessly squandered broadcast. In 'A Divorced Wife' Sacher-Masoch has touched the utmost limits of the permissible, a story as offensive in its realism as the works of Zola and Flaubert, and which had some of the same success in Germany. It lacks, of course, the delicate fashion of saying improper things that lends French romances a pleasant flavour to jaded palates, and rather corroborates Sainte-Beuve's dictum that 'realism is the art of saying improper things improperly.' To his credit be it said, Sacher-Masoch never seems quite at home in this atmosphere of *demi-monde*; he appears to take to it like a boy to his first cigar, which he finds nauseous, but which he thinks makes him look a man. Neither is the theatre his element, though he has written several plays performed in various towns with some success.

Meanwhile his views had enlarged and ripened. He had grown more and more Panslavist,[1] and detested Prussia increasingly as she began to show her power. Though he wrote in German, a language not native to him, because he thus commanded a wider audience, he grew to have less and less in common with a people whom it was his delight to denounce. Indeed, in this wise a strange interest attaches to him as a German novelist devoid of German feeling. He had caught that malignant epidemic, the nationality fever. He was weary of dealing with the *coulisse*, weary of the pallid and monotonous life of Germany. He longed to steep his brush in those gorgeous Eastern colours, to employ those characteristic piquant settings with which his boyhood had familiarised him. Accident once more came to his aid. A friend advised him to return to the prairies of the Vistula, the forests of the Dniester, to seek his inspirations

[1] The feud between the Slav and the Teuton races is very ancient, and is expressed in the old saw:—

'So lange die Welt ist die Welt,
Der Slave es nicht mit dem Deutschen hält.'

in an unsophisticated 'milieu,' not in a bureaucracy. He held up Tourgenieff to him, encouraged him to follow in the footsteps of Gogol and Petöfi, to become the poet of his country, to celebrate the hunters of the Carpathians and the brigands of the steppes, the beautiful women with queenly hearts beating under their sheepskin tunics, and the noble drinkers who toasted their lady-love out of her slipper. Within a fortnight Sacher-Masoch had written 'The Don Juan of Kolomea.' The disaster of Sadowa checked his course. He interested himself in politics, founded an Anti-Prussian newspaper, and became the spokesman of the Little-Russian faction. It is this Prussophobia, by the way, that has hastened Sacher-Masoch's fame, since the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' glad to find in the camp of the enemy a fellow enemy, translated some of his best short tales.

In Germany his anti-German tendencies drew odium upon him, so that Sacher-Masoch, whose failing is not an excess of modesty, loudly boasts that he forms with Bismarck and Wagner the best hated German trio. Having resigned his professorship, he made the tour of Europe. In Italy he was seized with that bitter nostalgia from which those peoples seem to suffer most in whose countries Nature is unkind. He longed for his barbarous fatherland, for the morose and gloomy grandeur of the Carpathians, the endless ocean-like plains. A pupil of Schopenhauer and Darwin, he craved to investigate life from their basis, and where, he thought, could he approach more closely to the fountain-head of truth than among his own people? He would be brought more quickly face to face with naked problems among a race that does not suffer from the evils incident to long ages of civilisation, where man is yet the unsophisticated child of Nature. And there came to him the inspiration to adumbrate the whole story of human life in one romantic prose epic. He has himself accepted the definition of a 'Divina Commedia' in prose, accorded to it by an enthusiastic German critic. Of this, his *opus magnum*, we will now treat consecutively, not interrupting our narrative to mention the less worthy products that still continued to pour from his prolific pen—among them a veritable denunciation of the political, literary, and social morals of Berlin, under the title 'The Ideals of our Time.'

'The Legacy of Cain' is the collective title of Sacher-Masoch's great drama of human life, upon which his ultimate fame will rest. It is still unfortunately a torso, and though at a hasty glance it is not easy to perceive whither so much force and knowledge are going to lead him, and though it is certainly too early to judge of the conclusions to be deduced from the whole, careful reading will make them clearly evident. 'A novel,' says Goethe, 'is a subjective epic in which the author begs permission to treat the world after his own fashion. The question only remains, has he a fashion; the rest follows of itself.' Sacher-Masoch has a fashion, and therefore has leave to be original. The work opens with a sombre prologue called 'The Wanderer.' The scene is sunset in a dense virgin forest.

The author is traversing it after a day's sport. His rifle hangs over his shoulder, his dogs run beside him, his gamekeeper walks ahead. Suddenly an eagle soars above, and the bird is brought down with one shot. 'Cain, Cain,' a voice cries from out of the thicket in stern sorrowful accents such as might have greeted the ears of the first murderer, and a weird dishevelled figure steps forth bearing the dead bird in his hand. The gamekeeper crosses himself. 'It is a Wanderer,' he says. Sacher-Masoch then recognises in his monitor an adherent of that fantastic Russian sect who hold the world abandoned to the dominion of Satan.[2] On this account they fly into the woods far from the reign of anarchy, and lead an ascetic and wandering existence. He had often heard of the order, whom the people regard with superstitious reverence. 'What have you gained by this, Cain?' spoke the Wanderer after a pause. 'Is your love of murder gratified? Are you sated with the blood of your brother?' 'Is not the eagle a robber?' hastily replied the sportsman. 'Does he not murder the smaller and weaker of his race? Is it not rather a good work to kill him?' 'Yes, he is a murderer; he sheds blood, like all who live; but must we therefore do the same? I do not do it; but you—yes, yes, you also are of the race of Cain; I know you, you bear the brand.' The hunter is abashed; he timidly asks for enlightenment. 'Return within yourself,'[3] says the sage with warning accents; 'break loose from the legacy of Cain; learn to know truth, learn to renounce, learn to despise life and love death.' 'How can I follow truth when I do not know it? Instruct me.' 'I am no saint,' is the reply; 'how can I teach you truth? but I will tell you what I know.' He then relates the story of his own life, how he too had been a true son of Cain, and eaten of the tree of life; how he had loved, and been adored, and been deceived; how he had sought to live at the expense of others, how he had wrestled for worldly gain, how in the greatest misery he yet dreaded death. But cognition came; he saw the warfare of all living things; saw life and the world as they are. And this cognition he proceeds to detail. The first great delusion was to think that God in his goodness and wisdom had made this world as good as possible, and instituted a moral order, so that the wicked perish in their attempts to overthrow the right. The world is bad, imperfect, life a penance. Man is only the most reasonable, rapacious, and cruel of all brutes. Everyone desires to live, no matter how, at what cost; Joseph is daily sold by his brethren; the blood of Abel cries daily to Heaven. Neither is enjoyment a reality. Love is a delusion; we wake too soon to the humiliating perception that we are Nature's tools. Peoples and

[2] The Russian Satan has nothing in common with our cynical Western Devil. They regard him as a great personification of the evil (sensuous) principle, as the successor of the Black God in his opposition to the White God, who according to the pagan Slavs ruled the world.

[3] 'Geh in Dich,' an expression as untranslatable as Γνῶθι σεαυτόν, of which it is a far better equivalent than 'Know thyself.'

states are only men who combine together to do injury. War, not rarely entered upon under illusive enthusiasms, is nothing but the struggle for existence on a larger scale. Everyone seeks to live through others, through murder and theft, and is to live through himself and his work. Work alone frees us from all misery. So long as some let others work for them and live in abundance, so long as a portion of mankind is enslaved, there is no peace on earth. Death is the deliverance, the only good; happiness exists only in the recognition of these truths. 'These six,' said the old man solemnly, 'Love, Property, the State, War, Work, and Death, are the legacy of Cain who slew his brother; and his brother's blood cried unto Heaven, and the Lord spoke to Cain: Thou shalt be cursed upon the earth, a fugitive and a vagabond.' Thereupon he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared. The sportsman was left sunk in contemplation; he began to comprehend existence, and that Life and Death are not foes, antagonists, but friends, who serve each other. Life seemed to stand nakedly revealed to him and told him how nothing had beginning or end, but returned to earth again and again in various forms. 'You cannot flee from life' she explains to him. 'Son of Cain, you must live, you must kill, you must kill to live, and kill if you would not live, for only self-murder can release you.' A shudder seized his frame, he hastened to the nearest village to be within sight and sound of men. The distant lights, the peaceful aspect cheered him; he began to ponder how mankind could extract the best out of this heavy curse.

The acts of this great drama now follow in quick succession. The first section is devoted to 'Love,' and we at once recognise the pupil of Schopenhauer who regards its poetry as a mantle of delusion designed to cover a stern reality. Nature employs this passion only as a means to her ends. But Sacher-Masoch is not a thorough-going pessimist; he is no follower of Von Hartmann's Philistine speculations; but, like his master Schopenhauer, he is a poet as well as a thinker. He does not seek to paint the world in its curse merely; he does not abandon it in despair; his irony is not corrosive, and his ferocities are only directed against the cruel and bad. His pessimism is resigned idealism; but he has not abandoned the endeavour to extract the best out of the worst of all possible worlds. Not only does he promise that the whole cycle shall find in the Epilogue an harmonious conclusion, but each dissonant section shall close with an ideal harmony. Like Darwin he admits the struggle for existence, but like Darwin he holds that man need not remain rooted in the animal dispositions natural to him, but can rise above them and nature, become master of himself, and ennoble himself physically and intellectually.

'The Don Juan of Kolomea' is the first story of this series. Its motto under cover of flippancy hides a sad submission. 'Deceive all, not to be deceived yourself.' Marriage is its theme. The hero and narrator tells the history of his wedded life with caustic naïve

humour, quite unconscious of the deep questions he is elucidating. The pedantry of the peasant-watch, who hold that something is not in order with their passports, has condemned Sacher-Masoch and the Don Juan to pass a night in a dirty Jewish pothouse on the frontier of the district of Kolomea.[4] The Little-Russian is communicative, and the night is passed in recital. He has married the woman of his love; they had been bound together by ardent passion until the so-called 'pledge of love,' the child, was born. Its cries, its continual demands upon the mother, drove the father to seek distraction elsewhere. The mother, for a time, was utterly absorbed in the child. Insensibly the couple became alienated, though each still loved the other sincerely. Time passed; she sought to rouse his jealousy; he felt he had no right to resent her infidelity, since he had not been faithful himself. He was the Don Juan of the district; but in loving and deceiving all women, he cannot succeed in forgetting his own wife. He sighs after the conjugal happiness closed to him for ever, and in which he yet could not, and never could, rest content. Neither is to blame for this estrangement; such a discord is a necessary concomitant of monogamy, if marriage is entered upon on the common, unthinking, purely sensuous basis. The sexes deceive each other, not because they wish to do so, but because they must. This idea is further developed in the second story, 'Der Capitulant.' Its keynote is:—

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
And tends with the remover to remove.'

Once more the idea is developed in an episodic form. The story is told round a watch-fire on a bitter winter's night, with blinding snow falling around. The narrator is a superannuated soldier, a peasant, who relates how he loved, but was forsaken by a girl who, though loving him, became the mistress, then the wife, of the lord of the district. She was an egotist, proud, beautiful, endowed with sensuous longings that only wealth could satisfy. Did she not act rightly? He cannot blame her. She only obeyed the instincts of her nature. He too has obeyed his: he loves her still, will love her to the end. Sleigh-bells resound through the frosty air. The watch are at their posts, demanding 'Passports' in a peremptory tone. 'No matter,' says the Capitulant, stepping forward, for he has recognised the occupant; 'it is the Lady of Zevala. Why should she not be happy?' he said, indicating the richly appointed sledge fast vanishing over the snowy plain into the darkness. 'Has she not slaves and Cossacks, the great lords kiss her hand, and she is clothed in lovely furs.' In this story is embodied a most masterly picture of the Gallician plain in its winter dress, the sun setting into the snow and making it burn like fire. It is pervaded with 'the perfume of the steppe,' and is a piece

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[4] These stories, with few exceptions, are all laid in the town or district of Kolomea.

of word-painting not easily surpassed. It is the plain, Sacher-Masoch deems, that makes the Gallician so melancholy; it is boundless and sad like the ocean, it surrounds mankind like eternity, and is inscrutable like Nature. 'Mondnacht' (A Moonlight Night) is 'a soul's tragedy,' a fantastic tale steeped in a dreamy background of moonlight, that is never suffered to slip from our remembrance, but is brought before us again and again by subtle touches. The prevailing tone of morbid sensibility suits its theme; we are held spell-bound, enchanted; we do not read, we live through this weird scene. Once again Sacher-Masoch is connected with his story. He is returning from the chase. The moon shining upon the boundless plain shows him a white country house surrounded by tall poplars. As he approaches he hears a practised hand playing Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata.' It sounded as though a wounded human soul was dropping its tears upon the keys. After listening awhile he enters and craves shelter. The Barina[5] gracefully accords it, and leads him into a *salon*, a bare whitewashed room with no furniture save a card-table and five wooden chairs. Round this table sit the master of the house, a Polish noble, the village pope, and an ancient officer. The party have a seedy air that heightens the contrast between them and the spiritual-visaged hostess who attracts the visitor. Refreshments are served, they chat of Tourgenieff's last novel, of music, of the theatre, the harvest. The players play on. The moonlight has crept into the room, it shines on the Barina's face; she complains of headache, and retires. A Cossack leads Sacher-Masoch across the court, and shows him into his monastically simple apartment. For a long time he contemplates the moon-bathed landscape, the vista of blooming plains and distant mountains. Peasants were harvesting the ripe maize and cutting the corn, for the night was fine and cool. All was silent, only man was awake in his misery, working in the sweat of his brow for the miserable, contemptible existence he loves and despises. After he had looked his fill, he slowly retired to bed. A sound rouses him from slumber. In the open French window stands the Barina, her beautiful limbs swathed in soft flowing robes, her lovely hair unloosed, her eyes fast shut in sleep. She greets him with her hand, lays a finger upon her lip, steps in, and kneeling beside the rough bedstead, begins to weep bitterly. 'Leopold must not think ill of Olga,' she said at last, speaking of herself in the third person, 'nor must he tell, not even Olga herself, or she would kill herself for shame.' He promised. 'I must tell him all,' she went on, 'he knows woman's nature. Olga has no sin on her but that she is a woman, and that she was educated, as a woman is, for enjoyment, not for work. Woman is a creature by herself; she has not torn herself loose from nature, and is therefore so much better and so much worse than man. Love is a luxury for man; it is woman's daily bread.' She then relates to him, still in her sleep,

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[5] Nobleman's wife, lady of the manor.

and always in the third person, the story of her life, prefacing how she would have been a good woman, with open head and honest heart, had her training been directed into healthier grooves. With deep melancholy she describes her mental sufferings, and holds up her heart to view as though it were an anatomical object in which she has no part or lot. A beautiful woman, she married young an indulgent husband, who loved her, but who could not sacrifice all his time to feed her vanity. She sought distraction in society, then in conquest; finally she subjugated a friend who had long held aloof. For a year they kept their criminal secret. When it was revealed, her husband killed the lover in a duel. She recoiled from him, and yet could not leave him, because she could not bear to live without love; and he still loves her, though he suffers. Then there are the children; the force of habit. Her story told, she glides away again into the moonlight. Her last confession has introduced a crass discord into the poem of this moonlight night. A diabolical humour has triumphed in this prosaic truism which shows how love is an illusion, a habit. Next morning the Barin apologises for his wife's absence at breakfast. She often suffers from *migraine* when the moon is full. Can his guest tell him of any remedy? Some people have suggested sour cucumbers.[6] The concise and simple diction of this tale is united to a fervour that is almost rhythmic in its hurry of passion. The *motto* is a phrase from the Sonata that plays a great part in the story, and whose sad tones of yearning and resignation sob through the whole.

So far Sacher-Masoch has dealt with the natural phases of love; but he also regards its irregular expression as a part of the legacy of Cain; and there follow two such stories. Undoubtedly an author who lays the foundation of his work upon a philosophical basis is justified in dealing with the morbid as well as the healthy emotions of mankind. But we have a right to demand that the limits of the Beautiful be respected, that the treatment be calm. Its analysis must be objective, and remember its relation to philosophical ideas. Though it loses nothing thereby of a voluptuous impression, the air of *haut goût* is avoided. In these two stories Sacher-Masoch has trespassed against good taste. 'The New Plato,' so nicknamed by his brother officers, is an idealist, ever riding, like Voltaire's St. Denis, upon a rainbow, and seeing in woman a beautiful but malevolent creature, from whose sensuous nature he holds aloof. The story is to illustrate that woman must captivate by means of the senses, and cannot be satisfied with intellectual fascination. An amorous countess wins the youth's love by a masquerade, and forfeits it when her true character is discovered. In 'Venus,' Sacher-Masoch analyses the close relation that exists between cruelty and voluptuousness, of which the Cæsars furnish such monstrous illustrations. To experience

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[6] There is a *double entendre* in the German phrase 'saure Gurken,' which suggests a combination of 'Dead Sea fruit' and 'sour grapes.'

physical enjoyment when smarting under the knout-lashes of a mistress is not given to a Northern man. Indeed, these Circes—who literally trample the man they love under their feet, who subjugate unless they can be subjugated—are Byzantine in their animalism and cruelty. The moral of this nauseous story is, that as man at present educates woman, she is his enemy, and must be his slave or his despot, never his companion. This she can only become if she is his equal in the eye of the law, in education, and in labour. The last story furnishes the final resolution to this series of dissonances, and shows how man can overcome the curse that attaches to love in the legacy of Cain. 'Marzella, or a Fairy Tale of Happiness,' is founded on Mill's dictum that 'Unlikeness may attract, but it is likeness which retains.' In a marriage resting upon intellectual sympathy, the demons of sensuality are subdued. The story stands in sharp contrast to the first, where the child was the obstacle to passion; here it becomes its glory and sanction. Thus, in Sacher-Masoch's eyes, the problem is solved. Woman, who is the savage element in our society, must be tamed by man and raised to his intellectual level. She will then no longer worship him blindly or subject him to indignities, but stand beside him as his friend and equal, and, while serving Nature's ends, they will both rise above her elemental promptings. Man and woman will then no longer be chained together by love, waging an endless warfare. Man will carry on in miniature the great work of civilisation. A second Prometheus, he will sit beside his sacred hearth-stone, forming men and training them to noble pursuits. This last story unfortunately has none of the plastic power, the breathless interest, of the previous five; reflexions preponderate; the author's Utopia, like that of many other reformers, wants precision of outline. The idyll of happiness is somewhat tame.

'Property' is the next item in the curse of Cain investigated by our author. He presents us with an incisive sketch of the eternal feud existing between rich and poor, and in the end with a possible solution. 'Das Volksgericht' (The Folk Tribunal) shows a company of freebooters fallen into the hands of the village commune and by them stoned to death. When the justices arrive from Kolomea, all the villagers profess ignorance of the incident; the elders, the peasants, even the thieves who have escaped, will reveal nothing. Such circumstances are far from uncommon, and spring, thinks Sacher-Masoch, from a good instinct which the Slav possesses beyond the Occidentals, the instinct of self-help. And this instinct is further illustrated in the story of these robbers, who are far from worthless. The hero, Kyrilla, has the qualities of a fine man; his bane has been his poverty. He could not marry a poor girl whom he loved; when she was a rich widow she spurned him as a husband, though she accepted him as a lover. It was money that separated them, his embittered revolt against money that caused him to burn her farm; her love for wealth, stronger than her love for him, that made her denounce him to the commune, and throw the first stone to kill him.

'There was a time, a thousand—what know I, two thousand years ago—when mankind murdered and plundered one another like the wild beasts do now. Then those children of Cain who were sated with the blood of their brethren arranged among themselves, and gave laws. Since that time those who have property live at the expense of those who have none.' Such is the preamble to Kyrilla's 'Credo,'[7] uttered with impassioned vehemence. This story is rich in ethnographical pictures. Not to mention its vivid scenic descriptions, it is certain that only in such distant spots, where the blessings of social order are not yet recognised, could the struggle for existence and property wage with such fierce intensity. We are brought into contact with a people among whom social questions are still in the initial state. Wallenstein's mordant saying—

> Sei im Besitze und Du wohnst im Recht,
> Und heilig wird's die Menge Dir bewahren,[8]

compresses the whole aspect of affairs. It is further illustrated in a powerful study, 'Der Hajdamak.' We might, in our ignorance, mistake this man for a robber; he is, in truth, a philosopher. He claims that he is no more a robber than those knights of old who ranged the world in quest of adventures, took the goods of others in fair fight, and were then dubbed knights, and honoured by kings. Nowadays we call them robbers, and if we hang chains round their necks they are of hemp. And yet these robbers, before the abolition of serfdom in 1848, were the only protectors of the oppressed peasants, whose lords tethered them to the plough, beat them remorselessly if they dared to demur, rented their churches to the Jews so that they could not worship their God without paying admission at the doors; in short, subjected them to every species of outrage. Small wonder that some revolted and retired into the mountain fastnesses, burning with hatred against the nobles, rectifying with rude justice the inequalities of wealth, and shielding many a peasant from his master by a system of retribution as terrible as it was deserved. When we read how these serfs were treated, we cannot marvel that when they rose at last scenes of horror occurred, as when they buried the nobles up to their necks in the ground, and mowed down their proud heads with the scythe. These Slavs hold in a naïve form Schopenhauer's theory, that the labour expended on an object constitutes the right of possession. There is no need to bar doors against them; they would hold it sin to touch others' money, clothes, &c., but would not hesitate to cut wood in others' forests, shoot others' game, or pasture their cow in others' fields. These things the good God has made for all, and none has an exclusive right to them. A man's labour has not made trees, grass, or beasts to grow. They also draw a subtle

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[7] Heine places much the same sentiments in the mouth of his bear, Atta Troll. *See* Kap. x.

[8] Be in possession and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!
Wallenstein's Lager, act i. sc. iv. (Coleridge's trans.).

distinction between thieving and helping themselves in case of necessity; and to this day it is wise for owners of valuable silver and jewels to pay a yearly tithe of immunity to the recognised thieves of the district. Missing property will usually be restored for a consideration. The people regard these superior thieves with respect, and with an unbounded belief in their powers of redress. Certainly the Hajdamak presented to us here is an august and guileless figure, and we part from his Carpathian home with regret to descend among the children of Cain.

So far the question of property has been treated in a one-sided and violent manner. In 'Hasara Raba' we come upon its more complex side. It is the story of a poor Jewish couple and their rich relations, and discloses all the sufferings, struggles, and humiliations, that man can impose upon his fellow-man. The cruelty of fate is in the end compensated by the blessings that rest upon work; but work was not easily found, and meantime the workman stood idle in the market-place passionately longing for hire, and every man's hand seemed against him. This story is a masterpiece of caustic humour and keen observation. The Jews are portrayed with an exact knowledge of their customs, their semi-Hebrew language, their Talmudic lore, their subterfuges and cunning, greater even than that of the Slav—such as few but Jews by birth could paint. The couple whose bickerings find a vent in pitting sayings of the Talmud and the Pentateuch against each other are inimitable. 'Ein Testament' depicts the comic, tragic, and tragi-comic consequences that ensue from the accumulation of wealth in an ungenerous hand, forming a psychological commentary to Seneca's saying that 'the bitterest poverty is avarice in wealth.' Here, as in the previous novelettes, the malediction attached to love continues to figure side by side with that resting on property. Imperious Delilahs, vampires with golden hair and kisses that bewitch and disarm, scenes of violence, carnage and terrible vengeance, result from this warfare of man against circumstances. Here a woman sells her husband for an annuity to the heroine, who, when she has exhausted all the pleasures of life, sinks into superstition, and finally leaves her wealth to her lapdog. 'Basil Hymen' is the history of a fortuneless man, a touching story told with simple pathos. A gentler Timon, Hymen's reckless generosity has reduced him to poverty. He retires with his wife and child into the woods and leads an idyllic existence, until a day when misguided friends persuade him to return to the world. He strives to work, but cannot obtain employment; misfortunes break in on him; he loses his home, his wife, his child. Utterly broken, he sinks into a state of dreamy idealism and fatalism, and conceives that only he is truly free who has nothing to tremble for, nothing to lose. Even the clothes he wears are not his; he owns nothing save a trinket and a worn baby's shoe. Sad and sombre as the story is, its conclusions are the sad resignation of the Slav, not the fierce revolt of the Western mind. It is this Oriental passivity, this capacity for silent

suffering, which Sacher-Masoch regards as an indication of the Slav's leanings towards Buddhistic contemplation.

In 'Das Paradies am Dniester' we find Sacher-Masoch's solution of the vexed question of property. Zenon Mirolawski, the carefully reared, only child of a nobleman, suddenly learns the misery endured by the poor, and, like a second Buddha, quits his luxurious home to mix unknown among the people, sharing their work and privations. So doing, he comes to know their needs; he also wins the heart of a young countess. After he has filfilled his purpose, he marries, and founds a miniature and ideal State that rests on labour. He hold that the only true and just property is that upon which a man has bestowed his own labour, in the sense of the Greek proverb, that the gods blessed nothing more than sweat. His State is a peaceful commune held together by work and regulated activity, in which everyone enjoys according to the measure of his abilities and performances. These are the postulates which Zenon deduced during his apprenticeship. The question of property is the burning topic of the day; it presses all others into the background; and rightly so, because political freedom is a taunt as long as material slavery exists. Property must become common, but wages must be individual. He deems Socialism a noble error, but Communism he regards as a brutal lie, which would depress men for ever to a low standard. Education is to be the business of the State, to whom all property is returned at a man's death, so that his children begin the world anew. This returned wealth is to be devoted to useful works and great industrial undertakings, such as the cutting of the Suez Canal, or the conversion of the Sahara into an inland sea. Christianity, built upon Judaism, has become untenable through the laws disclosed by modern science, and with it our whole morality. This must be remoulded to rest upon natural laws. We must both serve and subjugate Nature. All theories, even the best, founder on the attempt to change established forms. What we require to change is human nature. Here Sacher-Masoch touches the key-note of his whole series. He does not desire with a rude hand to shake the stability of existing things. All his stories point to this end as the true solution of the struggle for existence. But only the Slavonic peoples can compass this regeneration. They are the coming race; we Westerns are exhausted; we are too much steeped in egoism and aristocratic notions even to grasp the public spirit, the feeling for democracy and equality, that is innate in the Slav. We desire to be individual, they to be collective, as expressed by their proverb, 'The Commune is a great man.' 'The Paradise on the Dniester' is an apotheosis of Panslavism as well as an exposition of Sacher-Masoch's politico-economical theories. In their impetuosity, their onesidedness, they recall those of Godwin; they bear an eighteenth-century doctrinaire character; but they are suggestive and very earnest.

We anticipate with interest the publication of the further sections of the 'Legacy of Cain.' Meanwhile Sacher-Masoch has published a clever, attractive, and thoroughly unexceptionable book, which we

cannot leave unnoted, though we have not space to treat it in the detail it deserves. In 'Der Neue Hiob' (The Modern Job), Sacher-Masoch has toned down markedly. His political theories seem suddenly to have collapsed, and he appears as practically a conservative in politics, morality, and religion. 'The New Job' is a biography rather than a work of fiction. The hero, a Gallician peasant, has, in accordance with a Little-Russian habit, been thus nicknamed, because, like his Biblical prototype, he has patiently endured much undeserved misfortune; while his latter end, like Job's, was more blessed than the beginning. Born in 1794, Pisarenko suffered from the after-waves of the French Revolution which swept over Austrian Poland; from the first cholera epidemic of 1817, and from the insurrections of 1846 and 1848; after which the Austrians were forced to repeal the *robot* (villein socage), whereupon the fortunes of the peasants mended. The hero is a stern splendid character, of a grandeur and simplicity quite Homeric. Around him Sacher-Masoch has grouped a forcible picture of existence during the earlier part of this century. We come to understand how a capricious despotism, an absolute contempt for all human rights in comparison with the interests of a privileged class, the venality of all office-holders, led the down-trodden people to retaliate at last with ferocious vindictiveness. Many side-lights are thrown upon the vexed Eastern question. The little book is a remarkable ethnographical study, while there is an epic breadth about it that raises it above a naturalistic standard.

Though all Sacher-Masoch's best works may be classed as novels of tendency, this purpose is, with few exceptions, not obtruded. His excellences, as well as his defects, are *sui generis*, and cannot be judged by a conventional standard. His direct and uncouth originality of presentment gives a stamp of unconventional truth and reality to his pictures that stand forth in strong relief, and once read can never be forgotten. With a dashing pencil, a laconic concentration of language, keen powers of observation, coupled with intimate knowledge of Gallician conditions, he describes with force and strength scenes and persons curiously remote from the range of our everyday life. In reading him we feel throughout that we have come in contact with a mind of undoubted originality, that we have before us a novelist of no common stamp. But another and equally interesting matter forces itself on our attention. We ask ourselves, is Sacher-Masoch entitled to rank as an exponent of Slavonic aspirations; or is he merely reproducing Western ideas in a new dress? We think not. We think he may fairly be regarded as the hierophant of Panslavism; and it is this that gives an enhanced interest to his work, at a moment when Eastern Europe is attracting so much public interest, clamouring to be admitted into the circle of enlightened nations. From Sacher-Masoch's pages we can learn the characteristics of these peoples, and judge for ourselves whether indeed the future of Europe belongs to the Slavonic race.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

Prince Louis Napoleon's Expedition to Boulogne, August 1840.

AN ORIGINAL NARRATIVE.

IN this narrative I will refrain from commenting upon what has already been made public both in England and France, and enlarge upon such details as seem to me now, as they did at the time, so far to redeem from ridicule[1] a daring adventure which rested on more reasonable chances of success than most people are aware of, and which was in reality the starting-point of Prince Louis Napoleon's extraordinary career.

I will relate how it happened that I was appointed by the Prince to be the principal actor in the expedition, how difficult and dangerous was the task that had to be performed amidst the many chances of detection, and finally the *real* cause of the sudden and unexpected collapse of the attack made on the French territory.

In handling so delicate a subject, I will abstain from any remark or disclosure which I consider to be irrelevant to it, and as I am probably now the only survivor (at least to my knowledge) of all those who were on board the 'Edinburgh Castle' on the 5th of August, 1840, I shall feel doubly bound never to swerve from the most scrupulous historical accuracy.

I.

INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

IT is unnecessary to describe the circumstances following the Strasburg affair (October 1836) under which Prince Louis Napoleon returned to England in the autumn of 1838, after closing his mother's eyes at Arenenberg. It is enough to say that he left Switzerland voluntarily after the Federal Government had refused the imperious demand of the French Government for his expulsion, rather than be the cause of an unequal struggle which would have ended in useless bloodshed.

I was at that time in Paris, where I had been watching from the very beginning the complications likely to arise from the critical position of French politics and the obvious instability of Louis Philippe's dynasty.

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[1] 'Une folle et ridicule aventure,' were Guizot's words at the time—words, however which he afterwards confesses in his 'Memoirs,' vol. v. p. 258, that he read 'with some embarrassment.'

Having been summoned by the Prince to join him in England, I started at once, and found that he had gone to Leamington (Warwickshire) in order to avoid personal demonstrations and to ponder quietly, and in perfect rest of mind, on what he should do under the circumstances. Persigny was staying with him.

A few months later the Prince settled in London at Carlton House, Carlton Terrace, where he began writing the 'Idées Napoléoniennes,' This book attracted a wide and unprecedented attention to his views and aspirations. Carlton House was the rendezvous of the most ardent partisans of his cause. Deputies of the Opposition were constantly coming from Paris to visit the Prince, and reporting what they considered to be the favourable feeling of the country. They kept up his excitement and raised his expectations beyond the possibility of resistance.

It was on the 15th of May, 1840, that the Prince first confided to me his resolve to make another attempt against the Government of Louis Philippe, then evidently declining in popularity, owing to the adverse turn of affairs in Algeria and also in Egypt. My interview with the Prince was friendly, but not without some ill-humour on his part.

'Does your Highness ask my opinion and advice on the subject mentioned to me, or am I to consider your communication as an order to follow you?'

'I never thought I should meet with a refusal from you whenever I required your co-operation. You know my friendship for you, and the great interest I take in the independence of Italy, your country, for which you fight by exposing your life for me. On the other hand, I know your devotion to me, and how willing you are to do all I think conducive to our common object. As far back as 1831, we made a compact between ourselves which I consider to be binding on both sides, namely, that you should help me in my projects, however dangerous they may be, and that I should fight for the unity of Italy if I ever became the Chief of the French nation. From what I have said, you must infer that I do not doubt willingness to follow me. I take it for granted. Doubt is out of the question. It is *your opinion* I want to know as regards the opportunity, or even the advisability, of doing or not what I meditate.'

'I readily confess that I never was placed in a more difficult position than I am now in answering your Highness's question. You may put a wrong construction upon what I am called upon to say, if my advice go against your wishes. If, on the other hand, I agree with your decision, and you fail in the attempt, my responsibility will weigh very heavy on me as long as I live.'

'Whatever may happen I hold you harmless; but remark, I do not say that I will carry out my projects, even if your advice tallied with my views, or that I will abstain from it, if your advice went against my decision. Nothing of the kind. I simply ask your impression on the subject. I like to gather everyone's opinions and to

ponder on them quietly; you may speak your mind as freely as if the matter was of a comparatively trifling importance.'

'As you wish me to speak my mind freely respecting the opportunity of renewing an attack on the French Government, I will unhesitatingly say, that I consider it to be against your own interest to attempt anything of the kind just now. Allow me, Prince, to give you the reasons on which I ground my objection. You have written the "Idées Napoléoniennes," with a view of making your political programme known to the world in general, and to the French people in particular. That there should be no mistake between the French nation and yourself about the form of Government you think the best for France, you have boldly said *Empire!* Be it so. But what necessity is there for hurrying events by violent means, when we see every day, that the Government of Louis Philippe is on the eve of a catastrophe, which sooner or later will leave the throne vacant? After the failure of Strasburg, I dread the consequences of another attempt on your part. The dynasty of Louis Philippe is in great danger. The country has enough of it; it cannot last long. Meanwhile let your friends in France keep up an agitation on your behalf which will lose nothing of its efficiency because effected by legal means. Let them be ready to seize the first opportunity that offers itself, for a popular demonstration. In a word, wait till you are called by the voice of the country; your name will carry everything before it, and your character—your principles—your courage, well known in France, will do the rest.'

'Had my uncle followed a suggestion similar to yours, the 18th Brumaire, that saved the country, would never have taken place.'

'I beg to remark that France is not at present in the same distracted situation it was then. Whatever may be said respecting the means by which Louis Philippe got hold of the supreme power, he had at least the semblance of an election—not a direct election from the people, but a plausible one, from the representatives of the country. If he has been compelled on several occasions to put down insurrections in the streets of Paris, he has done so with the assent and concurrence of the National Guard. I should not like to see you embarked in another perilous undertaking which would be stamped a second time with ridicule, if unsuccessful, or would give you a start, if successful, most dangerous to your name, and fraught with the most serious consequences for the future.'

The Prince was silent for some little time. As he was taking his pocket-book out of a drawer, his valet-de-chambre came in with a bundle of letters, and told him that General Montholon wished to see him. The Prince left me, saying that he would see me again in a day or two.

My interview with the Prince made me very uneasy. My personal knowledge of his character and steadiness of purpose brought home to me the conviction that no amount of good reasons would deter him from doing what he had made up his mind to. Every day—I

should say every hour—I used to meet officers of rank, and deputies, who had frequent and long interviews with the Prince. Something was evidently going on in London, which could not be accounted for in any other way than by the concoction of a plot intended to be carried out very shortly.

I had not to wait long before my surmise became a certainty. Persigny called upon me the day after my interview with the Prince, from whom he had heard that I did not consider the idea of an armed attack on the French Government to be a sound one.

'I am at a loss to understand why you are opposed to the project of a *coup-de-main*, which we have been preparing for the last twelve months, and brought to that stage when success is secured.'

I assured Persigny of my devotion to the Prince, but explained the difficulties I felt. At the same time I added, 'If the Prince tells me, "In half an hour I shall want you," he will find me ready to follow him, without any inquiry as to where we go, or what for. I have given my opinion, because he requested me to do so without reticence. I have done what I consider my first duty in this emergency, as I will perform my second, by being at his side in the hour of danger if he orders me to do so.'

'You seem to be under the impression that the Prince is going to risk his own life, and that of his friends, without good reason. You are mistaken.'

'I am perfectly convinced that the Prince will take good care this time to secure in France a support, without which he could expect no result. But this does not lessen the gravity and inopportunity of the undertaking. You fancy the army will rise to a man in favour of the Prince as soon as he sets his foot on the French territory. Well! I hope so, but I doubt it. You will give rise to a civil war, if only a part of the army resists the enthusiasm of the rest.'

'You do not know the French people so well as I do. They do not care for constitutions, liberty of the press, self-government, and so forth. The Empire has left indestructible roots in the soil, and whatever you attempt to do without the aid of the magical name "Empire" will not last long.'

'I grieve to hear you speaking as you do; you will find things in France quite different from what you suppose. Frenchmen are no more what they were in former times; they are more thoughtful, more men of business than you imagine. Under the apparent levity which is the distinctive character of the nation, there is an underground work going on, which leads them to a positivism rather exaggerated. They do not care for *glory* as they did.

'Well, we shall soon see who is right. I think you take a wrong view.' And we parted.

For the last three months the Prince had issued a monthly political review, called 'L'Idée Napoléonienne;' several of his friends were contributors to it. It was published in London, where it made

a great stir owing to its presumed authorship. The text was in French. The number for June contained a long article written by the Prince, on the 'Strength and the Stupendous Military Organisation of the Prussian Army,' which he strenuously recommended should be adopted at once by France to replace the present system, which he thought most defective and inefficient in the event of an invasion. The review was ordered to be discontinued—there was to be no issue for July, and we were in June. Evidently, said I to myself, the Prince means business. Early in the morning of the 21st of June, the Prince called upon me, for the purpose (he said jokingly) of *converting* me to his views.

'I have been considering what you told me a few days ago, respecting my projects. You may be right—at any rate I appreciate the reasons, for which in my interest you are opposed to them; but, I am too far advanced to retrace my steps; besides several officers, whose expenses in London I defray as it behoves their rank and position, I have some forty more persons here, who know nothing about what they came for, except that they will have to follow me whenever required. Everything is rapidly preparing in France to back me as soon as I arrive at Boulogne, on which point the first attack will be made. The time has arrived for me to provide the means of crossing the Channel. Can you suggest any practical means of effecting it? I must be ready for the month of August.'

I then suggested the scheme of hiring a steamer as if intended for an excursion. He spoke of the necessity of putting horses on board, and a van heavily laden, containing 60 or 70 stand of arms, swords, pistols, regimentals and saddles, and a large quantity of printed proclamations. He also spoke of providing me assistance, but I strongly declined any co-operation but what I could myself secure. I had my own *alter ego*, with whom I knew I was safe in attempting arrangements as to a steamer, and I promised to have it ready by the first days of August.

Hesitation was now out of place. The Prince having made up his mind to stake his all in the enterprise, it was far better to act, and to act quickly, than to repeat arguments which had evidently no power to alter the tide of events.

The glory and popularity of the first Empire seemed to be revived at that very moment in a most extraordinary way, by the agitation which the approaching arrival of the remains of the Emperor from St. Helena to France had occasioned among all classes of French society. The demand addressed to the British Government by the King of the French for a grant which no one expected would be obtained, was on his part a stroke of policy which went against the object he had in view. M. Thiers was then the Premier of the French Administration, and to him in particular, as the historian of the Consulate and of the Empire, was attributed the idea of strengthening the Orleans dynasty by the most popular and national demonstration he could ever devise to initiate. The effect produced on the French people by

this event was immense. The name of Prince Louis Napoleon was associated with it by popular instinct, and helped to increase the enthusiasm with which the country thrilled throughout. Another circumstance was deemed propitious by the Prince, for still more hastening the departure of the expedition: the recent garrisoning of the principal towns in the north and west of France by the very same regiments that had known the Prince at Strasburg. Every incident, every circumstance, seemed to concur for the accomplishment of what inflexible destiny appeared to have decreed should take place again sooner or later. The agitation both in London and Paris was extraordinary. The landing of Prince Louis Napoleon on the French territory was freely and openly discussed, as if it were a natural thing. The only question to which no reply could be made was, 'When?'

II.

PREPARATIONS AND ANXIETIES.

Numerous were the French detectives in London at that moment, whose mission it was to watch and report to the French Ambassador every movement of the Prince and of those known to call upon him or to be his acknowledged partisans.

The time was running close for chartering the required steamer. This however was done through my friend, in whose name the charter was drawn up. The 'Edinburgh Castle,' one of the boats belonging to the Commercial Steam Company, was the one selected for the purpose. My friend had many questions to answer before he could secure her. In his application he stated that she was intended for a trip to Hamburg; that a large party had contracted with him for providing everything on board that was necessary for the passage, and that as he was paid very liberally for it, he wanted to have the boat made comfortable in every respect. Captain Crow was ordered to follow strictly my friend's orders or mine, if he happened to be on shore.

On Saturday, August 1, the 'Edinburgh Castle' arrived from Dieppe at Deptford. Sunday and Monday (2nd and 3rd) she was getting ready for sea. On Tuesday the 4th she came up the river and moored alongside the wharf facing the Custom House.

Early on the morning of the 4th I accomplished the task assigned to me, which was to ship nine horses, a travelling carriage, a heavy van containing seventy rifles, and as many military accoutrements as were required for the officers and men, numbering about seventy passengers.

The proclamations and other printed papers were put in another box, in which a large sum of money in English bank-notes and gold was secured. A ticket was pasted on the waggon as well as on each

box and package, on which 'Hamburg' was printed in large letters. At six o'clock in the morning the steamer was ready to go down the river. At London Bridge I took on board thirteen men. We left the wharf at six o'clock exactly, and reached Greenwich at 7.10 A.M. I went to the Trafalgar Hotel, where Count d'Hunin and three men were waiting. Having followed me on board, we left at once for Blackwall, which we reached at 8 A.M. Here I took on board Count Persigny, Charles Thélin (the valet-de-chambre), Lombard, Cannas, D'Almbert, Duflot, Dr. Conneau, Léon Cuis, Galvani, and four or five more. At two o'clock we reached Gravesend, where I took on board Colonel Parquin, Count Ornano, Captain Desjardins, Faure, and eight men. I ordered the steamer to anchor about 200 yards from the shore. The Prince was expected to reach Gravesend about that time.

Here we took on board a French pilot, who had been sent from Boulogne to take charge of the ship on her reaching the French coast.

Since our departure from London Bridge nothing took place worth noticing until we reached Blackwall, where I had fourteen persons to take on board, who, besides being in excellent spirits, were somewhat clamorous for want of a good breakfast, which I had ordered to be ready for nine o'clock, and to be served on two separate tables, one for the friends of the Prince, and one for the men who were to form the bulk of our armed contingent.

Count Persigny, Dr. Conneau, Charles Thélin, and myself were the only persons in the secret of the expedition. I was in constant fear lest the unusual number of foreign-looking passengers, among whom not one of the fair sex could be seen, should attract the attention of some inquisitive official to pry into the destination of the steamer, which from the peculiarity of the cargo on deck, from the distinctive and characteristic features of the passengers, and also from the complete absence on board of all that is seen daily, even on the smallest emigration ship, as trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, boxes, shawls, travelling rugs strewed here and there, was altogether the most extraordinary floating piece of work that ever steamed down the river. The 4th of August turned out to be the finest day imaginable. The air was refreshing as it fanned over the ship in a gentle northerly breeze—most invigorative both to mind and body. For those who knew nothing of the object we had in view, it was a trip to Hamburg, and a pleasant one too. 'Where are we going?' was the question from one to another at every turn of the paddle-wheel.

Every steamer, every sailing vessel, every smack, coming up or going down the river, was vociferously hailed by many on board. In many instances I had to entreat my friend Persigny to join me in prevailing upon the most turbulent to keep quiet.

While anchored at Gravesend things became more serious than I had even anticipated and dreaded. We could see several ladies and gentlemen looking at us with opera-glasses from the windows of Clifton Hotel. Two parties actually came in a boat to see who we

were, and to ask where we were going. One of them wanted to come on board. I was in great anxiety. It was then 3.30 P.M., and the Prince had not yet arrived.

At 3.45, whilst I was smoking a cigar, conversing with Count Persigny, Captain Crow sent for me. He was leaning on the bulwark, and was speaking to some one in a boat alongside.

'The Custom-house officer, sir,' pointing to the boat with a flag. 'What am I to say?'

Without answering his question, I saluted the officer, and said, 'What is it?'

'I want to know what you are doing here in the middle of the river.'

'I am waiting for the party, who should have arrived by this time.'

'Where are you going to?'

'Hamburg.'

'Have you goods on board?'

'None. The steamer is chartered for a pleasure trip, for which I am largely paid. Here is my charter. Shall I show it to you?'

'No, no. How many people have you on board?'

'I have several gentlemen on board already, and I expect two more from London. I have three more to take at Ramsgate. Every one of them has one or two servants who are on board. It is a lot of swells I have to deal with.'

'I suppose you have ladies on board?'

'None as yet; but I fancy there will be a few engaged to join the party at Ramsgate.'

'Ha! ha! that's the place! I wish you a good passage; but be off sharp, as the tide is running out.'

It was getting late, and still the Prince had not arrived. Count Persigny began to surmise, like myself, that something very serious had prevented the Prince from starting from London at the appointed time. We were deliberating on what should be done in the emergency, when Colonel Parquin, a cavalry officer, an old friend of the Prince and of the whole family, came to me and said, 'I want to go on shore to buy a few good cigars. Those we have on board are detestable. I cannot smoke them.'

'Go on shore? My orders, colonel, are not to allow anyone to leave the steamer on any pretext whatever.'

'Do you mean to say that I am to be kept a prisoner here?'

'What I do mean is, that I cannot comply with your request, because I am bound to carry out the wishes, or rather orders, of the Prince.'

The colonel made an appeal to Count Persigny, who, like myself, told him that it was impossible to comply with his demand. The wrath of the colonel was extreme. There was danger in this outburst of anger. I consulted Persigny on the advisability of allowing the colonel to go on shore, on the distinct understanding that he should

be accompanied by me and Charles Thélin, the faithful valet of the Prince. Persigny assented to the idea, and the colonel and I got into the boat. Thélin was with us. As we were walking to the cigar shop, the colonel remarked a boy seated on a log of wood, feeding an eagle with shreds of meat. The eagle had a chain fastened to one of its claws, with which it was secured. The colonel turned twice to look at it, but went on without uttering a word. On our way back to the boat, we saw that the boy had left the spot, and had gone within two yards of the landing place we had to go through. The colonel went to him and, looking at the eagle, said to the boy, '*Est-il à vendre?*'

The boy, not understanding a word of it, turned to me and said, 'I do not understand the gentleman.'

I guessed immediately what the colonel meant doing, and said, 'My dear colonel, I hope you do not intend to buy that eagle? For God's sake do not think of such a thing! We have other affairs to think of.'

'Why not? I *will* have it. Ask him what he wants for it.'

'I will not. Ask Thélin what *he* thinks of it.'

'I do not care for anybody's opinion,' said he; 'I *will* have it. *Combien veux-tu?*'

The boy shrugged his shoulders. At last the colonel asked in broken English, 'How mooch?'

'One pound,' answered the boy.

He ordered the boy to put the eagle in the boat, and then Thélin and I jumped into the boat and rowed to the steamer. On arriving on board, the eagle was fastened to the mainmast by the boy, and from that moment it was never taken notice of, until it was discovered and seized by the authorities at Boulogne, who took it to the museum, from which it fled away next morning, owing to some carelessness on the part of the men who had it in charge. Such is the real, unvarnished statement of the 'Boulogne eagle,' on which so much has been said, written, and even believed in by all parties, whether friends or foes. Is it not most extraordinary that a fact which had been witnessed by upwards of sixty people on board the steamer, and contradicted a great many times, should have been allowed to go the round of every country, and left to cast ridicule on the Prince, who never saw or knew anything of the eagle on board the 'City of Edinburgh'? How many events recorded in history are to be put on a par with that of the 'Boulogne eagle'!

It was getting late (six o'clock), and the Prince had not as yet made his appearance. Count Persigny and Charles Thélin were as anxious as I was. We held a council, in consequence of which it was resolved that I should take a post-chaise and rush to Ramsgate, where General Montholon, Colonel Voisin, and Colonel Laborde had been sent by the Prince to wait for him. Colonel Voisin was the only one of the three in the secret of the real purport of the expedition. It was feared they would attribute the delay in the arrival of

the Prince to some accident, which would necessitate their return to London. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Count Persigny and Dr. Conneau, which I did not share. I started for Ramsgate, and arrived there at a very late hour. My sudden appearance at the hotel startled them; I was not expected. To their inquiries I made no answer. Colonel Voisin, finding that he could learn nothing as long as General Montholon and Colonel Laborde were up, proposed that we should all go to bed, and deliberate next morning on what was to be done. I agreed to this. On General Montholon and Colonel Laborde leaving the room, Colonel Voisin asked me what had happened to prevent the Prince from being there at the appointed time. He was in the most agitated state of mind, and nothing that I could say to quiet him proved successful. It is now my duty to record another fact, which no person is aware of, and which accounts for the sudden failure of the Prince's landing at Boulogne.

III.

ON BOARD.

The Prince, in giving me his instructions for the arrangements concerning the steamer, had particularly insisted on my being at Gravesend on the *4th of August* at three o'clock P.M. exactly, 'because,' said he, 'we shall have to proceed to sea at once. We must land at Wimereux, near Boulogne, at four o'clock on the morning of the 5th.

Colonel Voisin, in utter despair at the non-arrival of the steamer, and almost out of his mind, said: 'But do you not know that the success of our undertaking depends entirely on our reaching the barracks at Boulogne at four o'clock to-morrow morning (the 5th)? The only man we dread is Captain Col-Puygellier, commanding the battalion at Boulogne; besides being a man who will do his duty unflinchingly, he is a Republican, and we know that *nothing* will induce him to join an Imperial Pretender.'

'That will not alter the state of affairs regarding this officer,' I said, 'for under these circumstances he will be against us at any time we may arrive, whether it is to-morrow or next day!'

'You are mistaken,' said the colonel. 'Captain Col-Puygellier will not be at Boulogne all day to-morrow. The Prince has purposely fixed the 5th for presenting himself before the battalion, because he knows that Captain Col-Puygellier has been invited to a shooting party at some distance from Boulogne, and in all probability will not be back until late at night. If we miss being there (*to-morrow*) we are doomed to perish!'

It was one o'clock in the morning. Colonel Voisin opened the window to breathe the fresh air blowing in from the sea, and walked up and down the room in a most agitated frame of mind. The night was bright and still. I was leaning on the sill of the window when I

saw to the left, at some distance, a black column of smoke slowly elongating itself in opposite direction to the tide. I fancied I could hear the uniform noise of the paddle-wheels of a steamer, and I waited some little time before I called the attention of the Colonel to the circumstance, lest he should be disappointed, as the steamer might be one of the many which leave the docks for Calais, Hamburg, Rotterdam, and other parts of the continent. As the ship was steaming down, the noise became more distinct. Presently I saw a few sparks coming out of the funnel, which denoted her being near at hand. As she was approaching that part of the sea which faces the hotel, she slackened her speed.

The colonel and I were watching all her movements, but the night being dark, we could not distinguish what was taking place on board. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when we heard the bell of the hotel ringing hurriedly. I opened the door of the room and rushed down stairs, to see who it was that had come from the steamer. It was Thélin. The Prince had arrived. I was ordered to go on board at once with General Montholon, Colonel Voisin, and Colonel Laborde.

Thélin having entered the room of General Montholon and Colonel Laborde, made them get up, and requested them to follow him to the steamer in the name of the Prince, who was waiting for them. As we were going down-stairs, General Montholon took me by the arm and whispered to me, 'I see what it is—the Prince is about making a *coup de tête*!'

In a few minutes we were on board the 'Edinburgh Castle.' No one was on deck. The Prince had assembled his followers below, and was about addressing them when we entered the cabin.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of General Montholon was the occasion of a general outburst of enthusiasm on the part of everyone there. His name had been associated for many years with *the* Emperor at St. Helena, and had been the object of universal admiration and popularity for his tried devotedness to the great man. He received such a warm welcome from everyone as to make him forget the bitter disappointment he had confided to me, of not having been consulted by the Prince on the advisability, or opportuneness, of such an undertaking!

The address of the Prince was admirable.

The enthusiasm which it raised was the more exciting as it was compressed and restrained by the entreaties of the Prince, who feared lest the attention of the captain and crew should be attracted by the noise.

It was two o'clock in the morning. At the request of the Prince, the cabin was cleared of everybody with the exception of General Montholon, the Colonels Voisin, Montauban, Laborde, Count Persigny, Forestier, Ornano, Viscount de Querelles, Galvani, D'Hunin, Faure, and myself, who were called by the Prince to deliberate in council on what was to be done under the circumstances.

I have already stated that the Prince was due at Gravesend between two and three o'clock (the 4th). On that day in London the French police seemed to have been more suspicious and active than usual. Most likely some of the men who were to follow the Prince let out at some coffee-room or public-house, that the pleasure trip to Hamburg was to take place next day. The Prince's house was actually *gardée à vue*, and wherever he went, he was followed and closely watched. However quickly he drove, he was not lost sight of. At twelve o'clock on that day, the Prince was to start from my house, 18 Stockbridge Terrace, Pimlico, attended by Montauban, who had been left in charge of a large sum of money. A post-chaise with two horses was kept ready in a yard close by to come round to my door, just in time for the Prince to step in. It will be easily conceived how strongly drawbacks, which even in the ordinary events of life upset the best concocted and arranged schemes, must have preyed upon the Prince's mind to cause him to forget the *point* on which I had called his most particular attention every day,—*the tide*!

When the Prince came on board the steamer at Gravesend it was quite late—the night was dark. We were expected to reach Boulogne at three o'clock on the morning of the 5th. The 400 men of the 42nd Line Regiment forming the garrison were ready to proclaim the Prince, and everything was prepared in the town for a popular rising to follow the military demonstration. From our failing to be at Boulogne on the appointed day (the 5th), the projected attack, which had been made to rely for success upon some reasonable chances, had become a most hazardous and difficult adventure. It was evident we could not land at or near Boulogne before the 6th, as nothing could be attempted in the daytime. The Prince called upon every one of us to give his opinion on what was to be done in the emergency. Out of twelve, three advised the Prince to return to London! Nine insisted on the landing taking place, and on a desperate dash being made towards the barracks, in order to secure the adhesion of the battalion at any price, and by all available means and leaving the town at once reach, by a quick march, St. Omer, where other formidable elements of success were at hand.

The Prince appealed to me for information with reference to what would occur if we went back to London. I said it was very difficult to say how it would end: if the British Government took a bad view of it, most likely we should be arrested and tried for misdemeanour. It was true that those who were on board might be landed again at the different points we took them up at, and by this dispersion reduce to a minimum the number of those liable to an indictment; but what was to be done with the arms, the uniforms, the printed proclamations and other documents of a very insurrectionary tinge, which the Custom House officers would find on board on our arriving at London Bridge? 'We steer between two great dangers. By going back to London, we become the laughing-stock of everybody—ridicule will kill us! If we cross the Channel we run the risk of being shot, or imprisoned for a more or less length of time. Of

the two, I prefer the latter! As regards yourself, nothing would be more disastrous to your future prospects than being shown up to the public as a man who, at the eleventh hour, has been acted upon by considerations of a purely personal character. Let us save at least our honour, if we are doomed to lose everything else!'

The Prince, who had been imperceptibly nodding at me all the time I was speaking, rose and said, 'Gentlemen! a show of hands from those who wish to be left behind, and prefer returning to London.' A dead silence!

The Prince paused a few seconds, and fixing his eyes in rapid succession on every one of us round the table, as if he tried to read on our faces what would be the answer to his second question, said, 'Gentlemen, a show of hands from those who are willing to follow me and share my fate!'

The utterance of these words caused an indescribable outburst of enthusiasm, mingled with expressions of the most touching devotion, as if every one of us dreaded even the appearance of being the last to come forward. We sprang from our seats as it were by an electric movement, and gave to the Prince's appeal such a heartfelt recognition as to render him powerless for a few moments to acknowledge it, so deep was his emotion at such a scene.

'I thank you, my friends,' said he, 'for the readiness and high spirit with which you have responded to my call. I never doubted your willingness to aid me in the furtherance of my projects, but the way you have now given vent to your devotion to me has imparted a new vigour to my mind, and bound my heart to you with a sense of deepest and everlasting gratitude. Let us bear together the consequences of this enterprise, whatever they may be, with the calmness behoving men who act from conviction. Our cause is that of the country at large. Sooner or later success will be with us. I feel it! I have faith in my destiny! I look forward to the future with as full a confidence as I expect the sun to rise to-day to dispel darkness. We shall have adverse circumstances to struggle against, and obloquy to face; but the "hour" will come, and we shall not have very long to wait for it.'

The time had arrived for a prompt decision respecting the steps to be taken, in consequence of our being twenty-four hours behind our time for the landing at Boulogne. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning (5th). It was resolved that Forestier, the cousin of Count Persigny, should go at once to Boulogne for the purpose of informing Lieutenant Aladenize of the 42nd, and Bataille, of what had occurred, and to get everything ready, as far as it was possible to do so, for the next day (the 6th). A boat manned by two men was hired—not without some difficulty; Forestier stepped into it and crossed the Channel, reaching Boulogne at 11 A.M.

The next step that had to be considered, was whether we should remain at Ramsgate till night, and commence crossing the Channel at such a time as would enable us to reach Wimereux by two o'clock

on the morning of the 6th. Wimereux is a little village at a short distance from Boulogne, and was stated by the Prince to be the spot at which the landing was to take place. After deliberating for some time on the advisability of remaining at Ramsgate the whole day of the 5th, it was unanimously resolved, in order to avoid the danger of being pried into, either by the authorities consequent upon information given to them by the French police in London, or upon some unforeseen intrusion on board the steamer, it was safer to go tacking about at sea at such distances as could make us be lost sight of till dark.

It was five o'clock. The weather was beautiful, and the sea very calm. I ordered the captain to bear towards Rye at a moderate speed, as we were to be joined by another party coming from that direction. We entered the bay, and remained there a short time. Then we went back, keeping at a considerable distance from the English coast. Then I ordered the engine to be eased, as we wanted to take our breakfast, and to steer very gently towards the South Foreland.

Up to that moment things seemed to go right enough on board, but my mind was terribly harassed at the momentous disclosure I was about to make to Captain Crow of the ultimate direction of the ship. In my perplexity, which was shared by no one else on board, I stood on the paddle-box watching every movement of the captain, and of the first mate, whom I fancied was not so manageable as the captain himself.

The Prince was evidently becoming as nervous as I was respecting the measures the captain would resolve to take on his being made aware of the final destination of the 'Edinburgh Castle.' The Prince wished me to at once disclose to him what we really intended to do. I objected, on the ground that it was too soon. 'I must seize a better opportunity,' said I; 'I do not see my way to it just now.'

'I fully rely on you,' he said, 'to act as you think best.' I then ordered the steamer to cross the Channel and make for Cape Grinez. It was getting late. The time was approaching when our fate was to be decided. While I was walking on deck, I distinctly heard the first mate say to the captain, 'Why do you allow yourself to be so guided by one of the passengers?' 'My instructions are that I am to go wherever I am ordered; I cannot act in opposition to them.'

At length the time came when the communication of our purpose to the captain could no longer be delayed; I told Thélin to clear the main cabin at once, as I must have an interview with him which might be a stormy one. I requested the Prince to wait for me at the door of the cabin, and to rush down stairs on my coming up from it, as it would be a sign that I had made a clean breast of the matter, and that his presence was indispensable to secure the result.

'My dear captain,' said I, 'the object for which we chartered this steamer was neither smuggling nor a pleasure trip, but a political demonstration, which, if successful, will probably cause great changes to take place in France. Among the passengers there is one to whom, under the circumstances, I must introduce you' . . . . and rushing half-way upstairs, I made a sign to the Prince to come down, which he did. The introduction being made, I left the cabin and stood at the door to prevent anyone from interrupting the interview between the Prince and the captain, which lasted half an hour.

On the Prince stepping on deck followed by the captain, he said in a low voice to me, 'All right!'

The news that we were going to land on the French coast spread on board like wildfire, both among our own men as well as the crew, without, however, giving rise to anything verging upon excessive surprise or bitter disappointment.

We had still a last, though not least, trial to go through before we could consider ourselves quite safe, namely, the opening of the van, the distribution of the arms, of the uniforms, and the reading of the proclamations, all of which were an unexpected *mise-en-scène* for every one of our men, and for a few of the small circle of the friends of the Prince.

The proclamation to the French was first read, and then distributed, and elicited marks of the greatest enthusiasm. In less than half an hour the steamer was strewed with garments of all sorts. As it was dark, there was some difficulty in appropriating to each individual whatever article was intended for him, but this was accomplished. Lights were put out. No light at the mast was allowed—complete silence on board.

IV.

LANDING AND STRUGGLE.

At three o'clock A.M. of August 6 we were at Wimereux, as near the coast as possible, in two fathoms of water.

The landing began at once, but as we had only one boat on board it took some time to effect it. In the first journey there went on shore Viscount de Querelles and eight men. At their approach two coastguardsmen hallooed to them '*Qui vive?*' De Querelles answered, 'A detachment of the 42nd coming from Dunkerque to join the battalion at Boulogne. Through some accident to the engine, the steamer cannot go further.'

As all our men were clothed and armed exactly like the French garrisons, the two coastguardsmen welcomed them.

The second journey brought Colonel Voisin, Mésonan, and eight more men. Then landed the Prince with General Montholon, Count Persigny, and a few others. This sudden gathering of armed men on

the sea shore, at such an early hour, did not attract much notice, as I was afraid it would. I was the last to leave the steamer. Before landing, I ordered the captain to go near the harbour, but not to get in until I made him a signal to that effect with a white flag. At five o'clock we were within fifty yards of the barracks. At the sight of this armed force the sentinel cried '*Qui vive?*' and 'To arms!' One of our men, who had been in the army, was sent forward with the watch-word, which we knew, while we halted at a distance. This formality having been gone through, the gate of the barracks was thrown open, and the Prince, at the head of his friends and followed by his little troop, entered the yard.

The soldiers forming the garrison, were just getting out of their beds. The few who were already downstairs on different duties were soon made to understand who we were and what we came there for. The name of the Prince was familiar to them. These rushed upstairs to convey to their comrades the news of what was going on, which spread wonderfully quick in every corner of the building. Soldiers looking out of the windows were shouting 'Vive le Prince!' Others were running downstairs, half-dressed. In less than half an hour every soldier was under arms and formed in battalion. Our little troop was facing it. The Prince and his friends stood between the two.

The address of the Prince to the soldiers produced the most magic effect. The enthusiasm was immense!

We were about leaving the barracks with the whole battalion, for the purpose of executing in the town the task assigned to us, in accordance with the printed instructions we had received on board, when we heard a great bustle outside. Colonel Voisin had posted sentinels at every corner of the street leading to the barracks, previous to our getting into the building, for the purpose of preventing the officers who were not in the secret of the conspiracy, and who lived in lodgings in the neighbourhood of the barracks, from attempting to counterbalance by their presence the effect of that of the Prince on the battalion.

This step had to some extent the desired effect; but one of them rushed to Captain Col-Puygellier's house to inform him of what was taking place at the barracks. Without losing a moment the captain put on his uniform, and came right on the first sentinel, who crossed his bayonet on him. Undaunted by this hostile reception, he drew his sword, and dashing through the crowd assembled before the barracks and followed by a few officers who had joined him, forced his way into the middle of the yard, and brandishing his sword, heedless of the resistance opposed to him by our men, succeeded at last in coming in sight of his battalion. When they saw the danger their captain was in, owing mainly to Lombard unwisely threatening to shoot him dead by pointing a revolver at his head, the soldiers to a man, who had a few minutes before shouted 'Vive le Prince! Sortons! sortons!' (Let us be off! let us be off!), turned against us, crying, 'Vive notre Capitaine!'

Meanwhile General Montholon, addressing Captain Col-Puygellier, said: 'Here is Prince Louis Napoleon! Follow us, captain, and you will get anything you like!'

The captain answered, 'Prince Louis or not, I do not know you. Napoleon, your predecessor, has overthrown Legitimacy, and it is not the right thing for you to attempt vindicating it in this place. Evacuate the barracks at once.'

The pressure practised on the captain was frightful.

'Murder me, if you like,' said he, 'for I will do my duty to the last.'

Mercifully, at that momentous juncture, Lieutenant Aladenize, who had been the chief actor in that part of the conspiracy which referred to the battalion, rushed to the rescue of his captain, and, shielding him with his body, said: 'I answer for his life! Do not touch him.' By so doing he saved Captain Col-Puygellier's life.

It became evident that no resistance could be of any avail. Had the fight begun in the barracks, a terrible catastrophe would have ensued.

Lieutenant Aladenize was mad with despair. He drew his sword and tried to break it in two. Captain Col-Puygellier seized him by the arm and endeavoured to detain him, but Aladenize preferred sharing the fate of his friends, and freeing himself from the grasp of the captain, took up his sword and followed the Prince out of the barracks, which were shut at once by order of the captain. Then a rush at the cartridge store took place inside the barracks, after which Captain Col-Puygellier ordered the arms to be loaded; but having pledged his word to the Prince that he would not pursue him, waited for instructions from the civil authorities.

The Prince and his little troop tried to enter the old town. They found the gate closed. We attempted to pull it down, but it resisted our united power.

The failure was complete. The chiefs of the popular movement which were to support the military rising, having surmised, by the non-arrival of the Prince on the morning of the 5th, that something had taken place either in London or at sea which had given a clue to the French authorities, had decamped from the town, and had left the people to take care of themselves. Mons. Forestier, who had reached Boulogne late on the 5th, bringing the news that the Prince would land on the 6th, could not communicate with any of them.

The only one he saw was Lieutenant Aladenize, who, knowing Captain Col-Puygellier was to be in town next day, prophesied an unfavourable issue to the undertaking.

Nothing else was possible but to endeavour to save the Prince. We directed our steps towards the Column with a view to reach the shore on that side and to seize the first boat at hand for the Prince to step in, and make for the steamer.

It is impossible to give an idea of the state of mind the Prince was in. He grasped the iron railings round the Column with such

vigour that many of us were required to force him to let go his hold, so determined was he to be killed. We took him on our shoulders and carried him down the cliff, not without the greatest difficulty. Meanwhile we could hear the drums beating 'la générale' in every part of the town, calling to arms the National Guard.

I then gave the signal to the 'Edinburgh Castle' to come near the shore. As she did not answer it, I inferred that she was already seized by the authorities and under their control.

At last we reached the sea. On the sand we found a small boat. The Prince was still opposing the greatest resistance. Time was precious. The ridges of the cliffs were already covered with gendarmes, followed by the National Guard. The soldiers of the 42nd Regiment had been kept shut up in the barracks, and only made use of after the Prince was arrested. The work of the pursuers, and killing us, was left to the National Guards and to the gendarmes. The former behaved like savages. The firing soon began from the height of the hill, and increased as they were coming near us. We could hear the whistling of the bullets, but not one of us had been hit yet. The Prince at last got into the boat with Colonel Voisin and Count Persigny and Galvani—Ornano and I were pushing to make her float, which we did not succeed in doing, owing to her being overloaded. Seeing that, Colonel Voisin jumped into the sea to join his exertions with ours to bring the boat into deep water; this was done in a few seconds. On seeing the boat leaving the shore, the National Guards opened a brisker fire upon us. Ornano and I lay flat on the sand watching the boat, as we hoped, getting safely off, when we heard two dreadful screams proceeding from her. Galvani and Colonel Voisin had been wounded, Galvani in the right hip and Colonel Voisin had the elbow of his left arm completely shattered. Both were powerful heavy men. The pain must have been excruciating, as they caused the boat to capsize, which made the Prince and his friends disappear under her. Here the Prince and his friends had a most miraculous escape, for scarcely had the boat turned bottom upwards than a sharp discharge of musketry, evidently directed on the same point, cut open the bottom of the boat, fracturing the keel into matchwood.

Had not the boat capsized, death must have been inevitable for the Prince and his friends.

Presently we saw Colonel Voisin and Galvani struggling for life, and calling for help. Ornano and I swam to Colonel Voisin's assistance, while two other men went to save Galvani. Both were brought on shore. We stopped the bleeding of the elbow with a handkerchief. The firing had ceased after the boat had capsized. The Prince and Count Persigny were still under water. We felt anxious, when suddenly both appeared again at a considerable distance from the shore, swimming towards the 'Edinburgh Castle.' At the sight of the Prince trying to escape by getting on board the steamer, the National Guards began firing again at him as they were coming

down the cliffs. It was a miracle that the Prince was not hit. At last, as he was reaching the steamer (which was already in the hands of the Boulogne authorities), a boat with several officials coming out of the harbour cut off his retreat, and the Prince and Count Persigny had consequently no chance of escape. They surrendered, were made prisoners, and taken to the Vieux Château, at which place all those were confined who could be discovered and arrested. We had to deplore the death of two of our friends, M. Faure and M. d'Hunin, a Pole, the brother of the Bishop of Posen. The former was shot in the neck, the latter was found floating under the pier, frightfully wounded. The only one who succeeded in making his escape was Viscount de Querelles, who was fortunate enough to find refuge in a humble cottage, and through the disguise of a sailor crossed the Channel in the night, and arrived in London to convey the sad news of our defeat.

The few days which followed the seizure of the steamer, and the arrest of everyone who could be found connected with the expedition, were passed by the Boulogne judicial authorities in examining and cross-examining Captain Crow and the English crew about what they had seen, surmised, known, or suspected to be our object, and also to ascertain from them what was the part played on board by all the party, especially as regarded the directions given to the steamer.

One morning we were all brought together in a room (the Prince excepted). Captain Crow, and Fisher, the first mate, were requested to look at every one of us, and to see if among the number they could distinguish the person who gave the orders for the direction between Ramsgate and Wimereux. As I expected, both came up to me, and pointed me as the man whose orders they were directed to execute.

The preliminary judicial formalities having been completed at Boulogne, the Prince was conveyed to Paris to be tried by the Court of Peers. A few days after his departure all those who had not been set at liberty by the Boulogne authorities were sent to Paris, and lodged *au secret* at the Préfecture de Police.

There we remained for two months. At last the day for our trial arrived. The sentences passed by the Court of Peers appointed by royal decree of August 9, 1840, to sit as a court of justice, were—for the Prince and Lieutenant Aladenize, imprisonment for life, the former in the fortress of Ham; for General Montholon, Count Persigny, Colonel Parquin, Colonel Voisin, Commander Mésonan, imprisonment for twenty years; for myself and others, imprisonment for five years.

Thus ended the adventurous Boulogne expedition, against which so much has been said by friends and foes, on the bare evidence of what little has been known respecting the means by which the great end was to be attained.

Judging the enterprise as an historical matter of fact, irrespective

of all moral considerations, it is not unreasonable to suppose that had the Prince been able to reach St. Omer with the 400 men of Boulogne, matters would have taken quite a different turn, because Lille with her garrison of 15,000 men was near at hand. The whole undertaking hinged on our being successful at Boulogne, namely, on our arriving there on the 5th instead of the 6th of August, when we were no more expected to arrive, and people had lost confidence in the reports of the Prince's agents.

However conflicting, ridiculous, or exaggerated may be the remarks of party spirit, the culminating fact which history will record is that the wonderful career of the Prince and his advent to the supreme power was conspicuously affected by two enterprises, which, however wildly conceived, served to keep his name before France, and to stir the popular heart regarding him.

Prince Louis Napoleon proved his prophecy to be true: '*J'arriverai, de chute en chute.*'

JOSEPH ORSI.

Familiar Photographs in Verse.

WESTWARD HO! There is a charm in the name as there is a charm in the place. If there exists the golfer—the term, I fancy, needs no explanation even to the English reader now-a-days—who does not know the delights of Westward Ho! links, let me as a lover of golf, of pleasant quarters, and of Devonshire cream, counsel him to embrace the first opportunity of making their acquaintance. And with them there is also to be made the acquaintanceship of Major Shortspoon, whose sketches of golf and golfing men are familiar to many; of Johnny Allan, swiping away in his own grand style; of the patient Andrews, dealing out his liberal measures in 'The Hut;' and of many good players and pleasant companionable fellows, who spend their days in golf, and what of their nights they can spare from talking and dreaming of the game, in a sociable rubber.

The links are indeed beautiful—simply the perfection of closely-knit, springy, elastic turf, in which your ball frequently lies 'teed,' and where the 'putter,' if rightly handled, seldom fails to do the work which it was predestined by deft hands to do. True there are the rushes, six feet in height sometimes, and sharp as poignards, which bleed the hands and prick the legs of 'wild' drivers, and the men who 'draw' or 'heel' their balls—amongst which a campaign is dangerous to the body and trying to the temper. True it is there are 'the Alps,' over the almost ungolfable passes of which the poorest as well as the best of players must wend his way. Yet what would golf, any more than life, be without its 'hazards;' the joys of Elysian plains can only be fully known after the warfare waged in 'bunkers.'

Then the air at Westward Ho! is so perfect, the sky so Italian, the views so delicious, the effects so picturesque. In some states of the atmosphere and tide the fishing smacks and other boats appear to be sailing on the links, carefully steering their way between the bunkers, looking for all the world like a moving panorama on the links. At such a time it seems a fairy place, and if you are on the winning side everything helps the feeling of enchantment. You are convinced there never were such links, never such a match. You are in love with every club you have; your ball seems to share your joy as it 'whizzes' through the clear air and bounds along the grassy turf, or just takes the one needed turn which rolls it into the hole. You feel inclined at such an hour to call upon Time to stand still. You have a foreboding that in the afternoon match all will not go so well. The sun may be too bright, the wind too strong, your clubs may lose the 'feel' they had in the morning, your balls be strangely perverse, your 'caddy' more than usually talkative. But meanwhile

everything is perfect. Then as you look around, which you are more given to do when you have some holes in your pocket, you see quaint and curious Appledore, lovely Clovelly looking like a white streamlet on the hill side, Norham and its church tower, Bideford sloping 'upwards from its broad tide river paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge, where salmon wait for autumn floods, towards the pleasant upland on the west.' And better than each, better than all, the great and wide sea, the gleaming waters of which would bear the westward sailing boat right onwards to the shores of America, and which ever invite the dreamy gaze; while its long swelling waves make a music on the pebble ridge to which one is never tired of listening.

But even at Westward Ho! we cannot golf always, if for no other reason than that three rounds a day are demoralising to one's play, and rest is needful both to the eye and to the limbs. So this fair, hopeful spring morning finds me indoors—if it can be called indoors, sitting at an open bow-window, with the beautiful white crested waves laughing as they ripple along the yellow sands; alone—if it can be called alone, when one has as pleasant companions three prettily-bound books, containing 'familiar photographs in verse,' which I wish to introduce to the reader.

'Familiar Photographs in Verse'—the title is the author's, and an admirable one it is. It exactly describes the nature of his verses. It is perhaps also suggestive of their fate, for it is difficult to say whether they have that in them which stamps them as permanent. When the first of the series came forth—seven years ago—there was much speculation as to the authorship; and although it came to be pretty well known in course of time who the author of 'Olrig Grange' was, yet it is only the other day that his name has appeared on the title-page of the volumes which have followed each other in rapid succession. The names of the books in which our photographs are set are, in the order of their publication, 'Olrig Grange,' 'Borland Hall,' and 'Hilda among the Broken Gods.' Of these perhaps the first is freshest in its interest, the second most perfect in its form and in the sweetness and grace of some of its songs; and the third the highest in its teaching and the deepest in its insight.

Let us, then, leisurely turn over the volumes, pausing at some of the photographs, and saying something as to the history of the more striking ones. They are by no means all good photographs; some of them are pretty much caricatures, while others speak of a mal-adjustment of the camera. The verse in which their history is told is by no means perfect, and yet we hope to show the reader some charming pictures, and let him hear some lines worth recollecting, not only for the thought they contain, but also for the manner in which it is set.

The first photographs are those of a brother and sister, Thorold and Hester, 'last of all the Asgards of Olrig.' They make a pretty picture as they wander about in the twilight on the last evening he is to be at home: the brother, tall and dark, with large

dreamy eyes seeming to gaze 'into a world of wonders far away;' the sister, fair, 'a golden blue-eyed maid,' 'slight and small,' 'sunny and intelligent.' Many are the tender recollections of their childhood they are recalling as they pass familiar places dear by reason of old association. There is the old brook still tinkling on 'through daisy mead and golden broom;' and they remember how they used to place the water-mill there, so that of nights, as they nestled in their little beds, they might hear it 'clicking in the gloom.' There, too, they had caught their first trout, which Hester, proud of yet sorry for it, had carried about, 'complaining of its doom,' and 'trying each pool if its life had gone out.' There, too, where the stream got broad and deep, the brother's 'imping' manhood showed itself in trying to gather for his sister the big 'rasps' and brambles which grew on the hither side. They call to mind how it was here they were lost as they 'dreamed the pilgrim's dream, and went forth to seek the New Jerusalem'; and how there, by the sands, they had played at Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. Then, as they grew older, they remember how they still kept their childlike faith, but harboured great thoughts, and came under the spell of great names and glorious deeds. All these had now become things of the past; and as they wander on amid the 'soft glories of the moon,' the pain and mystery of the future settles upon them, and sharp regrets at coming separation rise within them. In Thorold's heart the dreams of ambition and of love are not unmingled with forebodings of coming storm; while Hester, sharing his hopes and aspirations, is yet a little afraid that in the great world he may lose more than he has already done the old faith of his childhood. With a Scottish mother's ambition, he had been destined for the Church;

> But being challenged at the door
> Of God's high Temple to indue himself
> With armour that he had not proved, to clothe
> With articles of ready-made belief
> His Faith inquisitive, he rent the Creed
> Trying to fit it on, and cast it from him;
> Then took it up again, and found it worn
> With age, and riddled by the moth, and rotten.

So he goes, like many another, to the great 'world of London,' and for a time it is very lonely for Hester. She rather rebels against her fate at first: thinks it hard that girls should be kept away from 'all the enterprise of life,' and wonders if she should not follow to London. But she remembers how he dislikes the girl who endeavours to push her way with 'her flag of woman's rights unfurled;' and besides, there is another who might long for her occasionally; for has she not a little romance of her own? and does her heart not beat strangely when a certain Herr Professor Hermann Kunst, editor of those poems, issues forth out of the elm walk at evening dim, 'singing loud and clear a Burschen song or a Luther hymn.' Much time, however, has she to think of her brother. She dreads that he may set his love on some one

'with little either of heart or head save what he dowers her with.' Her fears are too well founded, for love was the rock upon which he split. In London he meets again Rose Dewhurst, to whom, unknown to his sister, he had plighted his love 'in a long caress,' one evening on the 'grey sea shore.'

Let us turn the page, and see Rose's mother and father, and the associations amid which she was brought up. You see at once that Lady Anne Dewhurst is somewhat of an impossible caricature. To use one of her own words, she is almost too 'dreadful' vulgar. She is a strange combination of fashion, folly, and vulgarity; of selfishness, piety, weariness, and worldliness. She lives upon pride and prayers and pills:—

> A gorgeous, pious, comfortable life
> Of misery she lived; and all the sins
> Of all her house, and all the nation's sins,
> And all shortcomings of the Church and State,
> And all the sins of all the world beside,
> Bore as her special cross, confessing them
> Vicariously day by day, and then
> She comforted her heart, which needed it,
> With bric-à-brac and jelly and old wine.

As we see her, she is surrounded by her phials and scents, her new novel, her Bible, her glass of wine, and a book on the Apocalypse written by her chosen pastor. She is scolding the world in general and her daughter in particular. She blames her for her devotion to science, culture, and common sense; and in the matrimonial race getting behind her companions with 'laughter light and judgment dense'—'all wives in a season or so.' She rates her for her attachment to Thorold, 'that puling boy with the Scotch brogue and the hungry look.' She strives to get her to captivate the Baronet. No doubt his views of sin are by no means sound, and he will not hear of her favourite doctrine—eternal punishment; his morals are rather loose; but then he is of 'the right old blood,' and has 'an income nice,' and never touches cards or dice or horses. It is a happy sight, she thinks, to see a man of his rank with a single vice. She even suggests that her daughter should employ for once 'the arts that others use for sin' to win his erring heart back to a purer life. She is a 'terrible' woman altogether this Lady Anne Dewhurst, and it is with a sense of relief that we turn to her husband the squire, whom she has helped to make the musty old fellow he is—'a grey old man, sitting in a dim grey room, wrapt in a dressing gown of soft grey stuff.' In other circumstances and with other surroundings, we are led to infer, he might have been a useful and serviceable man. But having to live in London half the year, and having no taste for politics or fashion, he took to science; and his study, in which he is seated, is covered with books and papers and instruments and dust. With all his 'pottering' at science, however, and his feeble cynical sneering, he had one fresh pure affection—a great love for Rose, 'the stately daughter of his

house.' Yet he is at this moment scolding her, as her mother did a little before. Only last night he had found his favourite beetle crushed and mangled upon the floor, and now his daughter must needs fall in love, and 'coo and bill.' The 'fellow' had been to him, and talked of marriage and love, as if he did not know well enough that that meant 'settlements and cash.' He hadn't enough to keep his handsome daughter in 'flowers and gloves and wine.' He had genius and prospects: but could they eat prospects? Would his trumpery genius be a dinner, or a dinner bell? But as he sees the tears gather on his daughter's face, he relents a little; he allows he is a handsome fellow, true and modest in his way. He admits that he once liked him and praised him to his friends. He may wed their daughters any day he liked.

> But this I could not bear to see,
> My Rose stuck in his button-hole,
> And shunned like any stainëd soul
> By a world that hates all poverty—
> And the world is perfectly right, on the whole.

He relents still further on hearing she had just been consulting her mother, to whom he bids her go. He knows well what kind of comfort she would get in that quarter. Yet he cannot give his consent. Even were she to leave him for a home happy and honoured, it would be the last bright day that would ever come to him. Besides, he thinks he reads his daughter's heart aright. She does not love Thorold with a love that is her fate. She is no heroine. She would never be able to play a common and obscure part, to watch the coming of the tradesmen's carts, and yet to make herself look smart and neat in a twopenny print and a muslin frill. Poor Rose is dismissed with a lament over the degeneracy of her race, none of the present members of it being able to dare a noble fate. They can neither be 'small nor great.' We turn over the pages, leaving Mater Domina, and Pater, and come upon Rose, dressed like a penitent in sombre black, pacing her room in dire distress, debating within herself as to her future, sometimes saying 'I will,' and then dropping her head and sobbing 'I cannot.' She feels intensely the gravity of her position.

> I am to choose
> Deliberately the mean life I have proven
> And knowing it so hollow, heartless, vain,
> And knowing too the better life of love,
> And knowing it may break a noble heart,
> And make mine own a lean and barren heart,
> I am to seal a covenant with darkness,
> And sign my own death warrant.

The words in which she finally bids good-bye to Thorold and her love are very fine, full of passion and force, yet hopelessly sad in their despair. And Thorold!—the last look we get of him is on his deathbed, dying of over-work and too much love, at peace with God and man, 'only he had forgotten how to sleep.' He is dying in his old

room. The old flowers are tossing at the window—wafting in sweet incense. The pink roses are knocking at the window pane, and all the old sounds of humming bees, and whispering trees, and running brooks and rustling of autumn grain, are in his ear. Hester is nursing him. He takes her hand in his—the dear little hand that was always gentle. He holds the dainty fingers up to the sunshine, and sees the red light through them as in days of old. He has his old college books beside him—his Homer and his Terence, with a small flower in it lying near the fortieth page. He thinks of the book he has written, and of the one he was to write; but ever in his talk with his sister he comes back to the subject of his old love. He makes excuse for Rose. Considering all her surroundings, it seemed to him to be a wonder she was so noble as she was. She looked so sad and pale the last times he had seen her. Hester must not blame her. As it was, she had made his path more smooth. She had shed some light upon his lot. He had had the hectic spot of old. He had sought to wed her young life to a fated tomb. He is dying. He feels he rests peacefully on the Strong One's breast. His old doubts no more fret him. He does not know if his faith is quite regular and orthodox, yet he can say,—

> But all through life I see a Cross,
>   Where sons of God yield up their breath;
> There is no gain except by loss,
>   There is no life except by death,
>   There is no vision but by Faith,
> Nor glory but by bearing shame,
> Nor justice but by taking blame;
>   And that Eternal Passion saith,
> Be emptied of glory and right and name.

And so we leave him—glad that in the end he can take up the prayer of childhood learned at a mother's knee.

In 'Borland Hall,' which in some pretty lines is dedicated to Mr. Gladstone, we come on a snowy night across a set of Aberdeen students holding revelry and singing songs of love and patriotism. In a room below them sits Austin Lyell, working and dreaming by turns, wondering why he should not join in the jolly carouse of the splendid young scamps upstairs. What will his learning do for him, even if he acquires all he wishes? Should he not toss to the winds his dreams of ambition, and taste with a relish all the pleasures that life gives. Upstairs he hears Ralph sing a song of the days that are gone. He rises. He goes to the window in dreamy mood. The snow has ceased, but everything is white—white the sand dunes, and white the beach, where the breakers tumbled and fell;

> And what was snow, and what was spray,
> It was hard for the eye to tell.

His thoughts wander back to his old home, his dead first friend whom he loved, and his mother. Of late she does not seem to be what she used to be. Her letters have strange language in them hinting

of change. He prays God to help him to make his life true to his thought of Him and the hope of her love.

Time passes. Austen Lyell is summoned home. His mother is dying, but before she dies she has a story to tell him. In a high-backed chair, seated erect, with the shadow of death on her face, a Bible before her, and a spinning-wheel at her side, she told him her history. She feels that death will not come to her till she has told what is on her mind, and until she has made him promise on 'the Book' to do her will. She tells him that she had come to Borland Hall a poor widow of half a year—he her baby—to manage the house for the laird, a far-off cousin, a widower, with only a girl to heir the land—his 'bonnie May, ever blythe and gay, ever so dainty, white, and saintly.' She did not love this child at first, because she felt that she was better than herself, and because she ever came betwixt her and a thought of her own boy being laird there some day. One day May fell into the water. To her horror-stricken boy she tells of the wild thought that leapt in her heart, and she realised fully 'the thing' that was in her. It was not for herself, but for the love she bore the boy. If she sinned it was for him. But she mastered the horrible thought. She saved the child. Bonnie May grew up. She loved one who came about the house—'one of your fine-feathered gay young men,'—

> Curled and scented, ringed and gloved,
> Selfish and useless, and feeble of will,
> With nothing to do but his time to kill.

Her father forbade her to speak to him when the widow told him the state of matters. But still they met, and the widow knew of their meeting. One morning the little bird was not found in her nest, and the laird never looked on his 'bonnie May' after she married her 'popinjay.' The widow's course was now easy. She made herself more indispensable than ever to the laird. She managed to clear off all his debts, and finally they were married. Not long afterwards he dies, leaving everything to her. Very skilfully does she unfold the different details of her story to her boy. Very fiercely does she insist upon his keeping the word he had pledged to her before she began the narrative, which turned him sick and crushed his one belief—faith in his mother. She tells him that May and her husband are dead, but there are children. No doubt they would 'try the law;' but she begs him with a fierce tenacity to 'grip to the land.' On his remonstrating, she charges him with paltering with faith and playing with an oath, with killing her who had loved him better than she had loved her Lord. She will keep him to his oath. If May's children are poor, let them have money—'Only grip to the land, and plea it out; It is yours by right, there is never a doubt.'

With these words on her lips she falls back dead. The shock to her son was intense. To have such a revelation made at such a time of the character of the mother he had almost worshipped, who had been to him 'as a bulwark against the sea of doubts that beset him,'

the 'forest land that kept safe from the desert wind and drifting sandstorms the fields that he cultivated and kept for God.' It drove him mad to think that his mother, whom he looked upon as God's stern witness, could have been so base. No wonder, in his present mood, the speech with which he prefaces the reading of the will is a powerful piece of bitter, taunting, mocking irony.

We turn over the pages and come to photographs of a brother and sister—Paul and Milly Gaunt—the one an artisan with a turn for mathematics and inventions; the other also a worker for her bread—for they were poor—a 'glorious girl,' with a true woman's sense, and tact, and keen insight; 'a scholar eager still to learn, a teacher careful to instruct.' She found her great delight in her evenings with her brother, and seeing the esteem in which he was held by those who used to frequent their house. Amongst these were our old friends the Herr Professor and Madame Hester; also Darrel, Austen Lyell, and others. Milly's picture is altogether a very charming one. There was nothing little about her, 'save the little ways which brighten home and are a woman's praise.'

> A bright young girl as glad as summer air,
> A laughing rosy girl, with sunny hair
> That loosely ranged about a joyous face,
> Like a gold glory.

Very pleasant are the evenings at 'The Howf,' and very delightful the conversation. When they are alone, Milly sings while Paul draws. Sometimes they have long talks together. One evening he is discoursing about labour and capital—words which it would do both our working men and capitalists good to read—and speaking about the good old times when master and man were brothers, eating at the same board, and the master *was* master and true artisan, knowing all the craft of the men; while the men were men, not mere hands, whose only quarrel was who could strike the deftest blow, and a 'prentice with brains in his head might look to his master's daughter. He goes on to tell her in what, from his point of view, the true capital force of the country consists—the power of work, the nice judging eye, the brains to perfect machinery, and the knack of well-trained skill. He hopes the strike may do some good in putting the men in a better position, and is asking,

> Can that be God's plan,—
> Palaces yonder on airy hills,
> And homes down here among smoking mills?

when a foot is heard on the stair. It is Austen Lyell, with gaunt and haggard and ghastly face, and great eyes all aflame. He gives them an account of the wandering life he has been leading, but now he comes seeking work from Paul—he, the scholar of his year! My readers, ere this, will have guessed the end; but it will be well worth their while to read for themselves how the news of Borland Hall being theirs is brought to Paul and Milly, and how Austen is

still able to live when he cares in the old home, in which his mother longed to see him dwell as heir.

'Hilda among the Broken Gods' is dedicated to Mr. Theodore Martin—

> But a slight offering, nothing more
> Than you shall get from lark or linnet,
> Or homely sparrow at the door—
> A song which from the heart I pour,
> It's only worth the heart that's in it.

And there is, we think, more *heart* in it than in either of the others. It is full of delicate tender sentiment that can hardly fail to charm and captivate the reader. The picture of Hilda is almost perfect. Here the author is painting with his purest, freshest, brightest colours. It is as if he had painted a rose or lily so well, that as we bend over it we can imagine we breathe its delicious fragrance. His Hilda fascinates and charms us; and though not blind to the defects in her character, we yet love her all the more because of her being just exactly what she was. It is her husband who, however, first engages our attention—Claude Maxwell, a poet. They were cousins. As he looks back upon their married life, he thinks some of its mischance might be put down to this fact:—

> For cousinship will hardly grow to perfect wedded love;
> There lacks the charm of wonder and the mystery of fear.

Yet he loved his Hilda. 'Though she broke his heart in pieces every bit,' he says, 'he would love her still; all the fragments broken small would but glass as many Hildas in the mirror of his mind.' He tells of their early happiness. He thinks it was his ambition that first broke the spell and showed that they were twain. She did not share in it—did not seem to care for his verses, and only valued them for the guineas they brought in, which she needed to help their modest income. There came a fear upon him that in the deeper life of life they might fail to meet. In his lament after her he recognises that she perhaps saw through his ambition, which sought 'less to better life than just to make himself a name':—

> And was truer to the fact, in all her seeming commonplace,
> And the simple homely method of her quiet life, than I—
> With my thoughts away in dreamland, and its haze about my face.

The little rift within the lute, alas! widened apace. The death of their baby did not lessen it. Hilda's friend, Winifred Urquhart, 'Materialist,' increased it; while Claude's religious views hurt her more and more, as the reader will see when he turns to the exquisite lines in which Hilda, saint-wife, tells her story. It would be difficult to find anything written of late years which so tenderly and delicately tells the story of a woman's heart. With perfect purity and grace she tells of their honeymoon, and how she knew not the 'rest of love' till they sat together in their own home, in their little white room. Then her heart overflows with happiness. There is sunshine

without and within her, flooding her young life, and making it sing for very joy; such exultant, exuberant bliss of living and loving as some may remember to have once possessed, a memory as of sweetest music, of divinest song—alas! that it should only be a memory. It is that bliss which makes us pause and ask, as Hilda, saint-wife, asked, 'Am I wrong to be happy?' and makes her burst forth—

> What if my idol were broken? Truly my heart it would break.
> What if Heaven should be wroth at my shrining and sainting a man
> Sinful and mortal as I? Yet God too I love, all I can;
> My heart is truer to Him, the more I am loved and caressed,
> And surely He cannot be jealous of love He has bidden and blessed.

The first suspicion she has of their ways being somewhat different is when they together visit the cottages of the poor people in their neighbourhood. She longs to do some good to them, to tidy their rooms, to open the window a bit, to teach the children a lesson, to read to the old. But he does not encourage her; tells her to take care not to interfere with their life; to beware she does not become half ashamed of any good she may do compared with the good she was getting from lives so human and true. Then she notices that her husband is often strangely silent by day and dreamy at night; does not sit by her as he used to do. And yet these may be only fancies of hers—'the hunger of love,' ever breeding 'dream visions of pain.' But again she is troubled about his faith. He loves her, that she knows; 'but yet if he love not God, what is her poor heart to do?' She finds out it is not of religion he writes. She discovers he is a poet. Perhaps she was not glad enough; but at the time she was plagued with 'those horrible tradesmen's books.' She cannot enter into his dreams, or he does not let her do so. He cannot understand her allowing domestic troubles to worry her:—

> He laughs at me, vowing that poets should never pay bills, but draw
> At large on the shopkeeping world, exempt from all action at law;
> Honouring bakers and butchers enough by eating their things;
> For angels pay not a jot for repairing the plumes of their wings,
> And bees are not charged by the flowers they visit for tapping the honey—
> I am not quite sure what he means, but I know he is loose about money.

One day she persuaded him to go to church with her on the Communion Sunday, thinking he might be led to join her at the 'Holy Table.' Alas! what was wrong with the good old pastor that day? The very psalms he read were full of curses; his sermon was a 'loud devil's chorus.' She felt that she had done more harm than good. That night he wrote some verses entitled 'The Self-Exiled.' They tell of a soul coming to the gate of heaven—a soul ransomed and forgiven, and white as snow. St. Peter wishes her to enter in, but she says she may not. She must go 'across the gulf where the guilty dead lie in their woe.' If she enters heaven, she may not pass to where they be; she could not speak her soul's desire to those 'lying distraught and weak in flaming fire.'

I had a brother, and also another
Whom I loved well;
What if, in anguish, they curse each other
In depths of hell?
And the Angels all were silent.

How could I touch the golden harps
When all my praise
Would be so wrought with grief-full warps
Of their sad days?
And the Angels all were silent.

St. Peter remonstrates with her, asking her if she can love the Lord, and yet abide without, afar from Him :—

'Should I be nearer Christ,' she said,
'By pitying less,
The sinful living, or woeful dead
In their helplessness?'
And the Angels all were silent.

Would she be liker Christ, 'to love no more the loved, who in their anguish lie outside the door?' The Lord Himself stood by the gate and heard her speak. He tells her He will go with her, for He says—and this seems to be the weak point in the verses—He is 'weary of all this glory, too.'

'We will go seek and save the lost,
If they will hear,
They who are worst but need me most,
And all are dear:'
And the Angels all were silent.

Other verses, entitled 'Judas Iscariot,' are written in the same vein. They hurt Hilda; she cannot understand them; and Winifred Urquhart and her husband together mock her faith and break in with jest upon what she considered the sacred teaching of her childhood. Her baby dies and all her life is darkened. It is as if the old stars of heaven were changed and dim, and were not in their old places.

Winifred is a materialist; her faith is not so selfish as the Christian's—

Who only will die, if they can
Hope to knit up again from the dead
The old tangled hank of their thread.
A nobler faith ours; for we know
That the organs, dissolving for ever,
Shall paint the spring flowers as they grow;
But we shall return again never;
And we grudge not the life that shall give
Larger life unto them that do live.

At first she tries to cheer Hilda, but she found it of little use. 'It was always that baby, forsooth! as if blossoms never were nipt,' and no other babies had slipt away to the peace of the worm. Then she finds the husband pleasant, and devotes herself to him; and things get worse and worse.

Hilda gets under the influence, first, of Luke Sprott, evangelist, and then of the Rev. Elphinstone Bell, priest; both of whom, as well as Winifred Urquhart, are admirable studies, capital photographs, of 'people living next door to us all.' Readers will not fail to recognise and remember them. The letter Hilda leaves behind her, when she resolves to go away for awhile—having 'left some tears in every room'—is very pathetic. The poet's grief when he discovers his loss, and things come to his vision in a way in which they never came before, is described with powerful and passionate force.

The last photograph we have is of a group of soldiers recovering from sickness, standing near a tent in which their nurse has just died.

> And O the tears ran down their cheeks like rain.
> One said, 'There is not a man in our troop
> But would have died just to save her a pain—
> I would have died for her; so would a score of us;
> Broken and maimed, she was worth many more of us;
> God help the poor fellows, now she is gone;
> She was like my mother when last I was down.'

When the news was told at the drinking bar, the flagon, untasted, was dashed on the board; no longer were the cards shuffled or the dice rattled, and there rose a cry—

> Who's for the trenches? We must have it out.
> Now is the time, lads, to try the Redoubt.
> Belted with hell-fire, and shrouded with smoke,
>   Girdled with rifle-balls as with a wall,
> Yet with a yell from the trenches they broke,
>   Plunging through rifle-balls, hell-fire and all.
> 'Twas not for glory they stormed the Redoubt,
> 'Twas that the grief of their wild hearts must out.
> That was her monument; and they cried,
> 'God and Saint Bridget!' as each man died.

As we finish 'Hilda among the Broken Gods,' we confess to there being some tears in our eyes and a longing in our heart. Our eyes gaze over the laughing waters of the glorious sea basking in the sun's mid-day splendour. Our thoughts are with our eyes far away. There rises before us a fair image of a sweet and saintly life, not unlike Milly in her girlish beauty; not unlike Hilda in her purity, charm, simplicity, and self-sacrifice. There is a prayer upon our lips that for all who knew her—and to know was indeed to love her—and for all who came within the magic of her sweet presence—her 'unselfish deeds,' mightier than words, might drive doubt away,

> And lead us into light of better day,
> And love which is the soul of all the Creeds.

But there is a knock at our door. It is 'Diamond'—for such is the name my caddy rejoices in; and he, with characteristic familiarity and wondering reproach, is asking me what I mean by keeping the 'gentlemen' waiting for their 'foursome.' And thus I am reminded that the business of life at Westward Ho! is not poetry, but golf.

ARTHUR HILL.

Weather Forecasting.

THE study of weather, always popular in the very widest sense, has, within these last few months, received a fresh impulse from the daily publications of the forecasts issued by the Meteorological Office. It is—I must suppose—sufficiently well understood that these forecasts are based on some scientific principle; and their very general truth may be accepted as tending to show that—within certain modest limits—the principle is a correct one: but what the principle is, or why the limits of its present application should be so narrow, are points which have not yet been fully realised. It is difficult to clear the mind with a jerk from the accumulated empiricism of past ages: and yet this is necessary for the right understanding of the present state of scientific meteorology. I do not, of course, mean to say that all the observations, facts, and deductions of the past are wrong: very far indeed from it. Rightly interpreted, these are still most valuable: but they need a rigid interpretation and arrangement, a careful weeding, a ruthless thinning out, before they can be permitted to take a place in a scientific record. And this is a work of time and difficulty; for they are of very different kinds, and have been embodied in the folk-lore of every age and of every nation; some of them not unworthily, whilst others are simply the wild ravings of ignorance or superstition.

Of all these, those most in favour are based on more or less familiar astronomical phenomena, and especially on the changes or crossings of the moon. There is, perhaps, no people which has not associated the idea of a change in the weather with the moon's changing phases; and the Sailing Directions issued by the Admiralty—as matter of fact and unromantic volumes as are in existence—do all, with more or less clearness, recognise the probability of such change at the full or new moon. The corresponding idea that disturbed weather may be expected about the times of the moon's crossing the equator is that which, some fifteen or twenty years ago, a Mr. Saxby rather pretentiously claimed as his own, and put forward as a new and scientific discovery. It is barely necessary to say that it was neither new nor scientific; that it was a mere matter of supposed observation or dogmatic assertion, the truth of which might be, and actually was, positively denied by many very capable authorities; and though I, myself, would not go quite so far as this, I am going to what, I believe, many meteorologists will consider an extreme length, when I say that it seems to me highly probable that there is some connection between the changes or crossings of the moon and changes or perturbations of the weather; but that as to what that connection is, what gives rise to it, whether it is one of cause or of mere agreement, and in what way it manifests

itself—these are things of which we are altogether ignorant, as to which we cannot pretend to speak.

A halo round the moon, the visibility of the whole disc at the time of new moon, or, as it is called, the old moon in the young moon's arms, and other similar appearances, are indications, for good or bad, of the state of the atmosphere: but beyond those which have reference to such, most of the familiar sayings about the moon are utter nonsense; and whether there are two new moons in a calendar month, or only one; whether the new moon lies on her back, or on her face; and whether the moon changes on a Saturday, or Sunday, or any other day of the week, are accidents of detail which have no meteorological import whatever.

I am afraid the popular traditions as to the weather-influence of certain saints' days or church festivals must be included in the same category. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is that they still live, although nearly every year shows their worthlessness; that the weather of February has no definite relation to that of Candlemas, and the rain of July or August absolutely none to the state of the sky on St. Swithin's. But bearing in mind that these and similar traditions date back many hundred years, and—so far as they ever had any meaning—refer to points in the calendar a week or ten days later, it may be admitted, in favour of St. Swithin's claim, that when a marked change from wet to dry, or from dry to wet, takes place towards the end of July, it is not unlikely to last the next month through.

Till within the last few years, the idea of the planets having any relation to our weather would have been held up to ridicule; but the most modern opinion is that there is some such relation; though in what way, or to what extent, is undetermined. But as to the importance of the sun there is no doubt. That the heat of the sun is the first cause of all climatic difference and seasonal change has been well established; and more recently it has been maintained that the appearance or non-appearance of spots on the face of the sun has a direct connection with weather, and points out years of flood, or storm, or drought: that the cycles of sun-spots and of weather coincide, and are to be referred to some common cause. How far this may be true, few would now undertake to say: but, strange as it may seem, few would venture to reject the idea altogether. More startling still is the idea, lately put forward by Professor Stanley Jevons, that the cycles of sun-spots agree with the cycles of commercial prosperity or distress. So far as these might depend on years of plenty or of famine, on good or bad harvests, this would be virtually the same idea as the other: but where they depend on the humanity, or the prudence, or the ambition of emperors and kings; on the enterprise and ability, or on the greed, the folly, or the dishonesty of merchants and speculators, it would lead to the theory that the sun-spots and the weather and the temper or judgment of mankind are all related to each other, and that, in sober physical fact,—

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

We may conceive this possible; but at present the idea is little more than speculation, and has had its rise in this past disastrous season of sun spots, and bad weather, and wars, and bankruptcies, and perverted judgments.

Such as it is, however, the leading principle of it is essentially the same as that of the old Astrology which undertook to foretell alike the affairs of men or the state of the weather. But this was altogether empirical: whatever its pretence, whatever labour was spent on it, its predictions could not stand the comparison with the events; it had no scientific basis, and in the advance of scientific inquiry it fell at once into disrepute. Readers of 'Quentin Durward' will readily remember the importance which Louis XI. of France is said to have attached to the warnings of his astrologer; but they may possibly have overlooked the exceptional instance in which common sense prevailed over superstition. The king—according to the story—had a mind to hunt one day, and being doubtful of the weather, inquired of his astrologer whether it would be fair. The sage answered with confidence in the affirmative. At the entrance of the forest the royal *cortége* was met by a charcoal-man, who expressed to some menials of the train his surprise that the king should have thought of hunting on a day which threatened tempest. The collier's prediction proved true. The king and his court were driven from their sport well drenched; and Louis, having heard what the collier had said, ordered the man before him.

> 'How were you more accurate in foretelling the weather, my friend,' said he, 'than this learned man?' 'I am an ignorant man, Sire,' answered the collier 'was never at school, and cannot read or write: but I have an astrologer of my own, who shall foretell weather with any of them. It is, with reverence, the ass who carries my charcoal, who always, when bad weather is approaching, points forward his ears, walks more slowly than usual, and tries to rub himself against walls; and it was from these signs that I foretold yesterday's storm.' The king burst into a fit of laughing, dismissed the astrological biped, and assigned the collier a small pension to maintain the quadruped, swearing he would never in future trust to any other astrologer than the charcoal-man's ass.

Indications such as those here spoken of have been familiar to country-folk from the earliest times; for it is quite certain that the lower animals feel approaching changes of weather in a way which we can very imperfectly understand. Still, even amongst ourselves, there are many who are, to some extent, sensible of these changes, and the sensation is generally unpleasant. Old wounds are painful before rain; the head aches before thunder; or there is a feeling of uneasiness difficult to explain, but none the less real. So also with

animals: they career wildly about the field in restless excitement, they scratch themselves in the hedges, they rub themselves against the wall, or their annoyance finds vocal expression, as in the agonising yell of the aristocratic peacock, or the discordant hee-haw of the plebeian donkey. Such signs are not to be neglected by the careful student of weather, although they cannot be counted as strictly scientific. The evidence is of the nature of hearsay, and can only be accepted conditionally.

The indications of clouds are of a totally different character: in the study of them—old as it is—we have the germ of a real science, the value of which is not likely to be underrated by anyone who has lived in the country, and, even without paying any attention to it himself, has noticed the frequent truth of the predictions of some old farm labourer, a man 'no scollard,' but who has plodded about the fields with his eyes open. To attempt a verbal description of clouds is almost a hopeless task: to those who do not know clouds as clouds, words will convey but slight idea of them; to those who do know them, words are useless. I will therefore only shortly name some of the more important classes.

The very high, light, streaky, fibrous, white clouds, which are familiarly called 'mares' tails,' or 'goats' hair,' are technically known as *cirrus*. The drift of the fibres of cirrus shows the upper wind plainly enough; their formation in a clear sky is very often a precursor of rain.

The high clouds—not so high as cirrus—in small, detached, rounded, white masses, like a flock of sheep lying down, or like the markings on a mackerel, are *cirro-cumulus*. A sky flecked with *cirro-cumulus* is commonly called a 'mackerel sky.' In some parts of the country, Bedfordshire for instance, these little rounded clouds are considered a sign of rain; they are said to be 'packets of rain' soon to be opened. At sea they are considered rather as a sign of wind, and the nautical adage goes—

Mackerel sky and mares' tails
Make ships carry low sails.

Cirro-stratus, though still high, is somewhat lower than either of these others; it is the cloud of a moderately fine day; it may spread out as a sheet, and cover the greater part of the sky; or it may be broken up into large or small fragments, which often take curious or grotesque shapes. The cloud 'in shape like a camel,' 'backed like a weasel,' 'very like a whale,' was doubtless a bit of cirro-stratus. At a little distance, when their edge only is seen, they appear as lines, or sets of lines, streaky. If these streaks run north and south, they are said to be a sign of fine weather; but to portend rain if they run east and west; if they are very irregular and jagged, they make what one would commonly call 'an angry-looking sky,' their ideas about which the seafaring men of old have expressed in the couplet—

If clouds look as if scratched by a hen,
Stand by to lower your topsails then.

Large rounded masses of cloud, irregularly heaped together, at no great height, are *cumulus*. Cumulus may be black or grey, or white, when the masses are called 'wool bags.' If they grow bigger rapidly—more especially before two or three o'clock in the afternoon—sink lower, become more fleecy and irregular, and come up against the wind, they are a pretty sure sign of rain; if, on the other hand, they get smaller towards sunset, they are a sign of fair weather. This is a bit of the wisdom of the Shepherd of Banbury: 'In summer or harvest, when the wind has been south for two or three days, and it grows very hot, and you see clouds rise with great white tops like towers, as if one were upon the top of another, and joined together with black on the nether side, there will be thunder and rain suddenly.

The lowest cloud of all is the black rain cloud, or *nimbus*; on the horizon, and as it advances towards the observer, its front often resembles a very heavy cumulus, with rain falling from it, and with some cirrus above. When it has overspread the whole sky, it is usually so mixed up with, or concealed by, falling rain, that it generally assumes a dark uniform appearance.

Now the study of clouds in their different shapes, and colours, and behaviour, gives us undoubtedly a scientific basis—so far as it goes—for weather knowledge; and, at present, it is by it alone that we can tell of changes in the upper regions of the atmosphere. But of itself it is not enough. The movements and forms of clouds, though the most apparent of weather indications, are not only by themselves insufficient and often misleading, but the warning which they give does not, as a rule, precede the threatened change by more than an hour or two. What everybody asks for is a great deal more than that. If only in arranging for a picnic, or a garden party, it is desirable to know the night before what the weather is to be; to the farmer or the man of business it is often of the greatest importance; to the fisherman or the coasting trader, it may easily prove a matter of life or death. It is from this very serious point of view that the Meteorological Office under the Board of Trade has long considered it, and has devoted a large proportion of its work to the improvement and extension of those 'storm warnings' which, about ten years ago, it began to issue to our coast population.

These warnings originated, as is well known, in the devoted industry of Admiral Fitzroy; but the attempt, at first, was rather premature, and their correctness was very doubtful; they were consequently discontinued, after the Admiral's death, for some years, and when recommenced were on a more modest footing; simply, warnings that a gale, or bad weather, might be expected. With experience, these were further developed; the office began to warn for direction of wind, as well as for force; and were able with increasing certainty to fix the limits of time and area. Of warnings such as these, complete forecasts were the natural outcome; the study of weather and weather-changes on the coast necessarily led to the study of them inland, and

to a careful inquiry into the connection between rain, wind, and cloud, as well as their relation to the fluctuations of those all-important meteorological instruments, the thermometer and barometer. All this has been going on for years; and now, after several months' private rehearsal, the Council have felt justified in issuing those daily forecasts which are published in many of the morning and evening papers. But they are strictly 'forecasts'; a name on which a certain amount of stress has been laid, as showing that they are cast or calculated from known data; that there is about them nothing of the nature of prediction or prophecy, as vulgarly understood; no charlatanry or hocus-pocus, but that all is plain and above board.

In attempting to describe the method in which these forecasts are made, and the basis on which they rest, I am compelled to introduce a few words on the causes to which some of the phenomena may be theoretically referred; in doing so, I wish to avoid any discussion which would be here out of place, and will only say that of the rival theories, some part of each is probably true; so that if I speak almost exclusively of one, it is rather for the sake of that clearness which a little restrained dogmatism may give.

It is, then, familiarly known that a stream of any kind, when interrupted, tends to form whirls or eddies: the same is indeed true of any mobile body: a ballet dancer, for instance, as she bounds from the wings to the middle of the stage, there stops and twirls round; the grace with which she does this results from her skill and art, but the gyration itself is the natural tendency of matter in motion when subjected to a check. Now in this part of the world there is a general motion of the air from west to east. All theory apart, this is a great geographical fact: a steady west wind is the natural condition of things in this country. But this natural condition is very seldom left to show itself. Some disturbance or other changes it into something else; for any disturbance causes it to form a whirl, which may easily be conceived as carried along in the great stream of air towards the east. This succession of whirls and their general motion towards the east are established facts; though they have, as I said before, been referred to other theories than that to which I have just alluded: but into the discussion of this question I do not propose to enter; it is sufficient for my present purpose to state the bare facts.

These whirls, then, have two very remarkable properties: they almost invariably turn from right to left, as against the sun, or against the hands of a watch; and they have a low pressure in the middle. The theory which I am here following would explain this low pressure by saying that the air is thrown out from the middle of the whirl by 'centrifugal force'; and in any case, the idea of such a centrifugal tendency will serve to establish the facts in the mind. Such a whirl is technically known as a *cyclone*, or a cyclonic system of wind; and to any other system of wind the name *cyclone* is incorrectly given. In northern latitudes, a cyclone is rigidly defined to be an atmospheric whirl, turning against the sun, round a centre of

low pressure. But there are occasional, though exceptional instances in which the whirl turns in the opposite direction, that is, from left to right, with the sun; and then it has in the middle a high pressure. It is thus not only different from a cyclone, but is exactly opposite, and has therefore been named an *anti-cyclone.*

Now the low or high pressure which speaks of the presence of a cyclone or of an anti-cyclone, the decreasing or increasing pressure which speaks of its movement, is measured by the barometer. If we know, at any given time, the direction of the wind and the height of the barometer at a large number of stations, the cyclone, or anti-cyclone, can be mapped down with some approach to accuracy, and the wind and atmospheric pressure at any other station within the range of the map can be shown. It is for such indications that the barometer is especially valued. I may say at once—even at the risk of offending old-fashioned prejudices—that the barometer is not a 'weather-glass' in the ordinary sense of the term; and that the legend on the clock-like face of the familiar wheel barometer is arrant nonsense. As a mere indicator of local weather, a piece of dried seaweed is very far superior; or if ornament is to be combined with utility, the little shell-covered cardboard cottage, with the old man and woman in the doorway: this does, to some extent, tell the probability of rain or sunshine; it is meant to be an indicator of weather, the barometer is not.

When the pressure has been observed at a great number of stations, it will, of course, be found to be the same at many of them. Lines drawn joining all places at which the pressure is observed to be the same are called 'lines of equal pressure," or, more technically, *isobars.* It will be at once seen that, since the pressure on all sides decreases towards the centre of a cyclone, or increases towards the centre of an anti-cyclone, the isobars form—very roughly speaking—circles round the centre of low or high pressure; and that the wind, blowing also round the centre, is therefore blowing along the isobars. This curious fact, so utterly at variance with what used to be taught not very many years ago—that wind must necessarily blow from a high towards a low pressure—is clearly the result of the circling, eddy-like motion of the air; and may be so far compared with a somewhat similar anomaly which may easily be exhibited in a bucket of water. Everybody has learned that water will run from a high to a low level; but if water in a bucket is stirred sharply round, so as to fly out from the centre and be heaped up towards the outside, it will at once be seen that the principal motion is not from high to low, but on circling levels, corresponding to the cyclonic isobars.

This, then, is the fundamental principle of modern meteorology, distinguishing it by a broad line of demarcation from the past; the wind blows along the isobars; not at right angles to them. It is this which has been embodied in the law to which Professor Buys-Ballot's name is attached, by almost universal consent: 'If you stand with your back to the wind, you have, in these northern latitudes, a

lower pressure on your left hand than on your right.' If a westerly wind is blowing in the south of England, the barometer reads lower in Scotland than it does in France; and conversely, whilst an easterly wind is blowing in England, the barometer is lower in France than in Scotland.

The truth of this law is corroborated every day by the weather charts issued by the Meteorological Office, a graphic *précis* of which is now published in the *Times*; but its importance lies not so much in its giving us some idea of the barometric condition of the atmosphere, in distant provinces, at any present time, as in teaching us how, in our own immediate neighbourhood, the wind will blow when, at some future time, the barometric readings in our own and the adjacent countries have been subjected to some specified change. In this way, by the help of Buys-Ballot's law, a forecast of the weather becomes, to a great extent, a forecast of barometric changes; and to such a forecast we are guided, partly by a knowledge that cyclones move over these islands in some easterly direction, and more commonly towards the north-east, but still more by the careful determination of the direction in which any one cyclone is actually moving, based on the telegraphic reports received at the office in London.

The future course of a cyclone may thus be foretold, not indeed with absolute certainty, but with very great probability. When we see a railway train passing, we can foretell, with great probability, that in some definite time it will arrive at some specified place known to be on the same line of rail: but not even in this is there absolute certainty; for owing to some accident or other, boilers burst, fire-bars tumble out, the train runs off the line, is stopped, or is quite broken up. Some similar fate may befall an advancing cyclone; and owing to a variety of causes, themselves irregular, difficult to foresee, and at present very imperfectly understood, its motion may become curiously changed or distorted, or it may be broken up into a number of fragments, each exhibiting on a small scale the cyclonic changes of barometer and wind.

A not unfrequent type of change of direction seems to be due to some exceptional increase of pressure over Norway, a possible cushion of air jammed against the mountains—but this is beyond the subject of our present inquiry: by such, the advance of the cyclone is disturbed, or checked, or stopped; from such it occasionally recoils, at times turning right round and recrossing this island from east to west, at times turning southwards and coming down the North Sea, thus giving generally an expected and always an unusual sequence of changes. If—as most commonly happens—a centre of low pressure, that is to say, a cyclonic centre, passes along a line drawn, roughly speaking, from Glasgow to St. Andrew's, or to Aberdeen, a moment's consideration will show that over all England and the southern part of Scotland the cyclone has in front a southerly or south-westerly wind, which gradually becomes more westerly, with a falling baro-

meter, and changes towards north-west as the barometer begins to rise again. It is thus that in this country, and by our seamen in the Channel or the Irish Sea or the Bay of Biscay, a falling barometer is considered a pretty sure sign of a south-westerly wind; a rising barometer, on the other hand, of a shift to the northward. But in the exceptional case of a cyclone turning sharply round and charging down the North Sea, we have the puzzling irregularity of a north-westerly or northerly wind with a falling barometer and other peculiarities which we are accustomed to associate with the idea of a southerly or south-westerly wind: and this is only one way in which the many accidents, to which a well-formed and apparently well-intentioned cyclone is liable, may alter its movements or behaviour, and falsify the predictions based on observations necessarily imperfect, or on a generalisation insufficiently qualified.

But on the supposition that a cyclone passes in a regular manner from the time when it first comes within the scope of our observation, as it emerges from the Atlantic on the west coast of Ireland, it will easily be seen that if the direction and rate of its advance are noted, its position at any future time till it has quite passed over us may be determined, and the changes of the barometer and of the wind may be charted with fair accuracy. That 'every wind has its weather' is a very old proverb, not, indeed, unreservedly true, but none the less true with certain exceptions. Of these I shall presently have to speak; but the familiar illustrations of the rule are to be sought for in the cyclone, which, though in itself exceptional, recurs so frequently that its weather peculiarities have come to be regarded as typical. That a south-westerly wind is warm, moist, and often rainy, is a very familiar experience; that a northerly or north-westerly wind is cold and dry is nearly as familiar; and the ready explanation is that the south-westerly wind comes to us charged with the warmth and vapour of the Atlantic and the Gulf Stream, whilst the northerly wind brings us the cold of Greenland or the Arctic. This simple theory is to some extent in accordance with fact; but to the recent and still continuing investigations of the Rev. W. Clement Ley we owe not only a more comprehensive description of cyclonic weather, but a singularly ingenious interpretation of it.

It has long been the custom amongst meteorologists to conceive the cyclone as divided into two halves by the line of its advance, named right and left in the same way as the banks of a river, looking, that is, in the direction in which it is travelling. Mr. Ley now proposes another division, that, namely, by the diameter drawn at right angles to the line of its advance; and these halves he would call the front and the rear. According to this division, a cyclone is quartered into right and left front, right and left rear; and Mr. Ley believes that he has established the fact that the different types of weather belong not so much to the different winds as to the different quarters of the cyclone. He describes the front as being preceded

by a fringe of cirrus and very high cirro-stratus, extending in streaks to a distance of perhaps 100 miles; these, as they advance, curl upwards and outwards, as though kept asunder by electrical repulsion; but as they come over the observer, they are then 'seen to be more or less reticulated, forming a filmy sheet, the structure of which becomes less and less discernible.' In other cases the threads are but faintly marked from the first, and 'the sky seems simply to become gradually overspread with a milky-looking film of whitish cloud matter.' Bit by bit as it advances, this sheet seems to grow downwards, until it is shut out from our view by the interposition of dark masses of lower cloud; the barometer, till then slightly on the rise, begins to fall; the sky becomes covered with nimbus, and rain is more or less general, the right front being the quarter of heaviest precipitation. As the centre, or the transverse diameter approaches, the nimbus breaks; on the right side, the blue sky begins to peep through, and with broken showers and shower clouds, cumulus, cirro-stratus, cirrus, and a rising barometer, the cyclone passes away; whilst on the left, the sky is frequently overcast and hazy to the last.

In explanation of these appearances Mr. Ley considers that, in general terms, the air throughout the front of the cyclone has a slight upward movement, the expansion due to which is of itself enough to account for the heavy rain-fall frequent in that half; the excess in the right front depending perhaps on its geographical position. He considers that a large portion of the air which has so ascended in front, having been whirled round and having its moisture squeezed out of it, is forced downward in the rear, appearing as a northerly wind, cold and dry by reason not of its coming from the north, but of its coming from above. It is from this condensation of vapour and the comparative vacuum so formed in front, this pressure of a descending current in the rear, that Mr. Ley would attribute the onward march of a cyclone, which he conceives as continually dying out, and being continually re-formed in advance. In this I am unable altogether to agree with him; but it is a point on which—as I have already said—much difference of opinion exists, and concerning which no *one* hypothesis is *of itself* quite satisfactory.[1]

Of importance greater to the coasting navigator than a foreknowledge of the direction of the wind is that of its force; and as the intensity of the weather symptoms largely depends on the strength of the wind, on the vehemence of the cyclone which we are now entitled to consider the immediate cause of them, forecasts and warnings, whether for sea or land, are obliged to give especial care to its determination. The principal observation which leads to this is that of the difference between the barometric readings at different places. Momentarily, and merely for the sake of illustration, it may be

[1] Mr. Ley's papers in the Journals of the Meteorological and the Scottish Meteorological Societies are probably too technical to attract ordinary readers; but I may refer to his more popular lecture on 'Clouds and Weather-signs,' recently published in 'Modern Meteorology.'

supposed that air will press from where the barometer stands high to where it stands low; and that, with a force bearing some relation to the difference between the two readings; in the same way as water will run from a higher to a lower level, with a force depending on the difference of level. I have already said that this is not a statement of the fact; that wind does not blow from the place of high to the place of low pressure; that it blows along the isobars; but the velocity of the wind along an isobar does vary with the relative difference of barometric readings to its right and left, just as the velocity of the water in a whirling bucket varies with the curve of the surface; and that without saying which is cause and which is effect. When, then, along a line cutting the isobars nearly at right angles, the barometric readings decrease quickly, we may, as a rule, feel sure that the wind is strong; when the difference is trifling the wind is light. The estimate of the velocity of the wind thus depends on the relative barometric differences, and these are measured as though they represented the measure of a slope whose height is the difference of barometric reading, whose base is the difference in miles between the two places. Such a hypothetical slope is known as a barometric gradient: we might thus speak of a gradient of so many tenths of an inch in so many miles; but, technically, all gradients are reduced to a base of sixty miles, and are counted in hundredths of an inch: a barometric difference of one-hundredth of an inch in a distance of sixty miles is a gradient *one*; seven-hundredths is a gradient *seven*; one-tenth, that is, ten-hundredths, is a gradient *ten*. So counted it is a matter of observation that the number of the gradient is also, roughly speaking, the number of wind-force according to the usually received Beaufort scale: a gradient *seven* thus denotes a wind of force *seven*; and when that, or any greater gradient, is foreseen, the Meteorological Office issues warnings of an approaching gale.

The American warnings which have been telegraphed from New York during the last two or three years are, we may believe, based on some method similar to that which I have been describing; but the proprietors of the 'New York Herald,' who have organised them, have determined to veil their predictions in mystery, so that we cannot speak of them with any certainty. A very common idea concerning them has been that they are warnings of American weather—of a cyclone, observed in America, having started on its eastward course across the Atlantic. What I have been saying with regard to our own warnings might well seem to support this view; but as a matter of fact, no cyclone has ever been proved to have crossed the Atlantic; and in special cases, it has been proved that a cyclone appearing here about the time that one reported as having left the American coast might be supposed to be due, was not the same; that the American cyclone was broken up on the way, and never crossed some stated meridian. This is not merely the belief of English meteorologists: it is, in the main, that of the highest of all American authorities—Professor Loomis—who says, 'When storms from the American con-

tinent enter upon the Atlantic Ocean, they generally undergo important changes in a few days, and are frequently merged in other storms which appear to originate over the ocean, so that we can seldom identify a storm in its course entirely across the Atlantic.'

As far as we know, the greater number of the cyclonic disturbances which come to this country originate near the banks of Newfoundland and still further east, where the Gulf Stream and the Arctic current come together; where the meeting of hot and cold water, and of the superincumbent hot and cold air, causes much condensation of vapour, and disturbs the barometric condition of the atmosphere: it is here, too, that the prevailing northerly wind of the east coast of Greenland and Baffin's Bay thrusts itself into the great westerly wind of the Atlantic, thus causing frequent mechanical disturbance; so that whichever view we take of the genesis of a cyclone, it is here we have to look for its cradle, and, as determined by observation, it is here that we find it. But from the banks of Newfoundland to New York is less than half the distance to England; it is thus possible enough for steamers, arriving almost daily from the eastward, to carry in intelligence on which timely warnings may occasionally be based. But on the warnings, as they have hitherto been sent, little reliance is to be placed: not more than about 17 per cent. of them are correct, rather more than 42 per cent. are altogether wrong, and the rest are either vague, or imperfect, or out of date. From the very scanty data on which we suppose the warnings to be calculated, it is evident that a large percentage of such mistakes must be expected; and the expectation is increased when we know the difficulty attending on secrecy, to which the forecasts are needlessly subjected. If the information derived from the ships' logs was itself sent over in such a form as to permit of its being worked up with other material, much good might follow: but about this—so far as the 'New York Herald' is concerned—there would be nothing sensational; and sensation, we are to understand, is, for a newspaper, of much greater importance than the advancement of science or the safety of navigation.

I have been so far speaking exclusively of cyclonic weather, the frequency of which justly entitles it to the priority; but the opposite type, which belongs to the anti-cyclone, may not be overlooked. In almost every conceivable respect, the anti-cyclone is different from the cyclone. The cyclone comes in from the west, and moves with more or less rapidity and regularity towards the east: the anti-cyclone appears rather to form where it is observed, and to stay there; it may perhaps be considered as in some measure a reaction from a high pressure to the eastward; but in any case, it does not advance, or rather, it seems to sway slowly backwards and forwards. The cyclone is generally marked by large gradients, strong winds, disturbed weather: the anti-cyclone, on the contrary, has small gradients, light winds, and calm, fine, lasting weather. Above all, the weather of the cyclone, as it affects us, is insular, that of the anti-cyclone is continental: the cyclone comes off the Atlantic, and brings with it at all

times, on a southerly or south-westerly wind, the warmth and moisture of the Gulf Stream, softening the cold of winter or mitigating the heat of summer, even though it occasionally floods our fields or smashes our coasting vessels into chips; the anti-cyclone, on the other hand, broods over the steppes of Russia or the plains of Germany or France, and brings, on a light easterly wind, the severe cold of a Russian winter, or the fierce heat of a continental summer. If the centre of high pressure lies over Ireland, we have in England that wind from the north-east which, as the proverb says, 'is good for neither man nor beast;' if it lies over Germany, we have a wind from the south, but of a very different type from the more familiar south wind of a cyclone; it is no longer mild and moist, but might almost be described as 'an east wind with a kink in it;' it is dry and extreme, cold in winter, hot in summer, and in either case may continue for several days, until the high pressure yields, the anti-cyclone breaks up, disperses, and is swept away by our prevalent westerly wind.

I have thus attempted to give some account of the principle on which modern weather forecasting is based. It must be understood, however, that any such account is necessarily a very imperfect outline. The whole subject is not to be compressed into a few pages; much of the theory is yet very doubtful, much of the practice is still, in great measure, empirical. Above all, the relative weight which has to be given to the many detailed observations, often conflicting in their evidence, is a point which perhaps nothing but careful study and long experience can decide. A theoretical cyclone is, on paper at least, a very simple thing: the actual thing, as it exists in nature, assumes many different forms, and the species can no more be fully described in one than can the whole human race be described by Olivia's celebrated inventory:—'Item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.' Every cyclone, as every face, has a character of its own: one may be regular, equable, gentle; another wild, passionate, stormy: one may be solitary, dragging the whole body of neighbouring air into its own selfish whirl; another may have a social disposition, and be one of a group, or may throw off smaller ones and pass along, surrounded by a more or less numerous and turbulent family. To arrive at any conclusion with regard to the behaviour of things so multiform and various, is of the very greatest difficulty; and whilst we can see in our daily paper that the Meteorological Office has made a vast stride towards the accomplishment of the task, we are not to expect that the forecasts will be absolutely free from mistakes. We cannot be so surprised at their occasional failures as we are at their general accuracy.

J. K. Laughton.

Studies in Biography.

THERE are few greater services that can be done to an age, short of living a good and noble life, than that of recording one. And biography is a branch of literary art to which the present generation devotes itself. Scarcely any man of note can get safely out of this world without leaving behind him, already at the easel and with all the necessary tools in hand, a son, or a friend, or a professional man of letters, ready to 'take him off' and set forth his portrait in black and white, in voluminous volumes. It has come to be almost a necessary compliment to a notability. We put up the shutters on our shop windows; we sew a bit of black cloth round our arm; and we write the life of the departed. In some cases the one operation is of little more importance than the other, but it is as inevitable. It is safer to do what some men take the precaution of doing, and provide beforehand against the danger, by leaving behind us something more or less in the shape of an autobiography; but even this only partially mends matters, for it will go hard with our editor if he does not re-shape our personal chronicles, cut out all that is best in them, or else supplement and dilute them by telling the story over again. There is thus a perpetual example going on of that tantalising performance which keeps the word of promise to the ear and breaks it to the heart; and in the same breath with which we declare that the chronicle of a life is one of the best things we can have, we are compelled to add that we get many chronicles of lives which are about the worst things that we can have—pretentious, foolish, and false, chronicles of all the small beer, but of little of that divine elixir which keeps existence going. It is true that small beer, being matter of fact, is always capable of being measured and identified, while there are but a few that can read the meaning in a life, or trace out what its finer issues are and how the spirit is touched to them. Still, the dimmest mirror may give forth something, elsewhere unattainable, in its broken reflections, and we are often able to identify, notwithstanding all the flaws in the glass, the absence of quicksilver, or even the twist in the metal which makes a countenance awry, something, an outline, a gesture, which reveals the original. We are unable to say that there is much of this revelation in the portrait contained in two big volumes with which we have just been presented[1] of Charles Lever. It is a book without insight, without penetration, with neither beauty of style nor force of meaning to recommend it. The letters of the subject of the memoir are systematically and of set purpose

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[1] *Life of Charles Lever.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Chapman & Hall.

suppressed. We think we remember to have found somewhere an intimation that this is done with the intention of making a separate publication of some of these letters, in which case it is something very like an intended *exploitation* of the public, by dividing into two what was certainly not too much for one issue. Mr. Fitzpatrick is not an artist of merit, but he has evidently adopted the trade of biographer as a tangible handicraft, and in this capacity is diligently on the outlook, and industriously eager to take advantage of every opportunity for its exercise. We have no right to debar him from his chosen work, or even to censure his selection of a branch of industry which is nowise unlawful or dishonest in the ordinary sense of the word. We can only regret that his virtuous and laudable application to his business should have brought him across the path of anyone in whom we are interested. The 'Biographer of Bishop Doyle, Lady Morgan, Lord Cloncurry, &c.,' who is also 'Professor of History in the Royal Hibernian Academy,' and a J.P., with many other letters to his name, the meaning of which we do not profess to be able to decipher, is apparently a kind of national official, and does not therefore threaten the life of any subject who is not Hibernian, which is a consolatory reflection. But it is grievous that a man like Lever, one for whom all the world has a kindness, a man not great enough to bear any tampering with his memory, and full of foibles and eccentricities which need delicate handling, should have fallen into the hands of such a practitioner. This is all the more to be regretted that it can never now be remedied; for Lever's gift, such as it was, was not so great, nor is his recollection so precious, that it should be worth any better artist's while to endeavour to amend the coarse and commonplace portrait which is here supplied. In this way a trade biographer does less harm to a celebrity of the highest class than to one of secondary pretensions. The larger genius will get justice somehow, but for the less there is not much hope of rehabilitation.

Few men have gained so much kindly appreciation from the world as the Irish novelist, to all appearance the last of his race, who did for his country exactly what the general public likes to have done, enlarging and strengthening the conventional idea of it, and leaving us more sure than ever of the justice of all our prejudices and the truth of our scoffs. This is by far the most popular way at least of writing national novels. We hail with lively satisfaction every apparent proof of those generalisations which save us so much trouble in respect to our neighbours. It is more easy to conclude that the Italian is treacherous, the Frenchman fickle and light, the Spaniard proud, the Scot canny and calculating, than it is to realise that the resemblances of human nature are more striking than its differences, and that each member of a race is an individual. Consciously or unconsciously, Lever humoured this general inclination. Nothing can be more conventionally Irish than his Irishmen. They are all constructed on a pattern which we understand and have given in our adhesion to; for does not Ireland contain,

as everybody knows, a rollicking, light-hearted, reckless, dare-devil sort of population, madly brave, and wildly witty, totally unfitted for the ordinary pursuits of life, yet quick to apprehend and wise to know everything that is ornamental and amusing and unnecessary? Lever's art, so full of freedom on the surface and so conventional underneath, is as inferior as can be conceived to that of Scott, who never lost sight of the deeper sea of human nature which underlies all local distinctions; and it is needless to point out which of the two is the most true historian of national life. But, notwithstanding, the conventional is always sure of a certain success. We get in it what we look for. We have all our foregone conclusions carried out, and we are pleased to feel that we have been right in our estimate of our neighbours. At the same time we must add that Lever, though Irish only by the accident of birth, was in himself a complete example of the type we accept as Irish. Though he was the son of an Englishman, thrifty and hardworking, he was himself as gay, as reckless, and as extravagant, accepting the pleasures of to-day with as little reference to to-morrow, as any descendant of Brian Boru: and embodied in his own person all those traditions of wit, gaiety, and prodigality which are supposed appropriate to the aborigines of the Emerald Isle. How this trick of nature came about it, it would be difficult to say. The Irish air must have got into his head as a baby, though Saxon by both sides of the house, and intoxicated him from the cradle. He lived a life of wild uncertainty, not knowing often enough what the morrow might bring forth; yet somehow managing it so that the day, which had menaced destruction before it came, generally cleared off into smiles, and justified the light-hearted pilgrim's reliance on his fate. Thus possessing the type in himself, he drew upon it with bold and dashing hardihood, and so long as the first flush of animal spirits and unquenchable gaiety lasted, his gay dragoons and light-hearted adventurers, always daring, always lucky, enjoying alike their dangers and their successes, renewed the old tradition of Irish character, and took the soberest readers by storm.

The task which Mr. Fitzpatrick seems to have set before him in compiling this memoir is to show with how little genius Lever managed to accomplish such a result, how little, in short, he himself had to do with it at all, and how completely he was indebted to casual meetings and social surroundings for his success. We do not say that the 'Biographer of Bishop Doyle and Lady Morgan' has any malignant purpose in this attempt, or even that he is aware that he is doing his best to damage Lever. He writes as a local historian so often writes, with unbounded admiration for the society of which he forms a part, and a little less admiration for the one notable individual who is the only man whom the world cares to know in that society. That there was 'a very social, well-informed set' at Kilrush, and again, 'half a dozen companionable men, some of more than average acumen,' at Portstewart, near the Giant's Causeway, is more important to him than the qualities of Lever himself. He is more

anxious to impress upon the reader that Father Malachy and Father Tom were exact transcripts from the life, and that 'the best of the stories in Lever's tales were told round that mahogany,' than to show how Lever's imagination took hold of the racy and primitive country life, and got the flavour and savour of it, with or without the facts which are so much less important. But it is scarcely worth our while to go further into the literary merits, or rather demerits, of this biography. It has no pretension to be criticised at all as a piece of literary work, although, indeed, its pages are full of national eccentricities of an unintentional kind, which are as amusing as if they were meant to be so. The biographer and his obliging correspondents are alike delightful in this respect. One lady, speaking of Lever's mother, informs us that 'she had a brother who one day appeared from India, bearing beautiful presents, but on returning to the East, just as he was about to step on board, he fell into the Liffey and was lost.' Another contributor describes how Lever as a boy 'told stories at school, danced, fenced, laughed, *and then rode off on a pony*,' a charming climax. A little further on Mr. Fitzpatrick indulges in some mildly funny anecdotes respecting a medical authority, explaining that 'these things we give not for their point, but because they reveal on Lever's showing that when a student he received comic grind from the witty doctor, whose sayings, pruned of thorns and slang, had effect upon the mind and character of the subsequently brilliant humourist.' 'He struck me,' says another contributor, 'as a man of most winning manners, which indeed were shared by his wife, to whom in the course of my visit he asked me to give my arm.' When the first book of the series was published, we are told that 'the public clapped, the critics coughed, the cynics hissed. It was not till long after that *the censer swung*;' and here is an account of Lever's performances when a country doctor, which is better still:—

Lever, while dancing at balls, was dancing attendance with bright vigilance by the bedside of suffering humanity; and this his worst Evangelical enemies were constrained to confess. Now whirling in the waltz—a few minutes later by the bedside of danger. Back to the ball again! engaging Miss Dashwood for the Lancers—hurrying away to see the cataplasm renewed, and with his own hand administering relief, or spreading the balm. He arrives just in time to take his place with the Belle of the Ball; but the intermitted pulse of the little sufferer still throbs at his own heart; the glance of its glassy eye is before him; and he is less impressionable than usual to that 'hazel and blue,' which evoked his best lyric. He is back with the sick girl again; gives a stimulant; she rallies. Within ten minutes he is doing the same for himself at the supper-table. Happier now, he is in a state of supreme felicity when dancing that 'Morning Bell' gallop, with which the rout winds up. He goes home, revolving in his mind some tonic wherewith to set up the convalescent.

Lever was the son of a builder in Dublin, to whom Mr. Fitzpatrick has supplied a very pretty pedigree. Let us hope it is genuine: it is, at least, a respectable sort of thing to hang up in the

vestibule, though we doubt how far it is consistent with the modest position of the 'English carpenter and builder' who—which is much more to the purpose—established himself comfortably in Dublin, and was able to give his children considerable educational advantages. His family consisted of two sons, one ten years older than the other. The novelist was the younger of the two. We have various accounts of his school days from various old contemporaries, each of whom seems to plume himself on being the last survivor; but among them they do not add much to our knowledge of their playfellow. He was a merry boy, fond of frolic and of story-telling, who played a great many tricks, made a number of jokes, told a number of stories, went to America, where he had sundry (extremely improbable) adventures, and to Germany, where he learned all the odd ways of the Burchenschaft, copying them when he returned to Dublin in a fantastic society, of which he was himself 'the most noble grand.' The survivors of this society fondly declare it to have been one of the wittiest of social assemblies: and Lever himself afterwards pronounced that 'for a witty doggerel on the topic of the hour, a smart epigram, or a clever piece of drollery, all I have ever since met of *beaux esprits* in my own or other countries could not approach comparison;' as, indeed, most survivors of similar youthful companies are ready to swear. Lever's career at college was not a distinguished one; indeed, the very fact of his University education at all seems to have been called in question by contemporary writers; however, we are assured here that he took his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1827, being then, as we guess, about twenty-four years of age. The dates, however, are wildly confused, and it is impossible to make head or tail of them. Thus, we are assured that Lever sailed for America in the spring of 1829, and that he afterwards paid a visit to Germany, the dates being arranged as follows:—'We were at first disposed,' the biographer says, 'to place it (the German expedition) before the Canadian trip; but in his account of Cologne he alludes to the emotions he had previously felt in viewing Niagara. The first part of his "Logbook of a Rambler" appeared in the "Dublin Literary Gazette" for January 16, 1830, and was probably written towards the end of 1829. "In the early part of last year," he writes, "I was waiting in Rotterdam," which fixes the date, namely, 1828. At Göttingen he passed the winter of that year and the ensuing spring,' *i.e.* the spring in which he went to America and saw Niagara, to his emotions on beholding which he has just been said to refer in his account of Cologne. This confused jumble proves that Mr. Fitzpatrick knows very little about the matter, and has not taken the trouble to note that, with true Irish liberality, he has proved his hero to have been in two places at once. The whole story, however, of the American experiences reads much more like a hoax than a record of real adventure.

Lever took, we are told, the degree of Bachelor of Medicine in 1831, but instead of taking his M.D. from his own University, subse-

quently acquired one from a foreign school—a curious fact, if fact it is. He began his practical work humbly enough, being sent off with a number of other young medical men to meet the outbreak of cholera in the north. He was sent to Kilrush, where, as we have already said, we hear more of the brilliant society which took the young doctor up than of himself. These local celebrities encouraged and brought him out, though they thought him 'retiring and evidently nervous.' 'To Mr. Keane,' says Lever's biographer, 'we owe the introduction of this shy *débutant* to a circle of genial well-informed men. Had not means been taken to draw him out, the genius within might have flickered and sunk.' A footnote to this remarkable statement informs us that 'the feeling finally merged into an involuntary motion of the muscles of the mouth.' We do not attempt to unravel the connection between these sentences. But the fine human vanity of these rural patrons of genius is delightful. Naturally the little country-town coterie identified every character when 'Harry Lorrequer' burst upon them like a thunderbolt. 'Who let the cat out of the bag?' cried the men of Kilrush. They gave themselves the entire credit of the production. The doctor was but a kind of secretary, betraying these good things to the world. Even his own family shared this feeling. 'John Lever told me that he became aware that his brother was the author of "Harry Lorrequer" from the story of Father Darré and the Pope. But ah!' he added, 'how inferior to my father's mode of telling it!' Lever himself could have done nothing more laughable than this serious narrative of his own appearance—wild Trinity College undergraduate, bold and brazen medical student, 'most noble grand,' and Dublin wit as he was—in the capacity of a 'shy *débutant*,' whose genius might have been quenched altogether but for the insight and encouragement of the brilliant circles in Kilrush.

However, the life of a country doctor, laborious and ill-rewarded as it is, was no doubt of great advantage to the young writer full of fun and animal spirits and sympathy, with an eye to see all the humours of the country-side about which he was continually dashing, driving 'a pair of grey bloods,' says one witness, and carrying out, like one of his own heroes, every wild fancy that came into his head. 'Once, when galloping to visit some patient, he came full tilt against a turf cart as it suddenly emerged from a side street, and, not having room to pull in his horse, he "put in" the spurs and lifted him over the load of turf, which feat gained him the name of the Mad Doctor.' On another occasion, in the streets of Coleraine, he is said to have jumped over a horse and cart, perhaps another version of the same heroic incident. Not much less daring is the fact that he married on the strength of that parish doctorship at Portstewart, and sent off his last twenty pounds to buy a ball dress for his wife when an invitation came to them for a dance at a great house, which the gay young couple could not resist. Fortunately other resources were beginning to open up. The 'Dublin University Magazine' was instituted

about the time of Lever's marriage, more humbly than any of its contemporaries, 'by six collegians, each of us subscribing ten pounds' —a modest capital with which to start a great literary venture. Lever began to contribute at an early period, sending some unimportant tales, which have not been preserved. But how it happened to him to strike the vein of which he was to make so much we are not informed. He would seem to have fallen by chance and natural fitness into the gay 'Confessions' and erratic career of Harry Lorrequer. His previous writings had evidently not prepared any of his friends for an outburst so characteristic, and so full of dash and daring. Fortunately, however, he found, as most successful writers do, a publisher with imagination and judgment enough to perceive that it was really something genuine in its way, which his new contributor, still unaware that this venture was different from the others, had brought him. They stumbled together, writer and printer, into success. Lever himself, though not naturally diffident, does not seem to have realised for a long time that what had cost him so little could be worth much. He continually demands from his publisher the applauses of the newspapers, probably feeling that nothing but such matter of fact evidence could make him quite sure of the reality of his 'hit;' and altogether, so far as we can see him through Mr. Fitzpatrick's rendering, conducted himself with the caution and doubt of a man still far from sure that the public were not making a mistake. Throughout all his life, though he would puff himself on occasion with a barefaced humour, quite distinct from vanity, we never see any trace of elation over his own powers, or self-admiration of any kind. Perhaps Lever was too reckless, too *insouciant*, too hugger-mugger, if the word may be used in a literary sense, for any of the exhibitions of intellectual self-esteem. He wrote, as he lived, from hand to mouth; feeling himself very lucky when he succeeded, in much the same way as he was lucky when he had good cards at whist, and cast down indeed when he failed, but not with any feeling of personal responsibility. To the end, like many men of greater genius, he never seems to have been clear as to what was his best, but went on boldly, dashing as of old over all obstacles, as ready to put in the spurs and lift his reckless Pegasus over a difficulty, as he was to bolt a pike or clear a cart in Coleraine.

In the meantime he went to Brussels, where, with easy audacity, he called himself Physician to the British Legation, an appointment which it now appears did not exist. Lever's conscience was quite impervious to any blame in respect of such an innocent fib. But though he had no distinct appointment he seems to have got, if not into practice, at least into the best society, always a prime object, and lived expensively as was natural to him, in great gaiety and sociability, interrupted by brief intervals of difficulty and doubt, in which he wished himself back in his dispensary, and persuaded himself that the life of a country doctor was a better passport to competency than that of a popular author. It seems unlikely that a man so fond

of society and movement could have had anything like a practice in the gay little capital where he wrote his second book, 'Charles O'Malley,' in the opinion of many people the best of all the brotherhood; but he did continue more or less to exercise his profession. He tells us, on one of the few occasions on which his biographer permits him to speak for himself, that he was 'very low with fortune' at the time 'O'Malley' was begun. 'At the same time,' he says, 'I had then an amount of spring in my temperament, and a power of enjoying life, which I can honestly say I never found surpassed. The world had for me all the interest of an admirable comedy in which the part allotted myself, if not a high or foreground one, was eminently suited to my taste.' 'I wrote as I felt,' he adds, 'sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad; always carelessly, for, God help me, I can do no better.'

This, no doubt, was the great secret of his success. Though we agree devoutly with the greatest of living moralists that genius may, at least on one of its sides, be described as an infinite capability of taking trouble, yet there is a charm in the spontaneous, even the careless, when kept alive by a spark of genuine life, which always appeals to the sympathies of mankind. Even genius has to be wary how it shows the signs of taking trouble, and the ease and flow of a stream which is evidently natural, and carries everything along with it in a bold and sparkling rush of constitutional vigour, is always attractive. When Lever's first flush of impulse failed, and he began to take trouble, having no natural instinct that way, the interest of the public failed also. He was wiser, more thoughtful, perhaps on the whole better worth reading; but he had lost the ingenuous fervour, the harebrained impetuosity, the dash and spontaneousness which were his chief attractions. 'The Dodd Family' is a much more elaborate performance than 'Charles O'Malley.' It has far higher moral desert, the virtue of conscientious effort; but it is not to this grave production of his manhood that the reader turns. There is something far more attractive in the disjointed adventures, poured out anyhow, just as they occurred to him, in hearty enjoyment and fullness of life, of the Irish dragoon.

Space will not allow us to follow Lever's life in detail. The reader will receive a vague impression of it, not to be altogether spoiled by any badness of telling from the volumes before us. As he began life, so he went on, save that all the extravagances of his nature increased as time passed, and the young fellow who made himself talked of by practical jokes, or by vaulting over a horse and cart in his way, or by any other mode of harmless display, in early years, went on getting himself talked of all his life long, by extravagances perhaps not less harmless, but creating a greater amount of animadversion. There was too much champagne, too many cards, with the irregularities attendant on both, throughout his gay life. It was not whisky, which would have been degradation; but in the long run it was scarcely less dangerous. And he had all the liberality which belongs to his

careless nature; he did not choose always to be entertained, but loved to be in his turn the entertainer, to give the best of wine and cookery, and to lavish his money upon his friends. He kept 'quite a stud of horses,' and rode about with his children round him—a remarkable group, the girls on their ponies, with auburn hair hanging over their shoulders, and wearing fantastic dresses, so that he was not unfrequently taken for the head of a circus, a mistake which amused him greatly. The mixture of tender vanity and fondness, delight in his children's society, and pleasure in showing them off, which appear in this incident, are thoroughly characteristic of the man. He loved to give a sensation to his fellow-creatures in the dullness of ordinary life, as well as to make one, and exhibit his fine horses and his skill in the management of them, and all the beauty and the splendour of his belongings; there was amiability in all his vanity, yet also a love of display and genial self-exhibition in all his kindnesses. As he went on in life these peculiarities formalised themselves, losing the gay dash of youth to which everything is pardonable, and calling forth the remarks of unkind tongues, as the riding, and the swimming, and the card-playing, the late hours, and the luxurious living, and the necessities which now and then interrupted and threatened to break up life altogether, became more and more patent to the observation of the world. Such a life must have huge drawbacks; but perhaps its uncertainties, its hair-breadth 'scapes, its despairs and threatenings of ruin, had not much more effect than the hardship and headlong perils of a campaign such as Lever loved to describe. They gave zest to the brilliant gaiety, the lavish and thoughtless enjoyment; and a man who thus manages to get by hook or by crook all that he most likes in this life—beautiful villas, fine horses, a luxurious table, a variety of excellent society, and the constant company of those he loves—is in reality less to be pitied than the more humdrum individual who denies himself many fine things in order to live tranquilly, without debt or danger, 'within his income,' according to the most respectable ideal of domesticity. He has indeed the best of it in every particular, since, after thus triumphantly getting his own way, he gets the sympathy which his occasional paying of the penalty calls forth, into the bargain.

Lever spent the greater part of his later life in Italy, and was, during his last years, in the diplomatic service, holding the post of vice-consul at Spezzia, and afterwards at Trieste, in which latter place dullness for the first time seized upon him. And there he lost his wife, the beloved companion of all his vicissitudes, whom he had fallen in love with when a boy at school, and to whom he had been always bound by the most tender affection. He did not long survive her, and life was a blank to him after she was gone. He died at Trieste in the spring (so far as can be made out from the want of dates) of 1872. His books have come down from the position they once held, almost abreast of the works of his two great contemporaries, Dickens and Thackeray. It is hard to believe even that there was a

time when he was thought a competitor with them for the highest rank in fiction. Few mature readers, we believe, now think of taking up by choice one of those dashing productions which pleased us so much in our youth; but though we are no longer young, there are always others who are, and with them 'Harry Lorrequer' and 'Charles O'Malley' still hold a scarcely diminished place.

It seems a kind of disrespect to Thackeray,[1] after reviewing at length a bad and big book upon the life of his friend and contemporary, who was so greatly his inferior in art, and even in manly dignity and merit in life, to take up the brief and incomplete chapter of biography, which is all the world has had of him. Mr. Anthony Trollope—well qualified as a literary workman and as a friend to give some idea of the attractive figure of a man who, though buried these thirteen years, we can scarcely feel to be dead: but hampered by a hundred reticences and limitations, by the reluctance of Thackeray's representatives to transgress his own wish, and by the very warmth of the jealous love which guards his memory—has produced, we need scarcely say, an interesting study of the author of 'Vanity Fair' and his productions, with something not much more than a frontispiece, a vignette, a sketch softly outlined and lightly tinted, of the man. It is all we have got, and it is all we are likely to have; but it is scarcely substantial enough to justify comment. But there is much reference in Mr. Fitzpatrick's large and loose volumes to the far greater artist, against whom he does not scruple to measure his hero; and the very suggestion of the period in which 'Harry Rollicker' encountered his many adventures, recalls the true and great humourist, who by a touch of happy travesty characterised Lever and his works as he did so many other men and things. There seems a certain impertinence in putting forth the details of a life so sad and so cheery, so bravely gay in courage and endurance, so tender and soft at heart, so 'cynical' to the vulgar understanding, so remorseless to the mean and false. Why it is that we should feel this we cannot tell; it is in itself a tribute to the more delicate, more noble nature of the man. Dickens has been stripped bare to the very inner core of his living, and nobody has minded much; neither do we feel the least compunction in respect to all the details given of Lever, which indeed we knew before. Thackeray has been as long—nay, longer—gone from the midst of us, and we all know dimly the great misfortune that overclouded his life, and the beautiful tenderness with which he was father and mother alike to his children—but it almost wounds us to draw the veil from a career which he accepted so bravely and sweetly, with no crying out against fate. No author of recent times has worked himself so entirely into the love of his readers. It was not so at the beginning of his career, when the virtuous public thought him cynical, and contrasted his

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[1] *Thackeray.* By Anthony Trollope. (*English Men of Letters*).

unheroical familiarity with the blemishes and weaknesses of human nature with his great rival's sentimentalities, much to his disadvantage. We can ourselves remember, in the fervour of youthful optimism, to have protested with hot indignation against those lowering views of life, those revelations of unconscious vanity, with which he disturbed all our ideas of the perfect; and it is certain that among the mass of ordinary readers, the multitude which must give in its adhesion before any fame reaches its height, there were many who stood fast in this doctrine, refusing to be moved by the noble tenderness and pathos of much they found in his books, on account of the preponderance of that 'cynicism,' to which for the moment we could give no better name. But all this is now over and past. Only a belated person here and there, old-fashioned, and clinging to the rash judgment of a previous generation, speaks of Thackeray now as cynical. We continue to combat the accusation, as people continue to do battle with an old mistake long after it has died a natural death. Mr. Trollope even, who remembers, like ourselves, the fervour with which it was once asserted, pauses to offer a justification—but it is an unnecessary effort. It is no longer the custom to call Thackeray cynical. We have learned to know him better by mere lapse of years.

He was the only great humourist, in our opinion, whom the present age has brought forth. Dickens has been honoured with the name: but to set forth the oddities and eccentricities of life, to pick strange characters out of the mud, and set before us the grotesques of nature, requires a faculty altogether different from that which, putting before us no new types, no exaggerated peculiarities, but people like ourselves, formed of the ordinary metal of humanity, makes us acquainted with all the laughable pranks of human vanity without taking away our sympathy for our foolish brothers. This sympathy runs through and through all Thackeray's work. We are not sure that it is not called forth even for Barry Lyndon; and Captain Costigan certainly, with all his sins upon his head, never gets beyond a certain softening of fellow-feeling. But who would think of regarding Mrs. Gamp with any sympathetic sentiment? In the one case we laugh with an unmoved indifference to the individual, who is odious always, even when most amusing; while in the other we are never without a hope that they may 'tak' a thocht and mend,' as Burns wished that the devil himself might do. But it is not our business to discuss this great quality. Humour is the fashion, the favourite quality of the age; we all like to credit ourselves with its possession, and to claim the power of controlling our own absurdities by means of it, as well as perceiving those of other men.

Mr. Trollope has little to tell us of Thackeray that we do not already know. He was born of a well-connected, well-established family, perhaps with no floating grandeur of a pedigree, but with generations of cultivated lives behind him: and thus had the advantage, not shared by all his rivals, of thorough acquaintance with the

inner life of those classes who are the favourites of literature, and among whom the finer problems of civilised life can best be studied. Dickens never possessed this advantage. However elevated the society might be in which he lived, in fiction he was never at home among gentlemen, and had no freedom in handling them. But though thus standing on a higher level than his great competitor, Thackeray had not his immediate success—he had not even the success which attended Lever's easy and dashing sketches; but toiled upward for a long time before his hand touched at a hazard the hidden spring, and the door flew open before him. Up to this time he had lived a struggling life; spending and losing in the first place the little fortune to which he was born, and then for a number of years struggling along with varying degrees of unprosperity, neither happy in his circumstances, nor fortunate in his efforts, but always cheerful, always honourable and self-sustained; a man flung by stress of weather into many out-of-the-way vessels and voyages, but never staining his good name, or leaving shame behind him. Mr. Trollope is disposed to discourse a good deal upon the story which does not furnish him with the details he loves. And indeed we cannot but regret that, having been opened up at all, it should not have been given with more detail, and a more complete revelation afforded us of the life-long sorrows and deprivations, the sweet and gay and melancholy humour with which he faced his troubles, and the purity and honour of the imperfect and diminished life to which he was sentenced from early manhood, and which he lived heroically, seeking no compromises or compensations for the loss which honour and duty called upon him to bear. It was but the other day that a great writer protested against the excuses offered for some offenders against justice, that they were highly moral and devoted to their wives and children; but whatever truth there may be in this protest, it is but right that such a moral hero as Thackeray should have his meed of praise. Society has learned to condone many a doubtful connection formed by those who have genius (or rank or wealth) sufficient to compel its tolerance *quand même*. But here was a man who might have been excused if any could, whom no one could have had the right to judge harshly, but who asked no indulgence, required no tolerance, and lived his half-life with uncomplaining courage. The circumstances are such that perhaps no biographer could yet speak with perfect freedom of this part of Thackeray's life. He was a man of the world, a man full of life and the love of enjoyment, and at the same time of domestic affection and that need of household expansion and the support of love and sympathy which belong to most fine natures; yet he bore without a murmur the desolation of his home, and left not the ghost of any doubtful connection to disturb the adoring devotion of his children. When so many indiscretions are condoned, should not this noble discretion and self-command be told in his praise? There is no more beautiful feature in Lever's life than his faithful love for the

wife who was everything to him ; there can be no nobler trait in any existence than Thackeray's undeviating fidelity to the wife who, by the saddest of afflictions, was nothing to him, and could not even have felt any pang, had he escaped somehow, as so many men do, from the bond which cut him off from so many of the enjoyments of life.

We have said that Mr. Trollope is a little apt to moralise upon the life which he is not, we suppose, permitted to fill in with fuller particulars. He gives Thackeray credit for irregularity and idleness, and tells us various particulars of his dilatoriness. One, for instance, which ended very pleasantly for Mr. Trollope himself, in the substitution of a hastily written (but admirable) story of his own for the novel planned and intended by Thackeray with which the 'Cornhill Magazine' began its career. This passage, however, is so extremely characteristic, if not of Thackeray, at least of Mr. Trollope, that we are tempted to give it in full.

> About two months before the opening day I wrote to him suggesting that he should accept from me a series of four short stories on which I was engaged. I got back a long letter in which he said nothing about my short stories, but asking whether I could go to work at once and let him have a long novel so that it might begin with the first number. At the same time I heard from the publisher, who suggested some interesting little details as to honorarium. The little details were very interesting, but absolutely no time was allowed me. It was required that the first portion of my book should be in the printer's hands within a month. Now it was my theory, and ever since this occurrence has been my practice, to see the end of my own work before the public should see the commencement. If I did this thing I must not only abandon my theory but instantly contrive a story, or begin to write it before it was contrived. That was what I did, urged by the interesting nature of the details. . . . I will not say that the story which came was good, but it was received with greater favour than any I had written before or have written since. I think that almost anything would then have been accepted coming under Thackeray's editorship.
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> I was astonished that work should be required in such haste, knowing that much preparation had been made, and that the service of almost any English novelist might have been obtained if asked for in due time. It was my readiness that was needed rather than any other gift. The riddle was read to me after a time. Thackeray had himself intended to begin with one of his own great novels, but had put it off till it was too late. 'Lovel the Widower' was commenced at the same time as my story, but 'Lovel the Widower' was not substantial enough to appear as the principal joint at the banquet. Though your guests will undoubtedly dine off the little delicacies you provide for them, there must be a heavy saddle of mutton among the viands prepared. I was the saddle of mutton, Thackeray having omitted to get his joint down to the fire in time enough. My fitness lay in my capacity for quick roasting.

'It was his nature to be idle—to put off his work,' Mr. Trollope says in another place, with all the conscious strength of a man who takes Time by the forelock, does his so many hours of work daily, and has so many novels to the good, all put away in drawers and ready for use, according to the whisper of malicious gossip. Thackeray

did not do this; he wrote from hand to mouth, composing part by part as he published them, a mode which, notwithstanding the undoubted advantages of Mr. Trollope's more orderly way, has also something to recommend it, especially for the writer to whom it is essential to be in sympathy with his readers, and to keep up the freshness of his own interest by way of holding theirs. And it was no doubt a method very suitable to the character of Thackeray's work, of which the plot and story are the smallest part, and which, opening up one mind, and soul, and life after another in an apparently capricious, episodical way, fell in very well with the new start of every month, which made it natural and advantageous for the artist to shift the light of his lamp, so that now one little circle, now another, should glow with that complete, minute, and all-pervading illumination which makes every character and every foible of every character, and their goodness and their truth, and their little fibs and deceits, and all the unseen, half-conscious mechanism of their lives, so familiar to us. But perhaps Mr. Trollope does not quite see, being a man of more orderly and industrious ways, how this 'idleness' of his friend's nature chimed in with the conditions of his art.

Working in this way as he lived, his craft no distinct thing to be shelved in so many hours of close labour, and put away from the ordinary course of his existence, Thackeray went on after his first great success, a true spectator, a more graphic and familiar chorus than ancient art ever invented, showing to all beholders how the world wagged. Great passions were not in his way, and he studiously disowned the heroic, notwithstanding that perhaps the most purely heroic figure of modern fiction owes existence to his hand. George Eliot professes a far more serious meaning than Thackeray, and is the possessor of at least an equal genius, but neither has she, nor any other writer of the century, invented for us anything that can stand by the side of Thomas Newcome. But the genius to whom we owe that ideal gentleman went through the world laughing in the face of his countrymen, and protesting that the heroic was not, and that his were novels without a hero. Naturally the public took his art at his own word, not seeing the humour of the protest, nor how the writer was laughing softly, with the tears almost too deep down to be visible, at his own certainty of an ideal and heroic human nature as well as at theirs. One can imagine that he laughed still, but a little ruefully, when he found how entirely he had succeeded in producing the confusion he had worked for, and in getting one of the tenderest of human hearts branded with the name of cynic. But all the same it was his own doing; for how were the unknown masses, who knew nothing of him but what he chose to tell us, to see through the paradox. Happily by this time it has explained itself.

It was Thackeray's name which floated off into full flood of prosperity our able and brilliant contemporary, the 'Cornhill Magazine.' Some of the 'Roundabout Papers,' published in its earlier years, were among the most exquisite chapters he ever wrote; easier, as being a

direct communication from himself to his audience, without the intervention of any formal framework of a story to interfere with the flow of his commentary; and full of all the softness and kindness of his real nature. Everything he touched at last turned to gold. One of the enterprises of his life, his lectures, was undertaken greatly against the grain, and with many doubts as to the effect it might have upon his reputation and standing, for the most tender and laudable of purposes. Public opinion has fully pronounced against the idea that public appearances of this kind are derogatory in any case. But we cannot see how they ever could have been derogatory in his, since there was in them no trading upon bygone effort, no reproduction of old work, made piquant by the exhibition of the artist himself to satisfy the curiosity of the public; but a series of original compositions made *bonâ fide* for the object he had in view.

As there is so little opportunity of giving a fair impression of this man, as a man, to the reader who has no other means of knowing, we may quote the end of Mr. Trollope's essay in biography, which shows at least the estimate of Thackeray's character made by those who knew him best.

His charity was overflowing, his generosity excessive. I heard once a story of woe from a man who was a dear friend of both of us. The gentleman wanted a large sum of money instantly—something under two thousand pounds—had no natural friends who could provide it, but must go utterly to the wall without it. Pondering over this sad condition of things just revealed to me, I met Thackeray between the two mounted heroes at the Horse Guards, and told him the story. 'Do you mean to say that I am to find the two thousand pounds?' he said angrily, with some expletives. I explained that I had not even suggested the doing of anything, only that we might discuss the matter. Then there came over his face a peculiar smile, and a wink in his eye, and he whispered his suggestion as though half ashamed of his meanness. 'I'll go half,' he said, 'if anybody will do the rest.' And he did go half at a day or two's notice, though the gentleman was no more than simply a friend. I am glad to be able to add that the money was quickly repaid. I could tell various stories of the same kind, only that I lack space.

He was no cynic, but he was a satirist, and could now and then be a satirist in conversation, hitting very hard when he did hit. When he was in America he met at dinner a literary gentleman of high character, middle-aged, and most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquirements stood very high—deservedly so—but who in society had that air of wrapping his toga around him, which adds, or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner which stirred up Thackeray's feeling of the ridiculous. 'What has the world come to,' said Thackeray, out loud to the table, 'when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other!' The gentleman was astounded, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening.

These incidents are almost equally delightful and characteristic of the man, who could not bear to see trouble without relieving it, or

pretentious folly without slaying it with swift and penetrating shafts of ridicule. Mr. Trollope concludes his work by declaring with an emotion which does him honour:—

Such is my idea of the man whom many call cynic, but whom I regard as one of the most soft-hearted of human beings, sweet as Charity itself, who went about the world dropping pearls, doing good, and never wilfully inflicting a wound.

We may add that the mere fact of this little biographical chapter having been written, should, we think, incline Thackeray's representatives to reconsider the expediency of giving a fuller picture to the world. As it has not been possible to conform to the letter of his wish, perhaps it would be more according to the spirit of that wish, that he should be made known to posterity in a perfect and complete manner, rather than by slight sketches and broken gleams of revelation. His letters, which we believe have been preserved in large numbers, would of themselves furnish a memorial more worthy, and a record more genuine, than any composition. His works disclose his mind more than his character to the public, and though those who know something of the latter will read a great deal between the lines, yet we can scarcely believe that any completely uninstructed reader would be able to divine the generous, tender, soft-hearted, sweet-tempered, manly and modest and unstained nature of the man from 'Pendennis' or 'Vanity Fair.' To know more about him, to know all that can be known, would be nothing but a benefit to the world.

It is a high testimony to the artistic classes that so many of the most interesting biographies we meet with come from their ranks. Statesmen, and warriors, and philosophers may play greater parts in the world; but for the interest of human character, for glimpses into pleasant homes, and for that friendly intercourse which books sometimes afford us, widening our acquaintance, and enlarging the circle of our sympathies and our capability of friendship—it is in those circles at which almost everybody, not excepting the persons chiefly concerned, permit themselves to scoff, that we find most that is attractive. Literary society has been the subject of the jibes of all its own members, and of many who know nothing of it, since the beginning of time; but, short of the classes who are without distinction altogether, and who are frequently the most interesting of all, but so difficult to obtain a glimpse of, it is in the homes of literature and of its allied arts that we find most pleasure, when they become matters of history. The memoir of Charles Mathews the Younger,[1] which is now before us, is not like that we have been considering, the story, more or less imperfect, of a man of genius. He was, like Yorick, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; in his way an admirable actor, and with unbounded energy, vivacity, and skill, as well as that genial and happy spirit which resembles genius more than

[1] *The Life of Charles James Mathews, chiefly autobiographical.* Edited by Charles Dickens. Macmillan & Co.

any other quality; but his claim did not reach beyond this. Everything he did was easy to him, spontaneous, and natural, but it would be doing Mathews injustice to claim for him a higher inspiration. Though he did all that man could do to save himself from his predestined career, he was an actor born; and after that determined struggle against it which filled up his earlier years, he yielded gracefully enough to his fate. The greater part of the two large volumes before us is autobiography, and it is very amusing reading, and gives us the idea, not only of an Admirable Crichton, skilled in all the arts, but of a most bright, lovable, and happy nature. A more accomplished, or amusing, or delightful young fellow scarcely could be than the youth of twenty who went with Lord Blessington to Italy in the year 1823, and kept his noble patrons in amusement with a thousand clevernesses, with his pencil and his voice, and his extraordinary powers as a mimic, and his vivacious and happy presence. The account he gives of himself to his parents at home, with whom he was on terms of the happiest confidence, is of the most attractive kind, and the reader will wish as he reads, that he could be sure of having so lively, intelligent, and agreeable a companion for his next long journey, or country-house visitation. He had his little impetuosities also, sparks of generous temper, and fine flashes of self-assertion; but no more than becomes a high-spirited youth. We do not know when we have come across a more pleasant picture. And this young professor of all the arts showed himself as shrewd and sensible in business as he was brilliant in all the elegances of life. No wonder the parents were proud of him, to whom he writes of all his adventures with affectionate familiarity, yet respect, and whose trust in him, and satisfaction with all he does, give happiness to their lives. There have been various publications lately in which the domestic life of eminent actors has been exhibited to the world. Fanny Kemble, for instance, in her 'Records of a Girlhood,' has laid open to us a home so kindly, so refined and graceful in its homeliness, that the most prejudiced of old-fashioned readers could do nothing but admire; and here is another, not so distinct in all its accessories, but equally decorous, well-ordered, and graceful, in which the good son who has secured the suffrages of all who have had to do with him from his boyhood, is at once the pride and consolation, the object of all hopes and wishes, and the most beloved friend and counsellor of his parents, reciprocating their tender trust and confidence. These are the player-folk, whom we assume to be lawless and irregular by right of their profession. The revelation is a very charming one. There is no teasing of the boy with unnecessary restrictions in this pleasant record, no conflict between parent and child, no impatience on one side or attempt at constraint on the other. All is wise, kind, and mutually considerate in the family relations, and last, and most perfect evidence of their mutual trust and excellence, the parents are liberal and the son economical. Not often, either in the world or in books, is the union and agreement so perfect. The best of fathers

mistake their sons, the best of mothers misunderstand them. Here, however, there is neither the one mistake nor the other, but all goes on with perfect harmony—an example to the world.

Perhaps, if there had been a little less perfection of intercourse, the story would have been more moving. As it is, we are introduced to a most excellent family party, using perhaps a little finer language on account of their connection with the stage, and in everything else acting up to the best ideal of their parts. A suspicious recollection, quite unjust and injurious, yet involuntary, of the *père noble*, haunts us when we read the excellent letters of Charles Mathews the elder, who on the stage, as is very well known, never did attempt the line of heavy father. But this is a wicked and improper suggestion, and the group is as dignified and pleasant a group as could be met with. However, it is young Charles's course of pleasant adventure, and all his delightful circle of accomplishments, that chiefly charm us. What so congenial to the recollection of that summer sea, that magical air, those moons and skies of Italy, as the life of youthful enjoyment, all song, all society, all mirth and luxurious pleasure, which the young man lives on the shore of the most lovely of bays, with all these fine people about him, dashing off beautiful sketches, lively songs, and mischievous mystifications and sketches of character with the most lighthearted facility. He was working hard at art in those early days, studying Italian architecture (his profession being that of an architect), measuring every villa he sketched, and knitting his brows over plans and calculations. He was indeed engaged upon the plans of a mansion for Lord Blessington, which was never to be built, but which was then intended to give a beginning to the young architect, who was never to be an architect any more than his sketches were to grow into Lord Blessington's house.

It says a great deal for the wholesome character of the all-accomplished boy, that after this resplendent episode of Naples and the Blessingtons, and all the petting and flattery and *succès* of his early career, he went into the wilds of North Wales with a brave heart as surveyor to a flash company, and wrote as cheerfully from the chaos of the 'Welsh Iron and Coal Mining Company' as from the Italian villa. In the same way, after another long and delightful period of rambling, studying, and adventuring in Italy, and after several chapters of renewed success in society, picnicking with duchesses, and other such piquant amusements, he took, in despair of establishing himself more effectively, a situation as local surveyor at Bow, which he held for three years, journeying to and fro on the top of an omnibus, 'with the Building Act in my hand,' into those wilds of obscure and dingy London which are further from the centre of society than either Naples or Pontblyddyn. 'The only touch of joy I had,' he says, 'was on the discovery of a locality rejoicing in the name of Cutthroat Lane, and in no other place could I make up my mind to fix my office. "District Surveyor, Cutthroat Lane," was something to have on one's card, and gave a spice of romance to the

affair.' We are not told, which is a pity, whether the Surveyor of Bow had any time to disport himself among the duchesses while this address was on his card. Immediately afterwards he was driven to the stage by stress of circumstances; his father's affairs having fallen into irretrievable confusion. Short of this supreme reason, it is curious to remark, no actor's son or daughter consents to take up the paternal occupation. This cause drove Macready on to the stage; it led thither the two accomplished Kembles, Fanny and Adelaide; and it transported Charles Mathews from the uncongenial surroundings of Cutthroat Lane. Perhaps things would have gone better had he yielded sooner to the inevitable fate.

The most painful part of Charles Mathews' life occurred after his marriage to Madame Vestris, an episode very lightly dwelt upon, save in respect to the overwhelming embarrassments which the theatre brought upon the pair of actors, embarrassments which culminated in the highly dramatic incident of Mathews' arrest when on the eve of setting out for the theatre, where he was to play some of his favourite parts. Debts and difficulties had so increased upon him that the arrest itself might be natural enough, but the personal hostility that contrived it exactly at the moment when the provincial theatre was crammed, and the appearance of the 'star' eagerly expected, is melodramatic in the extreme; and the attendant circumstances—the pandemonium of the debtors' prison, which it is almost impossible to believe in as having existed so short a time ago, and in which Mathews was almost as incongruous a figure as the Vicar of Wakefield in his not unsimilar imprisonment—and the still sadder unseen figure of the suffering wife, who died a few days after his liberation, give all the features of a tragedy of domestic life to this miserable chapter of Mathews' existence. But it was only a chapter in that long life. His wife's death ended what would seem to have been in more ways than one his grand mistake, and left him still a young man to form new ties, under serener heavens. He lived to seventy-five, always in the exercise of his profession, playing to the last, always popular, always successful. We cannot think that the performances of an old man in broadly comic parts are ever a pleasant exhibition, however wonderful may be his state of preservation: but Mathews' performance in 'The Critic' was without doubt a most finished and fine piece of acting, and his transformation from Sir Fretful Plagiary to Puff something like a miracle. We will not say, however, that we like him as well when he presents himself before us as an old actor, making the little speeches which delighted the public, and a great deal of money to boot, as when he was a young artist, playing a thousand gay parts, not for gain, but for fame and pleasure, in the highest enjoyment of his own faculties and life.

It is rarely enough that a student of the art of biography has it in his power to contemplate together a group which has done so much to lighten up and brighten the age—and there is a whimsical pleasure in contrasting these men so full of genial gifts, and, though in degrees

so different, of genius itself, the one unaccountable and supreme endowment which we can neither create nor acquire by cultivation, but which bloweth where it listeth like that Divine Spirit which is the fountain of inspiration—with the excellent artist[4] and good man whose record of his own life and work is so quaintly unlike theirs. Sir Gilbert Scott was, we have every reason to believe, an architect of great powers. No one has left more traces of his progress throughout England. He has embellished his country over all its surface, and left his mark even upon other countries which are supposed to be better instructed in art than England. And this he has done, though with prudent regard, as became a man of sense, to the practical advantages, yet with a great deal of honest enthusiasm and 'feeling' for his art. We took up the one volume to which he and his editor have judiciously confined themselves with feelings of pleasant expectation. An excellent artist, and a good man: what more could be desired? But alas! dear reader, there is something more to be desired. A man may be very good and may not be interesting: it is a quality like another. There are some who are short and some who are tall; some who are dark and some who are fair; and, in like manner, some people are interesting and some are—not. Sir Gilbert did a great deal of excellent work. *Circumspice*, he may say, as a still greater architect did. Look round you, and you will see what he has done; but if you read the book in which his name is enshrined, you must be content to read it for some other purpose than that of knowing him. Just as he says, with excellent brevity and truth, of an art expedition, 'I enjoyed it greatly,' we can but say of him, 'He was an excellent man.' But the interest lies in the details, in a certain kind and choice of details which we cannot teach any man how to make, and which this admirable artist did not know how to make. Otherwise his life might have had sufficient elements of interest in it. He had a struggle in the beginning of his career which almost for a few pages gets to the point of being interesting, and there is a quite unintentional indication of a vigorous rapid figure by his side in the person of Mr. Moffat, his early partner, who catches our eye and seems to possess the necessary human features. But though this gentleman is about the only point in the book which will attract the reader, he did not so well suit the writer, and accordingly he drops very early in the narrative, and we are left to virtuous dullness and Sir Gilbert. The autobiography, we are told, was not meant for publication, but for the instruction of the sons who have very good reason to be proud of such a father. This, however, can only, we feel, be partially true, for it is in fact a long and tedious and detailed defence and explanation of certain incidents in Sir Gilbert's professional career, which his children no doubt were already acquainted with, and of which

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[4] *Personal and Professional Recollections.* By Sir Gilbert Scott. Sampson Low & Co.

they could not need so elaborate a re-statement. The great architect was both honest and modest, but he does not like it to be said or thought that his work ever fell off or was less than excellent, or that he did not act exactly as he ought to have done in the occasional professional crises which occurred from time to time. How it was that, being a Gothic architect, and having sent in Gothic plans, he should have held fast by his appointment as architect of the new public offices, even though it was necessary to cancel his first designs and execute the work in the Classic style, he is specially anxious to explain. It would have been better taste if in doing so he had not represented Lord Palmerston as entirely under the thumb of Mr. B——, a hostile member of the profession, and the Prince Consort as speaking the sentiments with which Mr. C—— had indoctrinated him. Both these great personages were very capable of, and more than likely to possess, an opinion of their own; but Sir Gilbert evidently felt it necessary to believe that private jealousy must have something to do with any check in his prosperous career. It is not his fault that he has injudicious backers, but it is a pity that it should have been thought necessary to supplement so much explanation as Sir Gilbert has given of special passages in his professional life, with an explanation of Sir Gilbert himself from the somewhat fantastical hand of the Dean of Chichester, to whom we owe an anecdote in the very worst taste, of a confidence which it is to be regretted the good man should have made even to his confidential servant, but which certainly should never have come to print, as to the fervour of his personal devotions. 'No one about,' says Dr. Burgon, 'not even his sons, knew the strength and ardour of those religious convictions which were with him an inheritance, for the Rev. Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford, the commentator, was his grandfather.' It is a little difficult to follow the sequence of ideas here; but if the fact of having a grandfather who has written a commentary is enough to make religious conviction hereditary, we cannot but think that the Rev. Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford would have had a greater difficulty than ourselves in recognising the connection between any ideas of his and the religious convictions which prompted his descendant to breathe a prayer for a beloved companion dead, every time her image recurred to him. We need not, however, dwell upon this book, which is neither literature nor biography. It is a pity that some one who had some acquaintance with these arts, which are different from architecture, should not have had a hand in it. It will confuse the reader's ideas even as to the eminence of Sir Gilbert Scott in his profession, which we for our own part, as a mere lay and uninstructed spectator, believed to be unquestioned, until we saw how many explanations, and what a detailed account of discussions and hindrances, twenty years old, there was to make.

The State of Public Business.

THE silence of exhaustion has during the past month succeeded to the feverish 'Imperialism' which during the earlier part of the year had shifted the centre of British interest from Bulgaria to Afghanistan, from Afghanistan to Zululand. The burial of Lord Lawrence reminded men of a wise system the country has been inveigled into repudiating, and of the probable cost of a scientific frontier. The burial of the princely victim to a war of aggression in Southern Africa awakened a fresh emotion of weariness and disgust at the parody of the new Anglo-Afghan policy in another quarter of the empire. But for a time the nation has ceased to concern itself actively with affairs which have passed beyond its control. Without its own consent it has been made responsible for the good behaviour of Yakoob Khan to his neighbours, if not to his own subjects. Without its own consent it is engaged on an enterprise which must end in the annihilation of the Zulu nationality. After the news of last week it is allowable to hope that the war is coming at last to a victorious end. From that war and its triumphs it expects no permanent advantage. On the result, however, whether for good or for ill, it no longer speculates as though its views could weigh in the scale. Past experience has taught it that under a Conservative Administration the national mind on foreign affairs is consulted only after the event.

The Legislature participates so far in the sentiments of the public. It also is tired of schemes of foreign and imperial policy, and is beginning to remember that in a fortnight the Prorogation will be upon it. The longest session of Parliament within this generation will be over. It may even be that the present Parliament will have separated not again to meet. In any case, an account will be exacted of the work the representatives of the British people have accomplished. When the reckoning is made members must not hope they will be allowed to excuse themselves for shortcomings in domestic legislation on the score of alleged achievements abroad. Parliament is the assessor of a Government in all its business. There have been periods when a House of Commons might have justified inactivity in its natural task of law-making by the obligation upon it of watching foreign policy. Had the foreign policy of the present Session been as full of happy auguries for the future as we believe it to be the reverse, Parliament could have claimed no share in the glory. It has simply waited on the will of the Cabinet, content to be the reservoir of gossip, and forced even to receive its gossip at second-hand. The Eastern Question, the Afghan War, the attack on Cetewayo, have occupied its attention in turn. But it has had no more power over those matters of high policy than

a Conservative paper. Meanwhile its own proper business has been simply stagnating. Never in the history of popular representation were so many weeks and months wasted by a popular assembly in doing so little.

The obstruction occasioned by the Home Rule party is the favourite explanation offered for the failure of the Session. Last year Irish obstructiveness scarcely disguised itself under the pretext of criticism. The forms of the House were abused with an almost ostentatious purpose of creating delay. This year the tactics have been changed. The objections raised have often been very trivial; but they have been objections which would have aroused no suspicion of an ulterior motive had they proceeded from a different quarter. In the Army Discipline Bill, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Power, and Mr. O'Donnell succeeded in introducing some useful amendments. They themselves, however, have hardly dissembled that they had an object besides the improvement of military law. In demonstrating the defects in proposed legislation, they have hoped to demonstrate the insufficiency of the energy and time at the command of a single Parliament for the duties it at present monopolises. Yet more extraordinary than the audacity of a handful of members in throwing themselves across the rails and defying the parliamentary engine to pass over them, has been the abstinence of their colleagues from attempts to rid themselves of their tormentors. Any proposition by the Government which might afford means of repressing obstruction would be hailed with delight by the whole country, excepting the constituencies which return Home Rulers. Within the House itself, Ministers in planning a remedy might calculate upon the co-operation of the leaders of Opposition. As Mr. Forster last month intimated, and as Lord Hartington over and over again has practically proved, the front Opposition bench sympathises with the difficulties of a Government in passing its measures. They who have had the charge of affairs know that the Ministerial bench is no bed of roses. But the Government has shown itself either sublimely patient, or remarkably deficient in tact. No modification of the rules for the conduct of business has been as yet devised which the offenders would not easily turn to their own advantage. The demonstrations which have been made with a view to intimidate them have proved lamentable failures. Threats to invoke the Speaker's authority, inopportune demands for the taking down of words, without any clear understanding what the words were, have been the mode in which the leader of the House has retaliated on Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar and Mr. O'Donnell. Altercations on behalf of an economy of parliamentary time have consumed more hours than their absolute success would have saved. After its own fashion the course pursued by Government has been itself a kind of obstruction. Not merely has it utterly failed to put to silence the minute logic of the controversialists below the gangway; but the House itself has been suffered to grow demoralised. When any material clauses of a Government Bill have been disposed of in a

long evening, they have been either hustled through, or passed in a pause of angry and heated exhaustion. The hope of a spontaneous revival of an industrious and sober temper in the House must be very slender when, without any sense of absurdity being touched, Mr. Callan could be heard lecturing the Chancellor of the Exchequer on allowing language to be used by his own supporters 'which must necessarily lead to disorder and embarrassment.'

The Conservative Government has erred in this matter, as in its domestic policy generally, by a dangerous incapacity to take a line and keep to it. A year or more ago it was clear to what the policy of obstruction was growing. Yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues had no remedy to offer. They have permitted a year to be wasted, and the disorder has now swollen to an excess which new rules of procedure would be ill-fitted to control. In the present state of things, with the experience and dexterity come of long impunity, it would be hard to construct rules which would forbid a Home Ruler, so long as he remains a member of the House, from criticising and proposing amendments to each section of a long bill. A standing order would be a masterpiece of draughtsmanship which should define what was obstruction and what prolix and obstinate, but honest, discussion on the merits and demerits of the military penalty of flogging. Parliamentary bills are by no means of a perfection transcending candid criticism. In the debates on the Army Discipline Bill, Mr. Parnell displayed a knowledge of the measure and of its defects which the Secretary for War, with the modest learning of the Judge Advocate General to back him, could not equal. If in the same spirit each measure which a Government introduces be examined, not a tithe of the indispensable legislation of the kingdom will in any session be completed. A session protracted over the usual vacation would not be sufficiently long for the completion of public business at this rate of progress. Mr. Bright's metaphor of the futility of an attempt to drive six waggons abreast through Temple Bar would have to be amended by changing the figure from six to one. No alteration in the forms of the House would repress the indulgence of a keen logical faculty. The inconvenience may be palpable and glaring; but he must be a clever casuist who should invent a net of meshes strong enough to enclose critics who probe a measure savagely because they want to retard the progress of the one behind it, yet wide enough to let politicians through who examine a Bill the more punctiliously that they desire to turn it into an Act. A debater fights with the courage of one with something to gain and nothing to lose, when it is immaterial to him that his objections to a measure have been overruled, provided the disposal of them has occupied as many hours as if they had been sustained.

Persons commonly discuss the parliamentary phenomena of the last two sessions in a tone which shows no sufficient sense of the essential difference between them. The Home Rule party is con-

demned for tactics it has long thrown aside. In its inexperienced youth it prevented Parliament from beginning its business by various abuses of the forms of the House. That mischief, if taken in time, might have been cured by a modification in the rules. Now the favourite manœuvre is to insist upon the House transacting its work with an elaborateness entirely foreign to its instincts. Most of the business of Parliament has been hitherto taken as done, though the Houses have never applied their minds to it for a moment. Ministers are to a certain extent a permanent committee of Parliament. Bills introduced by them have been assumed to be conceived in accordance with the spirit of English legislation. At all events, members have not ordinarily divided on points which, controvertible or not, they are manifestly unable to change. When agreement on the principle has been attained, the choice of the machinery by which the principle is to be applied has been commonly left to ministerial discretion. Only thus has it been possible to accomplish the huge amount of lawmaking which Parliament is called upon to undertake. But now half-a-dozen Irish members declare their consciences too delicate to suffer them to accept legislation, or let the House accept legislation, on the faith of its promoters' testimony to its expediency. They have suddenly discovered that every member of an Imperial Parliament is answerable to his constituents for each bill which passes the House in which he has a seat. Jointly and severally they insist upon exercising their judgment upon any and all proposed enactments. Their objections may still be far-fetched and often irrelevant. Practice, however, will teach them to make their endeavours to improve British legislation more colourably genuine than they could at first have been expected to be. Even at present an enormous distance separates the obstruction of 1878 and the obstruction of 1879. By the end of another session or two a bill must have been drawn scientifically indeed not to furnish an Irish critic with abundant and plausible matter for animadversion. Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Donnell are likely to continue their self-imposed labours, careless whether their proposed amendments be accepted or not. Against an individual offender the House might, after he had been warned by the Speaker, proceed by actual expulsion. We can conceive of Parliament being excited to a mood of such anger by long continued encroachments on its patience as to exert this extreme act of self-defence or even self-preservation. Public opinion in this country would justify the sentence; but unless future ineligibility accompanied the ejectment, perpetual re-elections would send back the exile to consume the time and temper of his colleagues. If he became *ipso facto* ineligible, whether for a term or for life, the combat between the constituencies and the House would be repeated, as in the days of Wilkes.

When a man obviously courts the doom of a martyr, reluctance is naturally felt to grant him his desire. Nevertheless, it may become necessary so to glorify some convicted conspirator against the

credit and authority of the House of Commons. But embarrassments like this, from which the House of Commons, or rather the country, is now suffering, do not arise from merely personal causes. Irish perversity has rubbed into a sore a weak spot in parliamentary government. It was acknowledged before Home Rule was invented that Parliament was undertaking year by year more and more work than its machinery is constructed to perform. The instinct of dislike guided the Home Rule members in aggravating to the intolerable a difficulty which was always urgent. Excusable pride may keep the House of Commons from accepting a remedy for a general evil at a moment when it might be interpreted as a concession to particular wrongdoers. But it must be remembered that other sections on both sides of the House, besides Home Rulers, have at various times showed a disposition to act upon the same tactics. In future, whenever a bill excites grave difference of opinion, it is to be apprehended the Home Rule system will be employed of reviewing it clause by clause, and subjecting it to all possible objections, without respect to the power of the critics to carry the House with them. Sooner or later—and we hope it will be soon—Parliament and the country must make up their minds either to less legislation, or to legislation by grand committees. It is useless to argue in favour of the former alternative. Parliament may often be occupied with details which would best arrange themselves without legislative interference. The country, however, is too accustomed to rely on the omnipotence of Parliament, and a tendency towards increase in the knots requiring legislation to cut them is too incidental to a social state like the present, for the habit of recourse to the House of Commons to fall into disuse. The second system is the more permanently feasible.

We confess to esteeming it no argument against the experiment that it might offer a means for cutting the existing dilemma. In a committee room the most argumentative Home Ruler would find his logic and rhetoric run down of themselves after a certain period. Legislation might be as careful and minute as even Mr. Parnell could affect to desire. It might also be multiplied indefinitely by as many rooms as the Palace of Westminster contains, and by the number of quorums into which it would be possible to distribute six hundred members. Unless Home Rulers can breathe only on St. Stephen's Green, the suggested arrangement might even offer a means of transacting Irish business by Irishmen which Mr. Biggar himself could accept. Under the safeguard of a House retaining its power to revise the decisions of its committees, the arrangement need not agitate Irish landholders with the alarm of confiscation. Such a change has long been advocated by Englishmen, disturbed by the spectacle of constantly accumulating projects of legislation, without a corresponding enlargement in the patience or stock of legislative energy of Parliament. The welcome accorded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and by both sides of the House to Mr.

Rathbone's suggestion to deal in this manner with the Bankruptcy Bill, showed how prepared public opinion is for what would be nothing less than a parliamentary revolution. A Session which in no circumstances would have been eminently fruitful will not have been frittered away in vain should its loss result in the serious weighing of a plan which has a wider utility than even the opportunity it might afford of evading the imagined *reductio ad absurdum* of the Imperial ambition of the British Parliament.

If the country has lost by the plots of local patriotism against the despatch of public business by the Imperial Parliament and Government, the actual House and Government must be pronounced to have profited. Tiberius congratulated himself that his heir was Caligula. Caligula's exuberance of animal follies would, the cynical despot thought, obliterate the memory of his darker tyranny. The miserable idling away of many months by British members and a British ministry is likely, on the same principle, to be forgotten in the more recent extravagancies of Irish obstinacy. Mr. Forster was cheered three weeks ago when he declared that 'the country was forming an opinion about the House of Commons which was exceedingly unpleasant.' The House applauded what it supposed to be a rebuke of the Home Rulers. In truth, it is the majority of the House, as much as the Irish section, which has been wearying the patience of the public. The Irish members are acting after their kind. They will have their reward in due time, however vengeance may seem to halt. What shape the vengeance shall take the country leaves to the wisdom of Parliament. It is for the House to arrange its own procedure, and to choose its own ways and means of keeping order. Meanwhile the country holds the House, rather than any particular section of it, responsible for the due transaction of the country's business. A notoriously idle Parliament will not be let by the country off producing its tale of legislative bricks on the plea that it has allowed half-a-dozen Irish members to play with the straw.

The unimpeded success of a policy of obstruction, in truth, if not directly an effect, is at all events a symptom, of a general relaxation in political energy. A gardener, when he finds his rose-trees suffering from blight, knows that weakness in the plants has predisposed them to the attack. A kind of poverty of parliamentary blood has developed local disaffection into the proportions of a national scandal. Had the House of Commons been resolved to accomplish the work of legislation, it is not to be imagined that the members for Meath and Cavan would have had force to keep it idle. Before the Home Rulers had gained their present skill in offence, the House was not renowned for its industry. Then the explanation was found in the inherent incapacity of the politicians who composed it. The existing House of Commons is not fortunately constituted. The test applied to candidates at the general election was disinclination for progress; men were preferred who from temperament and circumstances were

disposed to regard the condition of things about them as ultimate perfection. They were chosen for negative, not for positive, reasons; to eject one Ministry, not to guide and brace another. The commission they received from the country they have fulfilled only too completely. As a body of politicians they have no common objects. They cannot be said to form a body of politicians at all, except so far that they troop obediently at the word of command into one particular lobby. A majority sent to Westminster to do, and not merely to abstain from doing, though it had been far weaker numerically than the ministerial phalanx, would, without new rules for the conduct of business, without taunts and menaces, have frowned down obstructiveness in its infancy. The politicians who constitute the majority are not statesmen. They comprise none of the rising leaders of national thought. But they have an average acquaintance with public affairs, and many of them, before entering Parliament, had proved themselves admirably fitted to manage their own. The deficiency is not so much in the elements of the parliamentary body: where Parliament fails is in unity within itself, and in sympathy with the country without.

An empire like this is in constant want of legislation by the Imperial Parliament. Parts of the kingdom and classes in the kingdom are as much in need of legislation to speed their progress, or to clear obstacles from their path, as localities and classes ever were. Irishmen exaggerate Irish grievances: it is the Irish nature to exaggerate. But Ireland has grievances; only the Imperial Parliament, by the mouth of Mr. Lowther, scoffs at them. The Bright clauses of the Land Act need to have a motive power infused into them. Ireland's deficiencies in appliances for secondary education remain still after last year's Act only half supplied. Irishmen who are not agitators feel the want. Irish members feel it. The Imperial Parliament does not feel it. English farmers feel the want of a system of local government which shall be based on a principle. Parliament, a squires' Parliament though it be, feels it not. The subject was mooted, and then it lapsed. Almost with a sigh of relief the House of Commons let the matter drop from its feeble fingers. There is the question of the agricultural labourer's franchise. The injustice of the present arrangement, or lack of arrangement, is flagrant. But a Parliament of landowners does not like handling a question which might suggest others. There is the burning question of the freedom of churchyards. All religious denominations, both great parties in the State, admit and declare the peremptory want of a decision. Parliament is loth to touch so seemingly fiery an issue. It is happy in a mere reprieve of a year or two years, though it knows the settlement, when it comes, will carry interest for the cowardly delay. In the meantime, the sanitary authority is to be permitted to establish cemeteries. Again, there is the question of the Indian exchange, which is driving India desperate. There is the great question of commercial treaties, which private and official

members are equally averse from stirring, from want either of living faith or of honest disbelief in received economical principles. There is the Criminal Code Bill, which condenses the essence of a hundred crabbed volumes into the compass of a single manageable statute. There is the Lord Chancellor's Bankruptcy Bill, which the whole body of English traders beseeches Parliament and Ministers to discuss. The measure in a truncated form is this week to be submitted once more to the Commons, who will play with it, and then forget it. The Patent Law Bill affects every trade in the kingdom. The House of Commons has let the Bill disappear without a word of remonstrance from the manufacturers in whom the House abounds.

One measure there was, introduced with a loud flourish of ministerial trumpets. It was a measure which was to retrieve the tarnished reputation of the Government as a lover of reform, though no lover of revolution. The Criminal Code Bill was extolled by friends of the Administration as a proof of its legislative genius. Justinian and Edward the First, Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Macintosh, were warned to look out for their laurels. The measure was of a noble breadth and scope as rough hewn by Sir James Stephen. Submitted to the cold and candid eyes of judges like Lord Blackburn and Sir Robert Lush, it might have been expected to issue in a shape which would carry it through Parliament without danger of wreck. From the first it was clear that the parliamentary peril of the scheme was not criticism, but indifference. It never got a grip of the House. It has now perished of a letter of faint praise from Lord Chief Justice Cockburn to the Attorney-General. Thus ended the last slender chance that Parliament at the final gasp might redeem its faded reputation.

The apology for Parliament is, that for none of these essays in legislation was there any clamour out of doors. The nation is alleged to have been as unenergetic in demanding legislation as Parliament in legislating. For the most part, such measures as have been introduced have affected particular classes. As the class concerned did not insist upon the projected change, Parliament, which represents all classes, thinks it has made out good cause for abstaining from pressing a boon into reluctant hands. But this marks the difference between an efficient and an inefficient Parliament. When a Parliament feels itself the national Legislature, the interest first of one section of the nation, then of another, concentrates upon itself the whole mind of the House. It is as if the welfare, not of a class, but of the nation, hung in the balance. A Parliament conscious of its duties, and of capacity to discharge them, as soon as a defect is brought home to it, is restless and uneasy until it be remedied. The representatives of a class may point out the flaw; the whole body of the national representation feels its conscience engaged to supply the cure. Judgments may differ on the proper appliance the occasion demands; there is no difference of opinion as to the obligation upon the Legislature, once it has obtained seisin of a grievance,

to discover means for its removal. The present Parliament gazes with blank eyes as grievances real or alleged are paraded to evoke its pity. It hears with timid satisfaction of the withdrawal of the demand. Its pleasure is none the less that the grievance continues as sensible as ever, and that the suitors have merely withdrawn, like litigants at a crowded assize, in despair of ever winning the ear of the court.

Parliament and the Government which represents the majority in Parliament have so admirably seconded each other in a disposition to stir questions without ever reaching the bottom, that the more active obstructiveness of the Home Rulers might seem really superfluous in a Session like the present. But in fact it required the combination of such a majority, such circumstances as those in which it was returned to Westminster, such a Ministry, and such genius for obstruction as Mr. Parnell's, to result in such a deadlock. A quick hot breeze of popular feeling sometimes stirs the kingdom before a general election. The Parliament which has been chosen under its inspiration has no choice but to act upon the impulse. From any such congenital inclination to activity the present Parliament has been altogether free. That kind of impulse, however, gradually subsides like any other species of impulse. Sooner or later, and probably long before the life of the Parliament has expired, the impulses under which it was elected die away. But a Ministry which has a sense of the national wants will supply a new 'mandate' in place of the original commission from the nation which has already been fulfilled. In its general character and performances a House of Commons is very much what the Ministry for the time being makes of it. It will do much or little, and will do that much or little well or ill, according to the keynote struck by its official leaders. In the present case the official leaders have not known how to pipe, or have piped out of tune. Several of the Ministers are respectable men of business. They are the stuff of which excellent permanent under-secretaries are made. But their warmest friends would not have marked out Mr. Smith for a reconstructor of the Navy, Colonel Stanley for an organiser of the army, the Attorney-General for the reformer destined to popularise English criminal law. Lord Cairns himself has enough to do as a moderator in the Cabinet without reforming the practice in liquidations, or in trials for larceny. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have assumed the management of the high policy of the Cabinet. They have chosen to cast their eyes abroad. They have set the example of neglect of wants and objects at our very feet; and a docile House of Commons has been only too rejoiced to sit still. That the Session has been barren must be imputed more to the absence of a legislative will in the Government than to the natural incapacity of members or even the obstructiveness of Home Rulers. So long as the Houses will not insist upon a Report being translated into a Bill, a Resolution being rendered into an Act, the Cabinet is ready to flirt with any question its supporters, or even its opponents,

choose to propound. None perceive more keenly than Mr. Cross and Sir Stafford Northcote the fallacies of Protection. Yet in the first week of last month Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross consented to an inquiry into agricultural embarrassments which the proposers they knew well would construe as a step back towards Protection. Their consciences pricked them no more than did Sir John Holker's at standing sponsor for a measure which was to revolutionise the criminal law. It was enough for them to feel assured they would never be called upon to justify the hopes of their supporters by repealing the repeal of the Corn Laws.

Never was there a Government so ready to give fair words to a Resolution, or to promise to introduce a Bill. It has guarded itself with a portentous standing army of Bills. But the regiments have only their cadres. They never seem to advance a step forward. Lord Cranbrook a fortnight ago confessed and regretted this meagreness of the Session's legislation; Lord Salisbury confesses and glories in it. We have described already the frigid reception of the Criminal Code Bill by the House of Commons. The Government never made the House believe that it was a Bill brought in to be passed. Had it survived, it would have atoned for the inactivity of the rest of the Session. Framed by a judge, endorsed by an Attorney-General, revised by eminent legal sages, it has been suddenly relegated to its appointed pigeon-hole without even a complimentary epitaph. What fate is reserved for the draft it is hard to surmise. If an opinion by Sir Alexander Cockburn that the Code was not perfection were allowed to constitute its death warrant, in the merest justice to the Bill it was entitled to have been provided with his assistance towards making it perfect before its second introduction into Parliament. On the insufficient plea that his legal duties prevented his appointment on the Commission, he was left free to be its critic, whereas he might have been its chief patron. No temporary weight of judicial business should have been allowed to excuse the head of the English criminal law from helping to fashion the first English Criminal Code. As it is, the public has been left in ignorance whether the Lord Chief Justice were even asked to accept a place among the Commissioners.

The Bankruptcy Bill is another of the measures in which the Government must bear with Parliament at large the blame of failure. Brought into the House of Lords with a light heart, it had been completely lost sight of until its spasmodic reappearance the week before last to take its 'benefit' in its original character before its coming long vacation. Private members connected with the working classes introduced an Employers' Liability Bill. The Attorney-General forthwith offered on behalf of the Government to introduce another. It has been introduced; but its present stage and prospects few know or care to inquire about. There is a Banking Bill suggested by the City of Glasgow Bank failure. Had there been the wish to carry it with which Sir Stafford Northcote still credits the Cabinet, instant advantage would have been taken of the eager interest and apprehen-

sions the Scotch catastrophe created. An interval has been suffered to elapse which has left the unfortunate measure stranded or becalmed. If it pass, it will only be through the throwing overboard of the provisions relating to the very country of which the misfortune suggested the Bill.

The ghosts of multitudes of unburied bills still haunt the lobbies and libraries of the two Houses. Every Government department has presented several to Parliament. Lord Salisbury, at the City Conservative demonstration of July 9, explained perspicuously the principle adopted by Government in its legislative experiments. It searches, boasted the Foreign Secretary, for the worm gnawing at the core, for the little abuse on which the great pile of complaint and irritation has grown up; this it removes, and then trusts to time to cause a subsidence of the grievance. Unfortunately the worm when triumphantly found often turns out to be dead; but the rottenness its attack has set working is allowed to go on eating out the life of the plant. All the Government Bills possess one common characteristic. They are framed to provoke as little opposition and to catch as many votes as possible. What is the special view or intention of the Minister responsible for a particular measure could be discovered more easily anywhere else than within the measure itself. Compromise is written broadly over the whole surface of recent Government legislation, or rather attempts at legislation. When in one direction or another a popular demand has arisen for a change in the law, Government takes the measure out of the hand of its natural guardians, and pares down the draft. It is natural enough that measures thus taken in to nurse should lead a rickety life. The authors of the demand complied with in the title and preamble cease to care for the changeling. The Conservative rank and file compound for material security at the cost of a passing shock to the nerves.

The Irish University Bill might be supposed to have been framed on this cautious principle. The O'Conor Don threatened to lay hands on Protestant Church property to provide training for Catholic graduates. The Government offers to license his graduates, but not to feed them. Impunity in accepting the guardianship of legislation and starving its wards, had made it audacious. Otherwise, if it had no better substitute to propose for The O'Conor Don's scheme, it tasks the imagination to understand why it should have interfered at all. So transparently clear must it have always been that Catholic Ireland would resent this colourless unreality that many persons have conjectured the Government desired to tempt Parliament to do it violence. An hypothesis has been current that a Protestant Cabinet, the champion of Church and State, hoped the spoils of the disestablished Church of Ireland might be seized, as though in despite of Ministers, and diverted to the endowment of Catholic education. Thus, it has been surmised, was a chronic difficulty to be settled without the odium upon orthodox Conservatives of having themselves committed sacrilege. The theory, at any rate, seems to be supported by the pains the Cabinet, which has launched in

the House of Lords this meagre rival of Burlington House, took in the Lower House to avoid any semblance of active hostility to The O'Conor Don's measure. The country would at one moment have felt little surprise had that measure been actually adopted by the Government. When Mr. Cross made his unexpected statement it was assumed that the Bill he promised would contain some arrangements for endowing Roman Catholic education in the process of preparation for academical degrees. The Bill appeared, and was saluted with universal derision. Its ostensible author's own colleague and chief did not attempt to defend it. He merely expatiated dispassionately on the unsurpassable clearness with which Lord Cairns had explained its provisions and its scope. His language appeared to invite opponents to show their courage by supplementing the outline his Cabinet had traced. When the Bill, a week later, came on for the second reading, the same impression was produced. The Government has only itself to blame for the injurious suspicion that, as it coquetted with the disguised protectionism of Mr. Chaplin's Resolution on the subject of agricultural distress, so in its Irish University Bill it was not unwilling to have its hand forced. It has been reproached with having constructed a thing without life or substance, an articulated skeleton. That would almost seem to be the distinctive merit of the fabric. Inflexible Conservatives, friends of episcopal Protestantism, are left by the Lord Chancellor's Bill free to believe that the skeleton is meant to remain a skeleton. The friends of denominational Catholic education are equally encouraged to hope that they will be permitted to breathe their own life into the dead bones, and bear all the political odium of the experiment.

Scarcely more than once in the present Session has the Government displayed real decision in legislation. It defended the retention of flogging in the army against Mr. Chamberlain with spirit and resolution. It infused its own temper in the House of Commons, and the pervading lassitude was for a time broken up. But it is not to be supposed that the merits of the legislation under discussion moved the Government and, through it, the House. The Army Discipline Bill, before pertinacious critics amended it, could scarcely pretend to a more independent rank than that of a consolidation Bill. The warmth and obstinacy of the scrutiny to which it has been subjected have simply confounded the public, which had previously taken the most slender interest in the fortunes of the measure. The passion of a personal squabble, or a series of personal squabbles, has roused an earnestness of interest which the prospect of a simplified and reasonable system of criminal law never stirred. Sir Stafford Northcote obviously cared much less for upholding the right of a court-martial to order a flogging, than for repulsing Mr. Chamberlain's attempt to intimidate the Conservative Government. It would have been matter for regret had the member for Birmingham gained his object, whether laudable in itself or the reverse, by the use of tactics borrowed from the members for Meath and Cavan. We must

confess to rejoicing that obstructiveness and defiance of the proper rights of majorities were not crowned with success. At the same time it is not very creditably characteristic of the present Session that its solitary demonstration of a lively concern about the details of domestic legislation should have been elicited on behalf of a practice which, as Lord Hartington has shown, everyone knows to be obsolete. At the cost of a waste of parliamentary time which in any other session would have been lamentable, the lash has obtained formal parliamentary sanction, as a superannuated officer is granted a step in consideration of surrendering the right to discharge its functions.

Indolence in a Parliament and incapacity in a Government for knowing its own mind are habits which grow with indulgence. A politician must be doubtful of his seat, or very much of an optimist, who would maintain that the present Parliament and Government will ever be cured of these weaknesses. A habit of looking everywhere rather than to the heart and centre of the British Empire, a temper of disgust at so mean and prosaic a thing as domestic legislation, have demoralised politicians of all degrees. Had obstruction never been fashioned into an art by Irish wits, which always work with most acuteness in the wrong direction, the Session which has nearly run its course would yet have distinguished itself by its inertness. A dog which has been chasing sheep all night does not care to attend its master very sedulously by day.

The Session has demonstrated the dependence of parliamentary government for its efficiency upon sympathy between the Administration, which necessarily initiates the activity of Parliament, and the national needs and tendencies. When, as at present, a Ministry awaits an effervescence of national discontent before it offers to legislate, the parliamentary tissue rapidly degenerates. In order that Parliament may keep abreast with national sentiment, it must be led by a Government which from the heart regards it as the most admirable of instruments for carrying out the mission the Ministry has come into power to discharge. For that purpose genuine hostility may be as useful as warm partisanship. Lukewarm indifference is an irreconcilable enemy. Apathy and doubt whether the country would be the better for legislation of any sort have recently been the prevailing temper both at Westminster and in Downing Street. The absence of any earnestness among the majority of the House has afforded the Home Rulers a freer field than they could else have hoped for. A majority which looks upon any scheme of legislation with ill-concealed indifference or dislike is little fitted to subdue a faction whose obstructiveness is ensuring the result the majority itself may be supposed to desire. The Session, however, has lessons for others than Conservative members and Ministers. It warns the country at large of the peril to parliamentary government from torpor and indifference in those who conduct it. A warning may also be read in its history against the zeal which acknowledges no guide but impulse, and against the habit of consulting irresponsible opinion outside the House while disdaining deference to the party's

chiefs within. The nation is tired of the want of representation of its cravings and legislative requirements. But it is equally alarmed at indications that they who reflect popular aspirations are angrily jostling each other, as if there were no rules of the road. The last few weeks have rejoiced the enemies of Liberalism. They are predicting that the sections into which Liberalism is split will not keep their ranks when the hostile fort has been captured and the spoils are to be distributed or appropriated.

That is the critical peril of the Liberal cause. When either party is in opposition its members naturally assert a large share of independence. But at all times Liberalism necessarily admits of a looser formation than Conservatism. Men are much more easily banded together to dissent than to assent. An unfortunate dispute arose last month between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington on the course Mr. Chamberlain had pursued in the debate on military flogging. Lord Hartington never meant to be understood as having expected that Mr. Chamberlain should surrender his own views on the merits of flogging as an instrument of discipline to those of his leader. His opinion, and that of Mr. Chamberlain, on the subject, as was shown by the debate of the week before last, probably agree in substance. What Lord Hartington, as Mr. Chamberlain's leader, had a right to require was that on points of party tactics the member for Birmingham should be guided by his party. On the question between them Lord Hartington was in the right, and Mr. Chamberlain was in the wrong. Mr. Chamberlain was insisting on raising an issue out of season. He acted, probably, on the calculation that the Government, in its anxiety to end the debate, might be forced to yield to his power of keeping the Bill in committee what it might not have felt obliged to yield to his arguments. This is simply the Irish Home Rule policy modified by the English temperament. Lord Hartington perceives, as definitely as Sir Stafford Northcote, that the essence of parliamentary government consists in the submission of a minority to the will of the majority, as soon as that will has been definitely ascertained. He was right in protesting against Mr. Chamberlain's violation of this unwritten law. Mr. Chamberlain in return chose to repudiate Lord Hartington's leadership. Were it fair to dwell upon an ebullition of temper, he must be taken by the very act to have read himself out of the great Liberal party. He probably repented long ago of his hasty words. But his outburst of rebelliousness is unhappily no solitary instance. He on other occasions, and other Liberals besides him, have on various occasions acted as if their allegiance were due to some committee whose nominees they are, and not to their parliamentary party and its chief. Individual members must submit to arrange their plan of action in concert with their party, and to accept their leader's decision in interpreting the mind of the party. Otherwise Liberals had better forthwith resign their expectation that they will be enabled to make head against the serried lines of Conservatism.

A cause more precious even than the cause of Liberalism runs a danger of being prejudiced by a factious spirit such as a few English members have recently displayed. The apparent difficulties of the combined executive, legislative, and deliberative functions a British Parliament exercises are so vast, that to external observers the working of an assembly thus constituted appears all but miraculous. Conspicuous failure is avoided only by the distribution of politicians into party camps. Individual differences are thus reduced to a minimum. Individual members may hold and act upon their own views in particular cases, but in arranging for the general conduct of the campaign they act with their party. If the whole body of members on one side of the House is to resolve itself at any moment into its component atoms, Parliament will be turned into a bear garden. Its legislative activity will be benumbed. The tone of confidence with which it has been in the habit of reporting its collective conclusions to the country will be lowered to a half articulate whisper. It is ridiculous to suppose that any section of English political opinion can desire such a result. The Home Rule members almost avow that it is what they actually contemplate. The undisguised nature of their aims might be expected to scare others off a path which leads, or is imagined to lead, to such a goal. We are persuaded that the advanced wing of Liberals neither desires nor intends to pursue the policy of a portion of the Irish members. But it cannot be denied that circumstances have happened within the past month which will enable the friends of Conservatism to allege the existence of a tacit understanding between the Irish friends of Home Rule and English Radicals. The assertion would be a party calumny. Not the less does the probability that it will be made a Conservative cry indicate a sunken rock in the line of Liberal progress. Did no profounder reason exist to suggest temperance to certain fiery temperaments on the Opposition benches, we should supplicate for it on a very practical, yet not personal ground. A Government we regard as mischievous in the conduct of foreign affairs, and lethargic in domestic, is already preparing its defence against a fate it sees in the near distance. It should be a point of honour with the Liberal party to see that the offenders do not sail away on the false issue of alleged Liberal anarchy from a doom which has been long registered against them.

Erratum in July Number, p. 7.

It was not the original 'Friends in Council' which was begun in *Fraser's Magazine* in December 1855; but a sequel, 'Friends in Council Abroad.'—'Friends in Council' first appeared in 1847 (London: Pickering).

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1879.

MARY ANERLEY: A YORKSHIRE TALE.

CHAPTER XI.

DR. UPANDOWN.

THE practice of Flamborough was to listen fairly to anything that might be said by anyone truly of the native breed, and to receive it well into the crust of the mind, and let it sink down slowly. But even after that, it might not take root unless it were fixed in its settlement by their two great powers—the law, and the Lord.

They had many visitations from the Lord, as needs must be in such a very stormy place; whereas of the law they heard much less; but still they were even more afraid of that; for they never knew how much it might cost.

Balancing matters (as they did their fish, when the price was worth it, in Weighing Lane), they came to the set conclusion, that the law and the Lord might not agree, concerning the child cast among them by the latter. A child or two had been thrown ashore before, and trouble once or twice had come of it; and this child being cast, no one could say how, to such a height above all other children, he was likely enough to bring a spell upon their boats, if anything crooked to God's will were done; and even to draw them to their last stocking, if anything offended the providence of law.

In any other place, it would have been a point of combat, what to say and what to do, in such a case as this. But Flamborough was of all the wide world happiest in possessing an authority to reconcile all doubts. The law and the Lord—two powers supposed to be at variance always, and to share the week between them in proportions fixed by lawyers—the holy and unholy elements of man's brief existence, were combined in Flamborough parish in the person of its magisterial Rector. He was also believed to excel in the arts of divination and medicine too, for he was a full Doctor of Divinity. Before this gentleman must be laid, both for purse and conscience' sake, the case of the child just come out of the fogs

And true it was that all these powers were centred in one famous man, known among the laity as 'Parson Upandown.' For the Reverend Turner Upround, to give him his proper name, was a Doctor of Divinity, a Justice of the Peace, and the present rector of Flamborough. Of all his offices and gifts, there was not one that he overstrained; and all that knew him, unless they were thorough-going rogues and vagabonds, loved him. Not that he was such a soft-spoken man as many were, who thought more evil; but because of his deeds and nature, which were of the kindest. He did his utmost, on demand of duty, to sacrifice this nature to his stern position, as pastor and master of an up-hill parish, with many wrong things to be kept under. But while he succeeded in the form now and then, he failed continually in the substance.

This gentleman was not by any means a fool, unless a kind heart proves folly. At Cambridge, he had done very well, in the early days of the tripos, and was chosen fellow and tutor of Gonville and Caius College. But tiring of that dull round in his prime, he married, and took to a living; and the living was one of the many upon which a perpetual faster can barely live, unless he can go naked also, and keep naked children. Now the parsons had not yet discovered the glorious merits of hard fasting, but freely enjoyed, and with gratitude to God, the powers with which He had blessed them. Happily Dr. Upround had a solid income of his own, and (like a sound mathematician) he took a wife of terms coincident. So, without being wealthy, they lived very well, and helped their poorer neighbours.

Such a man generally thrives in the thriving of his flock, and does not harry them. He gives them spiritual food enough to support them without daintiness, and he keeps the proper distinction between the Sunday and the poorer days. He clangs no bell of reproach upon a Monday, when the squire is leading the lady into dinner, and the labourer sniffing at his supper-pot, and he lets the world play on a Saturday, while he works his own head to find good words for the morrow. Because he is a wise man who knows what other men are, and how seldom they desire to be told the same thing more than a hundred and four times in a year. Neither did his clerical skill stop here; for Parson Upround thought twice about it, before he said anything to rub sore consciences, even when he had them at his mercy, and silent before him, on a Sunday. He behaved like a gentleman in this matter, where so much temptation lurks, looking always at the man whom he did not mean to hit, so that the guilty one received it through him, and felt himself better by comparison. In a word, this parson did his duty well, and pleasantly for all his flock; and nothing embittered him, unless a man pretended to doctrine without holy orders.

For the Doctor reasoned thus—and sound it sounds—if divinity is a matter for Tom, Dick, or Harry, how can there be degrees in it? He held a degree in it, and felt what it had cost; and not the parish only, but even his own wife, was proud to have a doctor every Sunday.

And his wife took care that his rich red hood, kerseymere small-clothes, and black silk stockings upon calves of dignity, were such that his congregation scorned the surgeons all the way to Beverley.

Happy in a pleasant nature, kindly heart, and tranquil home, he was also happy in those awards of life in which men are helpless. He was blest with a good wife and three children, doing well, and vigorous and hardy as the air and clime and cliffs. His wife was not quite of his own age, but old enough to understand and follow him faithfully down the slope of years. A wife with mind enough to know that a husband is not faultless, and with heart enough to feel that if he were, possibly she might not love him so. And under her were comprised their children, two boys at school, and a baby-girl at home.

So far the rector of this parish was truly blessed and blessing. But in every man's lot must be some crook, since this crooked world turned round. In Parson Upround's lot the crook might seem a very small one, but he found it almost too big for him. His dignity, and peace of mind, large good-will of ministry, and strong Christian sense of magistracy, all were sadly pricked and wounded by a very small thorn in the flesh of his spirit.

Almost every honest man is the rightful owner of a nick-name. When he was a boy at school he could not do without one, and if the other boys valued him, perhaps he had a dozen. And afterwards, when there is less perception of right and wrong and character, in the weaker time of manhood, he may earn another, if the spirit is within him.

But woe is him, if a nasty foe, or somebody trying to be one, annoyed for the moment with him, yet meaning no more harm than pepper, smite him to the quick, at venture, in his most retired and privy-conscienced hole. And when this is done by a Nonconformist to a Doctor of Divinity, and the man who does it owes some money to the man he does it to, can the latter gentleman take a large and genial view of his critic?

This gross wrong and ungrateful outrage was inflicted thus. A leading Methodist from Filey town, who owed the Doctor half-a-guinea, came one summer and set up his staff in the hollow of a limekiln, where he lived upon fish for change of diet, and because he could get it for nothing. This was a man of some eloquence, and his calling in life was cobbling, and to encourage him therein, and keep him from theology, the rector not only forgot his half-guinea, but sent him three or four pairs of riding boots to mend, and let him charge his own price, which was strictly heterodox. As a part of the bargain, this fellow came to church, and behaved as well as could be hoped of a man who had received his money. He sat by a pillar, and no more than crossed his legs at the worst thing that disagreed with him. And it might have done him good, and made a decent cobbler of him, if the parson had only held him, when he got

him on the hook. But this is the very thing which all great preachers are too benevolent to do. Dr. Upround looked at this sinner, who was getting into a fright upon his own account, though not a bad preacher when he could afford it; and the cobbler could no more look up at the Doctor, than when he charged him a full crown beyond the contract. In his kindness for all who seemed convinced of sin, the good preacher halted, and looked at Mr. Jobbins with a soft, relaxing gaze. Jobbins appeared as if he would come to church for ever, and never cheat any sound clergyman again; whereupon the generous divine omitted a whole page of menaces prepared for him, and passed prematurely to the tender strain, which always winds up a good sermon.

Now what did Jobbins do in return for all this magnanimous mercy? Invited to dine with the senior churchwarden upon the strength of having been at church, and to encourage him for another visit, and being asked, as soon as ever decency permitted, what he thought of Parson Upround's doctrine, between two crackles of young griskin (come straight from the rectory pig-sty), he was grieved to express a stern opinion long remembered at Flamborough,—

'Ca' yo yon mon "Dr. Uproond?" I ca' un "Dr Upandoon."'

From that day forth the rector of the parish was known far and wide as 'Dr. Upandown,' even among those who loved him best. For the name well described his benevolent practice of undoing any harsh thing he might have said, sometimes by a smile, and very often with a shilling, or a basket of spring cabbages. So that Mrs. Upround, when buttoning up his coat—which he always forgot to do for himself—did it with the words, 'My dear, now scold no one; really it is becoming too expensive.' 'Shall I abandon duty,' he would answer with some dignity, 'while a shilling is sufficient to enforce it?'

Dr. Upround's people had now found out that their minister and magistrate discharged his duty towards his pillow, no less than to his pulpit. His parish had acquired, through the work of generations, a habit of getting up at night, and being all alive at cockcrow; and the rector (while very new amongst them) tried to bow—or rather rise—to night-watch. But a little of that exercise lasted him for long; and he liked to talk of it afterwards; but for the present was obliged to drop it. For he found himself pale, when his wife made him see himself; and his hours of shaving were so dreadful; and scarcely a bit of fair dinner could be got, with the whole of the day thrown out so. In short, he settled it wisely, that the fishers of fish must yield to the habits of fish, which cannot be corrected; but the fishers of men (who can live without catching them) need not be up to all their hours, but may take them reasonably.

His parishioners—who could do very well without him, so far as that goes, all the week, and by no means wanted him among their

boats—joyfully left him to his own time of day, and no more worried him out of season than he worried them so. It became a matter of right feeling with them, not to ring a big bell, which the rector had put up to challenge everybody's spiritual need, until the stable clock behind the bell had struck ten, and finished gurgling.

For this reason, on St. Swithin's morn, in the said year 1782, the grannies, wives, and babes of Flamborough, who had been to help the launch, but could not pull the labouring oar, nor even hold the tiller, spent the time till ten o'clock in seeing to their own affairs—the most laudable of all pursuits for almost any woman. And then, with some little dispute among them (the offspring of the merest accident), they arrived in some force at the gate of Dr. Upround, and no woman liked to pull the bell, and still less to let another woman do it for her. But an old man came up who was quite deaf, and every one asked him to do it.

In spite of the scarcity of all good things, Mrs. Cockscroft had thoroughly fed the little stranger, and washed him, and undressed him, and set him up in her own bed, and wrapped him in her woollen shawl, because he shivered sadly; and there he stared about with wondering eyes, and gave great orders—so far as his new nurse could make out—but speaking gibberish, as she said, and flying into a rage because it was out of Christian knowledge. But he seemed to understand some English, although he could only pronounce two words, both short, and in such conjunction quite unlawful for any except the highest Spiritual Power. Mrs. Cockscroft, being a pious woman, hoped that her ears were wrong, or else that the words were foreign and meant no harm; though the child seemed to take in much of what was said, and when asked his name, answered wrathfully, and as if everybody was bound to know—'Izunsabe, Izunsabe!'

But now, when brought before Dr. Upround, no child of the very best English stock could look more calm and peaceful. He could walk well enough, but liked better to be carried; and the kind woman who had so taken him up, was only too proud to carry him. Whatever the rector and magistrate might say, her meaning was to keep this little one, with her husband's good consent, which she was sure of getting.

'Set him down, ma'am,' the Doctor said, when he heard from half a dozen good women all about him; 'Mistress Cockscroft, put him on his legs, and let me question him.'

But the child resisted this proceeding. With nature's inborn and just loathing of examination, he spun upon his little heels and swore with all his might, at the same time throwing up his hands and twirling his thumbs in a very odd and foreign way.

'What a shocking child!' cried Mrs. Upround, who was come to know all about it. 'Jane, run away with Miss Janetta.'

'The child is not to blame,' said the rector; 'but only the people who have brought him up. A prettier or more clever little head I

have never seen in all my life; and we studied such things at Cambridge. My fine little fellow, shake hands with me.'

The boy broke off his vicious little dance, and looked up at this tall gentleman with great surprise. His dark eyes dwelt upon the parson's kindly face with that power of inquiry which the very young possess, and then he put both little hands into the gentleman's, and burst into a torrent of the most heart-broken tears.

'Poor little man!' said the rector very gently, taking him up in his arms and patting the silky black curls, while great drops fell, and a nose was rubbed on his shoulder; 'it is early for you to begin bad times. Why, how old are you, if you please?'

The little boy sat up on the kind man's arm, and poked a small investigating finger into the ear that was next to him, and the locks just beginning to be marked with grey; and then he said 'Sore,' and tossed his chin up, evidently meaning—'make your best of that.' And the women drew a long breath, and nudged at one another.

'Well done! Four years old, my dear. You see that he understands English well enough,' said the parson to his parishioners; 'he will tell us all about himself by-and-by, if we do not hurry him. You think him a French child. I do not. Though the name which he gives himself, "Izunsabe," has a French aspect about it. Let me think. I will try him with a French interrogation—*Parlez vous Français, mon enfant?*'

Dr. Upround watched the effect of his words with outward calm, but an inward flutter. For if this clever child should reply in French, the Doctor could never go on with it, but must stand there before his congregation in a worse position than when he lost his place, as sometimes happened, in a sermon. With wild temerity he had given vent to the only French words within his knowledge; and he determined to follow them up with Latin, if the worst came to the worst.

But luckily no harm came of this, but contrariwise, a lasting good. For the child looked none the wiser, while the Doctor's reputation was increased.

'Aha!' the good parson cried. 'I was sure that he was no Frenchman. But we must hear something about him very soon, for what you tell me is impossible. If he had come from the sea, he must have been wet; it could never be otherwise. Whereas, his linen clothes are dry, and even quite lately fullered—ironed you might call it.'

'Please your worship,' cried Mrs. Cockscroft, who was growing wild with jealousy; 'I did up all his little things, hours and hours ere your hoose was up.'

'Ah, you had night work! To be sure. Were his clothes dry or wet, when you took them off?'

'Not to say dry, your worship; and yet not to say very wet. Betwixt and between, like my good master's when he cometh from a pour of rain or a heavy spray. And the colour of the land was upon them here and there. And the gold tags were sewn with something

wonderful. My best pair of scissors would not touch it. I was frightened to put them to the tub, your worship; but they up and shone lovely like a tailor's buttons. My master hath found him, sir; and it lies with him to keep him. And the Lord hath taken away our Bob.'

'It is true,' said Dr. Upround gently, and placing the child in her arms again, 'the Almighty has chastened you very sadly. This child is not mine to dispose of, nor yours; but if he will comfort you, keep him till we hear of him. I will take down in writing the particulars of the case, when Captain Robin has come home and had his rest, say at this time to-morrow, or later; and then you will sign them, and they shall be published. For you know, Mrs. Cockscroft, however much you may be taken with him, you must not turn kidnapper. Moreover, it is needful, as there may have been some wreck (though none of you seem to have heard of any), that this strange occurrence should be made known. Then, if nothing is heard of it, you can keep him, and may the Lord bless him to you!'

Without any more ado, she kissed the child, and wanted to carry him straight away, after curtseying to his worship; but all the other women insisted on a smack of him, for pity's sake, and the pleasure of the gold, and to confirm the settlement. And a settlement it was; for nothing came of any publication of the case, such as in those days could be made without great expense and exertion.

So the boy grew up, tall, brave, and comely, and full of the spirit of adventure, as behoved a boy cast on the winds. So far as that goes, his foster-parents would rather have found him more steady and less comely; for if he must step into their lost son's shoes, he might do it, without seeming to outshine him. But they got over that little jealousy in time, when the boy began to be useful, and, so far as was possible, they kept him under, by quoting against him the character of Bob, bringing it back from heaven of a much higher quality than ever it was upon the earth. In vain did this living child aspire to such level; how can any earthly boy compare with one who never did a wrong thing, as soon as he was dead?

Passing that difficult question, and forbearing to compare a boy with angels, be he what he will, his first need (after that of victuals) is a name, whereby his fellow-boys may know him. Is he to be shouted at with—'Come here, what's your name?' or is he to be called (as if in high rebuke), 'Boy'? And yet there are grown-up folk who do all this without hesitation, failing to remember their own predicament at a bygone period. Boys are as useful, in their way, as any other order; and if they can be said to do some mischief, they cannot be said to do it negligently. It is their privilege and duty to be truly active; and their Maker, having spread a dull world before them, has provided them with gifts of play while their joints are supple.

The present boy, having been born without a father or a mother (so far as could yet be discovered), was driven to do what our ances-

tors must have done, when it was less needful. That is to say, to work his own name out by some distinctive process. When the parson had clearly shown him not to be a Frenchman, a large contumely spread itself about, by reason of his gold, and eyes, and hair, and name (which might be meant for Isaac), that he was sprung from a race more honoured now than a hundred years ago. But the women declared that it could not be; and the rector desiring to christen him, because it might never have been done before, refused point-blank to put any 'Isaac' in, and was satisfied with 'Robin' only, the name of the man who had saved him.

The rector showed deep knowledge of his flock, which looked upon Jews as the goats of the Kingdom; for any Jew must die for a world of generations, ere ever a Christian thinks much of him. But finding him not to be a Jew, the other boys, instead of being satisfied, condemned him for a Dutchman.

Whatever he was, the boy throve well, and being so flouted by his playmates, took to thoughts, and habits, and amusements of his own. Indoor life never suited him at all, nor too much of hard learning, although his capacity was such, that he took more advancement in an hour, than the thick heads of young Flamborough made in a whole leap-year of Sundays. For any Flamburian boy was considered a 'Brain Scholar,' and a 'Head Languager,' when he could write down the parson's text, and chalk up a fish on the weigh-board, so that his father or mother could tell in three guesses what manner of fish it was. And very few indeed had ever passed this trial.

For young Robin it was a very hard thing to be treated so by the other boys. He could run, or jump, or throw a stone, or climb a rock with the best of them; but all these things he must do by himself, simply because he had no name. A feeble youth would have moped; but Robin only grew more resolute. Alone he did what the other boys would scarcely in competition dare. No crag was too steep for him, no cave too dangerous and wave-beaten, no race of the tide so strong and swirling as to scare him of his wits. He seemed to rejoice in danger, having very little else to rejoice in; and he won for himself by nimble ways and rapid turns on land and sea, the name of 'Lithe,' or 'Lyth,' and made it famous even far inland.

For it may be supposed that his love of excitement, versatility, and daring, demanded a livelier outlet than the slow toil of deep-sea fishing. To the most patient, persevering, and long-suffering of the arts, Robin Lyth did not take kindly, although he was so handy with a boat. Old Robin vainly strove to cast his angling mantle over him. The gifts of the youth were brighter and higher; he showed an inborn fitness for the lofty development of free-trade. Eminent powers must force their way, as now they were doing with Napoleon; and they did the same with Robin Lyth, without exacting tithe in kind of all the foremost human race.

Chapter XII.

IN A LANE, NOT ALONE.

Stephen Anerley's daughter was by no means of a crooked mind, but open as the day in all things, unless anyone mistrusted her, and showed it by cross-questioning. When this was done, she resented it quickly, by concealing the very things which she would have told of her own accord; and it so happened that the person to whom of all she should have been most open, was the one most apt to check her by suspicious curiosity. And now her mother already began to do this, as concerned the smuggler, knowing from the revenue-officer that her Mary must have seen him. Mary, being a truthful damsel, told no lies about it; but, on the other hand, she did not rush forth with all the history, as she probably would have done, if left unexamined. And so she said nothing about the ear-ring, or the run that was to come off that week, or the riding-skirt, or a host of little things, including her promise to visit Bempton Lane.

On the other hand, she had a mind to tell her father, and take his opinion about it all. But he was a little cross that evening, not with her, but with the world at large; and that discouraged her; and then she thought that being an officer of the king—as he liked to call himself sometimes—he might feel bound to give information about the impending process of free-trade; which to her would be a breach of honour, considering how she knew of it.

Upon the whole, she heartily wished that she never had seen that Robin Lyth; and then she became ashamed of herself, for indulging such a selfish wish. For he might have been lying dead but for her; and then what would become of the many poor people whose greatest comfort he was said to be? And what good could arise from his destruction, if cruel officers compassed it? Free-trade must be carried on, for the sake of everybody, including Captain Carroway himself; and if an old and ugly man succeeded a young and generous one, as leader of the free-trade movement, all the women of the county would put the blame on her.

Looking at these things loftily, and with a strong determination not to think twice of what anyone might say who did not understand the subject, Mary was forced at last to the stern conclusion that she must keep her promise. Not only because it was a promise—although that went a very long way with her—but also because there seemed no other chance of performing a positive duty. Simple honesty demanded that she should restore to the owner a valuable, and beyond all doubt important, piece of property. Two hours had she spent in looking for it, and deprived her dear father of his breakfast-shrimps; and was all this trouble to be thrown away, and herself perhaps accused of theft, because her mother was so short and sharp in wanting to know everything, and to turn it her own way?

The trinket which she had found at last seemed to be a very uncommon and precious piece of jewellery; it was made of pure gold minutely chased and threaded with curious workmanship, in form like a melon, and bearing what seemed to be characters of some foreign language; there might be a spell, or even witchcraft in it, and the sooner it was out of her keeping the better. Nevertheless, she took very good care of it, wrapping it in lamb's wool, and peeping at it many times a day, to be sure that it was safe. Until it made her think of the owner so much, and the many wonders she had heard about him, that she grew quite angry with herself and it, and locked it away, and then looked at it again.

As luck would have it, on the very day when Mary was to stroll down Bempton Lane (not to meet anyone, of course, but simply for the merest chance of what might happen), her father had business at Driffield corn-market, which would keep him from home nearly all the day. When his daughter heard of it, she was much cast down; for she hoped that he might have been looking about on the northern part of the farm, as he generally was in the afternoon; and although he could not see Bempton Lane at all, perhaps, without some newly acquired power of seeing round sharp corners, still it would have been a comfort and a strong resource for conscience, to have felt that he was not so very far away. And this feeling of want made his daughter resolve to have someone at any rate near her. If Jack had only been at home, she need have sought no further, for he would have entered into all her thoughts about it, and obeyed her orders beautifully. But Willie was quite different, and hated any trouble, being spoiled so by his mother, and the maidens all around them.

However, in such a strait, what was there to do, but to trust in Willie, who was old enough, being five years in front of Mary, and then to try to make him sensible? Willie Anerley had no idea that anybody—far less his own sister—could take such a view of him. He knew himself to be, and all would say the same of him, superior in his original gifts, and his manner of making use of them, to the rest of the family put together. He had spent a month in Glasgow, when the whole place was astir with the ferment of many great inventions, and another month in Edinburgh, when that noble city was aglow with the dawn of large ideas; also, he had visited London, foremost of his family, and seen enough of new things there to fill all Yorkshire with surprise; and the result of such wide experience was that he did not like hard work at all. Neither could he even be content to accept and enjoy, without labour of his own, the many good things provided for him. He was always trying to discover something, which never seemed to answer, and continually flying after something new, of which he never got fast hold. In a word, he was spoiled, by nature first, and then by circumstances, for the peaceful life of his ancestors, and the unacknowledged blessings of a farmer.

'Willie, dear, will you come with me?' Mary said to him that

day, catching him as he ran down stairs, to air some inspiration. 'Will you come with me for just one hour? I wish you would; and I would be so thankful.'

'Child, it is quite impossible,' he answered, with a frown which set off his delicate eyebrows, and high but rather narrow forehead; 'you always want me at the very moment when I have the most important work in hand. Any childish whim of yours matters more than hours and hours of hard labour.'

'Oh, Willie, but you know how I try to help you, and all the patterns I cut out last week! Do come for once, Willie; if you refuse, you will never, never forgive yourself.'

Willie Anerley was as good-natured as any self-indulgent youth can be; he loved his sister in his way, and was indebted to her for getting out of a great many little scrapes. He saw how much she was in earnest now, and felt some desire to know what it was about. Moreover—which settled the point—he was getting tired of sticking to one thing for a time unusually long with him. But he would not throw away the chance of scoring a huge debt of gratitude.

'Well, do what you like with me,' he answered, with a smile; 'I never can have my own way five minutes. It serves me quite right for being so good-natured.'

Mary gave him a kiss, which must have been an object of ambition to anybody else; but it only made him wipe his mouth; and presently the two set forth upon the path towards Bempton.

Robin Lyth had chosen well his place for meeting Mary. The lane (of which he knew every yard, as well as he knew the rocks themselves) was deep and winding, and fringed with bushes, so that an active and keen-eyed man might leap into thicket almost before there was a fair chance of shooting him. He knew well enough that he might trust Mary; but he never could be sure that the bold 'coast-riders,' despairing by this time of catching him at sea, and longing for the weight of gold put upon his head, might not be setting privy snares to catch him in his walks abroad. They had done so when they pursued him up the Dyke; and though he was inclined to doubt the strict legality of that proceeding, he could not see his way to a fair discussion of it, in case of their putting a bullet through him. And this consideration made him careful.

The brother and sister went on well by the footpath over the uplands of the farm, and crossing the neck of the Flamburn peninsula, tripped away merrily northward. The wheat looked healthy, and the barley also, and a four-acre patch of potatoes smelled sweetly (for the breeze of them was pleasant in their wholesome days), and Willie, having overworked his brain, according to his own account of it, strode along loftily before his sister, casting over his shoulder an eddy of some large ideas with which he had been visited, before she interrupted him. But, as nothing ever came of them, they need not here be stated. From a practical point of view, however, as they both had to live upon the profits of the farm, it pleased them to

observe what a difference there was, when they had surmounted the chine and began to descend towards the north upon other people's land. Here all was damp and cold and slow; and chalk looked slimy instead of being clean; and shadowy places had an oozy cast; and trees (wherever they could stand) were facing the east with wrinkled visage, and the west with wiry beards. Willie (who had, among other great inventions, a scheme for improvement of the climate) was reminded at once of all the things he meant to do in that way; and making, as he always did, a great point of getting observations first—a point whereon he stuck fast mainly—without any time for delay he applied himself to a rapid study of the subject. He found some things just like other things which he had seen in Scotland, yet differing so as to prove more clearly, than even their resemblance did, the value of his discovery.

'Look!' he cried, 'can anything be clearer? The cause of all these evils is, not (as an ignorant person might suppose) the want of sunshine, or too much wet, but an inadequate movement of the air——'

'Why, I thought it was always blowing up here! The very last time I came, my bonnet-strings were split.'

'You do not understand me; you never do. When I say inadequate, I mean of course incorrect, inaccurate, unequable. Now the air is a fluid; you may stare as you like, Mary, but the air has been proved to be a fluid. Very well, no fluid in large bodies moves with an equal velocity throughout. Part of it is rapid and part quite stagnant. The stagnant places of the air produce this green scum, this mossy, unwholesome, and injurious stuff; while the over-rapid motion causes this iron appearance, this hard surface, and general sterility. By the simplest of simple contrivances, I make this evil its own remedy. An equable impulse given to the air produces an adequate uniform flow, preventing stagnation in one place, and excessive vehemence in another. And the beauty of it is, that by my new invention I make the air itself correct and regulate its own inequalities.'

'How clever you are to be sure!' exclaimed Mary, wondering that her father could not see it. 'Oh, Willie, you will make your fortune by it! However do you do it?'

'The simplicity of it is such that even you can understand it. All great discoveries are simple. I fix in a prominent situation a large and vertically revolving fan, of a light and vibrating substance. The movement of the air causes this to rotate by the mere force of the impact. The rotation and the vibration of the fan convert an irregular impulse into a steady and equable undulation; and such is the elasticity of the fluid called, in popular language, "the air," that for miles around the rotation of this fan regulates the circulation, modifies extremes, annihilates sterility, and makes it quite impossible for moss and green scum, and all this sour growth to live. Even you can see, Mary, how beautiful it is.'

'Yes, that I can!' she answered simply, as they turned the corner upon a large windmill, with arms revolving merrily; 'but, Willie, dear, would not Farmer Topping's mill, perpetually going as it is, answer the same purpose? And yet the moss seems to be as thick as ever here, and the ground as naked!'

'Tush!' cried Willie. 'Stuff and nonsense! When will you girls understand? Good-bye! I will throw away no more time on you.'

Without stopping to finish his sentence he was off, and out of sight both of the mill and Mary, before the poor girl, who had not the least intention of offending him, could even beg his pardon, or say how much she wanted him; for she had not dared as yet to tell him what was the purpose of her walk, his nature being such that no one, not even his own mother, could tell what conclusion he might come to upon any practical question. He might rush off at once to put the Revenue men on the smuggler's track; or he might stop his sister from going; or he might (in the absence of his father) order a feast to be prepared, and fetch the outlaw to be his guest. So Mary had resolved not to tell him until the last moment, when he could do none of these things.

But now she must either go on all alone, or give up her purpose and break her promise. After some hesitation she determined to go on, for the place would scarcely seem so very lonely now with the windmill in view, which would always remind her henceforth of her dear brother William. It was perfectly certain that Captain Robin Lyth, whose fame for chivalry was everywhere, and whose character was all in all to him with the ladies who bought his silks and lace, would see her through all danger caused by confidence in him; and really it was too bad of her to admit any paltry misgivings. But, reason as she might, her young conscience told her that this was not the proper thing for her to do; and she made up her mind not to do it again. Then she laughed at the notion of being ever even asked, and told herself that she was too conceited; and to cut the matter short, went very bravely down the hill.

The lane, which came winding from the beach up to the windmill, was as pretty a lane as may anywhere be found in any other county than that of Devon. With a Devonshire lane it could not presume to vie, having little of the glorious garniture of fern, and nothing of the crystal brook that leaps at every corner; no arches of tall ash, keyed with dog-rose, and not much of honeysuckle, and a sight of other wants which people feel who have lived in the plenitude of everything. But, in spite of all that, the lane was very fine for Yorkshire.

On the other hand, Mary had prettier ankles, and a more graceful and lighter walk than the Devonshire lanes, which like to echo something, for the most part seem accustomed to; and the short dress of the time made good such favourable facts when found. Nor was this all that could be said, for the maiden (while her mother was so busy pickling cabbage, from which she drove all intruders) had managed

to forget what the day of the week was, and had opened the drawer that should be locked up until Sunday. To walk with such a handsome tall fellow as Willie, compelled her to look like something too, and without any thought of it she put her best hat on, and a very pretty thing with some French name, and made of a delicate peach-coloured silk, which came down over her bosom, and tied in the neatest of knots at the small of her back, which at that time of life was very small. All these were the gifts of her dear Uncle Popplewell, upon the other side of Filey, who might have been married for forty years, but nobody knew how long it was, because he had no children, and so he made Mary his darling. And this ancient gentleman had leanings towards free trade.

Whether these goods were French or not—which no decent person could think of asking—no French damsel could have put them on better, or shown a more pleasing appearance in them; for Mary's desire was to please all people who meant no harm to her—as nobody could—and yet to let them know that her object was only to do what was right, and to never think of asking whether she looked this, that, or the other. Her mother, as a matter of duty, told her how plain she was almost every day; but the girl was not of that opinion; and when Mrs. Anerley finished her lecture (as she did nine times in ten) by turning the glass to the wall, and declaring that beauty was a snare skin-deep, with a frown of warning instead of a smile of comfort, then Mary believed in her looking-glass again, and had the smile of comfort on her own face.

However, she never thought of that just now, but only of how she could do her duty, and have no trouble in her own mind with thinking, and satisfy her father when she told him all, as she meant to do, when there could be no harm done to anyone; and this, as she heartily hoped, would be to-morrow. And truly, if there did exist any vanity at all, it was not confined to the sex in which it is so much more natural and comely.

For when a very active figure came to light suddenly, at a little elbow of the lane, and with quick steps advanced towards Mary, she was lost in surprise at the gaiety, not to say grandeur, of its apparel. A broad hat, looped at the side, and having a pointed black crown, with a scarlet feather and a dove-coloured brim, sat well upon the mass of crisp black curls. A short blue jacket of the finest Flemish cloth, and set (not too thickly) with embossed silver buttons, left properly open the strong brown neck, while a shirt of pale blue silk, with a turned-down collar of fine needlework, fitted, without a wrinkle or a pucker, the broad and amply rounded chest. Then a belt of brown leather, with an anchor clasp and empty loops for either fire-arm or steel, supported true sailor's trousers of the purest white and the noblest man-of-war cut; and where these widened at the instep shone a lovely pair of pumps, with buckles radiant of best Bristol diamonds. The wearer of all these splendours smiled, and seemed to become them as they became him.

'Well,' thought Mary, 'how free trade must pay! What a pity that he is not in the Royal Navy!'

With his usual quickness, and the self-esteem which added such lustre to his character, the smuggler perceived what was passing in her mind, but he was not rude enough to say so.

'Young lady,' he began—and Mary, with all her wisdom, could not help being fond of that; 'young lady, I was quite sure that you would keep your word.'

'I never do anything else,' she answered, showing that she scarcely looked at him; 'I have found this for you, and then good-bye.'

'Surely you will wait to hear my thanks, and to know what made me dare to ask you, after all you had done for me already, to begin again for me. But I am such an outcast that I never should have done it.'

'I never saw anyone look more thoroughly unlike an outcast,' Mary said; and then she was angry with herself for speaking, and glancing, and worst of all for smiling.

'Ladies who live on land can never understand what we go through,' Robin replied in his softest voice, as rich as the murmur of the summer sea; 'when we expect great honours, we try to look a little tidy, as anyone but a common boor would do; and we laugh at ourselves for trying to look well after all the knocking about we get. Our time is short—we must make the most of it.'

'Oh, please not to talk in such a dreadful way,' said Mary.

'You remind me of my dear friend Dr. Upround, the very best man in the whole world, I believe. He always says to me, "Robin, Robin——"'

'What, is Dr. Upandown a friend of yours?' Mary exclaimed in amazement, and with a stoppage of the foot that was poised for quick departure.

'Dr. Upandown, as many people call him,' said the smuggler, with a tone of condemnation, 'is the best and dearest friend I have, next to Captain and Mistress Cockscroft, who may have been heard of at Anerley Manor. Dr. Upround is our magistrate and clergyman, and he lets people say what they like against me, while he honours me with his friendship. I must not stay long, to thank you even, because I am going to the dear old doctor's, for supper at seven o'clock, and a game of chess.'

'Oh dear! oh dear! And he is such a Justice; and yet they shot at you last week! It makes me wonder when I hear such things.'

'Young lady, it makes everybody wonder. In my opinion there never could be a more shameful murder than to shoot me; and yet but for you, it would surely have been done.'

'You must not dwell upon such things,' said Mary; 'they may have a very bad effect upon your mind. But good-bye, Captain Lyth; I forgot that I was robbing Dr. Upround of your society.'

'Shall I be so ungrateful as not to see you safe upon your own

land, after all your trouble? My road to Flamborough lies that way. Surely you will not refuse to hear what made me so anxious about this bauble, which now will be worth ten times as much. I never saw it look so bright before.'

'It—it must be the sand has made it shine,' the maiden stammered, with a fine bright blush; 'it does the same to my shrimping-net.'

'Ah, shrimping is a very fine pursuit! There is nothing I love better; what pools I could show you, if I only might; pools where you may fill a sack with large prawns in a single tide—pools known to nobody but myself. When do you think of going shrimping next?'

'Perhaps next summer I may try again, if Captain Carroway will come with me.'

'That is too unkind of you. How very harsh you are to me! I could hardly have believed it, after all that you have done. And you really do not care to hear the story of this relic?'

'If I could stop, I should like it very much. But my brother, who came with me, may perhaps be waiting for me.' Mary knew that this was not very likely; still it was just possible, for Willie's ill-tempers seldom lasted very long; and she wanted to let the smuggler know that she had not come all alone to meet him.

'I shall not be two minutes,' Robin Lyth replied; 'I have been forced to learn short talking. May I tell you about this trinket?'

'Yes, if you will only begin at once, and finish by the time we get to that corner.'

'That is very short measure for a tale,' said Robin, though he liked her all the better for such qualities; 'however, I will try; only walk a little slower. Nobody knows where I was born, any more than they know how or why. Only when I came upon this coast as a very little boy, and without knowing anything about it, they say that I had very wonderful buttons of gold upon a linen dress, adorned with gold lace, which I used to wear on Sundays. Dr. Upround ordered them to keep those buttons, and was to have had them in his own care; but, before that, all of them were lost save two. My parents, as I call them from their wonderful goodness, kinder than the ones who have turned me on the world (unless themselves went out of it), resolved to have my white coat done up grandly when I grew too big for it, and to lay it by in lavender; and knowing of a great man in the gold-lace trade, as far away as Scarborough, they sent it by a fishing-smack to him, with people whom they knew thoroughly. That was the last of it ever known here. The man swore a manifest that he never saw it, and threatened them with libel; and the smack was condemned and all her hands impressed, because of some trifle she happened to carry; and nobody knows any more of it. But two of the buttons had fallen off, and good mother had put them by, to give a last finish to the coat herself; and when I grew up and had to go to sea at night, they were turned into a pair of ear-rings. There, now, Miss Anerley, I have not been long, and you know all about it.'

'How very very lonesome it must be for you,' said Mary with a gentle gaze, which, coming from such lovely eyes, went straight into his heart, 'to have no one belonging to you by right, and to seem to belong to nobody. I am sure I cannot tell whatever I should do, without any father, or mother, or uncle, or even a cousin, to be certain of.'

'All the ladies seem to think that it is rather hard upon me,' Robin answered, with an excellent effort at a sigh; 'but I do my very best to get on without them. And one thing that helps me most of all is when kind ladies, who have good hearts, allow me to talk to them as if I had a sister. This makes me forget what I am sometimes.'

'You never should try to forget what you are. Everybody in the world speaks well of you. Even that cruel Lieutenant Carroway cannot help admiring you. And if you have taken to free-trade, what else could you do, when you had no friends, and even your coat was stolen?'

'High-minded people take that view of it, I know. But I do not pretend to any such excuse. I took to free-trade for the sake of my friends—to support the old couple who have been so good to me.'

'That is better still; it shows such good principle. My Uncle Popplewell has studied the subject of what they call "political economy," and he says that the country requires free-trade, and the only way to get it is to go on so that the Government must give way at last. However, I need not instruct you about that; and you must not stop any longer.'

'Miss Anerley, I will not encroach upon your kindness. You have said things that I never shall forget. On the continent I meet very many ladies who tell me good things, and make me better; but not at all as you have done. A minute of talk with you is worth an hour with anybody else. But I fear that you laugh at me all the while, and are only too glad to be rid of me. Good-bye. May I kiss your hand? God bless you?'

Mary had no time to say a single word, or even to express her ideas by a look, before Robin Lyth, with all his bright apparel, was 'conspicuous by his absence.' As a diving bird disappears from a gun, or a trout from a shadow on his hover, or even a debtor from his creditor, so the great free-trader had vanished into lightsome air, and left emptiness behind him.

The young maid, having been prepared to yield him a few yards more of good advice, if he held out for another corner, now could only say to herself that she never had met such a wonderful man. So active, strong, and astonishingly brave; so thoroughly acquainted with foreign lands, yet superior to their ladies; so able to see all the meaning of good words, and to value them when offered quietly; so sweet in his manner, and voice, and looks; and with all his fame so unpretending; and—much as it frightened her to think—really seeming to be afraid of her.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRUMBLING AND GROWLING.

WHILE these successful runs went on, and great authorities smiled at seeing the little authorities set at nought, and men of the revenue smote their breasts for not being born good smugglers, and the general public was well-pleased, and congratulated them cordially upon their accomplishment of nought, one man there was whose noble spirit chafed and knew no comfort. He strode up and down at Coastguard Point, and communed with himself, while Robin held sweet converse in the lane.

'Why was I born?' the sad Carroway cried; 'why was I thoroughly educated, and trained in both services of the King, expected to rise, and beginning to rise, till a vile bit of splinter stopped me; and then sent down to this hole of a place to starve, and be laughed at, and baffled by a boy? Another lucky run, and the revenue bamboozled, and the whole of us sent upon a wild-goose chase! Every gapper-mouth zany grinning at me, and scoundrels swearing that I get my share! And the only time I have had my dinner with my knees crook'd, for at least a fortnight, was at Anerley Farm on Sunday. I am not sure that even they wouldn't turn against me; I am certain that pretty girl would. I've a great mind to throw it up—a great mind to throw it up. It is hardly the work for a gentleman born, and the grandson of a rear-admiral. Tinkers' and tailors' sons get the luck now; and a man of good blood is put on the back-shelf, behind the blacking-bottles. A man who has battled for his country——'

'Charles, are you coming to your dinner, once more?'

'No, I am not. There's no dinner worth coming to. You and the children may eat the rat-pie. A man who has battled for his country, and bled till all his veins were empty, and it took two men to hold him up, and yet waved his sword at the head of them—it is the downright contradiction of the world in everything, for him to poke about with pots and tubs, like a pig in a brewery, grain-hunting.'

'Once more, Charles, there is next to nothing left. The children are eating for their very lives. If you stay out there another minute, you must take the consequence.'

'Alas, that I should have so much stomach, and so little to put into it! My dear, put a little bit under a basin; if any of them has no appetite. I wanted just to think a little.'

'Charles, they have all got tremendous appetites. It is the way the wind is. You may think by-and-by; but if you want to eat, you must do it now, or never.'

'"Never" never suits me in that matter,' the brave lieutenant answered; 'Matilda, put Geraldine to warm the pewter plate for me. Geraldine, darling, you can do it with your mouth full.'

The commander of the coastguard turned abruptly from his long indignant stride, and entered the cottage provided for him, and which he had peopled so speedily.

Small as it was, it looked beautifully clean and neat, and everybody used to wonder how Mrs. Carroway kept it so. But in spite of all her troubles and many complaints, she was very proud of this little house, with its healthful position and beautiful outlook over the bay of Bridlington. It stood in a niche of the low soft cliff, where now the sea-parade extends from the northern pier of Bridlington Quay; and when the roadstead between that and the point was filled with a fleet of every kind of craft, or better still when they all made sail at once—as happened when a trusty breeze arose—the view was lively, and very pleasant, and full of moving interest. Often one of his Majesty's cutters, 'Swordfish,' 'Kestrel,' or 'Albatross' would swoop in with all sail set, and hover, while the skipper came ashore to see the 'Ancient Carroway,' as this vigilant officer was called; and sometimes even a sloop of war, armed brigantine, or light corvette, prowling for recruits, or cruising for their training, would run in under the head, and overhaul every wind-bound ship with a very high hand.

'Ancient Carroway,'—as old friends called him, and even young people who had never seen him,—was famous upon this coast now, for nearly three degrees of latitude. He had dwelled here long, and in highly good content, hospitably treated by his neighbours, and himself more hospitable than his wife could wish. Until two troubles in his life arose, and from year to year grew worse and worse. One of these troubles was the growth of mouths, in number and size, that required to be filled; and the other trouble was the rampant growth of smuggling, and the glory of that upstart Robin Lyth. Now let it be lawful to take that subject first.

Fair Robin, though not at all anxious for fame, but modestly willing to decline it, had not been successful—though he worked so much by night—in preserving sweet obscurity. His character was public, and set on high by fortune, to be gazed at from wholly different points of view. From their narrow and lime-eyed outlook the coastguard beheld in him the latest incarnation of Old Nick, yet they hated him only in an abstract manner, and as men feel towards that evil one. Magistrates also, and the large protective powers, were arrayed against him, yet happy to abstain from laying hands, when their hands were their own, upon him. And many of the farmers, who should have been his warmest friends and best customers, were now so attached to their king and country, by bellicose warmth and army contracts, that instead of a guinea for a four-gallon anker, they would offer three crowns, or the exciseman. And not only conscience, but short cash, after three bad harvests, constrained them.

Yet the staple of public opinion was sound, as it must be where women predominate. The best of women could not see why they should not have anything they wanted for less than it cost the maker.

To gaze at a sister woman better dressed, at half the money, was simply to abjure every lofty principle. And to go to church with a counterfeit on, when the genuine lace was in the next pew, on a body of inferior standing, was a downright outrage to the congregation, the rector, and all religion. A cold-blooded creature, with no pin-money, might reconcile it with her principles, if any she had, to stand up like a dowdy, and allow a poor man to risk his life, by shot and storm and starvation, and then to deny him a word or a look, because of his coming with the genuine thing, at a quarter the price fat tradesmen asked, who never stirred out of their shops when it rained, for a thing that was a story and an imposition. Charity, duty and common honesty to their good husbands, in these bad times, compelled them to make the very best of bargains; of which they got really more and more, as those brave mariners themselves bore witness, because of the depression in the free trade now and the glorious victories of England. Were they bound to pay three times the genuine value, and then look a figure, and be laughed at?

And as for Captain Carroway, let him scold, and threaten, and stride about, and be jealous, because his wife dare not buy true things, poor creature—although there were two stories also about that, and the quantities of things that he got for nothing, whenever he was clever enough to catch them, which scarcely ever happened, thank goodness! Let Captain Carroway attend to his own business; unless he was much belied, he had a wife who would keep him to it. Who was Captain Carroway to come down here, without even being born in Yorkshire, and lay down the law, as if he owned the manor?

Lieutenant Carroway had heard such questions, but disdained to answer them. He knew who he was, and what his grandfather had been, and he never cared a—short word, what sort of stuff long tongues might prate of him. Barbarous broad-drawlers, murderers of his Majesty's English, could they even pronounce the name of an officer highly distinguished for many years in both of the royal services? That was his description, and the Yorkshire yokels might go and read it—if read they could—in the pages of authority.

Like the celebrated calf that sucked two cows, Carroway had drawn royal pay, though in very small drains, upon either element, beginning with a skeleton regiment, and then, when he became too hot for it, diving off into a frigate, as a recommended volunteer. Here he was more at home, though he never ceased longing to be a general; and having the credit of fighting well ashore, he was looked at with interest when he fought a fight at sea. He fought it uncommonly well, and it was good, and so many men fell that he picked up his commission, and got into a fifty-two gun ship. After several years of service, without promotion, for his grandfather's name was worn out now, and the wars were not properly constant, there came a very lively succession of fights, and Carroway got into all of them, or at least into all the best of them. And he ought to have gone up much faster than he did, and he must have done so but

for his long lean jaws, the which are the worst things that any man can have. Not only because of their own consumption, and slow length of leverage, but mainly on account of the sadness they impart, and the timid recollection of a hungry wolf, to the man who might have lifted up a fatter individual.

But in Rodney's great encounter with the Spanish fleet, Carroway showed such a dauntless spirit, and received such a wound, that it was impossible not to pay him some attention. His name was near the bottom of a very long list, but it made a mark on some one's memory, depositing a chance of coming up some day, when he should be reported hit again. And so good was his luck, that he soon was hit again, and a very bad hit it was; but still he got over it without promotion, because that enterprise was one in which nearly all our men ran away, and therefore required to be well pushed up for the sake of the national honour. When such things happen, the few who stay behind must be left behind in the 'Gazette' as well. That wound, therefore, seemed at first to go against him, but he bandaged it, and plastered it, and hoped for better luck. And his third wound truly was a blessed one, a slight one, and taken in the proper course of things, without a slur upon any of his comrades. This set him up again with advancement and appointment, and enabled him to marry and have children seven.

The lieutenant was now about fifty years of age, gallant and lively as ever, and resolute to attend to his duty and himself as well. His duty was now alongshore, in command of the coastguard of the east district; for the loss of a good deal of one heel made it hard for him to step about as he should do when afloat. The place suited him, and he was fond of it, although he grumbled sometimes about his grandfather, and went on as if his office was beneath him. He abused all his men, and all the good ones liked him, and respected him for his clear English. And he enjoyed this free exercise of language out of doors, because inside his threshold he was on his P's and Q's. To call him 'ugly Carroway,' as coarse people did, because of a scar across his long bold nose, was petty and unjust, and directly contradicted by his own and his wife's opinion. For nobody could have brighter eyes, or a kindlier smile, and more open aspect in the fore part of the week, while his Sunday shave retained its influence, so far as its limited area went, for he kept a long beard always. By Wednesday he certainly began to look grim, and on Saturday ferocious, pending the advent of the Bridlington barber, who shaved all the Quay every Sunday. But his mind was none the worse, and his daughters liked him better, when he rasped their young cheeks with his beard, and paid a penny. For to his children he was a most loving and tender-hearted father, puzzled at their number, and sometimes perplexed at having to feed and clothe them, yet happy to give them his last and go without, and even ready to welcome more, if Heaven should be pleased to send them.

But Mrs. Carroway, most fidgety of women, and born of a well-

shorn family, was unhappy from the middle to the end of the week that she could not scrub her husband's beard off. This lady's sense of human crime, and of everything hateful in creation, expressed itself mainly in the word 'dirt.' Her rancour against that nobly tranquil, and most natural of elements, inured itself into a downright passion. From babyhood she had been notorious for kicking her little legs out at the least speck of dust upon a tiny red shoe. Her father, a clergyman, heard so much of this, and had so many children of a different stamp, that when he came to christen her, at six months of age (which used to be considered quite an early time of life) he put upon her the name of 'Lauta,' to which she thoroughly acted up; but people having ignorance of foreign tongues said that he always meant 'Matilda.'

Such was her nature, and it grew upon her; so that when a young and gallant officer, tall and fresh, and as clean as a frigate, was captured by her neat bright eyes, very clean run, and sharp cut-water, she began to like to look at him. Before very long his spruce trim ducks, careful scrape of Brunswick leather boots, clean pocket-handkerchiefs, and fine specklessness, were making and keeping a well-swept path to the thoroughly-dusted storeroom of her heart. How little she dreamed, in those virgin days, that the future could ever contain a week when her Charles would decline to shave more than once, and then have it done for him on a Sunday!

She hesitated, for she had her thoughts—doubts she disdained to call them—but still he forgot once to draw his boots sideways after having purged the toe and heel, across the bristle of her father's mat. With the quick eye of love, he perceived her frown, and the very next day he conquered her. His scheme was unworthy, as it substituted corporate for personal purity; still it succeeded, as unworthy schemes will do. On the birthday of his sacred Majesty, Charles took Matilda to see his ship, the 48-gun frigate 'Immaculate,' commanded by a well-known martinet. Her spirit fell within her, like the Queen of Sheba's, as she gazed, but trembled to set down foot upon the trim order and the dazzling choring. She might have survived the strict purity of all things, the deck-lines whiter than Parian marble, the bulwarks brighter than the cheek-piece of a grate, the breeches of the guns like goodly gold, and not a whisker of a rope's end curling the wrong way; if only she could have espied a swab, or a bucket, or a flake of holystone, or any indicament of labour done. 'Artis est celare artem;' this art was unfathomable.

Matilda was fain to assure herself that the main part of this might be superficial, like a dish-cover polished with the spots on, and she lost her handkerchief on purpose to come back and try a little test-work of her own. This was a piece of unstopped knotting in the panel of a hatchway, a resinous hole that must catch and keep any speck of dust meandering on the wayward will of wind. Her cambric came out as white as it went in!

She surrendered at discretion, and became the prize of Carroway.

Now people at Bridlington Quay declared that the lieutenant, though he might have carried off a prize, was certainly not the prize-master; and they even went so far as to say that 'he could scarcely call his soul his own.' The matter was no concern of theirs, neither were their conclusions true. In little things the gallant officer, for the sake of discipline and peace, submitted to due authority, and being so much from home, he left all household matters to a firm control. In return for this, he was always thought of first, and the best of everything was kept for him, and Mrs. Carroway quoted him to others as a wonder, though she may not have done so to himself. And so, upon the whole, they got on very well together.

Now on this day, when the lieutenant had exhausted a grumble of unusual intensity, and the fair Geraldine (his eldest child) had obeyed him to the letter, by keeping her mouth full, while she warmed a plate for him, it was not long before his usual luck befell the bold Carroway. Rap, rap, came a knock at the side door of his cottage, a knock only too familiar; and he heard the gruff voice of Cadman—'Can I see his Honour immediately?'

'No, you cannot,' replied Mrs. Carroway. 'One would think you were all in a league to starve him. No sooner does he get half a mouthful——'

'Geraldine, put it on the hob, my dear, and a basin over it. Matilda, my love, you know my maxim—"duty first, dinner afterwards." Cadman, I will come with you.'

The revenue officer took up his hat (which had less time now than his plate to get cold) and followed Cadman to the usual place for holding privy councils. This was under the heel of the pier (which was then about half as long as now) at a spot where the outer wall combed over, to break the crest of the surges in the height of a heavy eastern gale. At neap tides, and in moderate weather, this place was dry, with a fine salt smell, and with nothing in front of it but the sea, and nothing behind it but solid stone wall, anyone would think that here must be commune sacred, secret, and secluded from eavesdroppers. And yet it was not so, by reason of a very simple reason.

Upon the roadway of the pier, and over against a mooring-post, where the parapet and the pier itself made a needful turn towards the south, there was an equally needful thing, a gully-hole with an iron trap to carry off the rain that fell, or the spray that broke upon the fabric; and the outlet of this gully was in the face of the masonry outside. Carroway, not being gifted with a crooked mind, had never dreamed that this little gut might conduct the pulses of the air, like the tyrant's ear, and that the trap at the end might be a trap for him. Yet so it was; and by gently raising the movable iron frame at the top, a well-disposed person might hear every word that was spoken in the snug recess below. Cadman was well aware of this little fact, but left his commander to find it out.

The officer, always thinly clad (both through the state of his

wardrobe and his dread of effeminate comfort), settled his bony shoulders against the rough stonework, and his heels upon a groyne, and gave his subordinate a nod, which meant, 'Make no fuss, but out with it.' Cadman, a short square fellow with crafty eyes, began to do so.

'Captain, I have hit it off at last. Hackerbody put me wrong last time, through the wench he hath a hankering after. This time I got it and no mistake, as right as if the villain lay asleep 'twixt you and me, and told us all about it with his tongue out; and a good thing for men of large families like me.'

'All that I have heard such a number of times,' his commander answered crustily; 'that I whistle, as we used to do in a dead calm, Cadman. An old salt like you knows how little comes of that.'

'There I don't quite agree with your Honour. I have known a hurricane come from whistling. But this time, there is no woman about it, and the penny have come down straight-forrard. New moon Tuesday next, and Monday we slips first into that snug little cave. He hath a' had his last good run.'

'How much is coming this time, Cadman? I am sick and tired of those three caves. It is all old woman's talk of caves, while they are running south, upon the open beach.'

'Captain, it is a big venture; the biggest of all the summer, I do believe. Two thousand pounds, if there is a penny, in it. The schooner, and the lugger, and the ketch, all to once, of purpose to send us scattering. But your Honour knows what we be after most. No woman in it this time, sir. The murder has been of the women, all along. When there is no woman I can see my way. We have got the right pig by the ear this time.'

'John Cadman, your manner of speech is rude. You forget that your commanding officer has a wife and family, three-quarters of which are female. You will give me your information without any rude observations as to sex, of which you, as a married man, should be ashamed. A man and his wife are one flesh, Cadman; and therefore you are a woman yourself, and must labour not to disgrace yourself. Now don't look amazed, but consider these things. If you had not been in a flurry, like a woman, you would not have spoiled my dinner so. I will meet you at the outlook at six o'clock. I have business on hand of importance.'

With these words Carroway hastened home, leaving Cadman to mutter his wrath, and then to growl it, when his officer was out of earshot.

'Never a day, nor an hour a'most, without he insulteth of me. A woman indeed! Well, his wife may be a man, but what call hath he to speak of mine so? John Cadman a woman, and one flesh with his wife! Pretty news that would be for my missus!'

(*To be continued.*)

Mr. Froude's Cæsar.

THE whole period treated of by Mr. Froude in this volume[1] is one eminently suited to his genius. It is full of political, social, and military movement, and it is peculiarly rich in dramatic interest. The play of personal character, the vicissitudes of personal fortunes, affect the imagination as they do in a great tragedy. And although, for the continuous record of events, we have to rely chiefly on late Greek historians, not of the first rank, the story of all the great actors in the drama, and many traits of individual character, which escape the notice of the regular historian, have been kept alive for us in the genial and impartial pages of Plutarch. But for the most interesting and critical phase of the action, that during which Cæsar and Cicero are the prominent figures, we have still more immediate sources of knowledge. To quote Mr. Froude, we hear 'the actors in the great drama speak their own thoughts in their own words;' 'we hear their enemies denounce them, and their friends praise them;' 'we are ourselves plunged amidst the hopes and fears of the hour, to feel the conflicting emotions, and to sympathise in the struggles which again seem to live.' There are no records which bring a remote period of history more immediately before us than the Commentaries of Cæsar and the letters and speeches of Cicero. It is only a small part of their value that they were written by two of the most consummate masters of style, at the epoch when Latin prose was first formed into one of the most effective vehicles of oratory, political and military history, and familiar correspondence, which any literature possesses. Nor is it all, that we have in the one case a clear and trustworthy record of actions, written by the hand of the man who set them in motion and guided them to their issue; in the other, a living commentary on men and measures, on the shifting phases of politics, on the hopes and fears entertained on the eve o the most momentous events, from the pen of one who watched them all from day to day, under the strongest motives of public and personal interest—of one who did play a prominent, and, at one time, aspired to play the most prominent, part in the drama—of one, too, endowed with the liveliest imagination and sympathies, the most sensitive discernment, the most impassioned mobility of nature. Nor is it only as affording evidence of events, opinions, and passions, that these works are valuable. They are self-revelations, the one of perhaps the greatest, the other of certainly one of the most interesting, men who ever lived. They are so, indeed, in different ways and to a different degree. It was not Cæsar's purpose, it was not consistent

[1] *Cæsar, a Sketch.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

with his sense of personal dignity, which was as strong in him as all the other great Roman qualities, or with the vast impersonal objects which he had always before him, to lay bare the secrets of his heart from any need of sympathy or any craving for admiration. But, while not thinking of himself at all, he yet could not help leaving on his record the stamp of his own large, resolute, loyal, and magnanimous nature. But he never affords us the same inner knowledge of himself which Cicero does of himself in every page of the 'Letters to Atticus.' They are the sincerest and most unreserved self-revelations which one man ever made to another. They are truly, what Mr. Munro calls them,[2] 'soliloquies by an impassioned nature of more than Italian fervour of temperament.' If they supply the chief evidence on which those who dislike his character have condemned him, to others, in spite of the picture they often give of vanity and weakness, sometimes of insincerity and bitter animosity, they still seem to afford the best justification for cherishing his memory with affection.

Mr. Froude while, by the telling use he often makes of these letters in his own narrative, he shows a true appreciation of their historical and literary value, scarcely does justice to the conditions under which they were written. In reference to the relation of Atticus to Cicero he writes:[3] 'His acquaintance with Cicero rested on similarity of temperament, with a solid financial basis at the bottom of it. They were mutually useful to one another.' It is quite true that Atticus assisted Cicero, as he assisted Hortensius, in the management of his business, and that from his own abundant means he afforded him, as he did other friends, liberal assistance in his difficulties; and that Cicero, from his influence in the Senate, was able to render Atticus some service in his financial operations. But it would be as appropriate to speak of Cicero's 'misunderstanding' with Clodius or Antony, as of his 'acquaintance' with Atticus. The word 'friendship' is too weak to express their life-long intimacy, based on the close association of their early student days, and strengthened by family ties, by the sympathetic enjoyment of all intellectual and humane pleasures, and by thorough mutual confidence and esteem. So far as we can judge from the evidence afforded by Cicero's letters and from his biography by his friend and contemporary, Cornelius Nepos, we should say that his temperament was as unlike that of Cicero as the temperament of Horatio was unlike that of Hamlet. Atticus satisfied in Cicero the need which his nature felt of an 'alter ego,'—of a receptive, as his own was of an energetic, disposition,—an admirer, an adviser, a confessor; one to sympathise with all his triumphs, disappointments, hopes and fears; a congenial correspondent, who cared much for what interested his friend without expecting his friend to care much for what interested himself; an appreciative

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[2] *Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus.*
[3] Page 128, note.

critic, to whom he could repeat his good sayings and communicate his literary projects, and to whose judgment he could submit his finished works before they were given to the public; one, in short, to use the old words of Ennius, 'with whom he could frankly speak his mind on matters grave or trifling, with whom he could joke freely, to whom he could unburden himself of all he had to say, good or evil, and safely confide in if he needed at all to do so.'[4] The unreasonable complaints in which Cicero often indulges, the exacting demands which he makes on his friend's sympathy, give the strongest assurance of his unbounded trust in him: and the imperturbable temper and patience with which Atticus bears the varying humours of Cicero can only be explained, or even justified, by a genuine admiration, and the knowledge which he had of the real goodness of heart which lay beneath the superficial ebullitions of a too emotional temperament.

None of the letters to Cicero's other correspondents afford such a certain index of the state of mind and feeling under which they were written. Even with his brother he is not so much at his ease. He is either in the attitude of a Mentor towards him, or he seems afraid of offending him. But still the 'Epistolæ ad Familiares' add much to our knowledge of Cicero, as a public man, and as a man of the world and of society. They make us acquainted also with many interesting, and some estimable persons, who figured in the public, social, and literary life of the time. The impression produced by the letters of Cicero's correspondents is that of an active, cultivated, thoroughly civilised, and tolerant society. The doubt is borne in upon us, as we read them, whether, after all, it may not have been to the insoluble nature of the social and political problems bequeathed by former generations, and to the general confusion of the world, rather than to any deep-seated personal immorality and intellectual decay, or to 'the innumerable villanies of the aristocracy,' that the troubles of the time should be ascribed.

The speeches of Cicero afford important evidence, and were themselves important factors in the history of the times. But, before weighing the value of their evidence in any cases, we must take into account the whole conditions of public speaking, political and forensic, in ancient times. The judices in the law courts, the crowds who attended the public meetings, the mass of senators who listened to the debates and gave their votes in the Curia, were much more easily acted on through their feelings than similar bodies in the present day. If the orator produced immediate persuasion his object was gained. It was not thought in any way discreditable that his speech did not express his real convictions or his real impression of the facts. Students of those times, who can scarcely avoid forming a personal liking or dislike for the actors engaged in them, and feeling a strong sympathy with the cause

[4] Cui res audacter magnas parvasque iocumque
Eloqueretur, cuncta simul malaque et bona dictu
Evomeret, si qui vellet, tutoque locaret.

either of the old republic or the new monarchy, have to be on their guard against the temptation to accept Cicero as an unimpeachable witness when he is on their side, and to set him aside as rhetorical or calumnious when he tells against their views.

It is one of Mr. Froude's great merits that he not only, as every historian must, uses these materials as his best evidence, but that, so often as the subject admits of it, he tells his story directly as it is told in them. And it is no small triumph of his genius that the narrative of Cæsar does not seem to lose in clear and rapid movement, nor the letters and speeches of Cicero in life and passionate intensity, when they are reproduced in his nervous English.

The interest which all the period embraced in Mr. Froude's volume, and especially its final crisis, has for the modern world, is shown by the number and eminence of the writers who have treated of it recently—such as Drumann and Mommsen, in Germany; the late Emperor and M. Victor Duruy, in France; Dean Merivale and Mr. Long, in England. And while differing much from one another in other matters, these writers are substantially agreed on the verdict to be pronounced on the Senatorial government, and on the necessity and beneficence of the work accomplished by Cæsar. Mr. Froude does not come forward to reverse, but to add emphasis to this judgment. Nor does he profess to enter on any difficult investigations as to disputed questions of fact. With whatever other objects the work was undertaken, it was not intended to gratify the curiosity of scientific specialists. The work claims to be judged not so much as one of historical criticism, as of literary art and genius. And from this point of view it can hardly be too highly praised. For the great mass of readers Mr. Froude makes the general movement of the time of which he treats—the questions agitating, and the passions distracting parties, which passed away nearly two thousand years ago, but which have reappeared under many forms and in various countries, in modern times—the turbulent action of the forum and the senate-house—the great wars which secured the permanence of the Empire—the great and critical battles of the civil wars—the actual men who were born into these troubled times, who spoke in public and intrigued in private, who contended in the strife of politics and fought in battle against one another—come back to life with extraordinary vividness and realism. Whether his representation is altogether in accordance with the evidence we have, is another matter. There is no question as to the power of imagination with which it is conceived and executed. He has that command over the whole idea of his action, that skill in subordinating details to general effect, that penetrating intuition into his characters, that power of moving his readers by scenes of stirring action, shifting rapidly, but always clearly and consecutively, from the streets of Rome to distant encampments and battlefields, which constitute the art and genius of a great dramatist. There is no work of recent times in which so large a mass of materials is treated with such clearness, rapidity, and unity of movement, and such unflagging animation of style.

To readers to whom the subject is new this work will come with all the freshness and fascination of a powerful romance. To those familiar with other representations of the time, and with the original authorities on which they are based, it will bring a powerful stimulus, sometimes of sympathetic, sometimes of antagonistic feeling. Whether they agree with Mr. Froude or not, they feel that the actors in the drama are more real and living to them than before, that the issues involved in the contest have a more vital meaning for them. If they do not accept Mr. Froude's version of the 'Fall of the Roman Republic' as an altogether adequate historical view of facts and causes, they will continue to value it as they would a powerful speech arraigning the whole conduct of the Senatorial government, vindicating the popular leaders, and holding up to the admiration of the world the genius, character, and actions of Cæsar. As in the conception of his work, and his representation of character and action, Mr. Froude shows the art and genius of a great dramatist; so in his style, rapid and energetic, vivified with imagination, glowing with moral passion, or terse with concentrated sarcasm, he proves himself to be gifted with the oratorical powers of a great advocate.

The work is all so animated that it does not lend itself easily to quotation. There is no level narrative giving place to passages of studied ornament. The whole work seems written under one sustained impulse, and should be read with sustained attention. If one were to select a few out of many specimens of imaginative power, vivid narrative, or eloquent comment, one might point to the account [5] of the invasion of the Cimbri and Teutones, sweeping over Gaul and the north of Italy 'with the unguided movements of some wild force of nature,' till they are met and broken by Marius; to the reflections [6] on the proscription of Sulla; to the account [7] of the widespread organisation and far-reaching audacity of the pirates, 'flaunting their sails in front of Ostia itself, landing in their boats at the villas on the Italian coast, carrying off lords and ladies, and holding them to ransom;' to the dramatic scene in the Forum [8] when Cæsar reads his law and Bibulus withdraws to save the constitution by watching the heavens; to the description [9] of the hurry and alarm at Rome when the report reached it that Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon, and of the helpless dismay [10] of the defenders of Italy as 'steadily and swiftly in gathering volume the army of the north came on;' to that of the flight and death of Pompey, [11] 'flung as a waif on the shore of a foreign land;' or, again, to that of the last fierce fight at Munda, when 'the two armies fought hand to hand with their short swords, with set teeth and pressed lips, opened only with a sharp cry as an enemy fell dead.' [12] The rapidity and energy with which the whole narrative of Cæsar's wars is told, is in harmony with the rapidity and energy with which

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[5] P. 43. [6] P. 75. [7] Pp. 97-8. [8] P. 175.
[9] P. 353. [10] P. 355. [11] P. 398. [12] P. 433.

they were fought. The thrill of pain with which the armies must have heard of the destruction of Sabinus, and of enthusiasm with which they took part in the relief of Q. Cicero, or in the operations before Alesia, communicates itself to the narrative. It is for experts to decide how far these operations are described with accuracy, or how far Mr. Froude is right in adopting, as he seems to do in regard to disputed localities, the results of the careful investigations conducted under the auspices of the French Emperor, in preference to those at which Mr. Long has independently arrived. But the reader, who is quite ignorant of tactics, or engineering, or topography, derives from Mr. Froude's close adherence to his original a clearer conception of what war is like than he does from most military narratives.

Another great excellence of Mr. Froude as a dramatic historian is his power of hitting off a character with a few masterly strokes. Nothing can be finer (or indeed truer, if we supplement the picture, as Mr. Froude probably intends us to do, by the remembrance that the person described was at the same time one of the most ruthless and unscrupulous tyrants who ever lived) than the half-serious, half-ironical vindication of the character of Sulla[13]:—

> He was a person of singular character, and not without many qualities which were really admirable. He was free from any touch of charlatanry. He was true, simple, and unaffected, and even without ambition in the mean and personal sense. His fault, which he would have denied to be a fault, was that he had a patrician disdain of mobs and suffrages and the cant of popular liberty.

We have several sketches of Cato,[14] one as 'a virtuous fanatic, narrow, passionate, with a vein of vanity, regarding all ways as wrong but his own, and thinking all men who would not walk as he prescribed wicked as well as mistaken;' another and grimmer one, in these words: 'He was an aristocratic pedant, to whom the living forces of humanity seemed but irrational impulses, of which he, and such as he, were the appointed schoolmasters.'[15] Clodius has the honour of several portraits. In one place he is described as 'a second and abler Catiline.' When we think of his high birth, his beauty, his popularity, his power of speaking, his personal and political profligacy, we should rather think of him as a tenth-rate Alcibiades, without his capacity for war, or his imperial imagination and ambition, than as resembling the common type of the Italian conspirator. But no elaborate portrait enables us to realise the whole character, power, and fascination of the creature, so well as the single sentence[16] (in reference to Cicero's laughing at him and jesting with him in private), 'Cicero did not understand with how venomous a snake he was playing.' So, too, the opposite, but not more estimable character, and the ultimate fate of his enemy and slayer, Milo, imprint themselves in the memory by means of this terse sentence:[17] 'The

[13] P. 98. [14] P. 242. [15] P. 143. [16] P. 187. [17] P. 305.

consul expectant was found guilty and banished, to return a few years after like a hungry wolf in the civil war, and to perish as he deserved.' The stupid, obstinate, ineffectual conscientiousness of one type of conservatism[18] is embodied in the person of Bibulus: 'The fool of the aristocracy, the butt of Cicero, who had failed in everything which he had undertaken, and had been thanked by Cato for his ill successes;'[19] of whom we read, at last, 'Bibulus held on obstinately till he died of exposure to wet and cold, so ending his useless life.' The single glimpse we get of the successor who was destined to fulfil the work begun by Cæsar, tells us the true secret of the man, then scarcely more than a boy: 'Octavius, finding Antony hostile, or at least indifferent to his claims, played with the Senate with cool foresight till he felt the ground firm under his feet.' Those who are not prepared to abandon Cicero altogether to the tender mercies of Drumann, Mommsen, and Mr. Long, will not greatly quarrel with one sentence, in which Mr. Froude sums up his idea of his character:[20] 'So ended Cicero, a tragic combination of magnificent talents, high aspirations, and true desire to do right, with an infirmity of purpose and a latent insincerity of character which neutralised, and could almost make us forget, his nobler qualities.' But they will object that Mr. Froude himself has too often forgotten the qualifying 'almost' of that sentence. Only in one or two cases will the judgment of Mr. Froude be deemed too lenient. Some may think that he deals too gently with the savagery of Marius, and the merely personal aims of his political career. He entertains a kindlier feeling for Pompey than for others who were as able and estimable, and not more mistaken in the course they followed—such as Cicero and Lucullus. He says of him,[21] not unfairly, 'He was a weak, good man, whom accident had thrust into a place to which he was unequal; and ignorant of himself, and unwilling to part with his imaginary greatness, he was flung down with careless cruelty by the forces which were dividing the world.'[22] He was a 'good' man in the sense of being exempt from the personal vices common in that day. Cicero's words written to Atticus shortly after his death, when there could have been no possible motive for insincerity, afford perfectly convincing proof of this—'Non possum eius casum non dolere; hominem enim integrum et castum et gravem cognovi.' But perhaps a harsher word than 'weak' might be applied to all his later relations with Cæsar. Cicero, under the influence of the kind of pique which quickened his insight into character, had once before said of him, 'He has no true courtesy, straightforwardness, high political principle, honour, resolution, generosity of sentiment.'[23] Such pungent criticisms of his contemporaries are not uncommon in Cicero's confidences to Atticus. They have to be

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[18] P. 357. [19] P. 377. [20] P. 476. [21] P. 401. [22] *Ep. ad. At.* xi. 6.

[23] Nihil come, nihil simplex, nihil *ἐν τοῖς πολιτικοῖς* illustre, nihil honestum, nihil forte, nihil liberum.'—*Ep. ad Att.* i. 13.

qualified by different judgments which he expresses of the same persons when he is better satisfied with his relations to them. But they never are altogether unmeaning. They point to real weaknesses and faults of character. It is noticeable that the only one of his eminent contemporaries in regard to whom this searching criticism fails him is Cæsar. He calls him, indeed, 'amens' and 'perditus,' and uses other strong language about his policy. But he never lays his finger on any specific flaw. Cæsar's nature, perhaps because it was a perfectly 'open secret,' was a mystery to him:—'hoc τέρας horribili est vigilantia, celeritate, diligentia' are the words of unwilling admiration extorted from him. He was awed by him, attracted towards him by a fascination unfortunately more akin to hatred than admiration. But towards Pompey he had no such feeling. He judged him from intimate knowledge and from a position of intellectual superiority, and, though he liked him and was flattered by his intimacy, he never trusted him. And Pompey's conduct to Cæsar justifies the want of confidence felt by other men, such as Crassus and Lucullus. He wanted staunchness, openness, and generosity of nature, qualities which usually go together. Whatever verdict may be passed on Cæsar's quarrel with the Republic, in his personal quarrel with Pompey he was not to blame. As long as it was possible he was an open and generous friend to him, and ever afterwards an open and generous enemy.

It would be easy to occupy our whole space with specimens of the powerful interest and stimulus afforded by Mr. Froude's treatment of his subject. But every reader—and most of those who care for any reading at all, are likely to read this volume—can have no difficulty in finding this powerful attraction for themselves. It remains to ask how far does he satisfy other requirements besides those of literary pleasure. And to this question a more qualified answer must be given. It is no disparagement to one who has devoted so many years of his life, with so much industry and distinction, to other provinces of historical study, that he has not the exhaustive acquaintance with all that has been known or can be known (and, indeed, with a good deal more even than that) of Italian antiquity which Mommsen possesses—or the scrupulous exactness as to details and accuracy of scholarship of Mr. Long—or the intimate familiarity with all the ordinary conditions of Roman life which long study of their subject has given to Dean Merivale and M. Victor Duruy. The purpose of Mr. Froude is to write a biography of Julius Cæsar, not a critical history of the last phase of the Roman Republic; and it would be, perhaps, unreasonable to apply to what he calls 'a sketch' of an individual the standard of criticism applicable to a professed history of the times. A certain latitude is allowed to biographers, whose partiality for their heroes, and occasional injustice to those who serve as foils to them, the reader may be supposed to correct for himself by comparing the view of the biographer with that of the more judicial historian. It is necessary, however, to indicate

certain defects in truth of colouring, in accuracy of statement, in judgment of character, which seem to arise from an excessive tendency to realise the subject, from mere oversight, or from the bias which Mr. Froude feels, for or against, parties and individuals.

The first matter of objection, though superficial, is yet a stumbling block to many of Mr. Froude's readers. It arises from his tendency to modernise his subject. Thus, for instance, while the names 'Catiline' and 'Pompey' are perfectly appropriate in an English writer, such hybrids between ancient and modern nomenclature as Lucius Sergius Catiline, Gnæus Pompey, sound as incongruous as Publius Virgil Maro or Quintus Horace Flaccus would do; and that is enough to condemn them. Even the 'Tite Live,' which denotes the affectionate appropriation by France of the great Roman historian, is comparatively justified by the consistency of its modernism. The form 'Sylla,' again, has long since been disused by all English and German writers; and it jars with the associations stirred by the name L. Cornelius Sulla, to find the cognomen toned down by the substitution of the weak Greek *y* for the strong Roman *u*. In the haphazard way in which Mr. Froude sometimes uses proper names, he seems to forget the paramount importance of the *gentile* organisation in Roman and Italian life. Thus, when he writes: 'His father had been a client of the Metelli; and Cæcilius Metellus, who must have known Marius by reputation,'[24] &c., the obvious inference of a reader unfamiliar with Roman life would be that the person here spoken of is distinguished from the other members of the family of 'Metelli' by the name 'Cæcilius.' Suppose for the 'Metelli' we substitute 'Scipios,' the oddness of a sentence beginning, 'His father had been a client of the "Scipios," and Cornelius Scipio, who must have known,' &c., will be at once apparent. A similar confusion of view is apt to arise from his use, in a modern sense, of such words as 'patrician,' 'commoner,' 'noble lords,' &c. The word *patrician* has, of course, a very definite sense as applied to a Roman family. But to speak of members of the plebeian nobility as 'commoners' would be analogous to applying the word to all English peers whose creation dated from after the Revolution. Had Mr. Froude kept constantly before his mind all that was involved in the distinction between 'patrician' and 'plebeian,' 'noble' and 'commoner,' as understood by the Romans in the time of Cæsar, he would not, on the one hand, have spoken of the transference of Clodius into a plebeian house as a 'descent among the *canaille*,' nor would he have noticed the fact that Cæsar—a member of a pure *patrician* house—had never 'aspired to the tribunate' as a proof 'that he had not thrown himself into politics with any absorbing passion.'[25] When we read, 'Metellus went on, speaking from memory: Cato's friends shut his mouth by force. The patricians

[24] P. 382.

[25] Had he been eligible for the tribunate he would not have been eligible for the more dignified office of Pontifex Maximus.

present drew their swords,'[26] &c., we ask who are meant by the 'patricians'? If such men as Cato, and other representatives of the plebeian nobility are intended, why then is Lucullus spoken of as a commoner? Again, we read, 'Two patricians, Lentulus and C. Marcellus, were declared chosen.'[27] It would be quite right to have written, 'two aristocrats,' or 'two representatives of the highest nobility;' but, as a matter of fact, the Marcelli were the one branch of the Claudian house who were of plebeian extraction. Was not the old law still in force which required that one of the consuls must be a plebeian? It is noticeable that members of some of the old patrician houses, such as the Claudii, Cornelii, or Julii, were more often popular in their sympathies than those of the great plebeian families. This lax use both of names and of words, denoting various degrees of social and political distinction, is really rather a serious fault, as it affects our sense of the relation between the particular period traversed by Mr. Froude and whole of Roman history.

A similar disturbance of our associations is caused by Mr. Froude's almost invariable use of the modern geographical names of towns and countries. This is quite legitimate in regard to the great permanent features of the earth, such as large rivers and mountain-chains. It would be the silliest pedantry to write of the Rhodanus or Mons Vogesus, instead of the Rhone and the Vosges. But when whole districts have changed their names owing to great changes in their inhabitants, it jars upon the reader to find words which did not come into use for many centuries afterwards used of the countries and peoples which had famous names of their own before the time of the Germanic migrations. The merest modern reader can very easily be made to understand what Cisalpine or Transpadane Gaul was. The very use of the name ought to stamp on his mind the condition of the north of Italy during a long period of its history. The substitution of the word Lombardy for it is a shock to our sense of historic continuity. Mr. Froude's readers experience moreover a serious inconvenience, in following the campaigns of Cæsar, from the fact that in his narrative places are spoken of by their modern names—sometimes perhaps arbitrarily—and in his map they are marked by their ancient names. The course most convenient for the purposes both of clearness and consistency, is probably that adopted by many historians—to give the ancient name, and to add the modern name in parenthesis. If Mr. Froude would consistently carry out his modern nomenclature, much might be said in its favour. But surely such a mosaic as that contained in the following sentence (which several critics have noticed) must make him hesitate as to the propriety of this excessive modernism; 'Ariovistus, a Bavarian prince, who spoke Gaelic like a native, and had probably long meditated conquest, came over into Franche Comté at the invitation of the Sequani, bringing his people with him.'[28]

[26] P. 149. [27] P. 330. [28] P. 200.

There is a considerable number of unimportant oversights scattered over Mr. Froude's pages which do not affect the general truth of his views, but which ought to be corrected in a future edition.[29]

But besides these there are others which appear to us to call for correction or modification, in justice to men who, though the inferiors of Cæsar in moral and intellectual greatness, may still inspire affection and admiration. Thus we read of Tiberius Gracchus: 'Ten years later he went to Spain as Quæstor, where he carried on his father's popularity, and by taking the people's side in some questions fell into disagreement with his brother-in-law' (Scipio Æmilianus). 'His political views had perhaps already begun to change. He was still at an age when indignation at oppression calls out a practical desire to resist it. On his journey home from Spain he witnessed scenes which confirmed his conviction and determined him to throw all his energies into the popular cause.'[30] Anyone who compares this statement with the account given by Plutarch on which it is founded, will see with how great haste Mr. Froude has, in this instance, read, or forgotten, his authorities. First, 'the scenes he witnessed' were on his original journey to Spain, not on his return home. Secondly, the disagreement with Scipio Æmilianus did not occur in Spain, whither Scipio did not go till the year 134 B.C., but in Rome. Thirdly, their disagreement had nothing to do with 'the people's side,' but arose out of the capitulation of Mancinus (B.C. 137), which had been managed through Tib. Gracchus, and which both Senate and people were united in repudiating. Mr. Froude's version of the transaction really does injustice to Gracchus as well as to Scipio. The honour of the former appears more con-

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[29] Thus, for instance, at page 79, we should read 'Prætor *and* Quæstor,' not 'Prætor or Quæstor.' Again (page 109), Cicero had shown his respect for Marius long before the date mentioned by Mr. Froude, by writing a short epic upon him in his youth. At page 110 we read that 'the law courts were composed of two-thirds of knights,' &c.; it should be, one-third of senators, one-third of knights, one of 'tribuni ærarii,' men of consideration among the commons. At page 139, Mr. Froude translates 'Nonnulli equites Romani' (Sall. *Cat.* 49), 'some of the young lords.' At page 140 Tiberius Nero, who took part in the Catilinarian debate, is called 'great-grandfather of Nero the emperor.' He was surely father of the Tiberius Nero, who was the first husband of Livia, and thus great-grandfather not of Nero but of Germanicus, who again was grandfather (by the mother's side) of Nero. At page 167 Mr. Froude has forgotten that by the Lex Sempronia it was necessary to determine the provinces of the Consuls before, and not immediately on, their election. At page 168 and in several other places Mr. Froude renders 'libertini' 'the *sons* of freedmen.' There is doubtful authority for the statement that the word had that meaning in early times; but certainly it could not have had it in the time of Cæsar. At page 249 the 'Three Sisters,' whether Fates or Furies, is surely a pointless rendering of 'tres sorores.' If the phrase refers to the three Lady Clodias, it is not pointless, and the interpretation is, unfortunately, not to be rejected as unworthy of Cicero. At page 351, Antony, Cassius Longinus, and Curio are spoken of as tribunes at the same time. The tribunate of Curio ended when that of Cassius and Antony began. Again, at 354, we find mention of 'an incapable person named Sestius.' The phrase of Cicero clearly points to the well-known Sestius, whom he defended in the speech 'pro Sestio,' from which Mr. Froude largely quotes.

[30] P. 20.

spicuously in the fact that he stood almost alone in Rome in demanding that faith should be kept with the Numantines, than by the gratuitous supposition of his having taken the people's side in Spain in opposition to Scipio—one of the purest, justest, most liberal, and able among the soldiers and patriots whom Rome, even in her best days, had produced. With his character and services to the State Mr. Froude expresses no sympathy. He makes one slighting allusion to his death—a murder as sad and hateful (whoever were its perpetrators) as that in which the long record of crime and violence culminates—in these words:—'Scipio Africanus, when he heard in Spain of the end of his brother-in-law, exclaimed, "May all who act as he did perish like him.' There were to be victims enough and to spare before the bloody drama was played out.'[31] Mr. Froude says in another place: 'The aristocracy had made the first inroad on the constitution.'[32] That is of course the statement of an inference, not of a fact. It is quite open to those who read the history of these proceedings in Plutarch and Appian, while paying the sincerest tribute of admiration to the high and pure intentions, the courage, and patriotism of Tib. Gracchus, to arrive at a quite different conclusion.[33] They may even venture to think that it was the premature violence of the tribune which made it impossible for Scipio and his friends to carry measures of wise and just reform.

The injustice done to Scipio, whose fate is one of the most striking in the series of events with which the revolutionary crisis begins, is rather that of omission than of commission. Towards another of the ablest and most accomplished of the aristocracy, Mr. Froude's feeling is more unmistakeably declared. What is the evidence on which he writes of Lucullus, 'He lived on the plunder of friend and foe: and the defeat of Mithridates was never more than a second object to him'—and much more to the same effect?[34] Again we read, 'Lucullus had sacrificed his country to his avarice.'[35] And again, laws 'which no future Verres or Lucullus could dare to defy.'[36] And, 'Lucullus could have done it as easily as his successor if he could have turned his back upon temptations to increase his own fortune or gratify his own passions.'[37] Mr. Froude assumes that in the two passages which he quotes from the 'Pro Lege Manilia,' Cicero, 'was transparently alluding to Lucullus.' If so, they are not in keeping with the respect which Cicero expresses for Lucullus in the earlier part of this speech, and with what he says of him elsewhere—as, for instance, in the 'Pro Murena' (a passage which Mr. Froude himself notices as indicative of Cicero's change of attitude in politics), and in one of his latest and gravest works, the 'De

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[31] P. 24. [32] P. 46.

[33] The words of Mommsen: 'As it had been a great moment when the first breach in the existing constitution was made by disregarding the veto of Octavius' (vol. iv. 110, English translation), express an opinion directly contrary to that of Mr. Froude.

[34] P. 104. [35] P. 114. [36] P. 127. [37] P. 160.

Officiis,' where he asks, 'Who has imitated the virtue of that great man Lucullus? yet how many have imitated the magnificence of his villas!'[38] But it is obvious that in both passages he is contrasting the character of Pompey with that of the character of many Roman generals. And the very charges made in those passages, and especially in the continuation of the second, 'Utrum plures arbitramini per hosce annos militum vestrorum armis hostium urbes, *an hibernis, sociorum civitates* esse deletas?' may be shown, on the evidence of Plutarch—if any weight is to be attached to that—to be peculiarly inapplicable to Lucullus. The account given by him of the whole conduct of Lucullus at the head of his army and in the government of his province might at least have been weighed by Mr. Froude against the assumed testimony of Cicero. But even admitting, for one moment, that the charges and insinuations of Cicero may have been directed chiefly against Lucullus, under what circumstances were they made? The speech 'Pro Lege Manilia' was a partisan speech delivered before the people in support of Pompey. Lucullus had been superseded. He had failed in obtaining final success; he had become unpopular with the army from the strictness of his discipline, among other things, by keeping them under tents instead of *quartering them during the winter in the provincial cities*; he had excited the hatred of the *publicani* by restraining and punishing their rapacity; he was not supported by the Senate from the jealousy that body always felt of a protracted command. Rome was at this time full of rumours, circulated by disappointed officers and exasperated tax-gatherers; and if Cicero wished to disparage Lucullus, he would not have cared to question their veracity. To take a somewhat parallel case, who now-a-days would form a final judgment on Moore or Wellington from the evidence afforded by a party speech delivered, or a party review written, at the time of the retreat to Corunna, or after the battle of Talavera? If Lucullus was a Verres, how was it that while he had many enemies no one ventured to prosecute him? Mr. Froude may point to the fortune which he amassed, as a proof of his rapacity. But did Cæsar not profit by the plunder gained in his Spanish and Gallic wars? How else did he pay off his enormous debts, and from what other source was his own subsequent wealth and that of his friends—'Labieni divitiæ et Mamuriæ et Balbi horti et Tusculanum'—derived? Mr. Froude properly resents the theory that Cæsar conquered Gaul and invaded Britain merely to create an army with which to overthrow the constitution. Would he not still more properly resent the charge that he attacked fresh tribes merely to add to his own share of the booty?

Other historians with the same evidence before them have formed an opinion the very opposite to that of Mr. Froude, on

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[38] Studiose enim plerique, præsertim in hanc partem, facta principum imitantur; ut L. Luculli, summi viri—virtutem, quis? At quam multi villarum magnificentiam imitati sunt!—*Off.* i. 39.

the character and conduct of the great Proconsul. Dean Merivale is no partisan of the Roman aristocracy; from his feeling towards Cicero he would naturally be inclined to attach more weight to his evidence, if he believed that it really told against Lucullus, than Mr. Froude is generally inclined to attach to it. Compare his version of the same facts with that of Mr. Froude. Writing of the state of things existing before Lucullus assumed command, he says: 'All discipline was lost, and soldiers and officers vied with one another in harassing the unfortunate natives.' (May it not be to the state of things prior to the advent of Lucullus that Cicero really refers, as so notorious?) He goes on: 'Lucullus undertook the task of chastising these excesses, and restoring the modest obedience of the Roman legionary. Nor did he show himself less severe in placing restrictions upon the cupidity of the civil officials; for *the first time perhaps in the history of Roman administration were the rights of the subject duly regarded, and honour paid to the principles of justice.*' Again, 'While in military prowess Lucullus may fairly rank among the best of the Roman imperators, in equity and humanity he stands conspicuous above almost all. His natural kindness of disposition was not hardened by the stern necessities of warfare'—'*he gained the deep affection of the provincials*, but he forfeited the support of his own countrymen; and intrigues were speedily set on foot for ejecting him from his command.' 'The complaints of the legionaries, who were weary of the length of their service, and of the hardships they had suffered, as well as those of the officers, whose licentiousness and rapacity were rebuked by his noble example, and who ascribed to pride the disgust with which their behaviour inspired him, had already made themselves heard at Rome, and swelled the outcry of dissatisfaction which his civil administration had awakened,' &c. 'The intrigues against Lucullus were in the interest of Pompeius.'[29] Mr. Froude may be right, and Dean Merivale may be wrong, in his reading of the evidence; but some better reason than a very doubtful interpretation of a passage in a partisan speech of Cicero should have been given for branding the name of Lucullus with the infamy attaching to that of Verres, in contradiction to the judgment expressed by so sound a scholar and so well-informed and careful an historian. If it was by 'a languid talent,' as Mr. Froude says, that Lucullus had endeared himself to Sulla, it is difficult to say what energy in war and administration may be. M. Duruy and Mommsen give the same account of the causes of Lucullus' recall, speak in the highest terms of his capacity, and do not, by a single word, give countenance to the strong charges of Mr. Froude. Mommsen, certainly no favourable judge of the aristocracy, writes: 'Hardly any other Roman general accomplished so much with so trifling means as Lucullus.' This testimony speaks of something more than 'a languid talent,' of some-

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[29] Merivale's *Fall of the Roman Republic*, pp. 201–4.

thing better than a mere desire 'to increase his own fortune or gratify his own passions.'[40]

What again is the evidence on which Mr. Froude charges Atticus with 'being deeply engaged in slave dealing'?[41] 'The great Pomponius Atticus himself was a dealer in human chattels.'[42] 'And he warned his friend Atticus, who dealt extensively in such commodities, that the slaves from Britain would not be found of superior quality.'[43] Cicero does not say, in that passage, that these slaves would 'not be found of superior quality;' he says that he need not expect to find any accomplished in literature and art' (*musicis*). It is evidently a joke, and is explained by a passage in the life of Atticus, by Cornelius Nepos, which does not seem to confirm this charge of slave-dealing. He says that 'in his household there were the most highly educated lads, admirable readers, and very many copyists of manuscripts; there being not even a page who did not possess both of these accomplishments; and all the other skilled workers, belonging to a cultivated household, were especially good. And *every one of these had been born and bred in his own house*—a proof not only of self-restraint, but of the great pains he took with them—for it implies self-restraint not to covet what you see coveted by most, and it implies no slight industry to procure good slaves by the pains you bestow on them rather than by purchase.' (Corn. Nep. *Att.* 13.) It would require strong positive counter-evidence to shake this testimony of a contemporary and intimate friend. Nepos mentions also that Atticus never took part in the purchase of confiscated estates (the means by which Crassus laid the foundation of his colossal fortune), which seems to imply that he was scrupulous as to the means by which money was to be made.

The slaves of Atticus seem, indeed, to have been much employed in the copying of manuscripts, in what would now be called 'the publishing trade'—not a very cruel or degrading business—and this, probably, was a legitimate source of profit to him. When we think of the many conditions of men in these troubled times, and call to mind the kindly and humane terms in which Cicero writes to Atticus about their slaves and freedmen, it would seem, among the chances in the lottery of life, 'non ultima sors,' to have been born and educated, to have lived and worked, in the household of Atticus. In one place, indeed, Cicero congratulates his friend on having bought a first-rate school of gladiators.[44] This evidence must be weighed on the other side. But it seems hardly enough to bear out

[40] Mommsen ranks the administration of Lucullus as on a par with that of Pompey, which Mr. Froude regards as exceptionally pure. He says: 'Looking to the times, this does not prevent us from characterising the administration of both as comparatively commendable, and conducted primarily in the interest of Rome, secondarily in that of the provincials.'—Vol. iv., p. 150.

[41] P. 128. [42] P. 488. [43] P. 272. [44] *Ep. ad Att.* iv. 4. b.

the charge—so derogatory to the position and character of Atticus as a Roman gentleman—of being deeply engaged in slave-dealing.[45]

It would take many pages to discuss our differences with Mr. Froude in regard to his treatment of Cicero. He does not, indeed, like Mommsen, assail him with persistent contumely and in the tone of an intellectual superior. He is never forgetful of a certain kind of sympathy due to his genius. But if it is possible to take two views of his conduct, he certainly adopts the less lenient. He forgets, in reference to him, his censure of those who judged Marius harshly; 'who, while they have no better information than others as to the actions of men, possess, or claim to possess, the most intimate acquaintance with their motives'[46] What ground, for instance, is there for this insinuation? 'He appealed to Cicero's conscience, and Cicero was obliged to say—'[47] What reason is there for supposing that Cicero had any hesitation in saying it? 'A seat in the Senate had been the supreme object of his ambition.'[48] Surely that was a very modest ambition for a man conscious of Cicero's powers. 'If the bill was impracticable in its existing form, it might have been amended.' 'He attacked Rullus with brutal sarcasm. He insulted his appearance; he ridiculed his dress, his hair, and his beard; he mocked at his bad enunciation and bad grammar'[49] All this is said of the speech in which Cicero opposes the agrarian law of Rullus. Cicero says that when he heard that the tribunes were preparing a bill, he asked to know what it was, and offered to co-operate with them if he found it a good one. They (probably very wisely) would have nothing to do with him. Cicero might have proposed a counter-law, but he could not propose an amendment, as if the bill had been passing through Committee of the House of Commons. Probably Cicero distrusted the wisdom of moving any agrarian law at that time. Probably in this distrust he was mistaken, just as Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell were for a long time mistaken in their opposition to the repeal of the Corn Laws. But there is no reason to doubt that in both cases the opposition was sincere. The raillery in which Rullus is ridiculed is perhaps not in good taste; but if it had been used by a Protectionist candidate against a member of 'the League' in the year 1841, it would scarcely have been called 'brutal sarcasm' by a party newspaper commenting on the speech next morning. Personalities were the recognised weapons of ancient debate: and it must be admitted that there are passages in other speeches of Cicero, in comparison with which the language applied to Rullus appears perfectly polite. The passage referred to by Mr.

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[45] The feelings with which the ancients regarded slave-dealing, 'mangonici quæstus,' may be gathered from Plautus—

> Nunc hic occepit quæstum hunc fili gratia
> Inhonestum, maxume alienum ingenio suo.—*Captivi*, 98-9.

[46] P. 55. [47] P. 150. [48] P. 115. [49] Pp. 128-9.

Froude may be thus literally rendered: 'Already when tribune-elect he practised the assumption of a different look, a different tone of voice, a different style of walk; he wore a shabbier dress; his personal apearance became rough and unkempt; he let his hair and beard grow longer, with the view of imposing on all of us, and threatening the Republic with the terrors of the tribunate.' He then goes on in reference to the first speech he delivered before a public meeting. 'It was a long speech, written in excellent language. There was only one fault in it, that there was nobody in all that great crowd who understood what he said. I don't know whether this was a subtle device of his, or whether it was because he is partial to that particular style of eloquence.'

In reference to Cæsar's denial of the future life, Mr. Froude writes: 'Probably almost everyone in the Senate thought like Cæsar on this subject. *Cicero certainly did.*' The first sentence seems a gratuitous assumption. Mr. Froude in a note adds: 'The real opinion of educated Romans on this subject was expressed in the well-known lines of Lucretius.' If Lucretius was merely expressing the common belief of educated men, the terrible earnestness of his protest, the whole motive of his poem, become unmeaning. But where does Mr. Froude find that Cicero agreed with Cæsar on this subject? It certainly is not in the first book of the Tusculan Questions, or in the 'Somnium Scipionis.' Cicero had, indeed, no certainty on the subject; but he expresses the same sanguine hope of immortality which Socrates and Plato felt. And that this was not a mere speculative view, but was a practical consolation to him in his latter days, appears from these words in a letter to Atticus: 'Id spero vivis nobis fore—*quanquam tempus est nos de illa perpetua iam, non de hac exigua vita cogitare.*'[50] Could a Christian express himself more trustfully and humbly on the subject? In another passage Mr. Froude writes of Cæsar: 'He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, *as Cicero did*, a Providence in which he did not believe.'[51] The obvious meaning of these words is, that Cicero complimented a Providence in which he did not believe. What warrant has Mr. Froude for this innuendo? When Mr. Froude[52] speaks of Cicero's 'total want of political principle,' one may utterly disagree with him, and at the same time admit that that is an inference which may have been fairly formed from his view of the whole of Cicero's political conduct. More than a mere statement of the insincerity of Cicero's belief in Providence is required before we admit the fairness of the process by which that opinion has been arrived at.

Mr. Froude attributes Clodius' enmity to Cicero 'to his sarcasms, his airs of patronage, and perhaps his intimacy with his sister.'[53] Would Mr. Froude have admitted the evidence on which this last suggestion is made as for one moment to be listened to in an

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[50] X. viii. 8. [51] P. 493. [52] P. 185. [53] P. 186.

indictment against the moral character of Cæsar? But perhaps one aspersion more or less on the character of Cicero does not matter. But surely, as Professor Tyrrell points out,[54] this remark does a grave injury to the reputation of Clodius as a man of the world. Is it conceivable that the brother of Lesbia should have resented the addition of one more to her 'three hundred' lovers?[55]

Again, it might be shown that the motives which Mr. Froude attributes to Cicero for accepting his provincial government are mistaken.[56] The office was forced on him against his will by the recent law of Pompey 'de Iure Magistratuum.' His letters to his friends in Rome are urgent in entreating them to see that his office should not be prolonged beyond the year. One need not be an uncompromising partisan of Cicero to find causes of dissent from many more passages in which Mr. Froude speaks of him. Cicero's failure and mistaken views as a practical politician, his sacrifice of honour at one period of his political career, the utter unworthiness of his feeling towards Cæsar, who on every occasion treated him with the most magnanimous and friendly consideration—all this, and much more, must be frankly admitted by those who still resent his unsparing condemnation by recent German and English historians. Cicero is the last of all men who can be 'chalked in a rough black or white.' The charitable comment of Mr. Munro on words of Cicero affording perhaps more damning evidence against him than any quoted by Mr. Froude, express the well-considered judgment of a scholar as intimately acquainted with the whole literature of this period as any man can well be with any literature, and of one who can appreciate what is great and good in Cicero as well as understand what is weak and bad. 'For these awful words neither Cæsar nor Cicero is to blame, but the fortune of Rome; they must express the feeling of the "boni" generally, who could not see that old things had passed away.'[57]

Wherever Mr. Froude is dealing with Cæsar—that is, through three-fourths of the volume—he is at his best; and we read his narrative with sympathy and assent almost as unqualified as our pleasure and admiration. The supreme merit of the book is that it enables every class of readers to realise with a distinctness and vividness which no previous writer has given to them, the true figure and proportions

> Of the noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of times.

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[54] Preface to the *Correspondence of Cicero.*

[55] Cum suis vivat valeatque mœchis.
Quos simul complexa tenet trecentos.
Catul. xi. 16, 17.
No one any longer doubts that the Lesbia of Catullus is the βοῶπις of Cicero's letters, the 'Clodia' of the speech 'pro Cælio.'

[56] P. 336.

[57] *Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus.*

Yet a very few words of criticism may be allowed in regard to one or two points in his view of Cæsar's character.

Mr. Froude dismisses with the generous scorn which is the only attention they merit, the 'perpetua stigmata,' which Suetonius, writing for the amusement of a literary society in uneventful times, believed to be affixed to the name of Cæsar by the vile calumnies of Memmius and the petulant banter of Catullus.[58] He regards also the record by the same writer of his numerous *liaisons* as irrelevant to any judgment to be formed of his character. There is no kind of subject on which lies are so freely told, are so difficult to expose, and are so eagerly believed. But even if all these stories were true, they cannot shock modern sentiment to such a degree as the friendly arrangement made between Cato and Hortensius: and it is absurd to judge a great man living in such an age by a standard of morals which it would be unworthy to apply to the biographies of eminent soldiers, statesmen, or diplomatists in modern times. Cæsar, at any rate, never sacrificed any of the higher duties of life to pleasure. The sketch drawn by the picturesque fancy of M. Duruy—a sketch which so naturally fascinates the French imagination—of 'cet élégant débauché avec ce corps usé par les excès et les travaux,' is quite incompatible with the almost incredible energy, of body as well as of mind, which he displayed during the last fourteen or fifteen years of his life. There is no record of any callousness of feeling, any false dealing, any alienation from friends, arising out of any of these relations. But one argument, which Mr. Froude urges in vindication of Cæsar's character, is of doubtful value—that based on a supposed 'law for the punishment of adultery' enacted by Cæsar in his consulship. Is not Mr. Froude here attributing to Julius Cæsar the 'Lex Iulia de Adulteriis,' passed long afterwards by Augustus? Cæsar had more pressing business to attend to during the brief tenure of his office. The matter, too, was one which fell within the sphere of the 'Præfectus morum' rather than of the Consul.

Mr. Froude confidently states that Cæsar was never mixed up in any conspiracies during his earlier career. Mommsen thinks as confidently that he was. From the very nature of conspiracies it is impossible to prove that either is right. Cæsar shows extraordinary audacity both in war and politics, but he was never reckless or irrational, and the whole Catilinarian conspiracy seems to have been as reckless and blundering as it well could be. Though Cæsar was not a man to 'wear his heart on his sleeve,' yet all that is really known of him leaves the impression of singular openness and straightforward dealing. In judging of a character, so exceptionally raised above the ordinary average of men, it is best to be satisfied with what is known, to trust as little as possible to remote inferences as to his conduct and

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[58] Conf. Munro on the 29th Poem of Catullus. By his discussion on that poem, where he shows in what sense the lampoons of Catullus must have been understood by his contemporaries, Mr. Munro does much to redeem the reputation of the poet from the worst stain left on it.

motives. Mr. Froude says nothing about the affair of Vettius which occurred during the latter part of his consulship. It is incredible that Cæsar could have had anything to do with suborning a false witness. It is not so incredible that his agent Vatinius may have had to do with it. Cæsar, as Consul, must have been cognisant of the murder of Vettius in prison. Is there any reason to doubt that Vettius was a Roman citizen? Had he any formal trial? Had he not, as well as Lentulus and Cethegus, a neck which had some temporary value for him? Probably none of them were 'any the worse of being hanged;' but why is the irregularity of the one Consul denounced as so enormous, and that of the other passed over in silence? It was probably well for Cæsar in many ways to have got away for ten years from the ignoble passions and intrigues of the city to the purer air of the camp and the campaign.

Mr. Froude claims for Cæsar (as compared with other Roman soldiers) pre-eminent humanity in the conduct of foreign wars and in the use of victory. We do not know enough of the details of the wars of Lucullus or Pompey to enable us to institute a comparison. But certainly if any man ever did, Cæsar carried out unhesitatingly the Roman maxim,

Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

The rapid and complete subjugation of Gaul seems to be explained by the fact mentioned by Cæsar, that in every household, district, and tribe there were two factions. The national faction may have been nearly exterminated, that favourable to Rome easily converted into peaceful subjects. It was well for ancient Gaul in the long run, and for modern France, that the subjugation was so complete. But a good deal of suffering must have been involved in the process. Mr. Long, who writes in a spirit favourable to Cæsar, and is not given to exaggeration, writes of this process—'Thousands were slaughtered in battle, massacred after surrender, mutilated or sold into slavery. Cities were destroyed, villages, houses, and farm-buildings burnt, heavy requisitions were laid upon the people, cultivated lands laid waste, and those who escaped the sword would die of cold and hunger in the severe winters.'[59]

The great massacre of the Usipetes and Tencteri, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Mosa (whether that is the Meuse, as Mr. Froude thinks, or the Moselle, for which Mr. Long contends), may be referred to as an act not easy to reconcile with any exceptional humanity towards the foreign enemies of Rome. The Germans, to the number of 430,000 men, women and children, had taken up their position near this confluence. Cæsar required them to recross the Rhine, offering to procure them a settlement among the Ubii. They asked for three days' truce to consider it. He granted them a day, suspecting treachery. During the day's truce Cæsar's advanced

[59] *Decline of the Roman Republic*, vol. iv. p. 396, note.

guard was attacked by 800 of the German horse and put to flight, with the loss of seventy-four of his cavalry.[60] In the morning the German chiefs appeared to apologise and ask for a truce. Cæsar refused, 'flung himself on the unfortunate people, when they were entirely unprepared for the attack.' 'Multitudes were slaughtered, multitudes threw themselves into the water and were drowned.' Cæsar concludes his account of the affair in these plain, unboasting, unpitying, unapologetic words: 'Nostri ad unum omnes incolumes, perpaucis vulneratis, ex tanti belli timore, cum hostium numerus capitum CCCCXXX millium fuisset, se in castra receperunt.'[61] The extermination of so vast a multitude, without the loss of a man on his own side, is indeed a remarkable instance of the survival of the fittest in the affairs of this world. Probably Cæsar was justified in suspecting treachery; perhaps, with a view to 'the defence of Italy,' and the permanent peace of the world, it was 'permissible and even necessary' to kill as many Germans as possible when he had such a chance. Still there is no act recorded of him which makes the parallel suggested in the last paragraph of Mr. Froude's volume appear so inappropriate.

Mr. Froude has a striking passage at page 334 on Cæsar's ambition. The view expressed in that paragraph, beginning 'Cæsar has been credited with far-reaching designs,' appears substantially true. It is impossible to prove, what most historians assume, that every important act in his career was a move in the daring game which he had resolved to play from his youth upwards; that his earlier support of Pompey was a mere stage in the deliberate process of supplanting him; that the conquest of Gaul was undertaken merely as the means of creating that army, 'which could do anything and go anywhere,' by the aid of which he made himself master of the Republic. It is more consistent with the transparent action of all the time in which he is best known to us to believe with Mr. Froude, that he was born with the genius capable of giving order to the world and restoring unity to the national counsels, and that he was irresistibly impelled to obey his genius; that he saw in the Senatorial government the determined enemy of order; that he tried to defeat that government, first by constitutional means, and the co-operation of the men of most capacity and influence in the State; that he was loyal to them, and even faithful to the constitution, so long as faith

[60] Mr. Froude makes a curious mistake in his rendering of Cæsar's words. He writes, 'A large body of them flung themselves on the Roman advanced guard' (there were 5,000 of Cæsar's cavalry, 800 of the Germans), 'and drove it in with considerable loss; *seventy-four Roman knights fell*, and two Aquitanian noblemen, &c.' Cæsar's words are, 'In eo prœlio *ex equitibus nostris* interficiuntur quatuor et septuaginta, *in his* vir fortissimus Piso Aquitanus,' &c. All that Cæsar says is that seventy-four of his cavalry (Gaulish auxiliaries) fell.' The difference in the gravity of the event between Cæsar's account and Mr. Froude's may be measured by the difference, in one of our own Eastern wars, of an action in which seventy-four irregular Sikh cavalry, including two native chiefs, and one in which seventy-four English gentlemen might have fallen.

[61] *De Bell. Gall.* iv. 13.

was kept with him; that even the conquest of Gaul was not prompted by the necessity of creating an army, or the mere lust of glory and conquest, but by the same irresistible impulse to introduce order and completeness into the Empire. As he grew greater in character and power, his enemies and rival showed themselves to be more impotent and violent. The work of restoring order to the whole world had to be done, not by the peaceful ascendency of the greatest capacity for affairs, but by 'blood and iron;' and he did not shrink from entering upon that work and carrying it out to the end. Yet, while agreeing with Mr. Froude's general view of the motives determining Cæsar's policy, one cannot accept such a sentence as this as affording an explanation of the way in which he obtained his command in Gaul: 'He asked for nothing, but he was known to desire an opportunity of distinguished service.' Cæsar, in the vindication of his conduct which he sent from Ariminum, asserts with apparent truth and dignity that, 'the honour of the Republic had always been his paramount consideration, and one more dear to him than life;'[62] yet in his address to his soldiers at the same time, the wrongs done to himself are as prominently urged as the outrage done to the constitution by the proceedings in the Senate. He does not profess ἀνδραγαθίζεσθαι from the pure disinterested motives which Mr. Froude sometimes, from a too modern point of view, attributes to him.

Mr. Froude says, in reference to the murderers of Cæsar: 'Those in the provinces, as if with the curse of Cain upon their heads, came one by one to miserable ends.' But, indeed, there was no need of the intervention of any supernatural nemesis to bring about their death. When the fortune of war declared against them, there was no place of escape for them in the whole world; as there would have been none for Antony, Lepidus, and Octavianus had it declared otherwise. But it is strange to think of the many changes in the world's verdict on their act since it was perpetrated. The well-known words of Tacitus, in describing the funeral of Junia, the widow of Cassius, 'Præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur,' indicate an admiration of the two last Republicans as deep as the detestation indicated by the position which Dante assigns to them beside Judas Iscariot in the lowest circle of Cocytus. And that detestation again is in marked contrast with the humane and tolerant judgment on all the actors in the drama implied in the representation of Shakespeare. Almost equally marked is the difference of sentiment entertained towards them during last century and at the present time, and the difference in tone between historians like Niebuhr and Dr. Arnold and those of the present generation. It is impossible to justify the deed from any modern point of view or from any true view of what was best for the ancient world. The government of the 'boni' has been judged and condemned. But before passing too severe a

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[62] 'Sibi semper Reipublicae primam fuisse dignitatem, vitaque priorem.'—*De Bell. Civ.* i. 9.

condemnation upon all the conspirators, it is well to remember what the extinction of ancient liberty involved, and the sense of almost servile degradation which must have been felt by the inheritors of the traditions of the proudest governing class which the world has ever had, when they recognised that a permanent master had been placed over them. But about one of their number—the one who, in the events which followed, alone showed soldierly capacity and resolution —there need be no hesitation in pronouncing a verdict. Decimus Brutus could not have shared in the illusions of the 'optimates.' He had been trained as a soldier under Cæsar, he had gained high distinction under him in Gaul, he had held important commands under him during the Civil War, he had travelled with him and the young Octavius, to whom he was appointed guardian by Cæsar's will in the last journey to Spain before the battle of Munda, he had lived in intimacy with Cæsar and been trusted by him as a familiar friend till the last morning of his life; and he abused the trust reposed in him by delivering him, with callous and calculated treachery, into the hands of his enemies. Whether judged by the first elementary notions of honour recognised among savages, or by the conscience of the most enlightened nations, his baseness is not to be forgiven.

In parting with Mr. Froude, it remains to say that a somewhat different estimate of the value of his work must be formed according to the point of view from which it is regarded. No work which has appeared in recent years is more capable of affording a high literary pleasure and stimulus to so wide a circle of readers: very few have been written with such facile power, with such vivid realisation of the actors and actions of a bygone time. If it appears to one who has undertaken to examine the work closely and pass an opinion upon it, that this facility has sometimes betrayed the author into errors and oversights, and that, in realising the past, the force of his imagination has sometimes outrun the verifying processes of his intellect, it is incumbent on him to say so and to give the grounds on which the opinion has been formed. It is hoped that this has been done without any forgetfulness of the respect due to the high place in English literature which Mr. Froude has won so well and holds so honourably, or any insensibility to the glow of genius and generous passion with which his whole work is pervaded.

W. Y. SELLAR.

My Journal in the Holy Land.

THE following notes describe a journey which I made in Syria a few years ago. Notwithstanding the invitation of friends, I place them before the public with diffidence. If the story of my Eastern journeyings should be found to possess any interest for the general reader, it will mainly be because it was written—often hurriedly enough—amid the scenes and incidents described, and that the impressions recorded may therefore be assumed to bear the stamp of freshness and genuineness. With this brief explanation, which will, I hope, serve as an excuse for many shortcomings, I proceed with my narrative.

About the middle of autumn we embarked in an auxiliary screw schooner-rigged vessel of 190 tons, the 'Meteor,' at Cowes, with the intention of proceeding to Syria by way of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. From the first moment we encountered a series of mishaps and hindrances, and when at last we got under way a heavy gale commenced. As the wind continued to freshen we hove to; all the boats of the yacht were taken on board, three reefs of the mainsail taken in, and various other reductions tried in her canvas to make her sail more easily. It certainly was a frightful sea. Neither Mr. Brassey nor any of our party ever remembered a worse one than it became just off the Race of Ushant, and as the gale increased we dipped head into it every moment.

As for the yacht, she rose right out of the water and then came down with a thud which made her strain and creak all over. At every plunge all the doors of the wardrobes and cupboards flew open, and the clothes and books came tumbling out in every direction. No fastening seemed capable of holding; so that by morning the little berths, which were so tidy when we started, were hardly recognisable. All our worldly goods lay heaped on the floor, rolling from side to side as the vessel tossed and pitched, nor were they improved by sundry seas we had shipped during the night.

After beating against the storm many weary hours we were compelled to put into Brest, and here our yachting voyage ended, for after a detention of ten days, finding that there was not the smallest prospect of an improvement in the weather, I decided to proceed overland to Gibraltar with my cousin and the courier we had engaged for our Syrian expedition. Mr. Brassey would not desert the yacht, in which he hoped to reach Gibraltar with the children very nearly as soon as we did.

I must not dwell on this portion of our journey, and therefore content myself with saying that in due course we *did* all meet at

Gibraltar (where we were joined by my brother-in-law), though the yacht did not appear. After a brief but pleasant visit we found ourselves—a party of four—on board the P. and O. Company's steamer bound for Alexandria, at which port we re-embarked for Beyrout, where my journal commences.

November 2.—On awaking at six this morning the anchor was just being let go off Beyrout, where we anchored, and soon after landed, going straight to the Hôtel de l'Orient—a queer old Asiatic house in the middle of the town, with numberless courtyards, and the filthiest of rooms opening into them. I had been feeling unwell for a couple of days past, so perhaps I was more susceptible to the influence of uncomfortable surroundings. Whether it was the force of my bad example I know not, but all the party suddenly became quite depressed. Broken windows, tattered curtains, doors without fastenings, chairs and tables without legs, dirty beds, and nests of vermin in every corner, added to the most overpowering bad smells, are not enlivening. However, the landlord gave us a fairly-cooked breakfast and some excellent Lebanon wine, after which our two gentlemen set out to find the post-office and the banker's. On their way they fortunately stumbled on a nearly new hotel on the sea-shore, built in the European style and kept by a Greek. It had been quite full in the morning, and the proprietor had not therefore sent, as usual, on board the steamer to tout, but some of the lodgers were moving out later in the day. The moment Tom found this out he took the vacant rooms, and came back to bring us over, bag and baggage, to our great delight.

In the afternoon we took a pretty drive along the banks of the Beyrout river, and went to see some beautiful orange gardens full of trees laden with fruit and flowers. The road home lay through some of the many orchards of mulberries, which are grown here as extensively as vines in the wine-growing districts of France. The place is also famous for the numerous establishments for unwinding the silk from the cocoons, and for preparing the raw silk for the European manufacturers. The country round, for miles up the slope of Lebanon, has become one vast mulberry-orchard; scarcely any other plant seems to be cultivated. Beyrout appears to be a large and prosperous town, well situated at the foot of the Lebanon, with the bay which bears its name spreading out before it. The view is glorious from this hotel, and the outlook over the distant mountains and the expanse of brilliant blue water is indescribably lovely.

November 3.—An early ride through the bazaars showed us nothing extraordinary. They are chiefly full of Manchester prints, which are much worn by the women here. The cloth bazaar is a good one, and so is that for Lebanon work, of which there were some fine specimens. It is a sort of gold stuff worked with gay-coloured silks, and would look very well on furniture or for hangings. As at Cairo, the things are sold in queer old courts, but these are built in quite a different style of architecture. After a twelve-o'clock

breakfast we were packed and ready for a start, which we, however, decided to put off, as the preparations in the commissariat department were by no means complete. But as the horses were standing saddled at the door, we thought we might as well try them, and gave them a good gallop to the pine-wood. The ground was loose and sandy, and we found all the horses pretty good except one animal, which is decidedly lame, and must be changed.

On returning to the hotel, Karam took us to see his preparations, and it was no longer possible to wonder at the delay in departure. He seems determined that the journey shall be made in the greatest comfort; and yet it is against his own interest, for we pay him so much a day, and certainly did not expect a quarter of the luxuries he appears to be providing.

A stormy evening; all the ships in the bay rolling and pitching tremendously.

November 4.—We were roused at 6 A.M., and found the wind still high and the weather threatening, but we were determined to make a start, our time being limited. I still feel far from well, but perhaps the travelling and mountain air will set me all right, though I fancy my discomfort is caused by the sudden change from great heat to this really cool weather.

Our baggage train of ten mules and one donkey started soon after eight, and by 9.30 we were on horseback with Karam and an attendant muleteer. The horses are not much to look at, but easy to ride and sure-footed, climbing up and down the stone staircases which represent roads in these parts. At first the road lay through the town, but we soon got out into pleasant shady lanes bordered by bamboos, acacias, and aloes. Then we came out on the open sea-shore, and rode along the sand of St. George's Bay, so called from being the supposed scene of the conflict between St. George and the Dragon. I wonder if the waves were as high on that occasion as they are to-day!

We next climbed up and down two tremendous rock staircases, crossed the Dog River, otherwise known as the Lycus or Nahr-el-Kelb, and arrived at the luncheon place. This was a curious little inn, built almost at the mouth of the river over a rapid stream, rushing from the rock and running through the middle of the inn. Two tables were placed bodily *in* the stream, so that if you liked you might sit with your feet and legs in the water. But we were satisfied to eat the luncheon we had brought with us in the verandah under drier conditions, and enjoy the lovely view on either side. The rocks here are very fine, rising into abrupt cliffs 1,000 feet high; the river rushes into the dark blue sea beneath them, and the mingled waters rise and beat themselves into foam against their steep sides. A few women in bright-coloured draperies washing clothes on a little patch of sand, and the mules and donkeys tied up a little farther on, made all together a beautiful picture. A little higher up the river are the rock sculptures of Nahr-el-Kelb, curious flat tablets of Roman

origin, supposed to have been put up by different kings to commemo rate various expeditions and conquests in this part of Syria; but the figures and writings are much defaced and difficult to decipher.

All the afternoon the rocky bridle-path led us up the steep sides of Lebanon, through vineyards and mulberry-orchards, past small villages, where we caught an occasional glimpse, through the open doors, of busy handlooms, weaving the beautiful gold-threaded 'Lebanon work.' The air is much cooler at this height; in fact, after sunset it became very cold, and in spite of the lovely scenery, none of us were sorry to come suddenly upon our tents pitched on a green space just beyond the village of Ajiltun. There was some anxiety also for the first sight of our moveable home for the next month. First, in the centre, was the dining tent, in which Tom and Albert sleep, but except for the beds, which are arranged so as to form most comfortable sofas in the day, you would never guess its 'double duty.' It is round in shape, and some eighteen feet in diameter, lined with gay-coloured stuff and well carpeted. The second tent is similar, and makes a comfortable and pretty sleeping place for Evie and me; besides which there is a kitchen tent and all its belongings. I don't think any of us slept much that first night; the horses and mules, which were picketed all round the tents for safety, made such odd noises. Occasionally one broke loose and came sniffing round the tent, only to entangle itself in the ropes and cause a good deal of confusion.

November 5.—Breakfast was over by half-past seven, and by nine o'clock everything had been packed up and our long train began to move slowly off. We thought we had only six hours before us, and therefore took it easily the first part of the way. The views on all sides were exquisite, but particularly towards Beyrout over the sea, where the eye can follow the graceful curves of the coast. On the other hand rose the fantastic limestone rocks, standing out, here like a convent, there like the battlements of a fortress. Beautiful flowers grew in profusion on the hill-sides, cyclamens and crocuses of half-a-dozen different kinds, and every tiny rivulet ran through a soft green fringe of maidenhair fern. Nearly all the hill peaks are crowned by a convent, and some of these dwellings are very large. This is the principal country of the Maronites, most of whom have been educated at Rome.

We were journeying along very comfortably, when unfortunately we took it into our heads to turn aside and see a remarkable natural bridge called 'Ismel Hain,' which has been much spoken of by travellers, and our guide never thought of telling us that it lay three and a half hours' journey out of our way. The first part of the track was truly frightful; down a slippery rock staircase, some of whose steps were so steep that the horses almost sat on the top, dropping both their fore legs down at once, and then jerked their hind legs after them, with a sort of jump, which was most jarring, especially as the landing had to be made on a smooth sloping stone. It looked too endless to attempt to walk down it, so the only way

was to give the horses their heads completely, and sit as firm as one could. Two men walked by the side of Evie and me, to hold us on at the worst places, and catch us should we show any signs of falling off. However, we reached the bottom in safety, having only suffered from a severe shaking, and after winding along the steep banks of the river Nahr Sahib, we crossed it by a stone bridge and climbed up the opposite side of the mountain by an equally precipitous staircase. I do not think any description can give an idea of the tracks used for travelling in this country; the worst Swiss path might be a high road by comparison. Perhaps they most resemble—only they are a hundred times worse—the stony side of 'Monte Moro,' in Switzerland, where I remember we had to jump from stone to stone. The scenery was fine, but bleak, bare, and desolate, except in a few sheltered nooks of the hill-sides, which were filled with rhododendrons, sometimes in full blossom.

At last the bridge we had come to see was reached, and certainly it is most wonderful. Imagine a span of 160 feet, flung over the river, and formed by the natural limestone rock. The illusion is perfect, for there are the abutments, piers, and buttresses exactly as if they had been built from a design. It was now two o'clock, and we had far to go. After a hasty lunch, therefore, and a much needed half-hour's rest, we started again; but before half an hour was over, Karam and our guide began to quarrel as to which was the right road. The worst of it was that neither seemed certain, and when we decided to follow Karam up a dreadful goat-track, it was only because he was our responsible leader. This path brought us, after a frightful scramble, into a sort of *cul-de-sac* among the limestone rocks—a spot without a blade of grass or vestige of vegetation; it might easily have been the original of any of Doré's illustrated pages of Dante's 'Inferno.' Here all traces of any path ended, and after trying one way down, which was too steep for even our cat-like horses, we began to feel that we were destined to pass a night on the mountains. It was now past five o'clock, and so dark that we could hardly see our way by the fast fading twilight. A little lower down was a sheltered hollow, with some brushwood to make a fire. Here we hit upon a track, and so pursued our way again with great difficulty down to a lower range, whence we saw the lights of a village. Karam declared them to be those of Afka, but this was not very cheering intelligence, for they were on the other side of the gorge, and we were on the top of a tremendous precipice and had again lost the path.

By this time I was so tired that I could hardly sit on my horse. We accordingly determined to stop, while the guides went on to try and find the track again. Tom and Albert laid me down in a sheltered corner, and attempted to make a fire out of our newspapers and brushwood, in the hope of attracting the attention of the villagers. Two snakes gliding away, when disturbed, from their bushy retreat, soon, however, made them desist from their efforts. Fortunately a little

brandy and wine was discovered, besides some fruit, a few biscuits, and a solitary egg! There were also some mackintoshes and a couple of Turkey rugs, which had been used as saddle-cloths. As for poor Karam, he was utterly broken-hearted at the idea of our passing the night out, and cried like a child. Of course he felt it was his fault for having mistaken the path.

After some time the guides returned, declaring they had found the road, and we reluctantly mounted our poor tired horses again. We had not gone far before my horse nearly went over a steep bank. It was pitch dark and Karam had been leading him. Fortunately Albert walked next me, and was just in time to pull me off on the wrong side before the poor weary brute floundered over. The odd thing was, that the horse did not appear at all the worse for his fall, so after an ineffectual attempt to walk over the huge stones, I was obliged to mount once more. For nearly three weary hours we wandered about, losing and finding the path alternately, until we were all completely exhausted. We then dismounted and laid ourselves down on the stony ground, sending the guides on to some distant lights, with orders to bring a native with torches to guide us to Afka.

After a few minutes' rest, Tom and Albert tethered the horses, and we spread one of the rugs under a large walnut-tree and lay down together, as close as possible, to keep ourselves warm. The two gentlemen took up outer positions with their revolvers in their hands ready for use: we put another rug over us and tried to go to sleep. But my dozes were haunted by recollections of bits of Murray's Handbook, such as, 'This mountain is infested with jackals, panthers,' &c. A vision also rose up before me of a certain Syrian shop in Cairo, full of splendid leopard and panther skins, which the owner told me had been killed in the valley of Afka. All day, too, we had been hearing stories of the evil deeds and bad character of the inhabitants of the whole district. So our slumbers were neither deep nor balmy, and it was a joyful moment when our guides returned with a couple of paper lanterns and the assurance that we were not far from the track, which would bring us in a quarter of an hour to our tents. We therefore, with some difficulty, remounted our weary steeds, and winding along the edge of several precipices, arrived at the encampment at half-past three. We were all far too tired to care for anything but our beds, and the servants had entirely given us up. Karam was in such a rage at finding no tents pitched, no one up, and no food prepared, that he flew at the head-cook and beat him vehemently, besides distributing a good many cuffs and kicks among the rest of the establishment. This sharp practice, though rather trying to the spectators, resulted in the production of an excellent dinner of four courses in a very short time; and great was Karam's disappointment at our being too tired to eat much of it.

Saturday, November 6.—Everyone is so knocked up by yesterday's fatigues that we must take things quietly to-day. It has

therefore been determined to give up going to the highest point of Lebanon by the cedars, and to take the mountain road lower down, which forms, as it were, the base of the triangle. Our original idea included the two sides.

We started about ten o'clock down the valley to the beautiful fountain in the glen of Afka, the source of the ancient river Adonis. It issues from a limestone cave said to extend for miles into the mountain. When there is a storm on Lebanon the water becomes brightly tinged with the red minium earth, which has for centuries been called Adonis's blood. Close by are the ruins of an ancient Roman temple, sacred to the worship of Venus and Adonis. The scenery is magnificent: the river watering the glen is overhung with fine trees; the arid rocks and abrupt limestone cliffs tower thousands of feet above; whilst before you, seeming to shut in the quiet valley, rises range after range of mountains. To-day the road has been rather better; and we climbed slowly up the rugged path, every step showing us new scenic beauties. We had a good view of a grove of cedars on the opposite side of the ravine; but the first sight is disappointing, for few of the old trees are left, and the younger growth has not such laterally spreading branches as one sees elsewhere, nor are these degenerate trees to be compared at the present date with the splendid forest of Teniet-el-Had in Algeria, which has not suffered from such constant and varied devastation. All these hills were once clothed with luxuriant cedar and pine forests, but they have been hewn down for ages past, not only for the Temple and other great buildings, but for houses at Tyre, Sidon, and all parts of Syria and Palestine, and none have been planted to replace them, nor have even the young ones been protected. They seed themselves in great profusion, but the cattle eat them almost all as soon as ever they appear above ground. A small chapel has been built at the cedar grove which crowns the highest point of Lebanon, and the attendant monks take as much care as they can of the trees. I am afraid, however, they do this for their own sakes, as their principal income is derived from the travellers who come from all parts of the world to visit these wide-spreading branches. We had not time to go up so high as this grove, but I heard from some friends we met shortly afterwards at Baalbek, who had just returned from seeing them, that two or three of the trees, supposed to have been saplings in the time of Solomon, are about eighty feet high and forty feet round the trunk.

We arrived at Akurah, a mountain village, in about three hours, and after lunching on the banks of a lovely stream, found our tents pitched on a knoll just beyond the village, beneath three beautiful Turkey oaks, with a fine panorama of mountains and rocks stretching before us down to the sea. I was only too glad to lie down, and we were all quiet the rest of the day. The night was cold, with violent thunder-storms, accompanied by the first rain we have seen since leaving Brest. The effect of the thunder echoing among the moun-

tains was very grand, but the wind which followed was not so pleasant; our tents shook and creaked, until we thought they must come down.

Sunday, November 7.—The morning was bitterly cold, and it was a luxury to feel we had not to make an early start, for we had none of us recovered from the fatigue of Friday. I spent most of the day lying on my bed and reading, and I don't think any of the others did much more. Tom read prayers in the morning, and in the afternoon he and Albert went for a stroll, whilst Evie and I found our way to a neighbouring stream, and washed out a few things. We had been led to expect the probability of a daily wash-out, and had therefore come but slenderly provided. As no one could be found to wash for us, it seemed best to take this opportunity of doing it for ourselves, in spite of its being Sunday. Our proceedings excited the greatest interest, and we soon found ourselves the centre of an admiring crowd.

Akurah is a flourishing Arab village, quite on a par with its neighbours as to noise. Nobody and nothing seems ever to go to sleep. All night long the dogs bark, the children cry, the cocks crow, men and women shout and wrangle, and the rest of the animals make queer nondescript noises. But they are quite harmless, and squatted in a watchful and deeply interested circle, about fifty yards off, all this bright Sunday afternoon. In our turn we gazed at them, especially at some picturesque creatures with long guns, and an imposing-looking Bedouin, who rested idly on a lance about fourteen feet long and pointed at each end. Presently one of the crowd asked permission to show us a curious trick. Of course we signified our willing consent, through Karam, whereupon the man proceeded with all a conjuror's gravity to place two common wine-bottles, filled with water, on the ground, a few inches apart. On the top of these he balanced nicely two tumblers, also filled to the brim with water. Then he laid a short, stout oak stick across, with an end just resting on each tumbler, and drawing his sword, cut the stick in two in two places with two strokes, and without spilling a single drop of the water. It was very cleverly done, and a real feat of skill, not a mere trick, with a substituted stick.

One of the numerous native dogs, who always infest the camp directly it is pitched, attached himself to me to-day, and insisted on sleeping in our tent.

Monday, November 8.—Yesterday's thorough rest has completely refreshed all the camp, but the cold is intense. The sunrise was lovely, though at half-past eight, when we started, the sun had not risen sufficiently over the mountains to warm us. Our way led through a narrow gorge, and then by bleak bare hills; an incessant climb for two hours. By this time it had become intensely hot, yet with a sharp east-wind blowing; exactly like an English March day. The halt which Karam called, on the flat plateau at the top, gave us time to admire the magnificent view of the chain of Lebanon and

Anti-Lebanon, with the wide plain, some seven or eight miles across, stretching between. The highest peaks of the range were covered with snow.

Almost immediately we began to descend a steep path, then crossed the lowest mountain spurs, and so made our way down to the plain itself. Here the travelling was more rapid, and we had crossed the river Orontes and reached Baalbek, after passing some Roman ruins, just as the moon was rising. The village is built on a green oasis in the midst of the long sandy plain, but we quickly left its narrow paths behind, and struck into a long subterranean passage, so pitch-dark that we could only make our way by the help of some cigar-lights which Albert fortunately had in his pocket. This tunnel led us out into the very centre of the court of the great Temple, and nothing I can write can convey any idea of the solemn beauty of the long colonnade of the Temple of the Sun or the six-columned frieze of the Temple of Baal, as we first saw them in the clear cold moonlight.

Our tents were pitched, and we found in another corner those of some friends, with whom we spent a pleasant evening, comparing notes of Syrian travel and adventure.

Tuesday, November 9.—The ruins look even more beautiful by day than in the moonlight. The delicate details of the decorations are better seen, the fine sharpness of the acanthus leaves, and the beauty of the bas-reliefs and wreaths on the soffit or roof, between the colonnade and main building of the Temple of Jupiter. The mouldings in each square or octagon are perfectly exquisite. These temples stand on a platform still more ancient than themselves, comprising three enormous stones 64 feet long by 13 high. From these colossal blocks they originally derived their name of *trilithon*, or 'the three-stoned.'

The date of the temples is somewhere about 150 A.D. The great Temple was a Pantheon, dedicated to all the deities of Heliopolis. The second Temple was dedicated to the Sun; but Venus was worshipped there. Theodosius destroyed them in 379, only two hundred years after they had been built; but the carvings on their ruins are still as perfect as on the day they were finished. The great portico is especially magnificent; wreaths of foliage hang in graceful festoons on each side of the doorway, interspersed with Cupids and processions of dancing figures on the frieze. On the soffit of the door is a fine figure of an eagle, exactly like that in the Temple of Palmyra. It is an emblem of the Sun, to which the temple was dedicated. An earthquake has shaken the buildings to such an extent, that this keystone has dropped down at least two feet, and the huge block, weighing many tons, looks as if the slightest jar would bring it down at a moment's notice. Indeed the whole gateway appears equally toppling and dangerous, and yet it has remained precisely in the same perilous condition for an immense time.

The interior of the great Temple of the Sun is as beautiful, each

of its ruined details as conscientiously finished, as the outside is grand in its noble proportions. The remains of a magnificent arch still exist, also the friezes, on which are carved endless processions of dancing figures, full of life and movement, in every attitude. It must have been a larger building than the Necropolis at Athens, and is of a higher architectural value than the temples at Thebes, though it is smaller in size. It is the temple which has best escaped destruction; for, of the Temple of Baal, only six columns, supporting an exquisite and elaborate frieze, remain. This fragment stands on a large platform, which serves as a guide to the eye and imagination as to its original area. The circular Temple of Venus is almost entirely ruined, but the very little left is a perfect gem of beauty.

An Arab temple close by has been built with columns and capitals taken from the various temples around, and looks like a melancholy parody. The large capitals have been placed on columns far too short and too small, and everything seems carefully mismatched.

After a while we went outside to look once more at the enormous stones of the platform on which the temple stands. Then we strolled on to the stone-quarry, where a huge block remains waiting, as it has waited for many hundred years, for the finishing touch of its workmen. It is larger than any of the others used in the platforms, being 68 feet long, and has been cut into its destined shape, but levelled at only one end. What a satire on human vanity and man's desire to perpetuate his name, that there is not the faintest clue to the name of the builder of these colossal temples! Even that of the reigning king was only conjectured from an accidental remark of a writer in the seventh century, though it is known that the edifices themselves existed as far back as the second century.

The start for the day's journey was made after leaving the quarries, and just before turning round the shoulder of the hill, we paused to have one more look at the ruins, half-hidden by the clustering trees. Beautiful and suggestive as are the Roman ruins, these far exceed them, and are indeed finer than anything I have ever seen.

Our road to Shurgaya lay over the same bare dreary hills. We lunched on a rocky spot, and then went on for four hours and a half more. This brought us to our destination, and we encamped just outside the village. It turned out to be a very noisy and sleepless night, for the jackals came down in troops from the mountains and surrounded the tents, and indeed the village, making most hideous noises.

Wednesday, November 10.—After an early breakfast we made a capital start by eight o'clock, and enjoyed the two hours' ride as far as Zebdany. The village itself stands most picturesquely, amid luxuriant orchards and gardens, just where the Abana rises, in a gorge of the mountains. After breakfast we followed the course of the river along a path fringed by trees and winding through orchards for some miles, and so emerged upon a marshy plain between the hills. We picked out a dry and grassy spot close by the riverside for the halt for luncheon, and then rode on through marvellous limestone gorges and stalactite formations,

to Suk Wady Burâda, the site of the ancient city of Abila, the remains of which are yet to be seen, amid numerous rock tombs and tablets with inscriptions, high up the side of the mountains. We followed the course of the Burâda (the Arabic name for Pharphar) down the valley until dark, then turned round the shoulder of the mountain, and arrived, by a frightful bit of road, at El Fijeh, our camping place for the night. It is a most romantic spot, and looked especially so with the moonlight shining on the rushing water. The tents were pitched on the banks of the rocky stream, not five feet from the edge, and there was barely room for them between the river and the precipitous rocks behind. We had a quiet night, which was a great treat, and only one jackal found us out.

Thursday, November 11.—El Fijeh is one of the largest fountains in Syria. Even at its source it is a river, a dozen feet deep, and clear as crystal. It rises from a limestone rock, over which stand the ruins of a Roman temple, and flows on as a rocky stream, exactly like the trout streams in Wales or Scotland, except that it is overhung with large walnut and fig trees. The place was so delightful that we could not make up our minds to leave it, and lingered until ten o'clock. The contrast seemed all the sharper when we found ourselves jogging along for three hours over the Sahara or Arabian desert. This stage ended at Dammar, a village about an hour from Damascus, on the only carriage-road in the whole of Syria—a road made by the French between Beyrout and Damascus. We did not follow it, however, but kept to the old mule track over the mountains, in order to get the celebrated view of Damascus from the summit of the hills that surround the town. There is a ruined Arab temple at the top of the pass, and we lunched there in order to enjoy the scene at our leisure. We certainly thought ourselves well repaid for choosing the steep bridle-path when we caught the first glimpse of the city. Its domed mosques and peaceful minarets rise from amid masses of variegated foliage; it stands among trees of every description, which grow luxuriantly on either side of the river. The Abana waters the plain here, and so converts the dreary desert land into a rich and fertile country, covered with fruit-trees—some of which grow to the size of English forest trees—and luxuriant crops of many kinds.

With the same lovely view ever before our eyes, we descended the hill and soon reached Damascus, the most ancient city in the world, and one which has continued to flourish, in spite of all disadvantages, under its numerous rulers from the time of Abraham until now. Like all Eastern cities, the interior is disappointing. The streets are dusty and narrow, and the effect of the shabby houses and dilapidated walls is rather that of a collection of villages huddled together than of a large and important city. Our first call was made at an excellent hotel kept by a Greek. Its courtyards, with fountains playing, and with large orange trees shadowing the whole place, looked so enticing, its myrtles and jessamines and marble floors so cool, and its bedrooms so clean and comfortable, that we felt quite sorry it had not been

arranged that we should stay there, instead of pitching our tents in one of the far-famed gardens of Damascus.

From the hotel we made a progress through the picturesque bazaars. Here they are covered-in buildings, swarming with people in every variety of Oriental costume. Turks, Syrians, Maronites and Druses of the town jostle each other. Now a Bedouin of the desert rides by on a beautiful Arab mare, with his long, pointed lance at rest, followed by other Bedouins on foot and in rags; unsuccessful robbers, possibly.

We wandered about for some time, greatly amused by looking at a crowd assembled to await the Prince of Prussia's arrival. At last we sauntered on to our tents, but a great disappointment awaited us in the appearance of the garden in which they had been pitched. Its roses were over, the grass looked parched and dusty, and the Abana flowed low and sluggishly in its bed. But it was too late to alter now, so there was nothing for it except to dress and go and dine at the hotel. We made a droll cavalcade, on horseback, the gentlemen with loaded pistols, and the attendants, who carried lanterns, bristling with weapons. The *table-d'hôte* was rather bare of guests to-night, for the diligence which plies between here and Beyrout, and brings the travellers in time for dinner, did not arrive at all, having been required for the use of the Prince of Prussia, as it is the only carriage in all Syria! We returned to the tents in the same melodramatic procession, and had, besides, four soldiers to guard the tents during the night.

Friday, November 12.—Another cold and lovely day. Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath, and they make it market-day as well, so that the Bedouins of the desert, who come from long distances, may combine their temporal and spiritual duties comfortably, and do their marketing and go to the mosque on the same day. The streets were even more crowded than last night, with varied and wonderful costumes, and so closely packed that it was difficult to make one's way through them. In one corner stood a Bedouin Anazeh, of the tribes from near Palmyra, bargaining for a cane to make a spear, his goat's-hair cloak, with its broad black and white stripes, hanging from his stalwart shoulders. Another of the tribe, hard by, seemed to be doing his best to sell a horse, whilst others again rode by with an abstracted air, the graceful mares they bestrode often closely followed by whinnying foals. Groups of Turkish, Jewish, or Christian women make their purchases with quite as much earnestness and gesticulation as housewives nearer home, whilst their lords and masters lounged near, probably keeping an eye on the domestic expenditure, but apparently only intent on buying sweetmeats from some of the many vendors. There were no Franks except ourselves.

It required great interest to get an order from the Turkish Governor of Damascus to see the great mosque, and the firman was only at last obtained through the good offices of Captain Burton, the celebrated traveller, now Consul here. The hour

arranged for the visit was early, 9.30 A.M., and of course the first thing to be done when we reached the mosque, followed by a dense crowd, was to take off our boots. It is an enormous building, of great antiquity, but of no architectural beauty, used successively, in various ages, as a heathen temple, a Christian church, and an Arab mosque, and now falling into decay. We went through into the outer court, and so up the steep steps of the minaret, whence there was a fine bird's-eye view of the city. After we had seen all worth seeing about the mosque, we went on to look at some Turkish and Jewish houses. They were all built on precisely the same plan as the hotel, with outer and inner courts, fountains, orange-trees, flat roofs and divans, and were all more or less richly decorated and furnished according to the wealth and taste of the respective owners.

After a twelve-o'clock breakfast, we sallied forth to visit the gold- and silver-smiths' bazaars. They are something like the crypt of an old church, with smoke-blackened pointed arches, and divisions running from column to column, looking like old-fashioned square pews. Every division contains three or four men, each with his little pan of fire and pair of bellows. In these dingy dens most exquisite workmanship can be produced. What I found the most interesting were the ornaments worn by the Bedouin women, often heavily set with jewels, and the anklets and bracelets hung with bells, delighted in by Jewesses. There were also some golden 'tantours,' or horns, from which, on great occasions, drops the veil of a well-dressed Jewish woman. Though the things looked curious, I did not feel tempted to buy much, and we soon left the bazaar and went on to see the walls and their curious projecting windows, from one of which St. Paul was let down in a basket. After this we passed to the gates at the end of the 'street called Straight,' and so on to the house of Naaman the Syrian, which is now an hospital for lepers, the original Roman stones having received many additions to enlarge the building. There was also to be seen *the* great sycamore which grows in one of the bazaars, and is of goodly proportions, thirty-eight feet round the trunk, and of unknown age.

At Damascus, as well as at Beyrout and Cairo, sugar-canes are sold at the corner of every street, and the children seem to be perpetually sucking pieces of them. We tried some, and found the juice very good, and if you only buy a cane long enough you may do the same as we saw many passers-by doing, suck one end, and occasionally beat your donkey with the other.

ANNIE BRASSEY.

(*To be continued.*)

Tenant Right in Ireland.

IRELAND has for many years been comparatively prosperous. She has been thriving on the profits of her trade with England, and reaping to the full the advantage which proximity to England afforded her. She has been to a great extent without any more formidable competitor than the English farmer, and her agricultural produce has at all times found in England a ready market at remunerative prices. The prosperity of the great masses of the population of the United Kingdom caused moreover an increased demand for those articles of consumption which Ireland was best adapted to produce, and as the result of these combined advantages agricultural interests in Ireland have been until lately in a very satisfactory condition. Anyone who was familiar with the state of Ireland some twenty-five years since, and who again saw it four or five years ago, observed at once the enormous advance which the country had made, and the marked improvement in the condition of the agricultural classes. The fact was patent and undeniable.

Unfortunately, however, a change has taken place. First came diminished trade, then a series of indifferent harvests, then, and most important of all, foreign competition on a scale hitherto unknown. Prices drooped, then fell considerably; unusual inclemency of the spring and summer, and the lateness of all farming operations, told also in many ways on the farmers and agricultural labourers; and it has lately become evident that the agricultural depression prevailing in the United Kingdom has extended itself in some measure to Ireland. This unfavourable change first made itself apparent in the poorer parts of the country districts, which, owing to their remoteness from the great markets and industrial and intellectual centres of England, have shared least in the general progress, and have always been the most backward.

Unfortunately, every grievance, and nearly every misfortune, in Ireland is made the occasion for an agitation of some sort or other, and the present depression has not been permitted to be an exception to the general rule. An agitation was set on foot in the counties of Mayo and Galway—lying in the extreme west of Ireland—which has attracted considerable attention and excited some anxiety amongst those brought more immediately into contact with it. The opportunity afforded by the hard times was too tempting not to be instantly seized on by some of those agitators who are ever on the look-out for the means of gaining notoriety, and as the subject was one appealing to the real interests of the tenant farmers, there was not much difficulty in inaugurating a movement for a reduction of rents. With this view a series of public meetings was

held in the counties just mentioned; excitement was propagated from district to district, and the cry arose not merely for a reduction of rents but against rents altogether, and even against the fundamental rights of property.

'Let your agitation be, the land of Ireland for the people of Ireland' was the advice given by one speaker at one of the meetings. Another speaker said—

> 'Let the tenant farmers meet together and consult and settle what would be a fair equitable rent, and if that is not accepted by the landlord, let them pay none at all. (Great cheering, and loud cries of "None at all." A VOICE—"Let them do that." Great cheering.) Let the landlords who refuse take the consequences of refusal on their own heads. (Cheers.) Extermination of the people on the one hand—and we cannot shut our eyes to the lessons of the past—extermination of the exterminators on the other. (Applause.)'

The speech of Mr. O'Connor Power, who represents the county of Mayo, especially deserves attention. He is reported to have said—

> 'If you ask me to state in a brief sentence what is the Irish land question, I say it is the restoration of the land to the people of Ireland. And if you ask me for a solution of the land question in accordance with philosophy, experience, and common sense, I shall be equally brief and explicit. Abolish landlordism, and make the man who occupies and cultivates the soil the owner of the soil. (Applause.)'

Another well-known member of Parliament, Mr. Parnell, proposed at one of the meetings the following resolution—

> 'That . . . . justice and the vital interests of Ireland demand such a re-adjustment of the land tenure—a re-adjustment based upon the principle that the occupier of the land shall be the owner thereof—as will prevent further confiscation of the tenant's property by unscrupulous landlords, and will secure to the people of Ireland their natural right to the soil of their country.'

Language is never carefully measured at Irish public meetings, and too much importance may be attached to these utterances. The speeches, and the comments on them, indicate clearly enough, however, the real drift of many of the agitators.

Convoked and held on the pretext of devising a remedy against the effects of the agricultural depression, the meetings were utilised to propagate the 'Nationalist' cause, and to prepare the way for the candidates of the extreme 'Nationalist' party which is to figure so conspicuously, and to effect so much, in the next Parliament. That this was well understood at the time is proved by the noteworthy fact that the Roman Catholic clergy, who are almost invariably associated with the people, held aloof from the meetings, and in some instances discountenanced them. The most violent, as in all such cases, made themselves most conspicuous, and showed their true feelings by cheering for the French Revolution, for Cetewayo, for the Zulus, and for the Irish Republic.

Such features of the agitation must not conceal the fact that a considerable number of tenant farmers took part in the meetings actuated by a real desire to have their rents abated, and the Land Laws modified in their favour. In other parts of Ireland, moreover, meetings of a very temperate character have been held for similar objects, and once the scene changes from Mayo and Galway, and the wires are no longer pulled by the Nationalist agitators, the violent language ceases. At Borrisoleigh, in co. Tipperary, the people contented themselves with describing the circumstances which had reduced their earnings or profits, and with a 'solemn and earnest request' to their landlords for a reduction of rent. Elsewhere, the language has been equally moderate. There have been a few meetings of Roman Catholic clergy confirming the statements of the tenant farmers; and in several counties some of the boards of Poor Law guardians have passed resolutions recommending the case of the tenants to the kind consideration of the landlords.

The causes of their suffering, as stated by the farmers themselves, are the succession of bad harvests since 1876, the competition with foreigners, Americans or others, in the breeding and sale of stock, growing of crops, manufacture of butter, and other articles of agricultural produce; and these, doubtless, are the main causes of the depression: but there are certain additional circumstances which tend to make many of the tenants feel the effects of these more at present than they would otherwise have done. In many parts of the country large numbers of the tenant farmers, in their efforts to tide over an unremunerative season, had recourse to the banks, and borrowed money—they were easily able to do this, for it was the practice of Irish banks to lend considerable sums to the farmers; but the shock given by the failure of the Glasgow and other banks not only restricted the practice, but induced the Irish banks to call for payment of outstanding loans. There are also in Ireland a large number of money lenders, who advance money at high rates of interest, to whom the farmers were indebted. These men demanded payment. The demand coming at so inconvenient a time, pressed heavily on their already diminished resources, and between this and lower prices for their produce, large numbers of the tenant farmers have undoubtedly been brought into rather hard straits.

As to the immediate claim for a reduction of rents it is impossible to lay down any general principle. Rents vary immensely in Ireland; as a rule they are lower on large than on small properties, and they are also lower on properties which have been long held by the same families than on those acquired within the last twenty-five or thirty years. The majority of landlords in Ireland manage their estates fairly and generously, and many of them have not raised their rents for years, notwithstanding the increase in the value of agricultural produce, but have allowed tenants to reap the full benefit of this increase. On the other hand there are some, mostly small landowners, who cannot afford to be indulgent, men who have been in business, and

have invested their savings in some small property, and who are more or less dependent on the rents they receive. There are also men who have bought land as a monetary speculation, and who endeavour to get the largest return for their investment both in the present and with a view to the disposal of the land at a high price on account of its large rental. It is clearly impossible therefore to estimate the claims of the tenant farmers by any general rule. Each case must be settled on its own merits between landlord and tenant.

It is also difficult to decide exactly how far the distress is general. So far as statistics attest to the state of the country, they show that the present year is in some respects one of the worst that has been recently known, and all the figures by which the prosperity of the country is usually gauged tend to establish the conclusion that there has been a marked diminution in the wealth of the people. Pauperism has increased; the deposits in banks have decreased; the export trade has been on a smaller scale; the consumption of luxuries less; railway traffic has fallen off; bankruptcies of farmers have been more numerous, and the means of disposing of agricultural produce somewhat diminished.

The truest approximation to the depreciation which has taken place is probably to be found in the reductions in rent which have been already made by some landlords in Ireland, and with which the tenants have expressed themselves satisfied. In some instances the reduction granted has been 10 per cent., in others 15. The latter rate has been in the poorer districts and amongst the smaller farmers; the former has been made, notably, by one of the most liberal and intelligent of Irish landlords, who devotes himself to agriculture, and who is an authority on the subject, and the calculation made in this case may be held to represent as nearly as possible the true depreciation which has taken place.

One conclusion appears evident from the experience of the last few years, and that is, that Ireland will not have it her own way in the English markets so much as formerly. She will henceforth be subjected to far keener competition. It behoves her then to apply herself with increased energy to meet and triumph over this competition. Everything that the widest experience can teach, or that science can suggest, should be employed with this object in view. There is great room for improvement in the system of agriculture that prevails; one of her staple trades—that in butter—is being incalculably damaged by sheer carelessness and ignorance; hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable land are through bad farming scarcely turned to any account; many of her great resources are but imperfectly utilised, and others are totally neglected. If Ireland is to triumph over foreign competition all this must be remedied. A reduction of rent will not meet the exigencies of the case, for that is to impoverish a class, and not to enrich the country. Nothing but the fullest development of the resources of the country will enable her to triumph, and to attain this end both landlords and tenants will have to do

their utmost. Nothing less than the welfare of the country and of her people is at stake, and self-interest at least should urge them to higher exertions than they have yet made.

It is right to say so much on general grounds. But it is also undeniable that the case of Irish tenant farmers is peculiar, and deserves political consideration.

It was hoped at the time the Land Act was passed that the Irish land question was finally settled, but the experience of ten years has belied this expectation. The great objects of the Act were to give security to tenants for the improvements made by them on their holdings (in Ireland nearly all improvements are made by them) and to prevent their being turned adrift upon the world without some compensation from their landlords. These objects have been in great measure effected, for tenants are now able to obtain compensation for improvements which they make, and compensation for disturbance when 'capriciously' evicted from a farm. The Act has, it may be remarked, mainly benefited the small farmers—a fact that is proved by the statistics of the working of the Act—the average sum of compensation granted to tenants on the termination of their tenure being 98*l.* each in 1878. But even as regard this class, further legislation might at least be considered.

The fear which is always before the tenant's eyes, and which makes him cling so tenaciously to the land he occupies, is that if he gives up that means of supporting life, his future is clouded in uncertainty. The Land Act, by securing him compensation on leaving his holding, secured him the means of emigrating or of removing to some centre of industry and supporting himself till he could get employment. But if he falls into a year's arrear of rent—and a tenant is always six months in arrear—he can be evicted, and thus, by an event which might happen to even the best tenant, he is excluded from some of the benefits of the Act. The Poor Law, even in the last resort, gives him no certainty of relief, for in Ireland the able-bodied labourer or artizan has no *right* to relief, the guardians having the decision whether he is to be considered destitute or not. In Ulster the tenant is more advantageously circumstanced, for the Ulster tenant-right system has the great advantage that when the tenant gives, or is forced to give, up his farm, he is able to sell the tenant-right thereof. Even the non-payment of a year's rent does not preclude his doing this, for though he may be compelled to give up the farm, he is able to pay those arrears out of the sum he receives as tenant-right, and he is left with sufficient funds to emigrate or to make another start in life.

These two points may appear comparatively small ones, but they really have much to do with the discontent of the small tenant farmers in the South and West of Ireland, with the obstinate position at times assumed by them, and their readiness to participate in agitation. In the one case the tenants see themselves placed, for no sufficient reason, upon a different footing from persons of their class in England,

and dealt with less liberally by the laws of the country than if they were Englishmen, for in England the labourer has a right to relief if he becomes destitute. In the other case they see themselves placed in a less favourable position than some of their own class in the same country; and what is even more calculated to make them aggrieved is, that the laws to which this difference is due are applied in such a way as to excite the feeling that it is because they are Irish that they are so treated, for the laws which are most beneficial to the tenants prevail in those parts of the country inhabited principally by the descendants of English and Scotch settlers.

The Land Act affected mainly tenants holding by annual tenure —a class constituting more than three-fourths of the tenantry of Ireland. It also benefited leaseholders, so far as regards their obtaining compensation for certain permanent improvements made by them, and it extended the leasing powers of landlords. In this latter respect, however, it did not go far enough, for as the law still stands there is on the one hand a distinct discouragement to taking leases, and on the other hand there are distinct difficulties in the way of granting them. Many landlords in Ireland, convinced that the system of small farms held from year to year, which they found so extensively to prevail, was not conducive either to the welfare of the people or to the development of the wealth of the country, determined on substituting, as far as they could, the system of large farms held under leases, and in many parts of the country efforts were made to effect the change. It was, in fact, an attempt to introduce the system of agriculture to which Scotland owes so much. But the laws which in the one country gave encouragement to the system, in the other country threw impediments in the way.

In Scotland, by a law dating so far back as 1469, a priority was given to a farming lease over any encumbrance. The result was that under a lease the tenant obtained full security in his leasehold for the stipulated term, and with this certainty of tenure developed the resources of the farm and turned them to the best account. In Ireland the reverse is the law, and certain encumbrances are given priority over a lease. The effect of this is that a landlord whose property is encumbered is unable to grant a thoroughly valid lease, for he cannot grant a lease that will bind any person having a mortgage on his estates prior to his life interest, and so the leaseholder does not obtain the same security as under a Scotch lease, for in the event of the bankruptcy of the landlord the lease can be set aside by any prior encumbrancer.[1] When we consider that

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[1] *See* 'A Practical Treatise on the Laws of Compensation to Tenants in Ireland,' &c., &c. By Isaac Butt, Q.C. Paragraphs 688, 689.

'A lease granted under this Act (1870) confers no title against any one except the grantor, and those who claim the reversion by a title subsequent to his limited estate. . . . . The tenant might be evicted by any person who had an estate in the lands prior to that of the grantor of the lease. . . . . It will also be subject to any encumbrances existing on the estate at the period of its grant. An encumbrancer who could not obtain payment of his debt by a sale, subject to the lease, would be entitled to all the estate discharged of the lease.'

by far the greater number of landed proprietors have encumbrances or charges on their property, we can appreciate at once how extensive are the evils resulting from giving an encumbrance priority over a lease. Any reform which by affording greater security to a leaseholder would encourage improving tenants in the cultivation of the land, would, in the general interests of the country, be desirable. A proposal was made at the time the Land Bill was under discussion to assimilate the Irish law to the Scotch law in this respect, but it was not adopted. The subject deserves reconsideration, for it is doubtless in some measure due to this state of the law in Ireland that large farmers are induced to participate, as some of them have done, in agitation. A far greater reform was effected some thirty years ago when immense injury was being inflicted on the country through the large number of encumbered estates. An Act was then passed which virtually compelled the sale of such estates, regardless of the many interests involved, and it would be now comparatively but a very small reform to allow an encumbered proprietor to make a valid lease.

But the most perfect form of security which can be obtained is when the tenant is his own landlord; and as the advantages of security of tenure are so great in an agricultural point of view, it appears most eminently desirable—especially under the altered condition of trade—that Parliament should afford as great facilities as possible to tenant farmers to enable them to become their own landlords, or, in other words, landed proprietors.

Two efforts have been made by Parliament in this direction: the first under the Irish Church Act in 1869, the second under the Irish Land Act of 1870. The first has been most eminently successful, the second has been unsuccessful. By the Irish Church Act it was provided that all the lands belonging to the then Established Church should be sold, and that the tenants should have the right of preemption of their farms at a fair price, which was fixed by a valuation. In 1878 the Commissioners who were charged with the administration of the Act reported that by the end of 1877 over 5,000 tenants had purchased their holdings, and they stated that they had received reports showing that considerable improvements had already been effected on their properties by the new owners—new houses had been built, and fencing, draining, and reclamation of bog land was proceeding in many places. According to the latest Report, the large number of 5,623 tenants had purchased their holdings, and another year's experience had served to confirm the opinion as to the beneficial results of the provisions in the Act for creating a body of small proprietors. The success of the project therefore was complete, and in view of the failure of the project under the Land Act, it is interesting to understand the means by which success was gained.

The Commissioners, who entered fully into the matter in their Report for 1876, stated that they attributed their success to two causes. The first was the advantageous terms on which the purchase

money of the holding was payable—one-fourth of the price only had to be paid in cash, the rest was placed on mortgage, and was re-payable by instalments. The second cause was, the farmer had not been obliged to take the initiative in opening negotiations for the purchase of his farm, nor afterwards to conduct any correspondence on the subject.

'Everything has been made easy to him. A fair price has been put upon his farm, full printed explanations and instructions accompanied the offer which was sent to him. He has had only to write, or get written for him, from one to six words on a printed form supplied to him; to sign his name or affix his mark; to provide within three months one fourth of the purchase money, and the thing was done. He was transformed without trouble to himself from a rent-paying tenant into a landed proprietor. Short and simple forms of conveyance and mortgage were settled and printed by our authority, and thus the cost of the transaction was reduced to a minimum.'

The operation, so far as it could be effected by the Church Commissioners, has now been virtually concluded, nearly all the Church lands having been sold; and henceforward, therefore, if tenants are to become purchasers of their holdings, they can only do so under the provisions of the Land Act. In that Act were embodied certain clauses introduced by Mr. John Bright, M.P., and commonly called the Bright clauses, which were intended to facilitate the acquisition by the tenants by purchase of lands offered for sale in the Landed Estates Court. It was hoped they would gradually create a peasant proprietary in Ireland. Practically, however, these clauses failed in their object, and in the seven years (1871 to 1877) only 710 tenants purchased their holdings. The failure having become evident, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the working of the clauses, and to report whether any further facilities should be given for promoting the purchase of land by occupying tenants. Their report is strongly in favour of such facilities being given. They point out that when estates are offered for sale there is a general desire on the part of the tenantry to become absolute owners of their farms, and they express the belief—in which almost everyone must share—that a substantial increase in this way in the number of small proprietors would give stability to the social system in Ireland, and would tend to spread contentment, and promote industry and thrift amongst the Irish peasantry.

How, then, have such desirable results been thwarted? The Bright clauses were founded on the expectation that properties sold by the Landed Estates Court could be divided into lots suited to the tenant's wishes; and to enable a tenant to purchase his holding the Board of Works was authorised to advance him two-thirds of the purchase money to be secured on mortgage. They also contemplated a sale direct from landlord to tenant, and gave some facilities towards such an arrangement being effected. This latter plan failed completely, and the former has not been successful in

practice. The causes to which the failure is attributed are varied, and are mostly of a too technical character to be here detailed; but the principal would appear to be the insufficient opportunities afforded to tenants by the Landed Estates Court in the division of the estates into convenient sized lots, the insufficient loan by the Board of Works, the difficulties and expense attending the transfer of real property, and finally, the want of information amongst the tenants as to the terms and method of conducting the purchase, as well as the expense. The Committee said the fundamental difficulty of the present system was the division of the lots to suit the tenant purchasers without injuring the interests of those whose property was being sold; and they were unable to see any other way of effecting the desired object than that of constituting some body which should be entrusted with sufficient funds to enable them to purchase suitable estates when offered for sale, with the view of afterwards selling the same to so many of the tenants as, with the aid of advances through the Board of Works, might be able and willing to buy; and disposing of the residues (if any) at such times and in such manner as would be most productive.

There are of course many objections to this scheme, but the end to be obtained is so desirable, and involves in so many different ways the welfare of the country, that unless some other more satisfactory scheme can be devised, the experiment at least should be made. No greater experiment was ever made in dealing with Irish problems than the constitution of the Encumbered Estates Court, yet it was most eminently successful, and to its instrumentality is owing much of the prosperity Ireland now enjoys; and it is quite possible that another court or body which should fulfil the functions pointed out for it by the Committee might confer even greater benefit upon the country. The subject was brought forward in Parliament last Session, and although the resolution proposed was met at first by opposition from the Government, yet the opinion in the House of Commons was so decided in favour of measures being taken towards facilitating the creation of a peasant proprietary in Ireland, that the Government had to withdraw their opposition. It is to be hoped that although the matter was shelved for a season, no length of time will be permitted to elapse before it is brought forward again and satisfactorily dealt with.

We could urge much in favour of every possible facility being given towards creating a peasant proprietary in Ireland. We believe that such a class would be an immense advantage to the country in every way, and that its creation would be the crowning and most successful of England's efforts to conciliate Ireland. Substantial reforms of this nature, calculated to improve the condition of the people, and to give them a fixed interest in the soil to which they are devotedly attached, can alone destroy the germs of impracticable agitation in the sister island, and unite it on a basis of common interest with the Empire.

Cheneys and the House of Russell.

'The gardener and his wife,' Mr. Tennyson tells us, 'laugh at the claims of long descent.' If it be so, the laugh is natural, for our first parents were 'novi homines,' and could not appreciate what they did not possess. Nevertheless, in all nations which have achieved any kind of eminence, particular families have stood out conspicuously for generation after generation as representatives of political principles, as soldiers or statesmen, as ruling in their immediate neighbourhoods with delegated authority, and receiving homage voluntarily offered. They have furnished the finer tissues in the corporate body of the national life, and have given to society its unity and coherence. In times of war they have fallen freely on the battle-field. In times of discord and civil strife their most illustrious members have been the first to bleed on the scaffold. An English family, it has been said, takes rank according to the number of its members which have been hanged. With men, as with animals and plants, peculiar properties are propagated by breeding. Each child who has inherited a noble name feels a special call to do no dishonour to it by unworthy actions. The family falls in pieces when its characteristics disappear. But, be the cause what it may, there is no instance, ancient or modern, of any long protracted national existence where an order of aristocracy and gentry are not to be found preserving their identity, their influence, and their privileges of birth through century after century. They have no monopoly of genius. A gifted man rises out of the people, receiving his patent of nobility, as Burns said, 'direct from Almighty God.' He makes a name and a position for himself; but when the name is made, he hands it on, with distinction printed upon it, to his children and his children's children. More is expected from the sons of eminent parents than from other men, and if the transmitted quality is genuine more comes out of them. It is not talent. Talent is but partially hereditary, if at all. The virtue that runs in the blood is superiority of courage or character; and courage and character, far more than cleverness, are the conditions indispensable for national leaders. Thus without exception, in all great peoples, hereditary aristocracies have formed themselves, and when aristocracies have decayed or disappeared the state has degenerated along with them. The fall of a nobility may be a cause of degeneracy, or it may only be a symptom; but the phenomenon itself is a plain matter of fact, true hitherto under all forms of political constitution, monarchic, oligarchic, or republican. Republics have held together as long as they have been strung with patrician sinews; when the sinews crack the republic becomes a democracy, and the unity of the commonwealth is shivered into a heap of disconnected atoms, each following its own laws of gravitation

towards its imagined interests. Athens and Rome, the Italian Republics, the great kingdoms which rose out of the wreck of the Roman Empire, tell the same story. The modern Spaniard reads the records of the old greatness of his country on the tombs of the Castilian nobles, and in the ruins of their palaces. They and the glory of the Spanish race have departed together. The Alvas and the Olivarez's, the Da Leyvas and Mendozas may have deserved their fall, but when they fell, and no others had arisen in their places, the nation fell. Hitherto no nation has been able to sustain itself in a front place without an aristocracy of some kind maintained as the hereditary principle. So far the answer of history is uniform. The United States may inaugurate a new experience. With the one exception of the Adams's, the great men who have shown as yet in American history have left no representatives to stand at present in the front political ranks. There are no Washingtons, no Franklins, no Jeffersons, no Clays or Randolphs now governing states or leading debates in Congress. How long this will continue, how long the determination that all men shall start equal in the race of life will prevail against the instinctive tendencies of successful men to perpetuate their names is the most interesting of political problems. The American nationality is as yet too young for conclusions to be built on what it has done hitherto, or has forborne to do. We shall know better two centuries hence whether equality and the ballot-box provide better leaders for a people than the old methods of birth and training. France was cut in pieces in the revolution of 1793, and flung into the Medean caldron, expecting to emerge again with fresh vitality. The rash experiment has not succeeded up to this time, and here too we must wait for what her future will bring forth. So far the nations which have democratized themselves have been successful in producing indefinite quantities of money. If money and money-making will secure their stability, they may look forward hopefully—not otherwise.

We, too, have travelled far on the same road. We can continue to say, 'Thank God we have still a House of Lords,' but it is a House of Lords which is allowed to stand with a conditional tenure. It must follow, it must not lead, the popular will. It has been preserved rather as an honoured relic of a state of things which is passing away, than as representing any actual forces now existing. We should not dream of creating a hereditary branch of legislature if we had to begin over again; being there, we let it remain as long as it is harmless. Nevertheless, great families have still a hold upon the country, either from custom or from a sense of their value. Seven-and-forty years are gone since the great democratic Reform Bill, yet the hereditary peers must still give their consent to every law which passes. Their sons and cousins form a majority in the House of Commons, and even philosophic Radicals doubt if the character of the House would be improved without men there whose position in society is secured, and who can therefore afford to be patriotic. How long a privileged order will hold its ground against the tendencies of

the age depends upon itself and upon the objects which it places before itself. If those who are within the lines retain, on the whole, a superior tone to those outside, and if access to the patrician order is limited to men who have earned admission there by real merit, the Upper House will be left in spite of ballot and universal suffrage, or perhaps by means of them, for generations to come. But the outlook is not without its ugly features, and should anything happen to stir the passions of the people as they were stirred half a century ago, the English peerage would scarcely live through another storm.

Whatever future may be in store for them, the past at any rate is their own, and they are honourably proud of it. The Roman preserved in his palace the ashes of his titled ancestors, and exhibited their images in his saloons. The English noble hangs the armour which was worn at Flodden or at Creçy in his ancestral hall. He treasures up the trophies and relics of generations. The stately portraits of his sires look down upon him from the walls of his dining-room. When he dies his desire is like the prayer of the Hebrews, to be buried in the sepulchre of his fathers. There only is the fitting and peaceful close of a life honourably spent. There the first founder of the family and his descendants rest side by side, after time has ceased for each of them, to be remembered together by the curious who spell through their epitaphs, and to dissolve themselves into common dust. Occasionally, as a more emphatic memorial, the mausoleum becomes a mortuary chapel attached to some parish church or cathedral. The original purpose was of course that a priest, specially appointed, should say masses there immediately close to the spot where their remains were lying. The custom has outlived the purpose of it, and such chapels are to be met with in Protestant countries as often as in Catholic. The most interesting that I ever saw is that of the Mendozas in the cathedral at Burgos. It is the more affecting because the Mendozas have ceased to exist. Nothing survives of them save their tombs, which, splendid as they are, and of the richest materials, are characteristically free from meretricious ornament. There lie the figures of the proudest race in the whole nobility of Spain; knight and lady, prelate and cardinal. The stories of the lives of most of them are gone beyond recovery, and yet in those stone features can be read character as pure and grand as ever did honour to humanity. If a single family could produce so magnificent a group, we cease to wonder how Spain was once the sovereign of Europe, and the Spanish Court the home of courtesy and chivalry.

Next in interest to the monuments of the Mendozas, and second to them only because the Mendozas themselves are gone, are the tombs of the house of Russell in the chapel at Cheneys, in Bedfordshire. The claims of the Russells to honourable memory the loudest Radical will acknowledge. For three centuries and a half they have led the way in what is called progress. They rose with the Reformation. They furnished a martyr for the Revolution of 1688. The Reform Bill is connected for ever with the name of Lord John. To

know the biographies of the dead Russells is to know English history for twelve generations; and if the progress with which we are so delighted leads us safely into the Promised Land, as we are bound to believe that it will, Cheneys ought to become hereafter a place of pious pilgrimage.

The village stands on a chalk hill rising from the little river Ches, four miles from Rickmansworth, on the road to Amersham. The estate belongs to the Duke of Bedford, and it is pervaded by an aspect of serene good manners, as if it was always Sunday. No vulgar noises disturb the general quiet. Cricket may be played there, and bowls and such games as propriety allows—but the oldest inhabitant can never have heard an oath spoken aloud, or seen a drunken man. Dirt and poverty are equally unknown. The houses, large and small, are solid and substantial, built of red brick, with high chimneys and pointed gables, and well trimmed gardens before the doors. A Gothic fountain stands in the middle of the village green, under a cluster of tall elms, where picturesque neatly dressed girls go for the purest water. Beyond the green a road runs, on one side of which stands the church and the parsonage, on the other the remains of the once spacious manor house, which was built by the first Earl of Bedford on the site of an old castle of the Plantagenet kings. One wing of the manor house only survives, but so well constructed, and of material so admirable, that it looks as if it had been completed yesterday. In a field under the window is an oak which tradition says was planted by Queen Bess. More probably it is as old as the Conquest. The entire spot, church, mansion, cottages, and people form a piece of ancient England artificially preserved from the intrusion of modern ways. No land is let on building lease in Cheneys to be disfigured by contractors' villas. No flaring shops, which such villas bring behind them, make the street hideous. A single miscellaneous store supplies the simple wants of the few inhabitants—the bars of soap, the bunches of dip candles, the tobacco in ounce packets, the tea, coffee, and sugar, the balls of twine, the strips of calico. Even the bull's-eyes and gingerbread for the children are not unpermitted, so that they are honestly made and warranted not to be poisonous. So light is the business that the tidy woman who presides at the counter combines with it the duties of the post-office, which again are of the simplest kind. All is old-fashioned, grave, and respectable. No signs are to be found of competition, of the march of intellect, of emancipation, of the divine right of each man and woman to do what is good in their own eyes—of the blessed liberty which the House of Russell has been so busy in setting forward. The inhabitants of Cheneys live under authority. The voice of the Russells has been the voice of the emancipator—the hand has been the hand of the ruling noble.

The Manor House contains nothing of much interest. In itself, though a fragment, it is a fine specimen of the mason work of the Tudor times, and if not pulled down will be standing strong as ever

when the new London squares are turned to dust heaps. With its high pitched roofs and clusters of curiously twisted chimneys it has served as a model for the architecture of the village, the smallest cottages looking as if they had grown from seeds, which had been dropped by the central mansion.

All this is pretty enough, but the attraction of the place to a stranger is the Church and what it contains. I had visited it before more than once, but I wished to inspect the monuments more closely. I ran down from London one evening in June to the village inn, and in the morning, soon after sunrise, when I was in less danger of having the officious assistance thrust upon me of clerk or sexton, I sauntered over to see if I could enter. The keys were kept at an adjoining cottage. The busy matron was already up preparing her husband's early breakfast. When I told her that I had special permission she unlocked the church door and left me to myself. Within, as without, all was order. No churchwardens, it was plain enough, had ever been allowed to work their will at Cheneys. Nay, the unchallenged loyalty to constitutional liberty must have saved the Church from the visits of the Commissioners of the Long Parliament. In the walls are old Catholic brasses, one representing a parish priest of the place with the date of 1512, and a scroll praying for mercy on his soul. Strange to think that this man had said Mass in the very place where I was standing, and that the memory of him had been preserved by the Russells, till the wheel had come round again and a Catholic hierarchy had been again established in England with its Cardinals and Archbishops and Bishops. Will Mass be ever said in Cheneys again?—not the sham mass of the Ritualists, but the real thing? Who that looks on England now can say that it will not? And four miles off is Amersham, where John Knox used to preach, and Queen Mary's Inquisitors gathered their batches of heretics for Smithfield. On the pavement against the wall lies a stone figure of an old knight, finished only from the waist upwards. The knight is in his armour, his wife rests at his side; the hands of both of them reverently folded. Opening from the church on the north side, but private and not used for service, is the Russell Chapel. Below is the vault where the remains lie of most of the family who have borne the name for three centuries and a half.

On a stone tablet over the east window are the words 'This Chapel is built by Anne, Countess of Bedford, wife to John, Earl of Bedford, A.D. 1556.' It was the year in which Queen Mary was most busy offering her sacrifices to persuade Providence to grant her an heir. The chapel, therefore, by a curious irony, must have been consecrated with Catholic ceremonies.

The earliest monument is the tomb of this Lady Anne and her husband, and is one of the finest of its kind in Europe. The material is alabaster; the pink veins in the stone being abundant enough to give a purple tint to the whole construction. The workmanship is extremely elaborate, and belongs to a time when the temper of men

was still manly and stern, and when the mediæval reverence for death was still unspoiled by insincerity and affectation. The hands are folded in the old manner. The figures are not represented as sleeping, but as in a trance, with the eyes wide open. The faces are evidently careful likenesses. The Earl had lost an eye in action—the lid droops over the socket as in life. His head rests on his corslet, his sword is at his side. He wears a light coronet and his beard falls low on his breast. The features do not denote a man of genius, but a loyal and worthy servant of the State, cautious, prudent, and thoughtful. The lady's face is more remarkable, and it would seem from the pains which have been taken with it that the artist must have personally known and admired her, while the Earl he may have known only by his portrait. The forehead of the Lady Anne is strong and broad, the nose large, the lips full but severely and expressively closed. She looks upwards as she lies, with awe, but with a bold heart, stern as a Roman matron. The head is on a cushion, but the earl's baldric would have formed as suitable a pillow for a figure so commanding and so powerful. It is a pity that we know so little of this lady. She was the daughter of Sir Guy Sapcote, of Huntingdonshire. Her mother was a Cheney, and through her the Cheneys estate fell to its present owners. She had been twice married and twice a widow when her hand was sought by Sir John Russell. At that time she was in the household of Catherine of Arragon; but she had no liking for the cause which Catherine represented, or Catherine's daughter either. She died while Mary was still on the throne, but in her will she gave a significant proof that she at least had not bowed the knee when Baal was brought in again. She bequeathed her soul to Almighty God, 'trusting only by the death and passion of his dear Son, Jesus Christ, to be saved.' This is all that can be said of 'the mighty mother' of the Russells to whose side they are gathered as they fall; but if the stern portrait speaks truth, her sons have inherited gifts from her more precious by far than the broad lands in Bedford and Huntingdon.

The Russells, or Rozels, are on the Battle Roll as having come from Normandy with the Conqueror. They played their part under the Plantagenets, not without distinction, and towards the end of the fifteenth century were a substantial family settled at Barwick, in Dorsetshire. In the year 1506, John, son and heir of the reigning head of the house, had returned from a tour on the continent, bringing back with him accomplishments rare at all times with young proud Englishmen, and at that day unheard of save among the officially-trained clergy. Besides his other acquisitions he could speak French, and probably German. It happened that in that winter the Archduke Philip, with his mad wife Joanna, sister of Catherine of Arragon, was on his way from the Low Countries to Spain. As he was going down channel he was driven by a gale into Weymouth, and having been extremely sea-sick, he landed to recover himself. Foreign princes are a critical species of guest.

The relations of Henry VII. with Joanna's father, Ferdinand, were just then on a doubtful footing. Prince Arthur was dead. Catherine was not yet married to his brother Henry, nor was it at all certain that she was to marry him; and when so great a person as the Archduke, and so nearly connected with Ferdinand, had come into England uninvited, the authorities in Dorsetshire feared to let him proceed on his voyage till their master's pleasure was known. A courier was despatched to London, and meanwhile Sir Thomas Trenchard, the most important gentleman in the neighbourhood, invited the whole party to stay with him at Wolverton Hall. Trenchard was Russell's cousin. His own linguistic capabilities were limited, and he sent for his young kinsman to assist in the royal visitors' entertainment. Russell came, and made himself extremely useful. Henry VII. having pressed the Archduke to come to him at Windsor, the Archduke carried his new friend along with him, and spoke so warmly of his talents and character to the king that he was taken at once into the household. So commenced the new birth of the Russell house. Most men have chances opened to them at one time or another. Young Russell was one of the few who knew how to grasp opportunity by the forelock. He was found apt for any kind of service, either with pen or sword, brain or hand. He went with Henry VIII. to his first campaign in France. He was at the siege of Therouenne, and at the battle of the Spurs. For an interval he was employed in political negotiation. Then we find him one of sixteen English knights who held the lists against all comers at Paris on the marriage of Louis XII. with the Princess Mary. In the war of 1522 he lost his eye at the storming of Morlaix, and was knighted for his gallantry there. Immediately afterwards he was employed by Henry and Wolsey on an intricate and dangerous service. Louis XII. was dead. The friendship between England and France was broken, and Henry and his nephew the Emperor Charles V. were leagued together against the young Francis. Charles was aiming at the conquest of Italy. Henry had his eye on the French crown, which he dreamt of recovering for himself. Francis had affronted his powerful kinsman and subject, the Duke of Bourbon. Bourbon had intimated that if England would provide him with money to raise an army he would recognise Henry as his liege lord, and John Russell was the person sent to ascertain whether Bourbon might be trusted to keep his word. Russell it seems was satisfied. The money was provided and was committed to Russell's care, and the great powers of Europe made their first plunge into the convulsions which were to last for more than a century. Little did Henry and Charles know what they were doing, or how often they would change partners before the game was over. Bourbon invaded Provence, Sir John Russell attending upon him with the English treasure. The war rolled across the Alps, and Russell saw the great battle fought at Pavia, where France lost all save honour, and the French king was the prisoner of the Emperor.

Then, if ever, was the time for Henry's dream to have been accomplished, but it became too clear that the throne of France was not at Bourbon's disposition; and that even if he had been willing and able to keep his word the Emperor had no intention of allowing him to keep it. Henry and Wolsey had both been foiled in the object nearest to their hearts, for Henry could not take the place of Francis, and Wolsey, who had meant to be pope, saw the Cardinal de Medici chosen instead of him. So followed a shift of policy. Charles V. was now the danger to the rest of Europe. Henry joined himself with France against his late ally. Francis was to be liberated from his Spanish prison, and was to marry Henry's daughter. Catherine of Arragon was to be divorced, and Henry was to marry a French princess, or some one else in the French interest. The adroit Russell in Italy was to bring Milan, Venice, and the Papacy into the new confederacy. An ordinary politician looking then at the position of the pieces on the European chess board, would have said that Charles, in spite of himself, would have been compelled to combine with the German princes, and to take up the cause of the Reformation. The Pope was at war with him. Clement, Henry, and Francis were heartily friends. Henry had broken a lance with Luther. Bourbon's army, which had conquered at Pavia, was recruited with lanz-knechts, either Lutherans or godless ruffians. Bourbon's army was now Charles's; and food being scanty and pay not forthcoming, the duke was driven, like another Alaric, to fling himself upon Rome, and storm and plunder the imperial city. It is curious and touching to find Clement clinging in such a hurricane to England and Henry as his surest supports. Russell had been staying with him at the Vatican on the eve of the catastrophe. He had gone home before the Germans approached, and missed being present at the most extraordinary scene in the drama of the sixteenth century, when the Holy Father, from the battlements of St. Angelo, saw his city sacked, his churches pillaged, his sacred sisterhoods outraged, his cardinals led in mockery on asses' backs through the streets by wild bands, acting under the order, or in the name, of the most Catholic King.

An attitude so extravagant could not endure. A little while, and the laws of spiritual attraction had forced the various parties into more appropriate relations. The divorce of Catherine went forward. The Pope fell back on Catherine's Imperial nephew; England broke with the Holy See, and the impulses which were to remodel the modern world flowed into their natural channels. Russell's friend, Thomas Cromwell, became Henry's chief minister; and Russell himself, though the scheme which he had been employed to forward had burst like a bubble, still rose in his Sovereign's confidence. He was at Calais with Henry in 1532 when Anne Boleyn was publicly received by Francis. He was active in the suppression of the monasteries, and presided at the execution of the Abbot of Glastonbury. Again, when Anne Boleyn fell into disgrace, Russell, who was now Privy Seal, was

appointed with her uncle the Duke of Norfolk to examine into the charges against her. Through all the changes of Henry's later years, when the scaffold became so near a neighbour of the Royal closet, Russell remained always esteemed and trusted. At the birth of the young Edward he was made a peer, as Baron Russell of Cheneys. The year after he received the Garter. As Warden of the Stannaries he obtained the lands and mines of the suppressed Abbey of Tavistock. When his old master died he was carried on with the rising tide of the Reformation. He took Miles Coverdale for his chaplain, and obtained the Bishopric of Exeter for him. At his house in the Strand was held the conference on the Eucharist, when the strangest of all human superstitions was banished for a time from the English liturgy. Lord Russell's vigorous hand suppressed the Catholic rebellion in Devonshire. The Earldom of Bedford came next. His estates grew with his rank. Woburn Abbey fell to him on easy terms, for the Lords of the Council were first in the field, and had the pick of the spoil. Faction never tempted him out of the even road. He kept aloof from the quarrels of the Seymours and the Dudleys. When Somerset was attainted, the choicest morsel of Somerset's forfeited estates—Covent Garden and 'the seven acres' —was granted to the Earl of Bedford. Edward's death was a critical moment. Bedford, like the rest of his Council, signed the instrument for the succession of Lady Jane Grey. Like the rest, he changed his mind when he saw Lady Jane repudiated by the country. The blame of the conspiracy was thrown on the extreme Protestant faction. The moderate Liberals declared for Mary, and by retaining their places and their influence in the Council set limits to the reaction, and secured the next succession to Mary's sister. Mary's Government became Catholic, but Bedford continued Privy Seal. A rebellion broke out in Devonshire; this time a Protestant one. Bedford was the person who put it down. His last public act was to go with Lord Paget to Spain to bring a Spanish husband home for his queen. He sailed with Philip from Corunna. He was at the memorable landing at Southampton, and he gave away his mistress at the marriage at Winchester. A few months later he died, after fifty years of service in the most eventful period of modern English history. His services were splendidly rewarded, and he has been reproached in consequence as a trimmer and a time-server. But revolutions are only successful when they advance on a line lying between two extremes, and resulting from their compound action. To be a trimmer at such a time is to have discerned the true direction in which events are moving, and to be a wise man in whom good sense is stronger than enthusiasm. John Russell's lot was cast in an era of convulsion, when Europe was split into hostile camps, when religion was a shuttlecock of faction, Catholics and Protestants, as they were alternately uppermost, sending their antagonists to stake or scaffold. Russell represented the true feeling of the majority of Englishmen. They were ready to move with the age, to shake off

the old tyranny of the Church, to put an end to monastic idleness, and to repudiate the authority of the Pope. But they had no inclination to substitute dogmatic Protestantism for dogmatic Catholicism. They felt instinctively that theologians knew but little after all of the subject for which they were so eager to persecute each other, and that the world had other interests besides those which were technically called religious; and on one point through all that trying time they were specially determined, that they would have no second war in England of rival Roses, no more fields of Towton or Barnet. They would work out their reformation, since a reformation there was to be, within the law and by the forms of it, and if enthusiasts chose to break into rebellion, or even passively to refuse obedience to the law like More or Fisher, they might be admired for their generous spirit, but they were struck down without hesitation or mercy. Who shall say that the resolution was not a wise one, or that men who acted upon it are proper objects of historical invective?

The mission to Spain rounds off John Russell's story. It commenced with his introduction to Philip's grandfather. It ended with Philip's marriage to the English Queen. Throughout his life his political sympathies were rather Imperial than French, as English feeling generally was. He was gone before the Marian persecution assumed its darker character; and until the stake became so busy, a wise liberal statesman might reasonably have looked on Mary's marriage with her cousin as promising peace for the country, and as a happy ending of an old quarrel.

Lady Anne lived to complete the Cheneys chapel; she died two years after her husband, and the Russells were then threatened with a change of fortune. The next Earl, Francis—Francis 'with the big head'—was born in 1528. His monument stands next that of his father and mother, and is altogether inferior to it. The two figures, the Earl himself and the Countess Margaret, are of alabaster like the first, and though wanting in dignity, are not in themselves wholly offensive; but according to the vile taste of the seventeenth century, they are tawdrily coloured in white, and red, and gold, and are lowered from the worthiness of sculpture to the level of a hairdresser's model or of the painted Highlander at the door of a tobacco shop. Piety in England had by this time passed over to the Puritans, and Art, divorced from its proper inspiration, represented human beings as no better than wearers of State clothes. The Earl 'with the big head' deserves a more honourable portrait of himself, or deserves at least, that the paint should be washed off. He was brought forward early in public life. He was Sheriff of Bedfordshire when he was nineteen. He sate in the Parliament of 1553, when the Prayer-book was purged of idolatry. In religion, taught perhaps by his mother, he was distinctly Protestant, and when his father died he was laid hold of as suspect by Gardiner. He escaped and joined the English exiles at Geneva. At the accession of Elizabeth he was called home, restored to his estates, and placed on the Privy Council, and when it pleased

Mary Stuart, then Queen of France, to assume the Royal Arms of England, and declare herself the rightful owner of the English crown, the Earl of Bedford was sent to Paris to require that ambitious lady to limit those dangerous pretensions and to acknowledge Elizabeth.

Here it was that Bedford began his acquaintance with Mary Stuart; an acquaintance which was to be renewed under more agitating conditions. At Geneva, he had been intimate with the leading Reformers, Scotch as well as English. When Mary began her intrigues with the Catholic party in England, Bedford was sent to Berwick as Governor, where he could keep a watch over her doings, and be in constant communication with Knox and Murray. He received and protected Murray at the time of the Darnley marriage. Ruthven fled to him after the murder of Rizzio; and from Ruthven's lips Bedford wrote down the remarkable despatch, describing the details of the scene in that suite of rooms at Holyrood which has passed into our historical literature.

The Queen of Scots was regarded at this time, by the great body of the English people, as Elizabeth's indisputable heir. Catholic though she might be, her hereditary right was respected as Mary Tudor's had been, and had Elizabeth died while Darnley was alive, she would have succeeded as easily as James succeeded afterwards. When James was born he was greeted on his arrival in this world as a Prince of the blood Royal, and Bedford was sent to Stirling to the christening with fine presents and compliments from his mistress. The shadow of the approaching tragedy hung over the ceremony. Bedford was conducted to the nursery to see the child in his cradle. Among the gifts which he had brought was a font of gold, which held the water in which James was made a Christian. Mary in return hung a chain of diamonds on Bedford's neck; never missing an opportunity of conciliating an English noble. But the English ambassador was startled to observe that the Queen's husband seemed of less consideration in her Court than the meanest footboy. The Queen herself scarce spoke to him; the courtiers passed him by with disdain. Bedford set it down to the murder of Rizzio, which he supposed to be still unforgiven, and he gave Mary a kindly hint that the poor wretch had friends in England whom in prudence she would do well to remember. Two months after came Kirk o' Field, and then the Bothwell marriage, Carberry Hill, Lochleven, Langside, the flight to England, the seventeen years in which the caged eagle beat her wings against her prison bars, and, finally, the closing scene in the hall at Fotheringay.

As his father had supported the rights of Mary Tudor, so the second Earl would have upheld the rights of Mary Stuart till she had lost the respect of the country. But after Darnley's death the general sense of England pronounced her succession to be impossible. Bedford stood loyally by his own mistress in the dangers to which she was exposed from the rage of the disappointed Catholics. He was

not one of the Lords of the Council who were chosen to examine the celebrated Casket letters, for he was absent at Berwick, but he sate on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk, and he joined in sending him to the scaffold. He died in 1585, two years before Mary Stuart's career was ended, but not before it was foreseen what that end must be. One other claim must not be forgotten which the second Earl possesses upon the memory of Englishmen. The famous Drake was born upon his estate at Tavistock. The Earl knew and respected his parents, and was godfather to their child, who derived from him the name of Francis. It was strange to feel that the actual remains of the man who had played a part in these great scenes were lying beneath the stones half a dozen yards from me. He sleeps sound, and the jangle of human discords troubles him no more.

He had two sons, neither of whom is in the vaults at Cheneys. Francis, the eldest, was killed while his father was alive, in a skirmish on the Scotch border. William fought at Zutphen by the side of Philip Sidney. For five years he was Viceroy of Ireland, which he ruled at least with better success than Essex, who came after him. This William was made Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, and brought a second peerage into the family. Their sister Anne was married to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the brother of Elizabeth's Leicester.

The third Earl, Edward, was the son of Francis who was killed in the north, and succeeded his grandfather when a boy of eleven. In him the family genius slept. He lived undistinguished and harmless, and died in 1627, having left unfulfilled even the simple duty of begetting an heir. He was followed by his cousin Francis, son of his uncle, Lord Thornhaugh, and the divided houses again became one.

This Francis was called the wise Earl. He was a true Russell, zealous for the Constitution and the constitutional liberties of England. He had been bred a lawyer, and understood all the arts of Parliamentary warfare. At the side of Eliot, and Pym, and Selden, he fought for the Petition of Right, and carried it by his own energy through the House of Lords. Naturally he made himself an object of animosity to the Court, and he was sent to the Tower as a reward of his courage. They could not keep him as they kept Eliot, to die there. He was released, but the battle had to be waged with weapons which a Russell was not disposed to use. When he was released he withdrew from politics, leaving the storm to break on other heads, and he set himself to improve his property and drain the marshes about Whittlesea and Thorney. If solid work well done, if the addition of hundreds of thousands of acres to the soil available for the support of English life be a title to honourable remembrance, this Earl ranks not the lowest in the Cheneys pantheon. He and his countess lie in the vault, with several of their children who died in childhood; they are commemorated in a monument not ungraceful in itself, were not it too daubed with paint and vulgarised by gilding; one of the little ones is a baby, a bambino swaddled round with wrappings which had probably helped to choke the infant life out of it.

The wise Earl died immediately after the opening of the Long Parliament. William Russell, his eldest son, had been returned to the House of Commons along with Pym as member for Tavistock. The Bedford interest doubtless gave Pym his seat there. His father's death removed him from the stormy atmosphere of the Lower House, and he was unequal to the responsibilities which his new position threw upon him. Civil war was not a theatre on which any Russell was likely to distinguish himself, and Earl William less than any of them. The old landmarks were submerged under the deluge. He was washed from side to side, fighting alternately in the field for King and Parliament. He signed the Covenant in 1645, but he found Woburn a pleasanter place than the council chamber, and thenceforward, till Cromwell's death, he looked on and took no part in public life. Charles twice visited him; once on his way back to Oxford after his failure at Chester, and again in 1647, when he was in the hands of the army, then quartered between Bedford and St. Albans. It was at the time of the army manifesto, when the poor King imagined that he could play off Cromwell against the Parliament, and in fact was playing away his own life. After the negotiations were broken off, Charles went from Woburn to Latimers, a place close to Cheneys, from the windows of which, in the hot August days, he must have looked down on the Cheneys valley and seen the same meadows that now stretch along the bottom, and the same hanging beech woods, and the same river sparkling among its flags and rushes, and the cattle standing in the shallows. The world plunges on upon its way; generation follows generation, playing its part, and then ending. The quiet earth bears with them one after the other, and while all else changes, itself is changed so little.

This Earl was memorable rather from what befell him than from anything which he did. He was the first duke, and he was the father of Lord William, whom English constitutional history has selected to honour as its chief saint and martyr. The Russells were not a family which was likely to furnish martyrs. They wanted neither courage, nor generally decision of character, but they were cool and prudent; never changing their colours, but never rushing on forlorn hopes, or throwing their lives away on ill-considered enterprises.

Lord William had perhaps inherited some exceptional quality in his blood. His mother was the beautiful Anne Carr, daughter of Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I., and of Francis Howard, the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex, the hero and heroine of the great oyez of poisoning, with its black surroundings of witchcraft and devilry. The old Earl Francis had sate upon their trial. He had been horrified when his son had proposed to marry the child of so ominous a pair. But Lady Anne was not touched by the crimes of her parents. Her loveliness shone perhaps the more attractively against so dark a background. Her character must have been singularly innocent, for she grew up in entire ignorance that her mother had been tried for murder. The family opposition was reluctantly withdrawn, and young Russell married her.

This pair, Earl William—afterwards Duke—and the Lady Anne Carr, are the chief figures in the most ostentatious monument in the Russell chapel. They are seated opposite each other in an attitude of violent grief, their bodies flung back, their heads buried in their hands in the anguish of petrified despair. They had many children, medallions of whom are ranged on either side in perpendicular rows. In the centre is the eldest—the occasion of the sorrow so conspicuously exhibited—whose head fell in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The execution of this medallion is extremely good; the likeness—if we may judge from the extant portraits of Lord William—is very remarkable. The expression is lofty and distinguished, more nearly resembling that of the first Countess than that of any of her other descendants; but there is a want of breadth, and the features are depressed and gloomy. It is a noble face, yet a face which tells of aspirations and convictions unaccompanied with the force which could carry them out into successful action. It stands with a sentence of doom upon it, the central object in a group of sculpture which, as a whole, is affected and hysterical. A man so sincere and so honourable deserves a simpler memorial, but it is not uncharacteristic of the pretentiousness and unreality which have been the drapery of the modern Whigs—their principles good and true in themselves, but made ridiculous by the extravagance of self-laudation.

Lord William's wife is a beautiful figure in the story, and she lies by his side in the Cheneys vault. She was Rachel Wriothesley, daughter of Lord Southampton; her mother being a De Rouvigny, one of the great Huguenot families in France. The tragedy of Lord William scarcely needs repeating. The Restoration was an experiment, to try whether the liberties of England were compatible with the maintenance of a dynasty which was Catholic at heart, and was for ever leaning as far as the times would permit to an avowal of Catholic belief. Charles II. had been obliged to hide his real creed, and pretend to Protestantism as a condition of his return. But the Catholic party grew daily stronger. Charles had no son, and the Duke of York was not Catholic only, but fanatically Catholic. Lord William led the opposition in Parliament. He shared to the bottom of his heart in the old English dread and hatred of Popery. He impeached Buckingham and Arlington. He believed to the last in the reality of the Popish plot, and he accepted Oates and Dangerfield as credible witnesses. He carried a Bill prohibiting Papists from sitting in Parliament. If Papists could not sit in Parliament, still less ought they to be on the throne, and the House of Commons, under his influence, passed the Exclusion Bill, cutting off the Duke of York. Russell carried it with his own hands to the House of Lords, and session after session, dissolution after dissolution, he tried to force the Lords to agree to it. No wonder that the Duke of York hated him, and would not spare him when he caught him tripping. When constitutional opposition failed, a true Russell would have been content to wait. Lord William drifted into something which, if not

treason, was curiously like it, and under the shadow of his example a plot was formed by ruder spirits to save the nation by killing both the Duke and the King. Lord William was not privy to the Rye House affair, but he admitted that he had taken part in a consultation for putting the country in a condition to defend its liberties by force, and the enemy against whom the country was to be on its guard was the heir to the crown.

Martyrs may be among the best of men, but they are not commonly the wisest. To them their particular theories or opinions contain everything which makes life of importance, and no formula ever conceived by man is of such universally comprehensive character that it must be acted upon at all hazards and regardless of time and opportunity. The enthusiast imagines that he alone has the courage of his convictions; but there is a faith, and perhaps a deeper faith, which can stand still and wait till the fruit is ripe, when it can be gathered without violence. Each has its allotted part. The noble generous spirit sacrifices itself and serves the cause by suffering. The indignation of the country at the execution of Sidney and Russell alienated England finally and fatally from the House of Stuart. Lord William and his friend were canonized as the saints of the revolution, but the harvest itself was gathered by statesmen of more common clay, yet perhaps better fitted for the working business of life.

Lord William's trial was attended with every feature which could concentrate the nation's attention to it. The Duke of York was the actual and scarcely concealed prosecutor. Lady Rachel appeared in court as her husband's secretary. It is idle to say that he was unjustly convicted. He was privy to a scheme for armed resistance to the Government, and a Government which was afraid to punish him ought to have abdicated. Charles Stuart had been brought back by the deliberate will of the people. As long as he was on the throne he was entitled to defend both himself and his authority. Lord Russell was not like Hampden, resisting an unconstitutional breach of the law. He was taking precautions against a danger which he anticipated but which had not yet arisen. A Government may be hateful, and we may admire the courage which takes arms against it; but the Government, while it exists, is not to be blamed for protecting itself with those weapons which the law places in its hands.

He died beautifully. Every effort was made to save him. His father pleaded his own exertions in bringing about the restoration. But the Duke of York was inexorable, and Lord William was executed. The Earl was consoled after the Revolution with a dukedom. His mother, Lady Anne, did not live to recover from the shock of her son's death. In the midst of her wretchedness she found accidentally in a room in Woburn a pamphlet with an account of the Overbury murder. For the first time she learnt the dreadful story. She was found senseless, with her hand upon the open page, and she never rallied from the blow.

Lady Rachel lived far into the following century, and was a venerable old lady before she rejoined her husband. Once at least while alive Lady Rachel visited Cheneys Chapel. Her foot had stood on the same stones where mine were standing; her eyes had rested on the same sculptured figures.

'I have accomplished it,' she wrote, 'and am none the worse for having satisfied my longing mind, and that is a little ease—such degree of it as I must look for. I had some business there, for that to me precious and delicious friend desired I would make a little monument for us, and I had never seen the place. I had set a day to see it with him not three months before he was carried thither, but was prevented by the boy's illness.'

'She would make a little monument.' And out of that modest hope of hers has grown the monstrous outrage upon taste and simplicity, which we may piously hope was neither designed nor approved by the admirable Lady Rachel.

Lord William had pressed his devotion to the cause of liberty beyond the law; another Russell has been accused of treason to the sacred traditions of the family. Edward, the youngest brother of Earl Francis, the first Duke, who lies with the rest at Cheneys, had a son, who was one of the few Russells that was famous in arms—the admiral who won the battle of La Hogue, saved England from invasion, and was rewarded with the Earldom of Orford. Admiral Russell, like Marlborough, notwithstanding his brilliant services, was beyond doubt in correspondence with the Court of St. Germains, and equally beyond doubt held out hopes to the banished King of deserting William and carrying the fleet along with him. The real history of these mysterious transactions is unknown, and perhaps, never will be known. William was personally unpopular. His manner was ungracious. He was guilty of the unpardonable sin of being a foreigner, which Englishmen could never forget. A restoration like that of Charles II. seemed at one time, at least, one of the chances which were on the cards—and cautious politicians may not have felt that they were committing any serious violation of trust in learning directly from James the securities for rational liberty which he was ready to concede. The negotiation ended, however, in nothing—and it is equally likely that it was intended to end in nothing. James's own opinion was that 'Admiral Russell did but delude the King with the Prince of Orange's permission.' It is needless to speculate on the motives of conduct, which, if we knew them, we should be unable to enter into. To the student who looks back over the past, the element of uncertainty is eliminated. When the future, which to the living man is contingent and dim, obscuring his very duties to him, has become a realised fact, no effort of imagination will enable the subsequent enquirer to place himself in a position where the fact was but floating possibility. The services both of Churchill and Russell might be held great enough to save them from the censures of critics, who, in their arm-

chairs at a distance of two centuries, moralise on the meannesses of great men.

The Admiral, at any rate, is not among his kindred in the Cheneys vault. He was buried at his own home, and his peerage and his lineage are extinct.

The Dukedom has made no difference in the attitude of the Bedford family. A more Olympian dignity has surrounded the chiefs of the house, but they have continued, without exception, staunch friends of liberty; advocates of the things called Reform and Progress, which have taken the place of the old Protestant cause; and the younger sons have fought gallantly like their forefathers in the front ranks of the battle. We may let the dukes glide by wearing the honours which democracy allows to stand, because they are gradually ceasing to have any particular meaning. We pass on to the last Russell for whom the vault at Cheneys has unlocked 'its marble jaws;' the old statesman who filled so large a place for half a century in English public life, whose whole existence from the time when he passed out of childhood was spent in sharp political conflict, under the eyes of the keenest party criticisms, and carried his reputation off the stage at last, unspotted by a single act which his biographers are called on to palliate.

To the Tories, in the days of the Reform Bill, Lord John Russell was the tribune of an approaching violent revolution. To the Radicals he was the Moses who was leading the English nation into the promised land. The alarm and the hope were alike imaginary. The wave has gone by, the crown and peerage and church and primogeniture stand where they were, and the promised land, alas! is a land not running with corn and wine, but running only with rivers of gold, at which those who drink are not refreshed. To the enthusiasts of Progress the Reform Bill of 1831 was to be a fountain of life, in which society was to renew its youth like the eagle. High-born ignorance was to disappear from the great places of the nation; we were to be ruled only by Nature's aristocracy of genius and virtue. The inequalities of fortune were to be re-adjusted by a truer scale, and merit, and merit only, was to be the road to employment and distinction. We need not quarrel with a well-meant measure because foolish hopes were built upon it. But experienced men say that no one useful thing has been done by the Reformed Parliament which the old Parliament would have refused to do; and for the rest, it begins to be suspected that the reform of which we have heard so much is not the substitution of a wise and just government for a government which was not wise and just, but the abolishment of government altogether, and the leaving each individual man to follow what he calls his interest—a process under which the English people are becoming a congregation of contending atoms, scrambling every one of them to snatch a larger portion of good things than its fellow.

It is idle to quarrel with the inevitable. Each generation has its work to do. Old England could continue no longer; and the

problem for the statesmen of the first half of this century was to make the process of transformation a quiet and not a violent one. The business of Lord John Russell was to save us from a second edition of the French Revolution; and if he thought that something higher or better would come of it than we have seen, or are likely to see, it is well that men are able to indulge in such pleasant illusions to make the road the lighter for them. The storms of his early life had long passed away before the end came. He remained the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons during the many years in which the administration was in the Liberal hands; and he played his part with a prudence and good sense, of which we have been more conscious, perhaps, since the late absence of these qualities. Lord John Russell (or Earl Russell as he became) never played with his country's interests for the advantage of his party. Calumny never whispered a suspicion either of his honour or his patriotism, and Tory and Radical alike followed him when he retired with affectionate respect. In Cheneys church there is no monument of him. His statue will stand appropriately in the lobby of the House, where he fought and won his many battles. It may be said of him, as was said of Peel, that we did not realise his worth till he was taken from us. In spite of progress, we have not produced another man who can make us forget his loss.

Here, too, beneath the stones, lies another pair, of whom the world spoke much, and knew but little—Earl Russell's young son, who died prematurely before his father, and that son's still younger wife. Lord Amberley also was a true Russell, full of talent, following truth and right wherever they seemed to lead him; and had life been allowed him he too would have left his mark on his generation. He was carried away, it was said, into extreme opinions. It is no unpardonable crime. His father, too, in his young days, had admired Napoleon and the French Revolution; had admired many things of which in age he formed a juster estimate. We do not augur well of the two-year-old colt, whose paces are as sedate as those of an established roadster, who never rears when he is mounted, or flings out his heels in the overflow of heart and spirit. Our age has travelled fast and far in new ways, tossing off traditions old as the world as if they were no better than worn-out rags. And the ardent and hopeful Amberley galloped far in front in pursuit of what he called Liberty, not knowing that it was a false phantom which he was following; not freedom at all,—but anarchy. The wise world held up its hands in horror; as if any man was ever good for anything whose enthusiasm in his youth has not outrun his understanding. Amberley, too, would have learnt his lesson had time been granted him. He would have learnt it in the best of schools—by his own experience. Happy those who have died young if they have left a name as little spotted as his with grosser faults and follies.

She, too, his companion, went along with him in his philosophy

of progress, each most extravagant opinion tempting her to play with it. True and simple in herself, she had been bred in disdain of unreality. Transparent as air, pure as the fountain which bubbles up from below a glacier, she was encouraged by her very innocence in speculations against which a nature more earthly would have been on its guard. She so hated insincerity that in mere wantonness she trampled on affectation and conventionality, and she would take up and advocate theories which, if put in practice, would make society impossible, while she was as little touched by them herself as the seagull's wings are wetted when it plunges into the waves.

The singular ways of the two Amberleys were the world's wonder for a season or two. The world might as well have let them alone. The actual arrangements of things are so far from excellent that young ardent minds become Radical by instinct when they first become acquainted with the world as it actually is. Radicalism is tamed into reasonable limits when it has battered itself for a few years against the stubborn bars of fact, and the conversion is the easier when the Radical is the heir of an earldom. The Amberleys, who went further than Lord Russell had ever done in the pursuit of imaginary Utopias, might have recoiled further when they learnt that they were hunting after a dream. Peace be with them. They may dream on now, where the world's idle tattle can touch them no more.

The ghostly pageant of the Russells has vanished. The silent hours of the summer morning are past, and the sounds outside tell that the hamlet is awake and at its work. The quiet matron must resume the charge of the church keys, that intruders may not stray into the sanctuary unpermitted. In Catholic countries the church doors stand open; the peasant pauses on his way to the fields for a moment of meditation or a few words of prayer. The kneeling figures, on a week day morning, are more impressive than Sunday rituals or preacher's homily. It was so once here in Cheneys, in the time of the poor priest whose figure is still on the wall. Was the Reformation, too, the chase of a phantom? The freedom of the church at all events is no longer permitted here in Protestant England. I too must go upon my way back to the village inn, where—for such things have to be remembered—breakfast and a young companion are waiting for me. It is worth while to spend a day at Cheneys, if only for the breakfast—breakfast on fresh pink trout from the Ches, fresh eggs, fresh yellow butter, cream undefiled by chalk, and home-made bread untouched with alum. The Russells have been the apostles of progress, but there is no progress in their own dominion. The ducal warrantry is on everything which is consumed there.

The sun was shining an hour ago. It is now raining; it rained all yesterday; the clouds are coming up from the south and the wind is soft as oil. The day is still before us, and it is a day made for trout fishing. The chapel is not the only attraction at Cheneys.

No river in England holds finer trout, nor trout more willing to be caught. Why fish will rise in one stream and not in another is a problem which we must wait to understand, as Bret Harte says, in 'another and a better world.' The Ches at any rate is one of the favoured waters. Great too is the Duke of Bedford—great in the millions he has spent on his tenants' cottages—great in the remission of his rents in the years when the seasons are unpropitious—great in the administration of his enormous property; but greater than all in the management of his fishing, for if he gives you leave to fish there, you have the stream for the day to yourself. You are in no danger of seeing your favourite pool already flogged by another sportsman, or of finding rows of figures before you fringing the river bank, waving their long wands in the air, each followed by his boy with basket and macintosh. 'Competition' and 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number' are not heard of in this antique domain. A day's fishing at Cheneys means a day by the best water in England in the fisherman's paradise of solitude.

Such a day's privilege had been extended to me if I cared to avail myself of it, when I was coming down to see the chapel, and though my sporting days were over, and gun and rod had long lain undisturbed in their boxes, yet neither the art of fly-fishing, nor the enjoyment of it when once acquired and tasted, will leave us except with life. The hand does not forget its cunning, and opportunity begets the inclination to use it. I had brought my fishing case along with me. Shall I stay at the inn over the day and try what can be done? The rain and the prospect of another such breakfast decide it between them. The water-keeper is at the window—best of keepers—for he will accept a sandwich perhaps for luncheon, a pull from your flask, and a cigar out of your case, but other fee on no condition. The rain he tells me has raised the water, and the large fish are on the move, the May-fly has been down for two days. They were feeding on it last evening. If the sky clears they will take well in the afternoon; but the fly will not show till the rain stops.

The Cheneys fishing is divided in the middle by a mill. Below the mill the trout are in greatest numbers, but comparatively small; above them is a long still deep pool where the huge monsters lie, and in common weather never stir till twilight. The keeper and I remember a summer evening some years ago, when at night fall, after a burning day, the glittering surface of the water was dimpled with rings, and a fly thrown into the middle of these circles was answered more than once by a rush and scream of the reel; and a struggle which the darkness made more exciting. You may as well fish on the high road as in the mill pool when the sun is above the horizon, and even at night you will rarely succeed there; but at the beginning of the May-fly season these large fish sometimes run up to the rapid stream at the pool head to feed. This the keeper decides shall be tried if the fly comes down. For the morning he will leave me to myself.

Does the reader care to hear of a day's fishing in a chalk stream fifteen miles from London? As music to the deaf, as poetry to the political economist, as a mountain landscape to the London Cockney, so is chalk stream trout-fishing to those who never felt their fingers tingle as the line whistles through the rings. For them I write no further; let them leave the page uncut and turn on to the next article.

Breakfast over, I start for the lower water. I have my boy with me home for the holidays. He carries the landing net, and we splash through the rain to the mill. The river runs for a quarter of a mile down under hanging bushes. As with other accomplishments when once learnt, eye and hand do the work in fly-fishing without reference to the mind for orders. The eye tells the hand how distant the bushes are, how near the casting line approaches them. If a gust of wind twists it into a heap or sweeps it towards a dangerous bough, the wrist does something on the instant which sends the fly straight and unharmed into the water. Practice gives our different organs functions like the instinct of animals, who do what their habits require, yet know not what they do.

The small fish take freely—some go back into the water, the few in good condition into the basket, which, after a field or two becomes perceptibly heavier. The governor, a small humble bee, used to be a good fly at Cheneys, and so did the black alder. Neither of them is of any use to-day. The season has been cold and late. The March brown answers best, with the never-failing red spinner. After running rapidly through two or three meadows, the river opens into a broad smooth shallow, where the trout are larger, and the water being extremely clear, are specially difficult to catch. In such a place as this, it is useless to throw your fly at random upon the stream. You must watch for a fish which is rising, and you must fish for him till you either catch him or disturb him. It is not enough to go below him and throw upwards, for though he lies with his head up-stream, his projecting eye looks back over his shoulders. You must hide behind a bunch of rushes. You must crawl along the grass with one arm only raised. If the sun is shining and the shadow of your rod glances over the gravel, you may get up and walk away. No fish within sight will stir then to the daintiest cast.

I see a fish close to the bank on the opposite side, lazily lifting his head as a fly floats past him. It is a long throw, but the wind is fair, and he is worth an effort—once, twice, three times I fail to reach him. The fourth I land the fly on the far bank, and draw it gently off upon his very nose. He swirls in the water like a salmon as he sweeps round to seize it. There is a splash—a sharp jerk, telling unmistakably that something has given way. A large fish may break you honestly in weeds or round a rock or stump, and only fate is to blame, but to let yourself be broken on the first strike is unpardonable. What can have happened? Alas, the red-spinner has snapped in two at the bend—a new fly bought last week at ——'s, whose boast it has been that no fly of his was ever known to break or bend.

One grumbles on these occasions, for it is always the best fish which one loses; and as imagination is free, one may call him what weight one pleases. The damage is soon repaired. The basket fills fast as trout follows trout. It still rains, and I begin to think that I have had enough of it. I have promised to be at the mill at midday, and then we shall see.

Evidently the sky means mischief. Black thunder-clouds pile up to windward, and heavy drops continue falling. But there is a break in the south as I walk back by the bank—a gleam of sunshine spans the valley with a rainbow, and an actual May-fly or two sails by which I see greedily swallowed. The keeper is waiting; he looks scornfully into my basket. Fish—did I call these herrings fish? I must try the upper water at all events. The large trout were feeding, but the fly was not yet properly on—we can have our luncheon first.

How pleasant is luncheon on mountain side or river's bank, when you fling yourself down on fern or heather after your morning's work, and no daintiest *entrée* had ever such flavour as your sandwiches, and no champagne was ever so exquisite as the fresh stream water just tempered from your whisky flask. Then follows the smoke, when the keeper fills his pipe at your bag, and old adventures are talked over, and the conversation wanders on through anecdotes and experiences, till, as you listen to the shrewd sense and kindly feeling of your companion, you become aware that the steep difference which you had imagined to be created by education and habits of life had no existence save in your own conceit. Fortune is less unjust than she seems, and true hearts and clear-judging healthy minds, are bred as easily in the cottage as the palace.

But time runs on, and I must hasten to the end of my story. The short respite from the wet is over. Down falls the rain again; rain not to be measured by inches, but by feet; rain such as has rarely been seen in England before this 'æstas mirabilis' of 1879. It looks hopeless, but the distance by the road to the top of the water is not great. We complain if we are caught in a shower; we splash along in a deluge, in boots and waterproof, as composedly as if we were seals or otters. The river is rising, and as seldom happens with a chalk stream, it is growing discoloured. Every lane is running with a brown stream, which finds its way at last into the main channel. The highest point is soon reached. The first hundred yards are shallow, and to keep the cattle from straying a high iron railing runs for a hundred yards along the bank. Well I knew that iron railing. You must stand on the lower bar to fish over it. If you hook a trout, you must play him from that uneasy perch in a rapid current among weeds and stones, and your attendant must use his landing net through the bars. Generally it is the liveliest spot in the river, but nothing can be done there to-day. There is a ford immediately above, into which the thick road-water is pouring, and the fish cannot see the fly. Shall we give it up?

Not yet. Further down the mud settles a little, and by this time even the road has been washed clean, and less dirt comes off it. The flood stirs the trout into life and hunger, and their eyes, accustomed to the transparency of the chalk water, do not see you so quickly.

Below the shallow there is a pool made by a small weir, over which the flood is now rushing—on one side there is an open hatchway, with the stream pouring through. The banks are bushy, and over the deepest part of the pool the stem of a large ash projects into the river. Yesterday, when the water was lower, the keeper saw a four-pounder lying under that stem. Between the weir and the trees it is an awkward spot, but difficulty is the charm of fly-fishing. The dangerous drop fly must be taken off; a drop fly is only fit for open water, where there is neither weed nor stump. The March brown is sent skimming at the tail of the casting line, to be dropped, if possible, just above the ash, and to be carried under it by the stream. It has been caught in a root, so it seems; or it is foul somewhere. Surely no fish ever gave so dead a pull. No; it is no root. The line shoots under the bank. There is a broad flash of white just below the surface, a moment's struggle, the rod springs straight, and the line comes back unbroken. The March brown is still floating at the end of it. It was a big fish, perhaps the keeper's very big one; he must have been lightly hooked, and have rubbed the fly out of his mouth.

But let us look closer. The red spinner had played false in the morning; may not something like it have befallen the March brown? Something like it, indeed. The hook has straightened out as if, instead of steel, it had been made of copper. A pretty business! I try another, and another, with the same result. The heavy trout take them, and one bends and the next breaks. Oh! —— ——! Well for Charles Kingsley that he was gone before he heard of a treason which would have broken his trust in man. You in whose praise I have heard him so often eloquent! You never dealt in shoddy goods. You were faithful if all else were faithless, and redeemed the credit of English tradesmen. You had not then been in the school of progress and learnt that it was the buyer's business to distinguish good from bad. You never furnished your customers with cheap and nasty wares, fair looking to the eye and worthless to the touch and trial. In those days you dealt with gentlemen, and you felt and traded like a gentleman yourself. And now you, too, have gone the way of your fellows. You are making a fortune as you call it, out of the reputation which you won honourably in better days. You have given yourself over to competition and semblance. You have entered for the race among the sharpers, and will win by knavery and tricks like the rest. I will not name you for the sake of the old times, when C. K. and I could send you a description of a fly from the furthest corner of Ireland, and by return of post would come a packet tied on hooks which Kendal and Limerick might equal, but could not excel. You may live on undenounced for me; but read C. K.'s books over again; repent of your

sins, go back to honest ways, and renounce the new gospel in which whosoever believes shall not be saved.

But what is to be done? Spite of the rain the river is now covered with drowned May-flies, and the trout are taking them all round. I have new May-flies from the same quarter in my book, but it will be mere vexation to try them. Luckily for me there are a few old ones surviving from other days. The gut is brown with age—but I must venture it. If this breaks I will go home, lock away my rod, and write an essay on the effects of the substitution of Political Economy for the Christian faith.

On then goes one of these old flies. It looks well. It bears a mild strain, and, like Don Quixote with his helmet, I will not put it to a severe trial. Out it shoots over the pool, so natural looking that I cannot distinguish it from a real fly which floats at its side. I cannot, nor can that large trout in the smooth water above the fall. He takes it, springs into the air, and then darts at the weir to throw himself over. If he goes down he is lost. Hold on. He has the stream to help him, and not an inch of line can be spared. The rod bends double, but the old gut is true. Down the fall he is not to go. He turns up the pool, he makes a dart for the hatchway,—but if you can stand a trout's first rush you need not fear him in fair water afterwards. A few more efforts and he is in the net and on the bank, not the keeper's four-pounder, but a handsome fish, which I know that he will approve.

He had walked down the bank pensively while I was in the difficulty with my flies, meditating, perhaps, on idle gentlemen, and reflecting that if the tradesmen were knaves the gentlemen were correspondingly fools. He called to me to come to him just as I had landed my trout. He was standing by the side of the rapid stream at the head of the mill pool. It was as he had foretold; the great fish had come up, and were rolling like salmon on the top of the water gulping down the May-flies. Even when they are thus carelessly ravenous, the clearness of the river creates a certain difficulty in catching them in ordinary times, but to-day the flood made caution superfluous. They were splashing on the surface close to our feet, rolling about in a negligent gluttony which seemed to take from them every thought of danger, for a distance of at least three hundred yards.

There was no longer any alarm for the tackle, and it was but to throw the fly upon the river, near or far, for a trout instantly to seize it. There was no shy rising where suspicion balks the appetite. The fish were swallowing with a deliberate seriousness every fly which drifted within their reach, snapping their jaws upon it with a gulp of satisfaction. The only difficulty was in playing them when hooked with a delicate chalk-stream casting-line. For an hour and a half it lasted, such an hour and a half of trout-fishing as I had never seen and shall never see again. The ease of success at last became wearisome. Two large baskets were filled to the brim Accident had thrown in

my way a singular opportunity which it would have been wrong to abuse, so I decided to stop. We emptied out our spoils upon the grass, and the old keeper said that long as he had known the river he had never but once seen so many fish of so large size, taken in the Ches in a single day by a single rod.

How can a reasonable creature find pleasure in having performed such an exploit? If trout were wanted for human food, a net would have answered the purpose with less trouble to the man and less annoyance to the fish. Throughout creation man is the only animal—man, and the dogs and cats which have learnt from him—who kills, for the sake of killing, what he does not want, and calls it sport. All other animals seize their prey only when hungry, and are satisfied when their hunger is appeased.

Such, it can only be answered, is man's disposition. He is a curiously formed creature, and the appetite for sport does not seem to disappear with civilisation. The savage in his natural state hunts, as the animals hunt, to support his life; the sense of sport is strongest in the elaborately educated and civilised. It may be that the taste will die out before 'Progress.' Our descendants perhaps, a few generations hence, may look back upon a pheasant battue as we look back on bear-baiting and bull-fighting, and our mild offspring, instructed in the theory of development, may see a proof in their fathers' habits that they come of a race who were once crueller than tigers, and will congratulate themselves on the change. So they will think, if they judge us as we judge our forefathers of the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and both we and they may be perhaps mistaken. Half the lives of men in mediæval Europe was spent in fighting. Yet from mediæval Europe came the knightly graces of courtesy and chivalry. The modern soldier, whose trade is war, yet hates and dreads war more than civilians dread it. The sportsman's knowledge of the habits of animals gives him a kindly feeling towards them notwithstanding, and sporting tends rather to their preservation than their destruction. The human race may become at last vegetarians and water-drinkers. Astræa may come back, and man may cease to take the life of bird, or beast, or fish. But the lion will not lie down with the lamb, for lambs and lions will no longer be; the eagle will not feed beside the dove, for doves will not be allowed to consume grain which might have served as human food, and will be extinct as the dodo. It may be all right and fit and proper: a world of harmless vegetarians may be the appropriate outcome of the development of humanity. But we who have been born in a ruder age do not aspire to rise beyond the level of our own times. We have toiled, we have suffered, we have enjoyed, as the nature which we have received has prompted us. We blame our fathers' habits; our children may blame ours in turn; yet we may be sitting in judgment, both of us, on matters of which we know nothing.

The storm has passed away, the dripping trees are sparkling in

the warm and watery sunset. Back then to our inn, where dinner waits for us, the choicest of our own trout, pink as salmon, with the milky curd in them, and no sauce to spoil the delicacy of their flavour. Then bed, with its lavender-scented sheets and white curtains, and sleep, sound sweet sleep, that loves the country village and comes not near a London bedroom. In the morning, adieu to Cheneys, with its red gable ends and chimneys, its venerable trees, its old-world manners, and the solemn memories of its mausoleum. Adieu, too, to the river, which, 'though men may come and men may go,' has flowed and will flow on for ever, winding among its reed beds, murmuring over its gravelly fords, heedless of royal dynasties, uncaring whether Cheney or Russell calls himself lord of its waters, graciously turning the pleasant corn mills in its course, unpolluted by the fetid refuse of manufactures, and travelling on to the ocean bright and pure and uncharged with poison, as in the old times when the priest sung mass in the church upon the hill and the sweet soft matins bell woke the hamlet to its morning prayers.

J. A. FROUDE.

In the Corsican Highlands.

Cloud-chaos surges o'er a crest sublime,
That seems forked lightning spell-bound into stone;
Abruptly steep flame-pointed precipices,
Dark as the night, dissolve to opaline
In phantom foldings of circumfluent sea.
Their natures blend confused; the mists assume
A semblance of impenetrable rock;
Stern rock relents to luminous faint cloud.

Their banners rent as in uproarious war,
Behold! the vaporous battalions
Unclose, dispelled and routed of loud winds,
That drive them scared, and scattered; so Jehovah
Clove that astounded sea for Israel.
Yonder beneath me, the enormous crag
Reveals, between grey ghostly robes of them,
Solid, and rude, and perpendicular,
A mighty front of Titans grandly piled,
Umber, and gory red, and pallid green,
Reared in some alien world beyond the cloud,
Stronghold stupendous of immortal gods.

The rude, immense, straight pillars of grey pine
Scale heaven, sustaining tempest-writhen roofs
Of scant, green, level umbrage; they are built
Athwart yon vaporous and vasty walls
Of far-off mountain: over them arise
Ruinous tower, fantastic pinnacle,
And icy spire in a blue burning air.
They overhang deep, forest-filled ravines
Wandering seaward; whose dim serpentine
Night ever hears a solemn utterance
Of torrents, with deep monotone attuned
To these wind-oracles of ancient pine.
Yonder a gaunt trunk-Skeleton upbraids
With blasted arms the Bolt that shattered it.
Tusky black monsters reign within the gloom
Of forest, and dead waters desolate:
Dim mists drive blindly through portentous trees,
While a weird Sun blinks dwarfed within the drift:
Legions of shadowy shaggy ilex climb
Yon narrow-cloven hollows of the crag.

Now evening falls: an aromatic breath
Of amber oozing from a dun-red bark,
And mountain herb, and many a mountain flower
Pervades the air slow clearing from the cloud:
A vaselike cleft between two snowy peaks
Glowingly fills with a pale violet;
Beneath appears fair Ocean's purple line,
Far away from far portals of the pass.
Lower, a surge of huge dun purple rock,
Tumultuously contorted, rolls a rude
And shadowy chaos interposed between
Dark peaks and me: Night's ever-deepening gloom
Engulphs the gorges: all is mighty Music,
Phantasmal symphony of ghostly Form,
A visionary Chorus with no sound!

Stern-visaged Isle! upon thy rocky breast
Two sons were nurtured, heritors of fame.
The one drew pride and ruin from thy veins,
Towering portentous, terrible, alone,
A scourge of God; Napoleon drew power
To desolate the world; while Paoli
Drank from dark fountains of thy resolute blood
The patriot's unshamed integrity.

Behold! I stand within a place of graves:
Low wooden crosses o'er the lonely dead.
Within the wondrous amphitheatre
Of mountains overshadowing they rest;
Watched, warded, in those awful arms they lie.
Ah! Nature here hath roused herself to robe
Her oft unheeded royalty in robes
Of godlike splendour, that our eyes may see;
Hath sounded, as with trumpet-blast of doom,
That our dull ears may slumber not, but hear!
Brands with fierce fire upon the heedless heart
Her names of wonder! yea, I know ye now:
I bow my head in worship: yea, I feel
Your majesty of godlike Presences;
Stand here abashed, with mortal head bowed low
Before you, Angels, demons of the Lord!

Yet with no rapture of strong youth's acclaim
I hail you, as a lowlier brother may
Hail a liege lord, a hero, or a king.
But I have come into your awful courts,
A poor blind broken pilgrim from afar,
Who faltering chances upon some august

Assembly of dread princes, and bows low,
Yet only craves to learn if haply he,
Who used to lead his poor blind footsteps on
With such clear-seeing love, a little child,
Who has been lost to him, alas! for long,
And whom he vainly seeks about the world,
About the dreary, barren world, be here?
But meeting no response to his demand,
He can but idly weep a moment, ere
He grope his weary way abroad again.

These are but void and ruined courts to me
Of faded splendour, unremembered Power!
I cannot see aright, I cannot feel.
And while men prate of knowing all the laws,
The mortal cold possessing human hearts
Weighs down their eyes in deep sepulchral gloom.
But if some Angel's sword from forth the night,
With vasty voice of Doom, by human tongues
Called thunder, leapt, and smote me out of all
These evil dreams named living, might I find
My little child, and with him find the Lord?

We journey ever higher, through a grove
Of moonlit chestnut, where a babbling stream,
At intervals, in open forest glades,
Flashes with ruffled, wandering, pale flame.
The air is richly laden with sweet spoil
From fragrant flower, and foliage faint-green;
Shadowy-folded hills and dells involved
Whisper of verdure lush, luxuriant,
Known to fair elves, or rills who tinkling glide,
Telling sweet secrets, haunted of shy beams,
Whene'er the whims of leafy Ariels,
And cloudy gossamer, aloft allow
Their gentle wandering; tall asphodel,
And flowery fennel, either side our way,
Often we dim discern; but where the woods
No longer in their colonnades of gloom
Involve our path, beyond the precipice,
Behold! how all the regions of the north,
Height, depth, and breadth, are held, filled, dominated
By one supreme pale presence, Monte d'Oro!
His spirit-robes far floating, a dim grey,
Sombre with forest, pallid with the moon,
His kingly crest snow-gleaming to the stars.

Pan is not dead! He lives! He lives for ever!
These awful Demiurgic Powers named Nature
Nourish, involve a half-alive, blind soul,
A human soul, who fondly deems them dead.
Surely the Lord is making us alive!
Mine aching wound shall heal; for I shall find
My lost, for whom I long; from thee, my friend,
The weary burden of thy doubt shall pass.
Sorrow and Wrong are pangs of a new birth:
All we who suffer bleed for one another;
No life may live alone, but all in all;
We lie within the tomb of our dead selves,
Waiting till One command us to arise.

RODEN NOEL.

A Hungarian Episode: Zigeuner Music.

By the Author of 'Flemish Interiors.'

IT was a calm August night in Raab: repose had already taken possession of the quaint old moonlit streets, a few hours ago so sultry and so busy, and, we may add, so noisy with the bustle of the annual horse-fair. All lights seemed under the ban of the curfew, but those of a *cavé-haz* (or coffee-house) forming the angle of the street nearly facing the windows of our primitive rooms. It was a picturesque house, with a verandah covering in a part of the street divided off by a row of square green boxes containing bushy oleanders in flower.

The scene, too, was picturesque as we caught glimpses of a considerable gathering of Magyars within, indulging in the lazy luxury of the never-neglected pipe.

We left our casements open, closing the Venetian shutters, and were preparing for rest, when suddenly the surrounding stillness was broken by a brilliant cascade of clear and thrilling notes proceeding from some unrecognisable instrument or instruments, and giving expression to a melody altogether distinctive in character. It was wildly sweet and melancholy in tone, and possessed at once a grace and a power which entranced us as with some weird and irresistible fascination.

It literally spoke, and in language inspired by a creative fancy, weaving a fairy poem with the originality and facility of genius. We listened breathless, as the caprice of the unseen artist revelled in the rainbow hues with which he was pleased to tint his picture—as harmonious, as soft, as rich, and alas! as evanescent; we followed, enraptured, the magic numbers, astonished as well as charmed by the audacity with which the movements changed, till at length the measure became rapid and yet more rapid as the tale approached its climax, and the *improvisatore*, carried away by his muse, expressed his enthusiasm in notes which came pouring on in unrestrained luxuriance as it were a mountain torrent leaping down from rock to rock—it was the very poetry of music. Abruptly, and with the *bizarrerie* which had stamped the whole performance, a final chord closed the recital, and in an instant all was hushed. Vainly we waited and hoped for a renewal of the bewitching strain; we looked out only to discern that the guests of the *cavé-haz*, whence we had no doubt the sounds had proceeded, were dispersing, and to feel convinced that it would be useless to repair thither with any hope of satisfying our curiosity on the subject; for as we looked the doors were closed and the lights were extinguished. Next morning, on waking, the mysteri-

ous improvisation still lingered on our hearing, and on the appearance of our excellent Magyar friend we related to him what we had heard and how we had been impressed.

'Glad I am,' replied he, 'that you have had an opportunity of hearing that singular and beautiful music: it is one of the peculiarities of our nation and the speciality of our vast nomad tribes to whom these itinerant bands belong. As their habits are altogether erratic, their visits to our larger and even our smaller cities are arbitrary, but just now they are attracted hither by our cattle-fair.

'These Zigeuners of Hungary,' he continued, 'like the Gitanos of Spain, the Bayadères of Portugal, the Bohemians of Central and the Gipsies of Northern Europe, have no fixed habitation: they lead a free and independent life, occupying movable dwellings and establishing themselves at intervals in our *putztas* and forests. You will meet them halting within and on the skirts of the Bakonyer-Wald as they journey from place to place and settle for the time being in the immediate vicinity of the locality where they seek employment.

'As they exercise various handicrafts, they are always sure of being able to earn their livelihood, whether by tinkering, carpentering, basket-making, china-mending, horse-shoeing, or other industries, while a certain number of them possess the remarkable gift of imagining the wildest and most stirring poems and interpreting them in a music entirely *sui generis*.

'As long as they remain in one spot they resort in the evenings to the principal *cavés*, so that if you would like to hear and also to see their performance, which is, I assure you, very extraordinary, I will with pleasure conduct you this evening to one which I know they frequent.'

Rejoiced at this offer, we met at the appointed hour, and after traversing the broad market-place in which stood our hotel, the 'Golden Lamb,' and threading several narrow and characteristic streets, we arrived at the entrance of the *cavé* in question. A considerable crowd surrounded the door, but as soon as they perceived we were strangers they made a passage with the utmost courtesy, and we followed our friend within, into a spacious room. At the upper end a portion of the floor was raised about a foot; here were placed seats for those of the audience who were of a higher class, and among them, according to the dictates of Magyar hospitality, to us was immediately assigned a place of honour.

Down the centre of the room was a large billiard table, and along either side at regular intervals small circular marble-topped tables, at which sat groups of two or more persons sipping wine, coffee, beer, &c., but the universal pipe was in the mouth of everyone, and so dense was the smoke that it was not easy to distinguish what was going on.

Just below the daïs a considerable space had been reserved for the Zigeuner band. In the midst stood a large square table, and on it was the singular instrument to be played by the principal performer, the tones of which had so intensely mystified us, and to which the ten others,

flute, fife, violins and violoncellos, constituted the accompaniment. It consisted of a sounding-board about three feet in length and of a breadth sloping from two to three feet, across which were stretched the strings, the whole of extremely rough construction and played by means of two short strips of whalebone muffled with a rag wound round the end of each: with these it is more sharply or gently, deliberately or rapidly struck, and it is difficult to conceive how so simple not to say clumsy an apparatus can be made to produce a tone so sweet, flexible, and powerful, or be amenable to such delicate, brilliant, varied and expressive execution. It is called 'tzymbalon' and the tzymbalon player it is who improvises the melody and gives the cue to the band, who upon the intuitive apprehension of his thoughts and also of those of each other produce the most appropriate and effective accompaniment. From the divan on which we had been so obligingly placed we were able, without being too near the music, to observe not only the whole group, but could also study the audience.

The performers were now agreeing upon their theme, arranging their several parts—(howbeit all score-less)—and tuning their strings, and it was impossible not to remark the unmistakable stamp of their race which all bore, not only on their countenances and features, but in their whole person and bearing. Swarthy in complexion, with jet-black hair, beard, eyes, and eyebrows, their Oriental features were lighted up with an intelligent expression, and that they were born musicians, untutored, untaught, untrained by any laws—for genius recognises none—was manifested in the complete command they had of their instruments, which seemed to be absolutely part of themselves. Equally striking was the marvellous spontaneity and simultaneousness of their action in this entirely extemporaneous performance. Never was there the slightest hesitation or break on the part of any of them, though the leader playing the tzymbalon changed whether the key, the time, the harmony, or the movement as he wove his romance, for such it was.

The pieces thus executed by these unique musicians may be called 'operas without written libretti,' and strange to say the *libretto* would be utterly superfluous, for so expressive are the strains, the hearer must be dull of comprehension indeed if he fail to follow their meaning. Indeed one scarcely realises that the scene so graphically described by the music is not actually before one's eyes, so entirely do they follow the Horatian rule and lead the minds of the audience *quocumque volent*, making them see what they seem to see themselves.

The theme is generally a legend or story, selected from among those orally preserved among the tribe, and narrated in the language of music, so that it is no wonder they should be lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration and abandon themselves for the time to the caprices of their imagination. According to the nature of the subject, they occasionally become so excited that they impress one with the idea they are enacting the scene they depict, and thus,

without an effort, succeed in firing their audience with their own enthusiasm.

At length the instruments are tuned, and amid breathless silence the piece begins. To ourselves no intimation had been made as to its nature; no form of words or even abridged 'argument' had been passed round. There was nothing but the weird influence of these musicians of nature imparting their narrative by the language of music to a musical people. Attracted by the prestige and the novelty of the situation, we also gave ourselves to the subject, and as it proceeded it interpreted itself to us as follows:—

The simple, flowing, graceful melody with which it opened described a calm scene of rural life, the rosy dawn, the freshness of the easy morning hour, the dewy grass, the scent of spring flowers, the brook bubbling beneath overhanging branches, all was there—a contented peasant population going forth to their healthy, harmless, peaceful occupations; the cowherd driving his cattle to their mountain pastures; the shepherd leading his flocks afield; the *Ross-hirt* scampering over the *putzta* with his troop of horses, and the advancing day bringing out 'the insect youth' with their busy hum on the calm noontide air.

Now we are in the depths of the forest; the sun is pouring his beams through the interstices of the foliage, and the glowing light mottles the chequered ground. Innocent birds are singing in the trees, but among men a marauding spirit is astir: a horde of brigands, headed by their desperate chief, is preparing an attack on these happy, laborious, unconscious, and alas! prosperous villagers. Their plan of action is arranged, they start for their merciless expedition; we are roused by the sudden clattering of hoofs, the clang of arms, the sound of voices, the periodical word of command. We have arrived at the encounter and are prepared for the dismay of the surprised peasants expressed in the furious shouts of men, the shrieks of women, the cries of children, as by the power of arms and the force of numbers their stores and cattle are seized and carried away amid violence and bloodshed, and the defenceless owners made captive.

But things are not to end thus, the innocent will be avenged; retributive justice is not to be mocked and awaits the dastardly plunderers; the battery of Heaven interposes to avenge the wrongs of the helpless; and the dark eye of the Zigeuner flashes as he draws down the forked lightning in vivid flashes, and presently follows the roar of the loud thunder echoing from one mountain peak to another and answering again and again as it pursues its mysterious transit into the far-off distance and dies away. The cowardly victors, seeing one of their chiefs, horse and rider, struck to the ground in the immediate front of their band, and so suddenly that the rest, having no time to rein in, ride headlong over him, have recourse to a hasty flight; more than one is thrown with violence to the ground, and they are unable to gain their forest fastness; the fury of the storm pursues them; shelterless and bewildered they are scattered in all directions;

their booty escapes them, their captives are freed, while the confusion that prevails among them renders their expedition abortive. In the midst of the fury of the elements, and the general consternation it has occasioned, a shot from the cross-bow of one of the peasants, who have now summoned presence of mind to defend themselves, has struck their leader, and while trying to rally his band he has fallen dead from his horse, and the panic is complete.

But see the leader of the performance; he has worked himself into a frenzy by the time this consummation is reached; his countenance becomes of a deeper hue; the perspiration runs down his face, and as he gives the final stroke, the whalebones drop from his hands and he sinks back in his chair completely exhausted.

To ourselves this exciting performance was perfectly magical, and we had so completely followed every stage of the story that, when the finale came, difficult as it seems to understand it now, we were not even surprised at this result to the poet-musician. The audience, more or less used to these exhibitions of genius, though not astonished, were enthusiastic in their applause, and testified their sympathy and admiration by loudly cheering the band, raising their glasses in the air and drinking the health of the performers with reiterated bravos.

A hat was carried round by one of the Zigeuners, and we were glad to have this opportunity of testifying our gratification; but Hungarian hospitality admits of no compromise, and we were disappointed as well as surprised, on beckoning the collector to us, to find his approach forbidden by the landlord, who, advancing, whispered that the little performance must be considered as offered to us in our character of strangers, and that all present would feel gratified if we would accept it as a mark of their welcome to us on coming among them. All we could do, therefore, was to assure the spokesman of the pleasure we had derived from the entertainment and to beg him to convey the expression of our warm recognition of the courtesy of those who had provided it for us. At the same time we would not be denied the pleasure of seeing the Zigeuner band drink our health, and requested the landlord to provide them wherewithal to perform this task.

The history of these strange folks is as interesting as curious. Each of these wandering detachments owns a tract or beat, the bounds of which are recognised and respected by the rest, and they pay their periodical visits to the towns and villages it contains with great regularity. Those who claim the town of Raab as their privileged resort have from time immemorial earned, and have traditionally maintained, a brilliant reputation as *virtuosi*. Among them, the names of Bibary, Szarcoszy, and Ketskemety are recognised as stars of the first magnitude, but Farkacs Miskah is the 'full-moon' of tzymbalon-players.

The Zigeuner-volk constitute an important element in the social habits of the Hungarian people; they are regarded as a national institution, without the help of which their popular festivities, public

or private, their marriages, baptisms, betrothals, anniversaries and family gatherings would be devoid of spirit or interest. The musical faculties inherited by these people seem to amount almost to a supplementary sense. Theoretically speaking, they know nothing of the science of music, but their ear catches with marvellous facility, and their mind retains, any air they may once hear, and they possess the power of reproducing it on any of their own simple instruments. It is sufficient to hum or whistle to them the suggestion of a tune they have never heard, for them to play it with elaborate accompaniments. This is the delight of the Magyar population. Every Hungarian has his favourite air, and sometimes a whole evening in a *cavé-haz* is passed in calling upon the Zigeuners for this reproduction of one tune after another; their success in responding to these appeals being met with the most rapturous applause. The popular dances such as the Czardacs could not be danced without the accompaniment of the tzymbalon.

It is a singular and suggestive fact that the idiosyncratic talent evinced by these unlearned musicians is a gift *per se* and is incapable of being attained or improved. The great Maestro Liszt—himself a Hungarian and conversant with the music of these tribes—gives an interesting account of an experiment made by himself to train and educate a Zigeuner lad, very proficient in his own natural art. The result, however, proved abortive, and so far from cultivating the germ which appeared so fertile, he only succeeded in disturbing his preconceived notions without imparting any new ideas.

It must not be supposed that music forms the occupation of all Zigeuners; there is only one section that gives itself up to this æsthetic pursuit; others employing their early youth in acquiring the various trades by which they earn their living: these are, as in other countries, charcoal-burning, tinkering, smithying, nail-making, horse-shoeing, while the women carry on an auxiliary 'business' in tambourine playing, dancing and fortune-telling, and often earn from the credulity of village maidens more than the men who supply the domestic needs of the population.

Thus they travel from village to village in their movable wooden hut, with their families and all their chattels about them; pigs and dogs, their only live-stock, bringing up the rear, a hammer and bellows their only tools, and an iron pot their compendious *batterie de cuisine*. Arrived at their halting-place on the outskirts of a town, they encamp, dig a hole and kindle their bivouac-fire; they then unharness their horse and leave him to find his pasture. While the women wash their clothes and cook their food, the men present themselves to their expectant employers and generally find repairs and orders awaiting their arrival.

Although the Zigeuners belong to all countries, those of each country maintain their distinctive peculiarities so rigidly from generation to generation, that there is no tracing in them any affinity to the races among which they have established themselves.

Wonderfully hardy in constitution, they will face the extremes, whether of heat or cold, without any of those artificial compensations which with all other people have become necessities of nature. Thus a mere rag suffices to cover them beneath the keenest blast, and they expose themselves bare-headed to the fiercest sun. The Zigeuner is reckless as a child and wild as a beast of prey: he knows no care for the morrow and is always in need, and in squalid poverty: though eager for a meal when he can get it by no matter what means, he will go without food uncomplainingly when it is not to be had; tobacco, however, is to him a necessity, and he *cannot* school himself to do without it; but he is content with the vilest sort, and if he cannot obtain any fit to smoke, he rolls up into a ball such as he can procure and keeps it in his mouth.

The newly-born Zigeuner child is from the hour of its birth used to cold water by being plunged into the nearest spring at whatever season of the year, and after a couple of weeks' travels tied to its mother's back or borne on her head whether through piercing cold or torrid heat. For the first two years it wears no clothing; it receives no training of any kind unless in the art of plundering or acquiring its trade, so that its moral degradation may be easily estimated.

Sigismund granted to the Zigeuners of Hungary certain privileges and recognised their right to be represented by deputies; and his successor tried in vain to induce them to settle and take up fixed habits as artisans or agricultural labourers. Then, as always, it was found impossible to wean them from their independent habits and nomad propensities.

We are glad to add that it has been ascertained the musical Zigeuners exhibit a great moral superiority over the rest of their tribe, and there seems every reason to attribute this elevation to the refining influences of their pursuit. These generally appear in peasant costume, but they are always glad to purchase second-hand the rich dress-costume of the Magyar, and this graceful and picturesque attire becomes them well.

Once again it was our lot to hear the Zigeuner band, but this time on foreign soil, in the precincts of the Trocadero. Strange as it may seem, we scarcely recognised our enchanters of Raab. Their strains were marvellously sweet, and they were also distinctive in their character as all national music always must be; but it was like the song of the caged nightingale. The effect was that produced by seeing a choice relic of antiquity in a museum instead of on the spot where it was found; the prestige was gone with the *cadre* that surrounded it, and the Zigeuner of Magyar-land had lost his witchery!

Holiday Travel-Books.

By the time these words are printed most of us will have started on the holiday expeditions which have become a portion of English life, as certainly calculated upon and provided for as the family bread and butter. It used to be permitted to the social critic to say that there were many people in the closed-up streets who shut their shutters for the sake of the fashion, and lived in severe economy and their back parlours when their richer neighbours were wandering hither and thither. But now there is on this point no distinction, so to speak, of richer or poorer. To be away somewhere in the months of August and September, or a portion of them, is as much a matter of necessity as a warm gown or an overcoat in winter. Whether it is to Switzerland, or Germany, or France, or regions still further afield; or only to the seaside; or, homelier still, to country lodgings, the rustic cottage or farmhouse, where people who have not much to spend get just as much good out of their holidays sometimes as the most costly travellers—everybody in England, who pretends to be anybody, 'goes away' in the autumn. We do not speak of those who are always going away—those whose health conveniently requires the sunshine of the South in winter, the bracing air of the Engadine in autumn, perhaps the brightness of Paris at Easter, and whose means enable them to vary their life and their climate in this pleasant way, getting the best of everything, and avoiding everywhere the bitter half of existence. Happy are those people—or at least they ought to be happy. Perhaps, on the whole, let us console ourselves by thinking—though the doctrine of compensations is not so much in vogue as it used to be—they are no happier than the rest of us. But at least they have more in their lives; they get more for their money, to speak vulgarly; they buy themselves a larger share of the concomitants of happiness than other people. We say nothing of these fortunate persons; but rather of those classes of English society, who have more occupations than riches, down to the working man, who, though he does not 'go away,' takes his pleasure in a van of a Monday, and gets his share, in broken bits perhaps, yet bearing as good a comparison with the month at the seaside of the toiling professional family or not rich merchant as theirs does with the Italian tours and Swiss expeditions of their wealthy contemporaries. And it is not even among the denizens of towns alone that the habit is universal. They have, perhaps, a better reason. Coal smoke and the scorchings of the summer (not this summer, innocent of scorching!), the heated pavements, the burnt-up parks, the dust and the din, are all so many demons before whom we flee when our lot is cast in London, or in any other of the great towns in England. But even to

the smallest the same instinct has spread. The little country town, all cool and shady under its trees, perhaps with poetic woods all round it, perhaps with the soft flowing of a river underneath its old bridges, tranquil and cool and kind, where other holiday travellers disport themselves with delight, is abandoned by its inmates as much—nay, perhaps more,—than a smoky town in the Black Country. From country granges and parsonages, the abodes of peace—even from the great houses of great people, though these have attractions of their own not so easily overlooked, and the season in London makes 'home' in itself the most grateful of changes—group after group streams away. To what use even are we writing these words, which in all likelihood the half of the readers of 'Fraser' will not see? Is not the book which a publisher produces at this season as good as a murdered book unless it has private means of its own, like a briefless barrister, to support it till readers come back to read it, and writers to notice it, and the world is astir again? A clever contemporary once dubbed this period of the year the 'silly season.' The newspapers maunder, for all the members of their staff who can write are 'away.' Even 'Punch,' though he is never in greater request, nods occasionally. Wit, like everything else, is out of town. But while we are discouraged by this idea, we are on the other hand encouraged by the fact that those who cannot get 'away,' and there are always some millions of them in England, want special consolation at this time of the year; and that those who are 'away,' but only within the four seas, also require a little more diversion than usual from the unaccustomed pressure upon them of the country or the sea. There is nothing so good for bringing one to a true knowledge of one's resources and their value, as the mere fact of finding one's self in sea-side lodgings, or in the depths of the country in some melancholy hired house, probably kept for that purpose, and carefully stripped of everything that is human. When the day is over, during which time the novelty of the new scene occupies the visitors, there is something in the evening seclusion within the stiff muslin curtains, under the blazing gaslights, of a house on the Marine Parade: or in the perhaps more appalling gloom of a rustic drawing-room, low-roofed, and somewhat mouldy, with faint candles endeavouring to penetrate the gloom, which strikes a chill to the boldest heart. Then how welcome are our little ships of literature, with all their mingled freight of story and song, of philosophies and musings, of wisdom and nonsense—the nonsense, if it is pleasant, being perhaps—who shall say?—in these grave circumstances, the most welcome of all. It is in the benevolent hope of carrying some amusement, if perhaps a little envy, not malevolent, to the bosoms of our dear neighbours who are taking their holiday in the country or on the sea, and who have come in, somewhat disgusted, to an evening which is longer than is desirable, and a parlour much unlike the dainty drawing-room at home, that we bring out our little bundle of holiday books—records of the follies and the pleasures of people more venturesome than themselves, and we.

There is no more general subject of congratulation to the age than that about the facilities of travelling, the abundant modes of conveyance which we possess into all the corners of the earth, which have so wonderfully developed our natural instinct for wandering; and nothing can be more true. But this very facility has produced a reaction. The people who once had the traveller's privileges all to themselves—or rather the descendants and representatives of these people—have become impatient of the advantages which they share with Cook's excursionists and all the commonplace rabble of tourists who are to be found about Swiss hotels and pensions; and as the wheels of time go round, it begins to be found more amusing and more original to behave as if these facilities had never been; to ignore railways, to forget the huge hotels, which are another feature in the progress of our time, and to pursue the obscure pathways of the earth by primitive means. Nay, we are beginning, with systematic earnestness, to recall to ourselves the fact that, almost without the aid of railways, there are travels within our reach as amusing and interesting as anything we could obtain by long journeys and much expenditure of time and money. We are beginning to explore our own rivers, to wander about our own homely green valleys and hillsides. The Rhine we have found in reality much inferior to the Thames as a pathway of pleasure. This is the effect of over-facility, of too many advantages. We remember the time when that very Rhine, which now reminds us of the scenery of an opera, was the chosen river of romance, flowing through a land of enchantments. But nowadays the Thames, by Goring and Pangbourne, and the woods of Cliveden, is more to our mind. We toss our carpet-bags into the bow, divest ourselves of all but flannel, and push out upon the delightful kindly stream, where we know we shall see nothing better than a country church, nothing worse than a prosaic lock, and in the freedom of silence and daylight, in the low murmur of the flowing water, in the broad air and unencumbered road, find something better than the most perfectly arranged of steamboats, the most punctual of express trains, and all the facilities of travel. Thus we come round, as humanity so constantly does, to our old starting point. It is not always the ease of doing that makes an enterprise pleasant. The crowd, the heat, the haste, the din, which are inseparable from all the new conveniences of the time, are no longer to many of us made up for by the power of getting over so much more space, arriving at so much further distances than of old. We have tried the facilities of travel, and tasted their advantages, and now we turn upon them and abjure them. We set up coaches on which to traverse the disused country roads; we make our way four miles an hour upon the river, and only stop to vituperate the fussy abomination of a steam-launch which sends its wash—vulgar little upstart!—to injure our river banks and toss our boat about, and 'take our water.' Such is one result of a universally extended railway system, and the careful organisation of every means of travelling.

On the other side, we do not attempt to dispute the fact that the railways have opened up the world to hundreds to whom the lovely scenery of continental countries, now within a distance of twenty-four or forty-eight hours from their doors, would have been a sealed book all their lives. Even Cook's excursions may widen some minds, cut some bands of prejudice, and light up some imaginations with all the glories of Italian moonlight and Alpine snow. But in the meantime the fastidious mind of the cultivated classes is reverting to the locomotion of our fathers, or to methods still more simple than any which our immediate fathers or grandfathers would have condescended to use. To wander, a genteel vagabond, about unknown hills and valleys 'with a donkey,'[1] would have looked a very strange proceeding fifty years ago when the Continent was first set open after the great wars. Now we are used to every kind of eccentricity in travelling and shocked by none. The very guide-books recognise the delight of escaping from the iron road and all its conveniences. Here is a very good embodiment of what we have been trying to say, and description of the pleasure of returning to primitive modes of conveyance, which we take out of a book not otherwise very interesting, upon the subject of the Black Forest,[2] which is not exactly a fresh subject nor treated in a very original way.

The sight of the old lumbering yellow vehicle with its team of grey cart-horses which awaits the traveller's arrival at Oppenau, has something of refreshment in it. The appearance of the wonderful-looking individual, who, in his huge top-boots and brigand hat, with its parti-coloured tuft and big cock's feather, presents rather the appearance of a theatrical bandit than of a possible stage coachman, has a certain indefinable charm about it. It is delightful to lounge in the roomy old *coupé*, or even to find one's self above the world, amid the portmanteaus and bandboxes, and to be trotted steadily along, through valleys and villages, beside streams and over mountains, with the happy sense of leisurely progress that is so rare in these days of steam and hurry. There is a certain intoxication in the feeling that we have shaken ourselves free of the steam monster, who is in a manner the good and evil genius of our lives. We are like schoolboys escaped from everyday drudgery; we are discoverers passing into a world unknown. When we observe the excitement with which our progress through the villages is regarded; when we find ourselves merged into a portion of the local Post, the mouthpiece of the outer world to these quiet spots; when we notice how a crimson flag is hung out by way of signal that passenger or parcel is awaiting us; and, above all, when we remark that our entrance and exit to every village is thought worthy of musical honours—that is to say, when our worthy bandit is found playing a whole tune with variations on his cornet solemnly, and a good deal out of tune, but still with much effect, on each occasion;—when all these things happen to us, we look about us with an air of satisfaction and say, 'We are off the beaten track.'

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[1] *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

[2] *The Black Forest: its People and Legends.* By L. G. Seguin. London: Strahan.

We must however pause here to admit that, however delightful it may be in holiday times thus to recover our individuality, and vindicate our human preference for doing something which it is not open to every other human being to do—a long journey performed by these antiquated means is something upon which the modern mind can scarcely fail to look with horror. We remember travelling on the way to Italy, in a diligence, which ran along one of the loveliest roads in the world, from Marseilles to Nice. We were a night and a day on the road. It is twenty years ago or more, and no railway pick had touched, or theodolite surveyed, that enchanting coast. We remember how the sun rose, the flood of golden light, bands of orange and crimson with which the azure sky was barred as sudden day came out of the mists of night, and the mystic blueness of the dawn. But we remember also how the joy of this solemn and glorious spectacle, this resurrection of the earth, was vulgarised into the relief of the sensation that, thank heaven! a hideous night—made miserable by every kind of contortion into which the aching body could be twisted, stifling with heat and dust, disgusting with the odours and the contact of other heavily breathing and similarly contorted individuals, on either side—was over at last. For getting over the ground, and securing a certain amount of comfort while doing so, the railway has unspeakably the advantage of any other mode of travelling in common. We must not permit fancy to carry us too far. The Black Forest, with its quaint coaches and villages hidden among the trees, would not have been for us had there been only carriages and horses to take us there. For the long swift flight over a weary road, the steady unfaltering rush, with whirr as of strong wings, through the glooms and silences of night, devouring the way, let us thank that iron road and the tributary giants that never weary or fail, whom human craft has put to this work, a work not to be accomplished in any other way.

The book about the Black Forest, to which we have referred, is not however a good specimen of the kind of travel-book which we have been describing. It may be, perhaps, more valuable to an intending traveller than a mere record of individual experience; for it has maps and copious descriptions, and goes systematically into the question how to get from one woodland depth to another, with full detail of every wood or water nymph by the way. But we have got by this time a little weary of the Undines and Melusinas. Perhaps we have overdone those Teutonic versions of older fable, and we have also had somewhat too much of the German simplicities of primitive life. There is a respectable solidity and respectability about that great nation which grows monotonous after awhile. Perhaps we are ourselves built too much on the same lines. Impossible not to esteem their slow and steady excellence, the ponderous, heavy virtue which thrives and multiplies and spreads itself over the earth, as we ourselves do; but it wants the lighter graces which attract the imagination. The general Germanism

seems too strong for individuality. It is the race incarnate in one person with whom we talk, not a man modified by the peculiarities of race. But yet those quaint and antique towns, all perfect in their habits as they lived three hundred years ago; those still villages with their old houses; those clumsy, heavy-footed forms in costumes that are rarely beautiful, but full of practical use and wearing—are all refreshful to the wearied mind which wants more rest than excitement. And what wealth of woodland glades, what nooks of human habitation buried in the rocks and woods, may be found there! It is a little world of itself, a world so easily accessible, that Baden-Baden, one of the best known and most frequented of pleasure resorts, sits on the edge of this sylvan region, where the traveller may lose himself in mazy byways leading from village to village, and forget that he is living in the nineteenth century. Nothing, however, can be more utterly conventional than the herding together of the population here and there, wherever there is a nasty spring of mineral water, to take the periodical 'Cure,' which seems the synonym in many places of that 'change of air' which is our own favourite panacea. The German pleasure-seeker puts his amusement on a grave height of necessity. The author of the 'Black Forest' gives an amusing account of the 'annual passion' for water which seizes the whole Teutonic race: 'At a certain period of the year he is seized, no matter what his rank, occupation, or position, with an insatiable craving, an intolerable water-thirst, which nothing less than a month at a bath can satisfy. Water he must have, or die—socially.' The very babies are made to consume their modicum of diluted sulphur, or rotten eggs, and to take their dip. 'Poor little things! what is the matter with them?' the stranger asks. But there is nothing the matter with them; they have come to take the waters, and they take them. This inclination towards medicine, whether we want it or not, has happily never been developed among ourselves; unless, indeed, in the sublimer regions of society, where people, after the season, go meekly to Homburg, to drink and gossip and warm up all the old dishes of scandal that one hoped had been done with. No doubt many a seaside expedition of doubtful advantage and comfort has been justified by the reflection that 'a change is good for the children;' but in Germany it is like the nursery 'dose' after Christmas mince-pies and puddings, a making up for the enjoyments of the rest of the year. The body does penance; the mind is regaled, with music, with solemn tea-garden sociabilities, such as please the Teutonic race. 'A band plays twice a day on the Kurplatz,' and the good people sit about, the women knitting, the men smoking, some on long benches by long tables, some with the freedom of chairs dotted here and there. Few are their words, and let us hope they are well chosen: but much is their tobacco—a blue cloud under the trees—and the stockings that are knitted and the worsted work that is done must be endless. But whether the amusement of sitting out under that cloud for hours together is a lively way of spend-

ing the annual holiday it is not for us to say; it is the 'Cure' which the nation loves.

It is curious that among all our borrowings and adaptations we have never set up a 'Cure.' 'The Bath' indeed a hundred years ago occupied something of the position which the larger and more fashionable of the German baths occupy now. And Buxton and Harrogate supply a certain amount of drowsy dissipation for their invalids. But the English mind in general has never been drawn towards this medicated pleasure. Pure idleness, indeed, has never established itself among us as a fashion of amusement. We think there is a great deal to be said for it in many ways. To go from one sort of active exercise to another is our general practice. We leave our books, our offices, and our toils for an opposite kind of fatigue—climbing mountains, seeing pictures, studying architecture—doing something, whatever that something may be. But could we be content to sit still, with or without the tobacco, to let the soft warm featureless days glide over us, without incident, without exertion, might not this be better for the mind at least, of which we are always complaining that it is overworked? To lie on the sea-beach and skim pebbles across the waves is perhaps a kind of idleness that would suit the Englishman better, or to withdraw to the solitude of the most private of lawns, where the shade of the trees is shared by no rabble of bathers, but may be enjoyed in absolute freedom. That, no doubt, would be good for him—if he could be persuaded to do it. But what English family does not know the misery of finding itself afloat for the holidays at some resort of pleasure where there is 'nothing to do?' The German does not feel the same kind of necessity. He can be idle—that most difficult of efforts to us; and among the Latin races the still happier climax is attained of being idle and gay. We cannot do it, unhappily for ourselves. How much hard-earned money do we spend, how much unnecessary trouble take upon us, both in mind and body, because it is a necessity of our nature to turn our leisure into occupation! But we do not think it probable that any number of Englishmen will ever be soothed into quiet idleness by the expedient of *les eaux*. Women are more easily contented; yet the placid knitting of a German housemother between the smoke and the beer does not furnish a delightful ideal to her British contemporary. And music, though the heavenliest of its kind, palls after a while upon all but the most highly cultivated ears. For our own part, our conviction is, that only after a little experience of a band playing 'on the Kurplatz twice a day' is the heavenly soothing of silence fully appreciated. How sweet it is not to be called upon to listen to anything, even though it be Mozart or Beethoven! How delicious to hear the last scrape of the untiring bow, the last boom of that wind which never seems to fail, breathing through brazen tubes for hours together—and to feel the silence flow in like a river of balm and healing, into all those wounds and abrasions of the hurt air in which that noise has been! Then come out softly, as

the instruments march away on the blue-clothed legs that belong to them, all the undertones of manifold life; those birds which have been stupefied into silence, that soft buzz of insects which gives character to a summer day, the interchange of human voices out of which, by some magical property it has, the warm air steals every harshness, harmonising them by the subtlest incomprehensible art—with what a flood of refreshment this heavenly softness, instinct with music, flows over us as soon as the blare is over! But this, we are aware, is heresy of the deepest dye.

We have been beguiled by these suggestions of German leisure, of beer, smoke, knitting, brass bands, and unpleasant waters, out of the consideration, with which we began, of those new features of travel which have been developed by the too great facilities given us for moving about the world. But here is something which brings us back to our purpose with whimsical promptitude. The expedition of Mr. Stevenson recorded in the charming little book which he has been pleased to call 'Travels with a Donkey,' is as admirable an example of disgust with the ordinary conditions of pleasure-rambling, as it is of graceful writing, and the original and delicate vein of fancy which this young gentleman has developed. In its key-note, however, we find still something more than the mere fastidious dislike of over-refinement for the pleasures which the rabble share, and desire after a sensation more delicate; in the superiority of that new-fangled old-fashionedness which is the very height of the mode nowadays. The traveller in this case goes a step further. He is a young man of letters, one of those who, standing on the very apex of culture and the nineteenth century, find nothing better to do than to topple over and begin again on the other side; and he is at the same time, we presume, one of those darlings of fortune, who, having no natural hardships of their own, find a piquant gratification in inventing a few artificial ones, that they may know how it feels to be weary, and cold, and footsore, and belated, with the option at any moment of returning to their ordinary life.

> Few sorrows had she of her own,
> My hope, my joy, my Genevieve;
> She loves me best whene'er I sing
> The songs that make her grieve.

So Mr. Stevenson turns from life, which is too soft and indulgent, to try how it feels to be a vagabond. It is a caprice like another. 'Why any one should desire to visit either Luc or Cheylard is more than my much-inventing spirit can suppose,' he says, with ingenuous frankness, while discussing his own itinerary; and we are obliged to agree with him fully. No madder expedition could well have been; and it does not seem to have had the usual pretence of fine scenery or historical interest. 'For my part,' he says, 'I travel

not to go anywhere, but to go. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly, to come down off this feather-bed of civilisation, and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints.' This is so wonderful a counter-proposition to our innocent assumption that pleasure-travel was an amusement and refreshment for hard-working people, that we cannot but laugh even in the midst of our gasp of surprise. In our day we say, with that half-irritated sense of contrast which is one of the symptoms of age coming on—in our day hardships were not voluntary. We had them without the asking. What a thing it is to be young, to be super-refined, to load a donkey with all one's belongings, and to start out upon the barest of hill-sides at the moment when all the fiddles are tuning up, and feasting and merry-making in full progress over all the world! This is the last whim of exquisite youth. The reader can imagine the supreme satisfaction with which the young monarch of civilisation discards it and all its comforts, and contemplates himself in the cunning disguise of a pedlar, exulting vastly in the practical joke which he is playing upon mankind. It is a still more piquant version of the prince travelling incognito, with always an amused wonder that nobody recognises him. To be sure, our young traveller does not hesitate to tell that he is a writer travelling with the purpose of bookmaking; but a maker of books is but a sort of pedlar, or wandering raconteur to the out-of-the-way French peasant, who attaches no importance to the title. And probably none of the people he met in the way had any real idea what an amusing thing it was to see an English author leading a donkey over the bleak pathways of the Cevennes.

Having said this, however, we are bound to admit that a prettier book than that which contains the history of this journey we have not met with for a long time. Nothing particular happens to the traveller; he has nothing much to tell us. But he tells us that nothing in detail, hour by hour of his not very long journey, with a happy grace of narrative and lucid flow of musing, which among all the vulgarities and commonplaces of print are singularly refreshing. It is all about himself, but it is not egotistical in the evil meaning of the word. We never feel that we are hearing too much of him, or find his details impertinences—or at least *hardly* ever, to use the guarded language of the popular poet. Though the idea of the expedition is altogether over-fine and superior in its very rudeness, our young author is never priggish. He is perfectly unaffected in his affectation. The innocent vanity of his satisfaction in doing something no one has thought of doing before *is* quite innocent and pleasant, and in no way harms the impression produced on our minds that he is a charming companion, full of good feeling and good taste, as well as of sense and spirit, and with a quite exceptional gift of literary expression. If here and there a passing temptation towards fine writing crosses his mind, it is speedily brushed aside by the

natural flow of a style as superior in grace as it is in spontaneousness and ease, to the big mouthings of that talk which we call 'tall' in these days. Mr. Stevenson will think but poorly of us when we say that this little book is the first, bearing his name, that has fallen into our hands; but this fact will not disturb the reader, who probably, like ourselves, has not found out the new name which, in all likelihood, will make itself very well known ere long. We say 'in all likelihood,' with a doubt in our minds as to whether the graceful art of writing about nothing will suffice to build a great and permanent reputation upon. Perhaps it is because we ourselves belong to a more positive age that this doubt affects us. At the present moment it is a delightful gift, and, while our author is young, gives such an air of promise, and of that easy play of nascent power which 'may do anything,' that it is perhaps more attractive than a more solid performance. But——. Nothing can be more charming than those sketches of Mr. Henry James, for instance, which are as near as possible stories about nothing—a breath, a passing sentiment, a problem unsolved. They are the very flower and perfection of literature in its superlative mood, written for those to whom a suggestion is enough, and requiring that combination of mutual sentiment and fancy in writer and reader which carries intellectual intercourse in the airier regions to the very highest point of which it is capable—the point, in fact, from which that also must topple over and get back to common earth again. 'So-and-So,' says a musical friend, in perfect good faith, 'has carried so far his studies in pure sound that he is impatient of music.' There is a vulgarity in execution of all kinds, which jars upon these delicate souls. The artist's highest gift is to elude the appearance of doing anything, and to secure his effect as by magic, by a suggestion, the airiest touch, a light and fine indication of meaning. But——. It is all delightful; yet, as in life, so in literature, we must feel, as Mr. Stevenson himself says, 'the granite underfoot.' And we think it probable that, after a while, these young exquisites of genius will have to commit themselves to a recognition of the obstinate solidity of old earth, and the flesh and blood that inhabit it. We speak with precaution, not at all sure whether it may not be a lingering prejudice from a more positive age, a middle-aged incapacity to understand how a musician should so cultivate himself as to be independent, nay intolerant, of music, and feel every note jar upon the perfection of sound—which alarms us! In the meantime it is very delightful fooling—if it does but last.

Mr. Stevenson started on his expedition from the village of Monastier, among the hills of Le Puy, in, by way of a little additional perversity and tempting of Providence and the elements, the end of September—though 'at the high altitudes over which my road lay there was no Indian summer to be looked for.' He had made up his mind to be independent of inns if necessary, and carried with him an elaborate provision for camping out—that is to say, an article of his own invention, captivating as it appeared

to him in its simplicity, a 'sleeping sack,' otherwise described as 'a sort of long roll or sausage, green waterproof cart-cloth without and blue sheep's fur within,' in which the traveller had nothing to do but to insert himself, burying his person in it up to the neck, with a fur cap and hood to shelter the head, that most important of all the members for a literary man on his travels. But this sausage or pack being six feet square, though it served as a chest of drawers (i.e. a portmanteau) by day, was not exactly the sort of thing which a man can carry under his arm, and something had to be got to convey it about. We wonder it did not occur to Mr. Stevenson to get a child's perambulator, which would have suited his necessities exactly, and given him no trouble; but genius has its limitations, and in short the idea has but flashed across our mind at the moment, and might not have occurred to us in time to be of use any more than it did to our traveller. A horse was not to be thought of, for 'a horse is a fine lady among animals, flighty, timid, delicate in eating, of tender health;' therefore he fixed his choice upon a donkey, and a donkey was procured accordingly. The delicate little sketch of the village, and the interest it took in all his arrangements, the little crowds that went after him, and the universal friendliness, not unmitigated by an inclination to take the stranger in when practicable, make a delightful vignette to begin with. What a godsend the mad young Englishman and his sack must have been to Monastier! To be provided with such an amusement when nothing particular is going on is an advantage which only the dwellers in retired hamlets can fully appreciate. The women over their lace must have thanked all the saints for him as he played the first scene of his little drama before their eyes; and when he set out the whole village turned out too, to load the donkey and help him to get under weigh. He started, it need not be said, with a young traveller's usual load of superfluous articles—which impedimenta he got rid of as he went on—and these articles were bound on by sheer force and zeal on the back of the hapless donkey. The donkey's master however, found out by mournful experience afterwards that 'one thoughtful person without any exercise of force can make a more solid job than half a dozen heated and enthusiastic grooms.' He set out with a light heart, but many were the troubles in store. Modestine, for so he named his ass, developed into that legendary animal the donkey that wouldn't go, and though 'I am worthy the name of Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female,' her owner had to belabour her, and that soundly, but without producing any effect. When a sarcastic peasant makes his appearance with a switch, totally incredulous of the 'trembling knees' and 'distressed breathing' of this accomplished actress, the little beast breaks into a good round pace; but the moment he is left to his own innocent and highly-civilised devices, nature, in the form of the most patient and enduring of her many species, laughs at the young philosopher. His first day's journey is full of all the humorous miseries

that could be gathered into so many hours. 'O what a cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it!' he cries, reminding himself remorsefully of the light laughter with which in happier days of ignorance he had regarded 'good men struggling with adversity in the person of a jackass.' The pack comes loose twice over, and has to be readjusted; and thereupon ensues a general throwing away of the impedimenta. Thus the long day passed away with two thumps for every step, until in the confused dusk, with strange hills rising coldly round him on every side, his arm 'aching like toothache from perpetual beating,' and his heart failing him, he gives up all idea of the bivouac he had intended, and discreetly but weakly betakes himself to the shelter of the auberge. Here, however, the compassionate master of the house supplies him with a goad, by means of which he has the donkey at his mercy, and things go better when they are again started next morning on their way.

His first night's encampment was an unlucky and unintentional one, consequent upon the inhospitable brutality of a peasant who would not show him the way, and of whose cowardly dread of the night and darkness we have a curious little Rembrandt sketch, lit up by a lanthorn in the doorway, where the churl stands, with a flippant daughter behind him, replying to the belated wanderer out in the dark, upon whose indignant and weary countenance the light throws dazzling gleams. When after this episode the traveller gropes about the roads till he finds black trees showing themselves, and 'suddenly crossing the road a cave of unmitigated blackness right in front,' he puts himself into his bag, and feeling his heart beating faster than usual, though with, he says, 'an agreeable excitement,' makes his first venture in the midst of 'the perturbing concert of the wind among the woods.' It is, however, from another night further on that we take the following bit of description, in which there is a certain cold, and clear, and dewy reflection, a soft sigh as of night air, a murmur as of the inextinguishable sounds which make up silence, such as reproduces not only the scene, but the inmost sentiment of it, which is the highest of all tributes to the writer's power.

Night is a dead, monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly with its stars, and dews, and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of the night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns, and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all

these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means and purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place, and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only like the luxurious Montaigne, 'that we may the better and more seriously relish it.' We have a moment to look upon the stars. . . . . When that hour came to me I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. . . . . A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time: so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. . . . . I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world from which we cower into our houses seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists; at the least I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight silence, not moving, but ever within touch.

After this the reader will feel as if he too had passed a night out-of-doors. The cool and starlit northern night in which old Edward, the 'Scotch naturalist,' watched for the 'beasts' which can only be found in the confidence of that first stir and awakening—was almost as beautiful; but the presence of the old blunderbuss which cold-blooded science introduced into the scene jarred upon its freshness and gracefulness. Pure poetry without any blunderbuss is more in harmony with nature. We don't pretend to any experience of nights *à la belle étoile*; but long watches, even under a roof, give a certain insight into the ways of the mysterious world, so much wider than our own limited circle of articulate revelation, which lies around us. He who watches the blue mornings in, even through the crevices of shuttered windows, will remember how the birds awake, not at once into song, but with first a few vague questioning chirps, as who would say, 'Daylight is coming—is that the day?' gradually quickening into the hasty adjurations addressed to laggards, and cheerful demands as to how Mrs. Mavis and the little ones have passed the night, or about Madame Thrush's evening visits. The bird-talk, before they begin their more formal task of singing, gets to such a pitch of noisy gossip as would be noticeable in an excited village—before, the full

flush of day being come, they all distribute themselves to their places in the orchestra, and, preluding with many a triumphant trill to show how little they have suffered from the night, tune up in shrill sweetness to the day's work. This twitter and chirp of sociability and conversation, as well as the first flood of song, presumably for their own entertainment before lazy man is stirring, are as distinct from the ordinary music after as it is possible to suppose.

This, however, is a digression, just as Mr. Stevenson's visit to the Trappist monastery, though by many people it will be considered the most interesting part of his book, is a digression. All the people that pass us by as we travel with him are lifelike and natural, and none more so than the group of cheerful monks, bound by the most rigid of unnatural vows, whom Mr. Stevenson evidently regards with a certain *naïf* curiosity, the other side of which shows itself in his natural and honest admission that the Protestantism of the village further on 'pleased me more than I should have expected.' It gives him a touch of surprise to find that the Trappist brothers are by no means a mournful company, and his picture of them is all the brighter and more agreeable for the unexpectedness of anything so pleasant. Father Apollinaris, who had never seen a Scotsman, and 'looked me all over, his good honest, brawny countenance shining with interest as a boy might look upon a lion or an alligator' (by the way, is brawny a just adjective to use as distinguishing a *countenance?*)—and the other kind brethren, with the eager prattle which seems to diversify their silence, and their polemical visitors, and the pleasure of the whole community in something new, is set before us with a hand both tender and skilful. So is an altogether different person on the other side of the hill, where the Protestantism pleases our traveller—an old man on the road-side, who asks abruptly, 'Connaissez-vous le Seigneur?'—a question tô which our young Scotsman responds with honest reverence, though he has a compunctious doubt that he has made his questioner think better of him than he deserved. The difference in his appreciation of these two sides of the religious question is very prettily put and charms us with its sincerity. Of the monks he tells us, 'A happier nor a healthier company I should scarce suppose that I have ever seen. Those with whom I spoke were singularly sweet-tempered, with what I can only call a holy cheerfulness in air and conversation;' but, on the other side, when he gets among the gentle and friendly descendants of the old Camisards, the French Covenanters, whom he cannot help contrasting with their sterner prototypes in Scotland, he speaks with warmer energy. 'I own,' he says, 'I met these Protestants with delight and a sense of coming home. I was accustomed to speak their language in another and deeper sense of the word than that which distinguishes between French and English; for the true Babel is a divergence upon morals.' We cannot say that we agree with our traveller on this point, having always found the aspect of the simple unpolemical Catholic, in a Catholic country, far more

sympathetic than that of the (probably freethinking and undevout) Protestant; but we heartily like him for feeling so, and admire the courage and naturalness of his opinions. Not the least charm of his book indeed is the acquaintance we get in it with a friendly and genial young soul, full of the freshness and sincerity of nature, though so far advanced in culture and letters and art.

The only taint of bad taste in Mr. Stevenson's delightful monologue is when it pleases him to break out into a silly and equivocal French song about *belles filles*, and the reckonings of *L'Amour*, under the roof of Our Lady of the Snows. He ought to have known better than to have disturbed that respectable seclusion with the senseless rubbish of 'Giroflé and Girofla.' If we did not hesitate to avenge a momentary foolishness with undue severity, we should say that this was a melancholy proof that a scrap of Mr. Punch's ''Arry' is to be found in all young Englishmen—nay, even young Scotsmen too. We hope our young companion and guide by so many pleasant ways will find something better in future to express his preference for love and life—as he easily may in many a delicate and delicious *refrain* of French poetry and melody, not to speak of music nearer home—and condescend no more to such popular vulgarities of art.

We have given a great deal of room to Mr. Stevenson, because his little book is a captivating book, well calculated to lead a reviewer astray; and we have been so charmed with our new acquaintance, picked up by the roadside so to speak, when we were thinking of nothing but travels, that we have been loth to part with him. Here, however, is another little narrative,[3] not of travel indeed, but of holiday residence in an altogether primitive and out-of-the-way region, which, though it has not the distinction of Mr. Stevenson's book, is very pleasant reading, and opens up a beautiful and but little explored country. It is not perhaps a country to which the English heads of a family could convey their flock of children, as the writer did, who is evidently a resident in Florence, and to whom the Apennines are a natural refuge from the summer heats. Nor could an English family, were it so transported, naturalise itself among the peasants of those lovely hills, as did every member, down to the smallest, of the occupants of the villa, to whom the language of Pietro and Narciso was evidently as familiar as their own. But this fact being granted, the pretty domestic story of this *villeggiatura*, with all the cottages dotted round the great house in pleasant Italian sociability and a natural familiar fellowship, which has nothing to do with political equality, and which we, with all our free institutions, have never been able to attain—is as pleasant a record of holiday as could be desired. It is perhaps a little too feminine; but, if that is not an uncommon fault in our lighter literature at the present moment, it is

[3] *A Nook in the Apeninnes.* By Leader Scott.

not quite so common as might be desired in the better sense. The author does not thrust her sex upon us in any way; but there is a flavour of cheerful chatty womanliness about the little volume; and all the pretty expeditions, and the prominence of the children, and the character of their intercourse with their simple neighbours, betray one of those cheerful households where the 'housemother'—grave title, which yet may be as applicable within the range of the twenties as at a more venerable age—has sisters and friends and lively young womankind about her, and a continued pleasant ripple of intercourse and variety and talk. There are no such true holiday parties as these. Men, it must be allowed, are uncomfortable animals in this do-nothing period. The little pleasures do not please them; the children get in their way; the domesticity turned out of doors, and with no boundary of social necessities to limit it, becomes a bore after a while. This is, perhaps, why we see so little of 'the Antiquary'—which seems to be the title appropriated to the head of the house—in the pleasant narrative. Well for him that he was an antiquary, and no doubt could find amusement in all the venerable relics put away by Time among the rocks and woods of that ancient country, where there are still so many traces of an elder civilisation, and all the almanack of architecture may be made out upon the different layers of building which chronicle mutely the changes of seasons and fashions. In short, to enjoy a family holiday it is, perhaps, essential that the male members of the party should have, if not 'something to do,' at least an interest which can occupy them, and supply the gentle stimulant which the more easily satisfied feminine mind finds in the children's pic-nics, and all the pretty family bustle which, truth to tell, smells by times too strongly of bread and butter. But the mothers and aunts, by a special dispensation of providence, take kindly to the bread and butter. It is of the most poetical kind in the villa, but still it is there—and the male element does not show much, probably in consequence; which, no doubt, for all parties concerned was the best.

Few people who have travelled that way will forget the glimpses of lovely mountain and glen which gleam upon the traveller as the train rushes from one tunnel to another on the road from Bologna to Florence. Alas! all our personal knowledge of that enchanting district is derived from this rapid, smoky, and stifling journey; a sort of goat's path among railways, but with all the disadvantage of the constantly recurring suffocations of the tunnels in question. The great one through Mont Cenis is nothing in comparison, its admirable ventilation doing away, to a great extent, with the physical evils of the situation, leaving only an imaginative thrill of pleasant alarm to the novice conscious for the first time of plunging into the bowels of the earth. The Apennine tunnels appeal less to the imagination, but more to the lungs. They are not big enough to warrant (we suppose) the same expenditure on

their ventilation, and each successive plunge into the hole in each new mountain is attended with a very unpleasant change of atmosphere. But in the sudden breaks of light which alternate these dives into the darkness, what glimpses of paradise burst upon us, vanished almost before we have realised them, yet leaving a hundred exquisite slight sun-pictures upon the camera of the mind. Scores of little mountains stepping down and down, or up and up, at as many different elevations, from the green depths to the ethereal skies; here and there a white village clinging to the steep hillside, but veiling every rock of its little platform in clouds of wealthy chestnut-trees, with now and then an old castle standing up between those same green chestnuts and the heavenly Italian blue; village bells tinkling, village herds like playthings upon the lofty slopes, square convent walls like straight lines (the only straight lines in all the landscape) thrusting a grey angle out of the foliage, while the little glens underneath, made for mere beauty, like the flowers, serve like reversed bridges to carry the little thread of brown road from one peak to another. What a heavenly land! and what a kind, friendly, always sympathetic people, reading at a glance what is in the heart of the stranger—that is, if there is anything in his heart—and understanding as duller observers do not understand after worlds of explanation! Whoever would climb those Tuscan hills, up and down, from wooded cone to cone, while still tranquil upon an English lawn, as far from noise and railways as the village itself; or in a dusty English street which has still more need of the refreshment—could not do better than read the 'Nook in the Apennines,' with all its innocent expeditions and family pleasantness.

We do not pretend, however, that we can find in this pretty book anything like the landscape-painting in which Mr. Stevenson is a master, nor can the author convey to her pages that indescribable sentiment of the scene which requires something more subtle than colours. The maze of varied heights which surround her mountain village; the neighbouring hamlets, like her own, hung in the sweet highland air across a leafy chasm of verdure, where the delightful pathway winds up and down; the ancient little borgo still higher up, perching its tall white houses on the steep side of another leafy cone; the occasional keen needle of rock penetrating to the sky, with its rugged precipices to diversify the panorama, and balanced by the velvet smoothness of a grassy down—Prato Fiorito, field of flowers, all radiant like an Alpine garden—with here 'a pair of ruined towers' flung up on high, and deep down in the valley a glimmer of water and grey old bridges traversing the indistinct, half visible stream—sweep round the villa on its little platform among the chestnut-trees. Hills and valleys wave alike with chestnuts, which replace all the forms of food known on lower altitudes, and are corn and beef alike to the villagers. In the foreground 'rises a green foliaged knoll on whose point is a picturesque little brown village called Piteglio, which lies only a short mile from our Nook, and contains

the parish church of our peasants.' To this centre of the parish, the Kirkton as it would be called in Scotland, the visitors are always making pilgrimages. All the *funzioni* of the Church, those invariable attractions to the district round, all the weddings and the funerals, the natural solemnities of life, necessitate a picturesque procession down one hill and up another to this general point of attraction. The reader who has not been in Italy knows at least by old pictures the endless succession of peaks which are so marked a feature of Tuscan scenery, and here they are in full perfection, all different, all harmonious—'the little hills like lambs'—in the billowy landscape. Sometimes the party make longer excursions, climbing the quaint delightful mountain-top where the village of Lucchio has planted its white houses like stalactites on the very edge of the precipice—a wonderful scene which forms the frontispiece to the volume—even penetrating as far as San Marcello, a town where there are cafés and a market and fashionable visitors. In a country where every village forms the crown of a picturesque hill, and where every house has some lingering touch of mediæval grace, it may be supposed there was no want of excursions. We do not hear of any treasure-trove in the shape of pictures in the churches or convents, but nature supplied pictures enough to content any reasonable mind; and all the members of the party seem to have had an acquaintance more or less with art, and went out with their sketch-books, pouncing upon every new point of view with the delighted avidity of the amateur.

There is, however, as much about the inhabitants of this mountain country as about their hill-tops, and the account is one which will surprise those superficial observers who judge all Italians from their experience of here and there a cunning cicerone or grasping valet de place. The Giulios and Giorgios of these eyries among the Apennines have little in common with the ordinary traveller's conventional idea of an Italian peasant. Here is a little sketch of the mingled intelligence and simplicity of these honest, industrious, gentle-hearted fellows which it would be hard to match in any other country we are acquainted with:—

This morning I have had a talk with Luigi, who was smoking the pipe of peace at our gate after a morning's work. And what do you suppose our wooden-faced friend talked of? Not the crops and the weather—no! his mind soars above that. He asked me if I had read Tasso! and did I like the 'Gerusalemme Liberata'? Then he went on to Ariosto and Dante, and quoted whole verses of his favourite poets. Next he put this astounding question, 'Is it true, signora, that there are three lost things now? That a star is gone from the sky, and a fish from the sea, and a bird from the air?'

'Many species of animals once known are now extinct,' I reply vaguely, not quite understanding his drift.

'Yes: but these were so much written about by the poets, and now they tell me there are no such things. The bird was called the Phœnix, the fish the Siren.'

I breathed freely again. Luigi's knowledge was not scientific, but only poetic. Then he went on to explain how the Phœnix made her nest, and

then offered herself up a burning sacrifice, and as she did so her offspring arose from the heat of her ashes; and for authority quoted a beautiful verse from one of the ancient poets.

'I think the poet only meant to show how life springs from decay and seeming death. . .' I ventured to remark. But Luigi's faith in poetry would accept no myths.

'At least you must own that the Siren was real,' he says. 'Why, were not many mariners lost who listened to her? and was not Ulysses only saved by refusing to hearken? They say that even now sailors won't go near those rocks; they are down on the sea-coast near Sicily somewhere . . .'

At this juncture his younger brother, Giulio, the Adonis of the village, made his appearance with an illustrated paper. 'Perhaps the signora can help me to find out this rebus,' he says, showing a page of riddles at the end. 'I have guessed these three, but number four puzzles me.'

My amazement will out. Where in the world do these peasants, far from the world and their fellow-men, pick up their education? I venture to put my curiosity into words. 'When do you find time for so much reading?'

They laugh simultaneously. 'If the signora was only here in the winter, she would have then to ask what we can do with our time, for we have so much more than we need on our hands. There are times when it snows for a week, and we cannot get out to do a stroke of work. . . . We generally meet in one house, and sit round the fire. One of us reads, and the others listen. The women have their spinning and weaving to do; they don't mind it so much, but it's a terribly irksome time to us.'

In Switzerland, this time of over-abundant leisure would have been occupied in wood-carving (often to the sore distress of the summer traveller, overwhelmed with match-boxes and nut-crackers), which would at once have amused the poor fellows thus unwillingly out of work, and gained a few francs for the family purse. But that craft does not seem to flourish among the Italian hills, though wherever the olive grows there are an infinity of little articles made from its yellow wood. We do not know if it is to be regretted that the pretty rubbish with which we all encumber ourselves should not be produced among the Apennines; but the match-boxes at least are profitable, and might serve to buy books.

If the reader would like to compare this volume, which we have called feminine, with a purely masculine performance, we recommend him (or her) to take a passing glance—it will not require more—at a slim little book about Yachting,[4] lately published. The author spends his holidays, with three chosen friends, cruising, as he says, 'in the West Highlands,' which is surely a confusion of ideas to start with—though we suppose the salt water of the Clyde and all those noble lochs that cut the coast with their long indentations, liquid valleys reflecting the glowing heather and purple splendour, or stony sternness of the hills, may be called highlands by a pardonable incorrectness, though they are only high waters tributary to the sea.

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[4] *A Yachtsman's Holiday; or, Cruising in the West Highlands.* London: Pickering.

A man who is not a poet, nor indeed, we presume, a man of letters at all, is at a prodigious disadvantage in the lochs and firths which Mr. Black has taken possession of before him. This is not our Yachtsman's fault; but it shows great courage, or, as he would prefer to call it, 'pluck,' to venture thus to 'take the water' of one of the chief magicians, in this sort, of our time. But he wisely refrains from attempting to emulate those wonderful pictures of sea and land which come to us from the easel of the real artist, glowing in such a dazzling beauty of description as might drive any painter to despair. It is amusing to contrast the woman's hand with the man's in these two books. The contrast is as great as that which exists between the Apennines, all leafy and luxuriant, and the Highland lochs and shores. The lady is diffuse, and the man is brief enough. Where she gives us pretty Watteau pictures of little *fêtes champêtres*, he unfolds the Homeric eating of four heroes, all ready to face the wildest breeze or the roughest sea at a moment's notice, all weather-proof, delighting in the sniff of the gale and the salt foam. But if the family pleasantries are a little mild in the one case, the jokes of the cabin and the forecastle are a trifle rough in the other; and the record of mere weighings of anchors, running before gales, moorings in convenient harbours, and abundant dining, with much jocular devotion to the 'wine of the country,' is scarcely enough to carry the reader through even a slim volume. '"Your craft must be built on the lines of the Flying Dutchman, to sail independent of wind and weather," says a generous rival; "you ought to write a book about it." And I said I would.' And here is the book in which that intention is carried out; it no doubt will be of some interest to other yachtsmen, but not much to any other class of the community, so far as we can see.

It is with an involuntary smile of mingled surprise and amusement that we stop after reading a few chapters of Miss Betham-Edwards's book about Eastern France.[5] We ask ourselves from whence the rosy light is derived which is diffused over all the picture? Such a paradise on earth never was as La Brie, according to this lady's description, except that it is not quite so perfect a paradise, on the whole, as is one corner of it, the City of Chocolate, where M. Menier prepares what Miss Edwards declares over and over again to be the best chocolate in the world, and makes a large number of workpeople completely blessed. We do not feel by any means convinced that the Chocolate Menier is the best chocolate in the world, though we are very willing Miss Edwards should think so; but why she should round every period of her hymn in praise of Seine et Marne by a fling at poor Brittany, a country dear to so many of our hearts, is what we cannot understand. It is not to be supposed that

[5] *Holidays in Eastern France.* By M. Betham-Edwards. London: Hurst & Blackett.

an enlightened writer of advanced liberal opinions should like one district simply because it is rich and prosperous, or draw invidious comparisons between it and its poorer neighbour, without any other reason. Is it possible that Miss Edwards can believe that Brittany, by sending away its priests and shutting up its churches, could turn its wild moorlands and bleak sea-coasts into fat pastures like those of La Brie? A soil that without any particular skill of cultivation yields inexhaustible supplies of fruit, and fields that provide France with one of the most popular of cheeses, must count for something, we imagine, in the difference. Or is it because the inhabitants *don't* go to church, as she tells us, with what looks very like suppressed exultation, that Miss Edwards loves this fat land and its well-to-do people? Her pictures of the rich cornfields, the long lines of poplar by canal and river, the gardens full of mellow wealth, are often pretty enough, and they would be prettier still if she could do without that dark shadow of the northern province, with all its poetry and penury, to enhance their happier light. Spite of all Miss Edwards can say, however, poor Brittany will continue more interesting to the foreign visitor than La Brie with all its cheeses and its fruit. The melancholy western province has a charm in its misfortunes, in its many chills and troubles, in its old-world unlikeness to ourselves, which will stand any contrast. And we do not think that, if our gentle readers were to be moved to an immediate start across the Channel by any of the travel-books we have put before them, that it would be the poplars and the canals and the gardens that would tempt them. Well-to-do-ness is a highly desirable condition. Would that we could all share it! but it does not possess any romance of interest; rather, if we must confess it, in our inmost hearts awakes a certain opposition and natural defiance. Neither is the picture Miss Edwards gives us at all an attractive one. The farmers' wives and daughters, she informs us, though still devoted to the work of the dairies, and helping to make the abundant wealth of the district, 'wear the smartest of Parisian bonnets and gowns when paying visits'—'I was going to say when at church,' she adds jauntily, 'but nobody does go there! . . . . Church-going has become out of date among the manufacturers of Brie cheese. They amuse themselves on Sunday by taking walks with their children; the *pater-familias* bathes in the river; the ladies put on their gala dresses and pay visits—but they omit the devotions.'

Our humble opinion is that La Brie must be in a very bad way, and that the prosperity which has no higher side than paying visits in Parisian bonnets, is rather a vulgar sort of well-being. Miss Edwards writes very well, and has written much better. But the reader who will compare her pæans of indiscriminate praise, and equally indiscriminate denunciations, with the real knowledge and patient observation of, let us say Mr. Hamerton's book about France, so full of true and sympathetic understanding of the country and the people, will perceive the difference at a glance. It

is a pity, though, that the ideal of Republican virtue, which has always a surface of generous and high-minded sentiment, should fall so ingenuously and quickly into the snare of riches. Perhaps when all imaginative superiorities are abolished, it is natural that a fine, bold, well-developed golden image should be the handiest substitute; but it is bold to put it forward in this unhesitating way. The great fortunes of the farmers, the immense wealth of M. Menier, all made out of the best chocolate in the world; finally, the gorgeous blazing golden château of the Rothschilds ('The very name of Rothschild fills us with awe and bewilderment!' cries the enthusiastic traveller) are the objects of Miss Edwards's adoration. No wonder she despises poor Brittany, which wears no Paris bonnets, and possesses so few millionaires.

There is, however, one thing in this book against which we protest in the interest of all truly liberal opinions. The intolerant hatred with which a French secularist speaks of the Church is like the French patrician's cruel fear of the Revolution, a remnant and reflection of evil times that are past; but no words can be strong enough to condemn the English writer who ventures to put into black and white the following comparison:—

> Ah, what a different thing is the existence of a Catholic priest from that of a Protestant minister! On the one side we find selfishness, sensuality, and enforced isolation from the purifying influences of home and the domestic affections; a life out of harmony with the holiest instincts of human nature, and by the force of circumstances detrimental not only to the individual himself, but to society at large; on the other, a high standard of social and domestic virtue, a career of persistent self-denial, simplicity, and dignified obedience to the natural laws and exigencies of society; a life indeed edifying to all, and by virtue of its unselfishness uplifting to the individual.

Nothing can excuse a generalisation of this kind. No one ever knew France well without knowing to what perfection of simple virtue her humble, hard-worked curés, laborious, unremunerated servants of God and man, often attain. If not all apostles, they are yet quite as much so as most 'Protestant Ministers.' To claim self-denial as the leading characteristic in the existence of a well-to-do 'family man' with wife and children, and selfishness as the special qualification of the poor celibate, is one of those follies of prejudice to which a laugh is the only reply. It does not say much for the honourable estate of marriage if it is to be adduced as a proof of self-denial. We are tempted to inquire, though it may seem uncivil, whether 'enforced isolation from the purifying influences of home and the domestic affections' has effects as deadly upon the great number of English ladies who, as writers like Miss Edwards are continually assuring us, never can marry, as upon the poor priests who have fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, though they have not wives? We are ourselves of an opposite opinion.

The Close of the Session.

PARLIAMENT has said its last word for 1879 on the policy of the Government, foreign and domestic. It does not yet appear when the nation as a nation will be allowed to say its first. Since we discussed the state of public business in our August number, the prospects of British policy, both foreign and domestic, are supposed to have cleared. The Afghan war had already then closed; now the pæan of victory has been sung. A victory had retrieved Isandlana; now the flight of Cetewayo into the desolate darkness of his mountains is supposed to have placed the fruits of the triumph at the disposal of England. The Russians, at the end of July, were still in occupation of Bulgaria: now the last Russian soldier has disappeared. A Ministerial crisis at Constantinople was keeping Ottoman reforms in indefinite abeyance: now the crisis is at an end, and a formal scheme of financial reconstruction under European control is reported to have received the Sultan's sanction. There was still a fear at the beginning of August that the deposition of Ismail might throw back Egyptian affairs into the power of the Constantinople Seraglio: now the virtual independence of the new Khedive is believed to have been ascertained, and the consequent supremacy of Western Europe in his councils. In internal legislation the catalogue of successes may not be equally long; but it is alleged that the intrinsic importance of its contents makes up for their deficiency in number. A Bank Bill has been passed. The Army Discipline Bill has survived Irish criticism, as well as that of Mr. Chamberlain, and has received the Royal assent. Still more, an Irish University Bill has become law, and Irish Catholics have been assured that they have been granted, without prejudice to Protestant consciences, a more substantial boon than was conferred upon them in Mr. Gladstone's overthrow of the Irish Church.

The Government and its fuglemen invite the public to be humbly grateful for its escape from the quagmire of petty wars, international complications, and a kind of sense that the British Parliament had become water-logged. Lord Salisbury, at Hatfield, on the 4th of August, told the Middlesex Conservative working-men that the Afghan war was the most momentous Asiatic war England had ever waged. He congratulated the same nondescript politicians upon the final dispersion of the cloud which impended from Zululand, and the triumphant repulse of the attack by a savage host upon our South African colonies. Lord Beaconsfield took up the note of exultation at the Mansion House on the 6th of August. He reminded his aldermanic audience of his diplomatic dexterity. He had signed the Treaty of

Berlin, and the Treaty of Berlin was actually being obeyed. He informed the same audience of his own prophetic sagacity. He had declared at the Guildhall in November that Great Britain was warring with Shere Ali for a scientific frontier to the Indian Empire. A scientific frontier we now possessed. On the same festive occasion the Chancellor of the Exchequer defended the Session festively against the charge of indolence and inertness above any other Session in the history of Parliament. He appealed to the candour of the House of Lords to admit that the Commons must have worked well during its weeks of angry contention to send up a Bill of such bulk as the Army Bill in a state so perfect that two hours' inquiry satisfied the Peers to remit it intact to the Crown for its approval. He claimed, again, for his House the glory of having breathed life into the Irish University scheme which it had received from the sister House an inanimate skeleton. All, to judge by the words of Conservative chiefs, is peaceful and prosperous in British policy. Parliament and Government have equally earned the gratitude of the country. Even Obstruction has calmed down under the generous determination of Irish patriotism not to let pride in its power to veto legislation beguile it from its purpose to take all it can get from English weariness at litigious delays.

We gladly welcome any symptoms that Great Britain is emerging from the vague uncertainties among which her feet have been long wandering. A creditor who finds his debtor insolvent rejoices to receive half-a-crown in the pound. For the moment he feels as if he had made a profit, instead of having compromised a loss. That Russia should not embarrass her own finances and terrify Europe by maintaining the machinery of a European war in the emancipated provinces of Turkey is not the less matter for satisfaction from the practical impossibility of a contrary procedure. The most determined unbelievers in Turkish regeneration under Ottoman rule may yet hear with pleasure that taxes wrested from starving peasants will not be wholly squandered in pampering vice and folly. Cyprus may be our shame for the meanness which extorted it from a crushed ally by an intrigue behind the back of Europe; yet we are glad to be assured that English honesty of administration is beginning to be appreciated by the Cypriotes. It may be held that British statesmanship blundered in invoking the sympathy of the Porte with the Egyptian bondholders at the cost of opening a back door from Constantinople into the Cairo treasury. That is one cause the more for content if the gate which was unwarily unlocked have really now once more been shut. It is consistent to question the morality of the aggression on the Afghan Ameer, yet extol the endurance of British soldiers in forcing his mountain barrier. We may censure the folly of marking out a frontier of outposts in a wilderness, yet be grateful that what we deem the gain of a loss has not been bought even with a heavier price than several millions

of British treasure. Not a word can be retracted of all that has been ever pleaded against the policy of Sir Bartle Frere, and the *ex post facto* connivance of the Conservative Government, yet a patriotic delight be stirred at the victory of Ulundi. Peace does not become unwelcome, because there need never have been war. We may refuse to account the consolidation of the Mutiny Acts a glorious trophy of legislation, and still be well satisfied that the work of the one industrious episode of the Session has not been lost in the turmoil of obstructive manœuvres. We are not to be supposed to approve the tactics which introduced a shadow into Parliament in the hope that the House of Commons might nourish it into organic life, because we experience a sentiment of pleasure at a temporary pacification of Irish rancour, and at the bestowal on Irish youth of a new though awkwardly conceived inducement to intellectual progress.

We are grateful that a foreign policy which entails a heavy burden in the future has not added misery in the present; that a Session which threatened to accomplish nothing, has accomplished something; that Obstruction, if it insisted upon being bribed with a pro-Catholic University, kept to its own part of the bargain, and let Supply be voted. But the gratitude is not of that intensity which forbids us to look the gift-horse in the mouth. We cannot help remembering that the happy results accredited to the Treaty of Berlin must have equally followed from the Treaty of San Stefano. Had a consolidated Bulgaria been permitted to come into existence under the original arrangement between the belligerents, Russian troops must have evacuated the single, and stronger, principality as they have now evacuated its two weak halves. No stipulations of the one treaty have been observed which would not have been as faithfully observed had the other continued operative. When it is asked how far the Porte has fulfilled the pledges it accepted in London, or which were accepted by itself or on its behalf at Berlin, we are scolded for expecting impossibilities. Greece and Turkey scowl at each other across their borders. Great Britain is less powerful to influence her dependent and ally to settle the dispute on the basis which she herself mediated, than is France, which befriended the opposite cause. Asia Minor has not yet begun to be reformed. The Porte goes on as before, denying that a magistrate can do justice unless England recommence the old system of subsidies. Never did State so confess its shame as the Porte with its audacious avowal of incapacity in its magistracy to distinguish between guilt and innocence unless the wealthy West will cross its palm with gold. Were England on the same level with the rest of Europe in her relation to the Porte, matters would be no worse than they have been for a century past. The Porte would be merely heaping up wrath against the day of vengeance upon its iniquities. England would have no greater liability for the consequences than has every neighbour of a man who leaves a barrel of gunpowder open in his back yard. As it

is, England has made herself Turkey's referee. She has implicitly declared her faith in the future good behaviour of this reckless player with fire. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury boast that the Treaty of Berlin is in fair way of accomplishment. They do not stand up at Hatfield and the Mansion House and report the fulfilment of the Treaty of London. Cyprus, they assert, with its thousands of military police for conveying imaginary treasure across the island, is a burden light as air upon the Imperial finances. They never explain what Cyprus is doing towards justifying British expenditure upon it, little or great. We know that Russia, having accomplished her mission in the Bulgarian principalities, has withdrawn, as it was always certain that she must withdraw. We know further that England took upon herself responsibilities for the Porte in the expectation that the Porte would create a reserve fund of good government against any claims from without which those responsibilities might draw with them. We know, lastly, by the complaints of a Philo-Turk like Sir Henry Layard, and the invectives of a Miso-Russian like Sir Drummond Wolff, that Turkey is as irredeemably ill administered now as before the war with Servia and Montenegro began.

In Egypt the menace of a perpetual Constantinopolitan nightmare tethered at the door of the new Khedive's treasury may have been removed for the time by the affirmation of the old independence. But the same power which is recognised as required to affirm must be recognised as having power to revoke. The Western Powers, in obeying the initiative of Berlin, and acquiescing in the right of the Sultan to depose the chief of Mehemet Ali's family, have made a breach in Egyptian self-government which the Porte will be astute enough to keep open. It will not parade its supremacy before Europe, but it will tighten its grasp upon its feudatory. France had an object, though none very exalted, to gain by her complicity with Berlin and Constantinople. Great Britain had nothing to gain; she may find that she has lost much. That the Conservative Government fell into this trap, not from a mistaken policy, but from the fact it had no policy at all in Egyptian affairs, does not reassure, though it can scarcely surprise.

In the consequences of the Afghan War there is visible the same process of skinning over a dangerous wound. If we have carried any advantages out of that war, it is possible they may have been acquired at small cost. Unfortunately they are advantages which at any moment may shed their ornamental plumage, and pose as brooding disasters. The attack on Shere Ali was commenced in alarm at Russian intrigues in Afghanistan. Those intrigues have been defeated for a time, at any rate. So far the enterprise has been successful. Unluckily the wind of popular apprehensions very shortly after the aggression was made began to blow away from Russia. Lord Beaconsfield foresaw a danger that the Government

might find a quantity of unsaleable panic preparations left on its hands. Accordingly, he discovered that the object of the war was of more than temporary concern. Had Russia never crossed the Danube and threatened England by looking across the Black Sea to Constantinople, Lord Beaconsfield's pretext for the Afghan War would have held good still. India was discovered to have a want which only Naboth's vineyard in the dominions of Cabul could supply. A scientific frontier for Hindostan was required; we were warring with Shere Ali to encircle Hindostan with a ring fence. The war left England mistress. She could take whatever she pleased to complete her scientific frontier. The chief champion of the war of spoliation has explained how far the new frontier is no frontier at all. Its advantage in Sir Henry Rawlinson's eyes is that it pledges England to advance further, from the very fact that in itself it is a string of untenable outposts. If the advantages are prospective, its cost is actual. At a moment when the only hope for Indian finances was to take the military estimates and lop off a third, a permanent addition is made to the war budget of the Empire. The most thorough advocate of the Government does not attempt to deny that the new frontier will be expensive. The compensation suggested is to convert every feudatory in the peninsula into a deadly and irreconcilable enemy by the enforced disbandment of his troops, that the British Government may be able to economise its own.

The Zulu war is assumed, perhaps somewhat sanguinely, to be at an end, and the highest praise the Government can extract from a grave reproach to English justice is that the quarrel was none of its seeking. If a portion of the burdens this dreary enterprise entails have to be borne by the section of the Empire which joyfully accepted the guilt of Sir Bartle Frere's policy, and which has profited largely, at the cost of the British treasury, by a war waged on its behalf, Government may thank the initiative of the British nation at large which repudiated from the first a gratuitous aggression. The memory of an injustice committed in the name of the State can seldom be blotted out. The statement of the Secretary for the Colonies on the last day but one of the Session permits us to hope that Englishmen have not to blush at hearing, as newspaper correspondents had announced, that the Zulu king has had a price set upon his head for the sole crime of warding off an attack which Lord Salisbury's fervid imagination transmutes into the making of war. We had always found it impossible to credit such rumours as came from the scene of operations, under date July 18, that even a guarantee of his life was refused by Cetewayo's ungenerous enemies. Englishmen have happily not yet learnt to treat a vanquished foe like a wolf. Sufficient cause for mortification at the origin and incidents of the war exists without the shame of such meanness. The only set-off against the many vexations of one of the least honourable and most extravagantly costly of little wars this country has ever waged is that

British South Africa appears likely to be confronted at last with the consequences of coveting the possessions of its neighbours.

Lord Salisbury bid his Hatfield visitors, the Middlesex Conservative working-men, regard the Government's 'broad outlines of policy.' To his fervid fancy all his acts as Foreign Secretary, with those, we presume, of the Colonial and Indian Offices thrown in, appear so many 'links in a long chain.' The bounds of policy are certainly hospitably wide. When an insubordinate officer engages in a war almost in defiance of his superiors, Ministers reprove him for taking the bit between his teeth. At the same time they assure critical busybodies that, in running away, he has happily only carried his masters with agreeable speed to their intended destination. Lord Salisbury's 'broad outlines' are a number of Union Jacks which the Ministry serves out of its stores for its diplomatists and colonial governors to plant on any newly discovered policies they may come across, so only that they be sufficiently meddlesome. He and his chief have been for a year past perpetually sallying outside the circle of British interests, and demonstrating, to their own satisfaction, the necessity of tracing a new position by proving their incapacity to defend or even beat the bounds of that which exists. A Conservative Minister is never so happy as when he can show the instability of all things British as they are. He discovers that the actual Navy is a phantom. He proclaims the actual boundary line of any quarter of the Empire untenable. He lays down a dozen ironclads, and leaves the bill for his Liberal successors to pay. He occupies a dozen disconnected pin-points in advance of his ancient limits, and styles them a scientific frontier. His 'broad outlines of policy' consist of the constant execution of a war dance, lest Europe should forget the existence of the British power. He is forging his 'links in a long chain,' when his Government guarantees the moral conduct and political welfare of an allied Afghanistan, and the coming regeneration of the Porte; when it accepts, on behalf of the South African Colonies, new obligations towards Zululand, which the Colonies we know will interpret after a spirit absolutely unlike our own; when it extorts territory from Turkey as the price of its good offices with Europe, in violation of the first elements of equity which forbid a trustee to turn his fiduciary character to profit. Lord Salisbury may claim consistency and fidelity to a tradition as signs of a Conservative policy. But he must first prove that the policy is for the credit and advantage of Great Britain before he can expect his countrymen to exult in a consistency which may be only persistency in evil and folly.

Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry has concluded 'the most momentous Asiatic war England ever waged'—a war of a single engagement, which the most rhetorical Correspondent has scarcely designated a battle—a war in which the only difficult enemies we had to encounter were tribes with which we were supposed to have no quarrel. It has repulsed in

South Africa an attack which was never made. It has seen all the aims and stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin happily executed, with the trivial exception of those the Porte had to perform. Freed from the cares of foreign complications, it found at length a few weeks' leisure to attend to domestic affairs. Within five days of the Prorogation, it actually passed an Irish University Bill. Adversaries of the Government may willingly admit that the Bill in passing through the Lower House ceased to be a shadow. The measure left the Lords a title and a preamble. In the Commons it became a step towards procuring a liberal education for naturally able and energetic Irish Catholics. The Government has not endowed a Catholic College or University. It has not even founded a single scholarship for the maintenance of a promising Catholic student. But it has suggested to the Senate of the future University that, if the Senate obtains leave from Parliament to lay its hands on an endowment for its students, the Conservative Government will stand by acquiescent while the spoil is being carried off. That it will persist in its resolve when next year some double of Mr. Whalley tears the veil off the betrayal of Protestantism, Catholic Ireland has no assurance. Ireland has no assurance that the Government, as against its Protestant followers, would even have the power to keep its pledge. Though the friendly neutrality and the supremacy of the present Government should survive to another Session, England at all events can have no assurance that Irish Catholics who want one thing will leave off wanting it because they have been given something else. Catholic Ireland desires State countenance and help for a system of collegiate education like that provided by Oxford and Cambridge for English Protestants. Mr. James Lowther, with that moral courage which marks his general administration of Irish affairs, informed his Irish opponents, while the Bill was in Committee, that he knew their wishes better than themselves. They fancied it was a teaching University they wanted. He told them they were mistaken: what they require is not a teaching, but an examining University. According to Mr. Lowther, when an Irish Catholic craves a national endowment for a professorial chair, his request is only a non-natural form of asking for an endowment of the best pupil the professor's class produces.

An Irishman accounts as gain every pound he can wrest from the Imperial treasury, however it may be expended. He is ready to take Imperial money for fishing-tackle, for branded herrings, for the purchase of small holdings, for the reclamation of a bog, for the widening of a bridge. But an Irishman, like an Englishman, has his favourite objects which he is eager to see carried out. If he wish for an endowed Catholic College, he will not rest content with a number of prizes. He will devour the babes a matricidal Government casts out to him, yet not give over chasing the mother herself. From the Roman Catholic point of view, we doubt if the Irish Catholic ought to rest satisfied with a concession of something diametrically

unlike the object of his prayer. He wishes to raise the standard of instruction for the average Irishman who would rejoice in a University course, did his Church sanction his attendance at it. The lines of the Government scheme, should they ever be filled in, will recognise only the prize student. The undergraduate of eminent zeal and energy will profit by the State benefaction; the undergraduate fit only to attain a qualifying degree is to gain nothing. Such an arrangement offends against the principles of true University education, in the judgment of all who think there is any good in Oxford and Cambridge, in the Scotch Universities, or in Trinity College, Dublin. But, whatever its merits or demerits, it has beyond controversy the radical vice, that it pretends to remove one Irish Catholic grievance by imagining and redressing another. The Government's concession to Ireland is not quite like giving a stone to those who ask for bread; but it is like an offer of turtle and champagne to one child while a dozen others are crying for milk.

The course of the controversy on Irish University Education cannot be surveyed without regret at the melancholy waste of an opportunity for befriending and conciliating Catholic Ireland. Motives of a dozen collateral kinds have been suffered to interpose between an acknowledged want of Ireland and its satisfaction. The reproach for a very discreditable condition of things does not fall solely upon the present Government. Many Liberals are so wedded to a belief in supposed general principles that they will not condescend to consider the especial exigencies of Ireland. Irish Catholics can, in existing circumstances, matriculate and graduate at Trinity College, Dublin, as freely as can Irish Protestants. Some Irish Catholics do. If they dislike the tradition of Protestant ascendency which clings to an institution governed by Protestant clergymen, and at which Protestants retain the machinery of denominational instruction, they may resort to the Queen's Colleges. There Protestants and Roman Catholics are, at least, on a level. Neither the one denomination nor the other can obtain religious instruction from the University and College authorities. Catholics in fair numbers avail themselves of the advantages held out by the Queen's Colleges; and those colleges have now as much success as any undenominational collegiate institutions in a Catholic, agricultural, and uncommercial country like Ireland could probably anticipate. But the whole force of the Irish Catholic priesthood is arrayed against an education which is not supervised by itself. After a struggle, in which at one moment it appeared as if counsels of mutual toleration would prevail in the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the mass of Irish Catholics has given in its adhesion to the clerical dogma. A University education is refused by the people at large, unless on condition that the colleges in which it is given are denominational. A certain small section of English Liberals asserts that the demand is fictitious. It declares that the Queen's Colleges do now, and Trinity College in

the near future will, provide as much academical education as the Irish nation is able to absorb. If there be young Catholics fitted to benefit by University Education, but who are excluded from it by the absence of an intermixture of a denominational spirit, they are told they must wait until their theological advisers have learnt more wisdom. There would perhaps be admitted to be a possibility of individual loss under the present system. A much greater loss, however, is threatened, were the priesthood to be allowed to control a form of higher education sanctioned by the State. A clear result would, it is intimated, be, that the stronger wills which now refuse to subject themselves to their priests would have no excuse for independence when a State-subsidised priest-supervised college was ready to open its doors to them. The contest is represented as one between a very small and fanciful inconvenience in the present, and the danger of raising up a permanent bar between Irish cultivated intelligence and national British tendencies and sympathies.

We have endeavoured to state the objection to a State recognition of a denominational Irish University or College fairly, if shortly. It seems to us to come to little more than this, that Irish Catholics, if they understood their own interests and those of the British Empire, would insist upon confining their priesthood to its proper religious functions. The United Kingdom suffers by the damming up with artificial denominational barriers of the current of Irish national feeling. Irishmen themselves suffer still greater injury. Where we are unable to follow the argument against legislation like that proposed by The O'Conor Don's University Bill is in what appears to us a pure assumption that Irishmen, if they cannot obtain the particular variety of University they prefer, will accept another which they profess to regard as involving a violation of their consciences. We cannot look upon the question of University education for Irishmen as one of a simple boon to Ireland. Ireland requests a favour of the Imperial Parliament; but it is to the advantage of the whole kingdom as much as of the part called Ireland that the object which inspired the request should be compassed. Could a new source of national enlightenment be opened up for Ireland by encouraging the due training of the rough intellectual material of the population, the Empire would gain. Did Irish Catholics consent to attend classes at the Queen's Colleges, or at Trinity, in company with their Protestant countrymen, the desired end would be attained more completely. We do not see, however, that English Protestants like ourselves, who believe sincerely that the principle of undenominational education is the best, and not least compatible with religious feeling, would be doing either justice or good, whether to the kingdom or to Ireland, by forcing their especial view upon millions who detest it. What is more to the purpose still, we have no confidence that the attempt would ever succeed. Its failure would embitter yet more a national alienation which has been already too long by centuries in progress.

Parliament is forbidden by the spirit of the age from entrusting State funds to a religious denomination to disburse. But as Parliament cannot encourage, so neither is it under any obligation to discourage, voluntary denominational education. Neutral itself among the rival denominations, it is bound to be undenominational in the conduct of any educational institutions itself establishes. But it is the interest of Parliament, as trustee for the nation, that national education should be promoted, whether it tend in its results to the strengthening of one denominational cause or another. If Parliament finds in fact that the youth of Ireland, if it is to enjoy the benefits of higher education at all, will pass through denominational colleges, that is no reason why it should refuse to supervise and elevate the character of the education by bestowing a premium upon its success. It may be admitted to be a roundabout way of effecting what might be effected directly, would Catholic Ireland agree to be educated in undenominational universities. Chairs might then be endowed openly as under a system of payment by results they would be endowed incidentally. But in the proposed arrangement there is nothing underhand. The State could not pay professors who are appointed because they are Catholics, and selected for their ability to promote Catholicism. They may doubtless be selected for their capability to promote secular learning as well. But the State could have no guarantee that their competence for the one purpose had not been allowed to cover their incompetence for the other. In granting rewards to institutions which can prove that they have not sacrificed a liberal education to theological considerations, the State shows no denominational leanings, but only a preference for educational energy. There may be contact only at one point between its objects and those of the colleges its payments would help to maintain; but that is the one cardinal point which enlists the sympathies of the State on behalf of any educational institution whatever.

When we turn to the Government University Bill in the amplified form it has taken since it left the Chancellor's North-Irish hands, we find that a Conservative Government no longer shudders at the contingency that a State grant may enure to the ultimate benefit of a denominational College. It is not unwilling that scholarships should reward industry and capacity trained at such places, and enable the prizemen to remain under the same course of instruction. A scholarship conferred upon the student of a Catholic College in Ireland would have the same effect as a like valuable distinction at Oxford or Cambridge. Its object must be to facilitate the continued enjoyment by the winner of the educational advantages of the College. The money will pass through his hands into the College chest, and help to maintain its existence. That end, however, will have been reached in a manner less advantageous to the College, as a centre of academical life than had the State paid the College instead of its member. The production of prizemen will be encouraged, instead of an even

attention to the general instruction of students, whose intellectual development is of at least equal importance to the national welfare. Scholars and prizemen educate themselves for the most part. The inferior orders of mental calibre profit by academical training, but they do not insist upon it. The class of intelligence which the Scotch Universities prepare for the ordinary work of professional life has never yet been adequately cultivated in Ireland. Ministers in both Houses have answered with bated breath to the suggestion that the success of College students in a State-superintended examination should redound directly to the pecuniary benefit of the College. They have spoken as if the Great Charter, the Act of Union, or the Coronation Oath forbade payments for results to a denominational College in Ireland, and allowed payments to denominational schools. The only principle we know anything of by which the State has chosen in these undenominational days to limit its own discretion in aiding education, is that it requires the education which demands a State subsidy to satisfy the State by its works of its ability to make good use of the grant. The State's neutrality in matters of theology would not be more infringed by paying over the reward of distinguished merit in an examination to the college which has trained it, than by awarding it to the student who has displayed the merit. The public gains as manifestly by a high standard of education in a denominational as in an undenominational College. Provided the State have taken care to fix the examination test sufficiently high, it is at least as likely to obtain value for its money when paid for results to the teachers, as if paid for results to the pupils. In either case what the State desires is to set a premium upon good instruction. Probably it would obtain its object more completely by adopting the former alternative in preference to the latter. To some minds it might seem a supplementary argument for the course, that it would be infinitely more acceptable to the Irish people. An inference from the temper of much of the discussion of the question would be that, on the contrary, it was precisely this aspect of the proposition which had frightened a multitude of legislators out of seriously considering it.

The Government has made a concession to the Irish party in Parliament which does not remove a grievance, but satisfies the members of that party of their power to conquer its future removal. Irishmen are encouraged by the whole history of the measure to treat the scheme which Parliament has sanctioned as a mere common form into which they claim the right to introduce the really operative clauses. Government measures have lately resembled an octopus in adaptability to the circumstances of the moment. They are always ready to turn inside out, and develope a stomach out of what an instant before was a mouth. Lord Beaconsfield's and Mr. Cross's understanding of the Cabinet's objects in the Eastern Question or an Afghan war could not differ more than the attitude of the Irish University Bill as it left Lord Cairns's and Sir Stafford Northcote's hands. The

Ministry obviously can have cared nothing about Irish University education. It wished the question could have been buried fathoms deep so long as itself remained in office. As the favourable reception of The O'Conor Don's Bill rendered that impracticable, it desired to gratify the Home Rule party as much as it must, and to offend Conservative Protestants as little as it could help. The prejudices of men like Sir Walter Barttelot were not to be outraged; but Scotland had earned no title to consideration at the hands of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet. If it would please Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar that the votes for the Scotch Universities should be postponed until after way was made with the Irish University Bill, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar should enjoy their cheap pleasure. When it appeared that Irish members who were no Home Rulers, men of the weight of Mr. Kavanagh, would not feel compensated by the administration of a snub to Scotland for being put off in Ireland with a shadow of a University, the Government affected to be naïvely surprised that Lord Cairns's Bill should ever have been deemed more than a pen-and-ink sketch. The real Bill was to be what the House of Commons should choose to make it, if only the House, especially the Protestants and the Home Rulers, would be so kind as to agree among themselves what the Ministerial measure ought to be.

The Liberal party in Parliament has in this matter of the Irish University Bill failed, as usual, from its incapacity to conduct itself as a party. Mr. Forster and Lord Hartington understand the folly of legislating over the heads of the subjects of the legislation. If Irish graduates are to graduate at denominational colleges the Liberal chiefs desire that these colleges should be encouraged to become as effective places of enlightened education as is consistent with their origin. A principle which lies at the very root of the English system of primary education, and which has been allowed to shape the relations between the State and the earlier stage of secondary education in Ireland itself, cannot be supposed to be subversive of political morality. Mr. Forster and Lord Hartington would willingly see State aid to Irish University education take the character of payment to the colleges of the University by results. But an energetic and a fluent section of the Liberal party does not comprehend why it should follow its titular leaders to this conclusion. The debates on the Irish University Bill have, like many other debates on the audacity or moral weakness of the Conservative Government, exposed the utter incapacity of the Opposition to realise the necessity of discipline. A party in Opposition needs to be drilled and after its manner to concert its operations as carefully as a party in power. Liberals out of office seem to be scarcely a party at all. It is not necessary that the recognised chiefs should dictate a policy. The policy pursued should be a matter of arrangement, and often of compromise. But as presented to Parliament it should be one policy, and not half a dozen. Were there no House of Lords the country would

find it at the present time practically impossible to learn what the Liberal policy is. The Liberal party rallies to its standard in the House of Lords. In the House of Commons it is powerless, not from the absence of energy, but from excess. The factions into which it is broken could never carry their several policies by their own weight. The utmost they can hope is to colour and bias the general policy of the party to which they profess to belong. From lack of drill and docility, they are throwing the balance of Parliament into the hands of the Home Rulers.

The especial feature of the Session which ended last month has been the rise of the influence of the Home Rulers. Mr. Parnell has nursed them into a power greater than Mr. Butt ever wielded. The Army Discipline Act is a monument of their obstructive force, and of their capacity for making a second-class measure appear a first-class one. The Irish University Act, such as it is, remains a tribute from the Conservative Government to the terror they inspire. Like the ill-tempered child in a good-tempered family, they have intimidated the House of Commons into propitiating them. They threaten to continue throughout the constituencies of England and Scotland the policy of universal opposition which has proved not unsuccessful in Parliament. At the next general election adhesion to the Home Rule dogma is to be made a condition of receiving the Irish vote in every considerable town. Wherever parties are evenly balanced, a third term which has no affinity with the other two is to be introduced as a common measure.

That is the agreeable prospect opened up in English politics through Conservative indifference to domestic legislation and Liberal anarchy. That Irish interests will gain nothing by the paralysing of the vital forces of Parliament is nothing to Irish politicians, and little to the Irish people. That has its reward if its representatives make noise enough and keep English tempers in a chronic state of fever. It remains for England and Scotland and their Parliamentary representatives to consider how far they are liable for such a prospect, and what they can do to avert it. We ourselves believe the will of the mass of English and Scotch Liberals, as of the mass of Conservatives, to be that the members they return should subject themselves to party discipline. The Liberal organisation is naturally less rigid than the Conservative organisation. It is a simpler thing to stand fast on the old paths than to pioneer new. On each side, and especially on the Liberal side, there are always questions not of a cardinal order on which a discretion is left to party politicians. But when Conservatives as a body are ranged on one side, in support of a Conservative policy, it is the duty of Liberals, if they are to continue to constitute a party, to range themselves as a body on the other side. That is a duty Liberals appear to understand but feebly. Perhaps this fault may not rest altogether with the Liberal rank and file. The leaders may be too uncertain of their own position to feel

able or justified to impose their view on their followers. They may lack the moral courage to risk open mutiny. They may even sometimes be so resolved not to surrender a jot or tittle of their own individual views as not to care to submit them to discussion before a Liberal meeting. Whatever the motive, the chiefs of Opposition ought to know that they are accused of abstaining from calling their followers into conference, and deciding in council of war on their plan of action. The first consequence is, that latterly the great Liberal party has seldom manifested itself as a party at all in resisting the Ministerial dictates obediently registered by the Conservative majority. A second consequence is, that in the general confusion created by half a dozen Liberal sections and fractions the addition of one more in the shape of the Irish Obstructives excites little surprise and less opposition. The Liberal party is hindered from adding its aggregate force to the weight of Parliamentary opinion against Obstruction. Its power of resistance to Conservative recklessness is neutralised at every turn by the consciousness that its leaders do not speak in the name of collective Liberalism. The credit of Parliament suffers equally with the many interests which need legislation and are debarred from it by the waste of parliamentary energy. It is high time that the Liberal party outside Parliament should interpose and pledge its representatives within to a regular party discipline. This discipline it has during the last two Sessions been the rule to violate, and the exception to observe.

August 25.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.

Uninvited MSS. can only be considered and returned at the convenience of the Editor.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1879.

MARY ANERLEY: A YORKSHIRE TALE.

CHAPTER XIV.

SERIOUS CHARGES.

'STEPHEN, if it was anybody else—you would listen to me in a moment,' said Mrs. Anerley to her lord, a few days after that little interview in the Bempton lane; 'for instance, if it was poor Willie, how long would you be in believing it? But because it is Mary, you say "Pooh, pooh!" And I may as well talk to the old cracked churn.'

'First time of all my born days,' the farmer answered, with a pleasant smile, 'that ever I was resembled to a churn. But a man's wife ought to know best about 'un.'

'Stephen, it is not the churn—I mean you; and you never should attempt to ride off in that sort of way. I tell you Mary hath a mischief on her mind; and you never ought to bring up old churns to me. As long as I can carry almost anything in mind, I have been considered to be full of common sense. And what should I use it upon, Captain Anerley, without it was my own daughter?'

The farmer was always conquered when she called him 'Captain Anerley.' He took it to point at him as a pretender, a coxcomb fond of titles, a would-be officer, who took good care to hold aloof from fighting. And he knew in his heart that he loved to be called 'Captain Anerley,' by everyone who meant it.

'My dear,' he said, in a tone of submission, and with a look that grieved her; 'the knowledge of such things is with you. I cannot enter into young maids' minds, any more than command a company.'

'Stephen, you could do both, if you chose, better than ten of eleven who do it. For, Stephen, you have a very tender mind, and are not at all like a churn, my dear. That was my manner of speech, you ought to know; because from my youngest days I had a crowd of imagination. You remember that, Stephen, don't you?'

'I remember, Sophy, that in the old time you never resembled

me to a churn, let alone a cracked one. You used to christen me a pillar, and a tree, and a rock, and a polished corner—but there, what's the odds, when a man has done his duty? The names of him makes no difference.'

''Twixt you and me, my dear,' she said, 'nothing can make any difference. We know one another too well for that. You are all that I ever used to call you, before I knew better about you; and when I used to dwell upon your hair and your smile. You know what I used to say of them now, Stephen?'

'Most complimentary, highly complimentary! Another young woman brought me word of it, and it made me stick firm, when my mind was doubtful.'

'And glad you ought to be that you did stick firm. And you have the Lord to thank for it, as well as your own sense. But no time to talk of our old times now. They are coming up again, with those younkers, I'm afraid. Willie is like a Church; and Jack—no chance of him getting the chance of it—but Mary, your darling of the lot, our Mary—her mind is unsettled, and a worry coming over her; the same as with me, when I saw you first.'

'It is the Lord that directs those things,' the farmer answered stedfastly; 'and Mary hath the sense of her mother, I believe. That it is maketh me so fond on her. If the young maid hath taken a fancy, it will pass, without a bit of substance to settle on. Why, how many fancies had you, Sophy, before you had the good luck to clap eyes on me?'

'That is neither here nor there,' his wife replied audaciously; 'how many times have you asked such questions, which are no concern of yours? You could not expect me, before ever I saw you, not to have any eyes or ears. I had plenty to say for myself; and I was not plain; and I acted accordingly.'

Master Anerley thought about this, because he had heard it, and thought of it, many times before. He hated to think about anything new, having never known any good come of it; and his thoughts would rather flow than fly, even in the fugitive brevity of youth. And now, in his settled way, his practice was to tread thought deeper into thought, as a man in deep snow keeps the track of his own boots, or as a child writes ink on pencil in his earliest copy-books. 'You acted according,' he said, 'and Mary might act according to you, mother.'

'How can you talk so, Stephen? That would be a different thing altogether. Young girls are not a bit like what they used to be in my time. No steadiness, no diligence, no duty to their parents. Gadding about is all they think of, and light-headed chatter, and saucy ribbons.'

'May be so with some of them. But I never see none of that in Mary.'

'Mary is a good girl, and well brought up,' her mother could not help admitting; 'and fond of her home and industrious. But

for all that she must be looked after sharply. And who can look after a child like her mother? I can tell you one thing, Master Stephen, your daughter Mary has more will of her own than the rest of your family all put together, including even your own good wife.'

'Prodigious!' cried the farmer, while he rubbed his hands and laughed; 'prodigious, and a man might say impossible. A young lass like Mary, such a coaxing little poppet, as tender as a lambkin, and as soft as wool!'

'Flannel won't only run one way; no more won't Mary,' said her mother. 'I know her better a long sight than you do; and I say if ever Mary sets her heart on anyone, have him she will, be he cow-boy, thief, or chimney-sweep. So now you know what to expect, Master Anerley.'

Stephen Anerley never made light of his wife's opinions in those few cases wherein they differed from his own. She agreed with him so generally, that in common fairness he thought very highly of her wisdom, and the present subject was one upon which she had an especial right to be heard.

'Sophy,' he said, as he set up his coat to be off to a cutting of clover on the hill—for no reaping would begin yet for another month —'the things you have said shall abide in my mind. Only you be a-watching of the little wench. Harry Tanfield is the man I would choose for her of all others. But I never would force any husband on a lass; though stern would I be to force a bad one off, or one in an unfit walk of life. No inkle in your mind who it is, or wouldst have told me?'

'Well, I may, or I may not. I never like to speak promiscuous. You have the first right to know what I think. But I beg you to let me be awhile. Not even to you, Steve, would I say it, without more to go upon than there is yet. I might do the lass a great wrong in my surmising; and then you would visit my mistake on me, for she is the apple of your eye, no doubt.'

'There is never such another maid in all York county, nor in England, to my thinking.'

'She is my daughter as well as yours, and I would be the last to make cheap of her. I will not say another word until I know. But if I am right—which the Lord forbid—we shall both be ashamed of her, Stephen.'

'The Lord forbid! The Lord forbid! Amen. I will not hear another word.' The farmer snatched up his hat, and made off with a haste unusual for him, while his wife sate down, and crossed her arms, and began to think rather bitterly. For, without any dream of such a possibility, she was jealous sometimes of her own child. Presently the farmer rushed back again, triumphant with a new idea. His eyes were sparkling, and his step full of spring, and a brisk smile shone upon his strong and ruddy face.

'What a pair of stupes we must be to go on so!' he cried, with a

couple of bright guineas in his hand; 'Mary hath not had a new frock even, going on now for a year and a half. Sophy, it is enough to turn a maid into thinking of any sort of mischief. Take you these and make everything right. I was saving them up for her birthday, but maybe another will turn up by that. My dear, you take them, and never be afeared.'

'Stephen, you may leave them, if you like. I shall not be in any haste to let them go. Either give them to the lass yourself, or leave it to me purely. She shall not have a sixpence, unless it is deserved.'

'Of course, I leave it in your hands, wife. I never come between you and your children. But young folk go piping always after money now; and even our Mary might be turning sad without it.'

He hastened off again, without hearing any more; for he knew that some hours of strong labour were before him; and to meet them with a heavy heart would be almost a new thing for him. Some time ago he had begun to hold the plough of heaviness, through the difficult looseness of Willie's staple, and the sudden maritime slope of Jack; yet he held on steadily through all this, with the strength of homely courage. But if in the pride of his heart, his Mary, he should find no better than a crooked furrow, then truly the labour of his latter days would be the dull round of a mill-horse.

Now Mary, in total ignorance of that council held concerning her, and even of her mother's bad suspicions, chanced to come in at the front porch door, soon after her father set off to his meadows by way of the back yard. Having been hard at work among her flowers, she was come to get a cupful of milk for herself, and the cheery content and general good will encouraged by the gardener's gentle craft were smiling on her rosy lips and sparkling in her eyes. Her dress was as plain as plain could be, a lavender twill cut and fitted by herself, and there was not an ornament about her that came from any other hand than nature's. But simple grace of movement, and light elegance of figure, fair curves of gentle face, and loving kindness of expression, gladdened with the hope of youth—what did these want with smart dresses, golden brooches, and two guineas? Her mother almost thought of this, when she called Mary into the little parlour. And the two guineas lay upon the table.

'Mary, can you spare a little time to talk with me? You seem wonderfully busy, as usual.'

'Mother, will you never make allowance for my flowers? They depend upon the weather, and they must have things accordingly.'

'Very well, let them think about what they want next, while you sit down awhile, and talk with me.'

The girl was vexed; for to listen to a lecture, already manifest in her mother's eyes, was a far less agreeable job than gardening. And the lecture would have done as well by candlelight, which seldom can be said of any gardening. However, she took off her hat, and sat down, without the least sign of impatience, and without any token of guilt, as her mother saw, and yet stupidly proceeded just the same.

'Mary,' she began, with a gaze of stern discretion, which the girl met steadfastly and pleasantly, 'you know that I am your own mother, and bound to look after you well, while you are so very young. For though you are sensible some ways, Mary, in years and in experience what are you but a child? Of the traps of the world, and the wickedness of people, you can have no knowledge. You always think the best of everybody; which is a very proper thing to do, and what I have always brought you up to, and never would dream of discouraging. And with such examples as your father and your mother, you must be perverse to do otherwise. Still it is my duty to warn you, Mary, and you are getting old enough to want it, that the world is not made up of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and good uncles. There are always bad folk who go prowling about like wolves in—wolves in—what is it——'

'Sheep's clothing,' the maiden suggested with a smile, and then dropped her eyes maliciously.

'How dare you be pert, miss, correcting your own mother? Do I ever catch you reading of your Bible? But you seem to know so much about it, perhaps you have met some of them?

'How can I tell, mother, when you won't tell me?'

'I tell you indeed! It is your place to tell me, I think. And what is more, I insist at once upon knowing all about it. What makes you go on in the way that you are doing? Do you take me for a drumledore, you foolish child? On Tuesday afternoon I saw you sewing with a double thread. Your father had potato-eyes upon his plate on Sunday; and which way did I see you trying to hang up a dish-cover? But that is nothing; fifty things you go wandering about in; and always out, on some pretence, as if the roof you were born under was not big enough for you. And then your eyes—I have seen your eyes flash up, as if you were fighting; and the bosom of your Sunday frock was loose in church two buttons; it was not hot at all to speak of, and there was a wasp next pew. All these things make me unhappy, Mary. My darling, tell me what it is.'

Mary listened with great amazement to this catalogue of crimes. At the time of their commission, she had never even thought of them; although she was vexed with herself, when she saw one eye—for in verity that was all—of a potato upon her father's plate. Now she blushed, when she heard of the buttons of her frock—which was only done because of tightness, and showed how long she must have worn it—but as to the double-thread, she was sure that nothing of that sort could have happened.

'Why, mother dear,' she said, quite softly, coming up in her coaxing way, which nobody could resist, because it was true and gentle lovingness; 'you know a hundred times more than I do. I have never known of any of the sad mistakes you speak of; except about the potato-eye, and then I had a round-pointed knife. But I want to make no excuses, mother; and there is nothing the matter with me. Tell me what you mean about the wolves.'

'My child,' said her mother, whose face she was kissing, while they both went on with talking; 'it is no good trying to get over me. Either you have something on your mind, or you have not—which is it?'

'Mother, what can I have on my mind? I have never hurt anyone, and never mean to do it. Everyone is kind to me, and everybody likes me; and of course I like them all again. And I always have plenty to do, in and out, as you take very good care, dear mother. My father loves me; and so do you, a great deal more than I deserve perhaps; I am happy in a Sunday frock that wants more stuff to button; and I have only one trouble in all the world. When I think of the other girls I see——'

'Never mind them, my dear. What is your one trouble?'

'Mother, as if you could help knowing! About my dear brother Jack, of course. Jack was so wonderfully good to me! I would walk on my hands and knees all the way to York, to get a single glimpse of him.'

'You would never get as far as the rickyard hedge. You children talk such nonsense. Jack ran away of his own free will, and out of downright contrariness. He has repented of it only once, I dare say; and that has been ever since he did it, and every time he thought of it. I wish he was home again with all my heart, for I cannot bear to lose my children. And Jack was as good a boy as need be, when he got everything his own way. Mary, is that your only trouble? Stand where I can see you plainly, and tell me every word the truth. Put your hair back from your eyes now, like the catechism.'

'If I were saying fifty catechisms, what more could I do than speak the truth?' Mary asked this with some little vexation; while she stood up proudly before her mother, and clasped her hands behind her back. 'I have told you everything I know, except one little thing, which I am not sure about.'

'What little thing, if you please? and how can you help being sure about it, positive as you are about everything?'

'Mother, I mean that I have not been sure whether I ought to tell you; and I meant to tell my father first, when there could be no mischief.'

'Mary, I can scarcely believe my ears. To tell your father, before your mother; and not even him, until nothing could be done to stop it, which you call "mischief"! I insist upon knowing at once what it is. I have felt that you were hiding something. How very unlike you, how unlike a child of mine!'

'You need not disturb yourself, mother dear. It is nothing of any importance to me, though to other people it might be. And that is the reason why I kept it to myself.'

'Oh, we shall come to something by-and-by! One would really think you were older than your mother. Now, miss, if you please, let us judge of your discretion. What is it that you have been hiding so long?'

Mary's face grew crimson now, but with anger rather than with

shame; she had never thought twice about Robin Lyth, with anything warmer than pity; but this was the very way to drive her into dwelling in a mischievous manner upon him.

'What I have been hiding,' she said most distinctly, and steadfastly looking at her mother, 'is only that I have had two talks with the great free-trader, Robert Lyth.'

'That arrant smuggler! That leader of all outlaws! You have been meeting him on the sly!'

'Certainly not. But I met him once by chance; and then, as a matter of business, I was forced to meet him again, dear mother.'

'These things are too much for me,' Mrs. Anerley said decisively; 'when matters have come to such a pass, I must beg your dear father to see to them.'

'Very well, mother; I would rather have it so. May I go now and make an end of my gardening?'

'Certainly; as soon as you have made an end of me; as you must quite have laid your plans to do. I have seen too much to be astonished any more. But to think that a child of mine, my one and only daughter, who looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, should be hand in glove with the wickedest smuggler of the age, the rogue everybody shoots at, but cannot hit him, because he was born to be hanged—the by-name, the by-word, the by-blow, Robin Lyth!' Mrs. Anerley covered her face with both hands.

'How would you like your own second cousin,' said Mary, plucking up her spirit, 'your own second cousin, Mistress Cockscroft, to hear you speak so of the man that supports them, at the risk of his life, every hour of it? He may be doing wrong, it is not for me to say, but he does it very well, and he does it nobly. And what did you show me in your drawer, dear mother? And what did you wear, when that very cruel man, Captain Carroway, came here to dine on Sunday?'

'You wicked, undutiful child! Go away. I wish to have nothing more to say to you.'

'No, I will not go away,' cried Mary, with her resolute spirit in her eyes and brow; 'when false and cruel charges are brought against me I have the right to speak, and I will use it. I am not hand in glove with Robin Lyth, or any other Robin. I think a little more of myself than that. If I have done any wrong, I will meet it, and be sorry, and submit to any punishment. I ought to have told you before perhaps; that is the worst you can say of it. But I never attached much importance to it; and when a man is hunted so, was I to join his enemies? I have only seen him twice; the first time by purest accident; and the second time to give him back a piece of his own property. And I took my brother with me; but he ran away, as usual.'

'Of course, of course. Everyone to blame but you, miss. However, we shall see what your father has to say. You have very nearly taken all my breath away; but I shall expect the whole sky to tumble

in upon us, if Captain Anerley approves of Robin Lyth as a sweetheart for his daughter.'

'I never thought of Captain Lyth; and Captain Lyth never thought of me. But I can tell you one thing, mother—if you wanted to make me think of him, you could not do it better than by speaking so unjustly.'

'After that perhaps you will go back to your flowers. I have heard that they grow very fine ones in Holland. Perhaps you have got some smuggled tulips, my dear.'

Mary did not condescend to answer, but said to herself as she went to work again—'Tulips in August! That is like the rest of it. However, I am not going to be put out, when I feel that I have not done a single bit of harm.' And she tried to be happy with her flowers, but could not enter into them as before.

Mistress Anerley was as good as her word, at the very first opportunity. Her husband returned from the clover stack, tired and hungry, and angry with a man, who had taken too much beer, and ran at him with a pitchfork; angry also with his own son Willie, for not being anywhere in the way to help. He did not complain; and his wife knew at once that he ought to have done so, to obtain relief. She perceived that her own discourse about their daughter was still on his mind, and would require working off, before any more was said about it. And she felt as sure as if she saw it, that in his severity against poor Willie—for not doing things that were beneath him—her master would take Mary's folly as a joke, and fall upon her brother, who was so much older, for not going on to protect and guide her. So she kept till after supper time her mouthful of bad tidings.

And when the farmer heard it all, as he did before going to sleep that night, he had smoked three pipes of tobacco, and was calm; he had sipped (for once in a way) a little hollands, and was hopeful. And though he said nothing about it, he felt, that without any order of his, or so much as the faintest desire to be told of it, neither of these petty comforts would bear to be rudely examined of its duty. He hoped for the best, and he believed the best, and if the king was cheated, why his loyal subject was the same, and the women were their masters.

'Have no fear, no fear,' he muttered back through the closing gate of sleep; 'Mary knows her business—business—' and he buzzed it off into a snore.

In the morning, however, he took a stronger and more serious view of the case, pronouncing that Mary was only a young lass, and no one could ever tell about young lasses. And he quite fell into his wife's suggestion, that the maid could be spared till harvest-time, of which (even with the best of weather) there was little chance now for another six weeks, the season being late and backward. So it was resolved between them both, that the girl should go on the following day for a visit to her Uncle Popplewell, some miles the other side of

Filey. No invitation was required: for Mr. and Mrs. Popplewell, a snug and comfortable pair, were only too glad to have their niece, and had often wanted to have her altogether; but the farmer would never hear of that.

Chapter XV.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

While these little things were doing thus, the coast from the mouth of the Tees to that of Humber, and even the inland parts, were in a great stir of talk and work, about events impending. It must not be thought that Flamborough, although it was Robin's dwelling-place—so far as he had any—was the principal scene of his operations, or the stronghold of his enterprise. On the contrary, his liking was for quiet coves near Scarborough, or even to the north of Whitby, when the wind and tide were suitable. And for this there were many reasons which are not of any moment now.

One of them showed fine feeling and much delicacy on his part. He knew that Flamborough was a place of extraordinary honesty, where every one of his buttons had been safe, and would have been so for ever; and strictly as he believed in the virtue of his own free importation, it was impossible for him not to learn that certain people thought otherwise, or acted as if they did so. From the troubles which such doubts might cause he strove to keep the natives free.

Flamburians scarcely understood this largeness of good-will to them. Their instincts told them that free-trade was every Briton's privilege; and they had the finest set of donkeys on the coast for landing it. But none the more did any of them care to make a movement towards it. They were satisfied with their own old way—to cast the net their father cast, and bait the hook as it was baited on their good grandfather's thumb.

Yet even Flamborough knew that now a mighty enterprise was in hand. It was said, without any contradiction, that young Captain Robin had laid a wager of one hundred guineas with the worshipful mayor of Scarborough and the commandant of the castle, that before the new moon he would land on Yorkshire coast, without firing pistol or drawing steel, free goods to the value of two thousand pounds, and carry them inland safely. And Flamborough believed that he would do it.

Dr. Upround's house stood well, as rectories generally contrive to do. No place in Flamborough parish could hope to swindle the wind of its vested right, or to embezzle much treasure of the sun, but the parsonage made a good effort to do both, and sometimes for three days together got the credit of succeeding. And the dwellers therein, who felt the edge of the difference outside their own walls,

not only said but thoroughly believed that they lived in a little Goshen.

For the house was well settled in a wrinkle of the hill expanding southward, and encouraging the noon. From the windows a pleasant glimpse might be obtained of the broad and tranquil anchorage, peopled with white or black, according as the sails went up or down; for the rectory stood to the southward of the point, as the rest of Flamborough surely must have stood, if built by any other race than armadilloes. But to see all those vessels and be sure what they were doing, the proper place was a little snug 'gazebo,' chosen and made by the Doctor himself, near the crest of the gulley he inhabited.

Here upon a genial summer day—when it came, as it sometimes dared to do—was the finest little nook upon the Yorkshire coast for watching what Virgil calls 'the sail-winged sea.' Not that a man could see round the Head, unless his own were gifted with very crooked eyes; but without doing that (which would only have disturbed the tranquillity of his prospect) there was plenty to engage him in the peaceful spread of comparatively waveless waters. Here might he see long vessels rolling, not with great misery, but just enough to make him feel happy in the firmness of his bench, and little jolly-boats it was more jolly to be out of, and far-away heads giving genial bobs, and sea-legs straddled in predicaments desirable rather for study than for practice. All was highly picturesque and nice, and charming for the critic who had never got to do it.

'Now, papa, you must come this very moment,' cried Miss Janetta Upround, the daughter of the house, and indeed the only daughter, with a gush of excitement, rushing into the study of this deeply-read divine; 'there is something doing that I cannot understand. You must bring up the spy-glass at once and explain. I am sure that there is something very wrong.'

'In the parish, my dear?' the rector asked, with a feeble attempt at malice, for he did not want to be disturbed just now, and for weeks he had tried (with very poor success) to make Janetta useful; for she had no gift in that way.

'No, not in the parish at all, papa, unless it runs out under water, as I am certain it ought to do, and make every one of those ships pay tithe. If the law was worth anything they would have to do it. They get all the good out of our situation, and they save whole thousands of pounds at a time, and they never pay a penny, nor even hoist a flag, unless the day is fine, and the flag wants drying. But come along, papa, now. I really cannot wait; and they will have done it all without us.'

'Janetta, take the glass and get the focus. I will come presently, presently. In about two minutes, by the time that you are ready.'

'Very well, papa. It is very good of you. I see quite clearly what you want to do; and I hope you will do it. But you promise not to play another game now?'

'My dear, I will promise that with pleasure. Only do please be off about your business.'

The rector was a most inveterate and insatiable chess-player. In the household, rather than by it, he was, as a matter of lofty belief, supposed to be deeply engaged with theology, or magisterial questions of almost equal depth, or (to put it at the lowest) parochial affairs, the while he was solidly and seriously engaged in getting up the sound defence to some continental gambit. And this, not only to satisfy himself upon some point of theory, but from a nearer and dearer point of view—for he never did like to be beaten.

At present he was labouring to discover the proper defence to a new and slashing form of the Algaier gambit, by means of which Robin Lyth had won every game in which he had the move, upon their last encounter. The great freetrader, while a boy, had shown an especial aptitude for chess, and even as a child he had seemed to know the men, when first, by some accident, he saw them. The rector being struck by this exception to the ways of childhood—whose manner it is to take chessmen for 'dollies,' or roll them about like nine-pins—at once included in the education of 'Izunsabe,' which he took upon himself, a course of elemental doctrine in the one true game. And the boy fought his way up at such a pace, that he jumped from odds of queen and rook, to pawn and two moves, in less than two years. And now he could almost give odds to his tutor, though he never presumed to offer them; and trading as he did with enlightened merchants of large continental sea-ports, who had plenty of time on their hands and played well, he imported new openings of a dash and freedom which swallowed the ground up under the feet of the steady-going players, who had never seen a book upon their favourite subject. Of course it was competent to all these to decline such fiery onslaught; but chivalry and the true love of analysis (which without may none play chess) compelled the acceptance of the challenge, even with a trembling forecast of the taste of dust.

'Never mind,' said Dr. Upround, as he rose and stretched himself, a good straight man of threescore years, with silver hair that shone like silk; 'it has not come to me yet; but it must, with a little more perseverance. At Cambridge I beat everybody; and who is this uncircumcised—at least, I beg his pardon, for I did myself baptise him—but who is Robin Lyth, to mate his pastor and his master? All these gambits are like a night attack. If once met properly and expelled, you are in the very heart of the enemy's camp. He has left his own watch-fires to rush at yours. The next game I play, I shall be sure to beat him.'

Fully convinced of this great truth, he took a strong oak staff and hastened to obey his daughter. Miss Janetta Upround had not only learned by nature, but also had been carefully taught by her parents, and by everyone, how to get her own way always, and to be thanked for taking it. But she had such a happy nature, full of kindness and goodwill, that other peoples' wishes always seemed to flow into her own, instead of being swept aside. Over her father her government was in no sort constitutional, nor even a quiet

despotism sweetened with liberal illusions, but as pure a piece of autocracy as the Continent could itself contain, in the time of this first Napoleon.

'Papa, what a time you have been, to be sure!' she exclaimed, as the Doctor came gradually up, probing his way in perfect leisure, and fragrant still of that gambit; 'one would think that your parish was on dry land altogether, while the better half of it, as they call themselves—though the women are in righteousness the better half a hundred-fold——'

'My dear, do try to talk with some little sense of arithmetic, if no other. A hundred-fold the half would be the unit multiplied by fifty. Not to mention that there can be no better half——'

'Yes, there can, papa, ever so many; and you may see one in mama every day. Now you put one eye to this glass; and the half is better than the whole. With both, you see nothing; with one, you see better, fifty times better than with both before. Don't talk of arithmetic after that. It is Algebra now, and quod demonstrandum.'

'To reason with the less worthy gender is degeneration of reason. What would they have said in the Senate-house, Janetta? However I will obey your orders. What am I to look at?'

'A tall and very extraordinary man, striking his arms out, thus and thus. I never saw anyone looking so excited; and he flourishes a long sword now and again, as if he would like to cut everybody's head off. There he has been going from ship to ship, for an hour or more, with a long white boat, and a lot of men jumping after him. Everyone seems to be scared of him, and he stumps along the deck, just as if he were on springs, and one spring longer than the other. You see that heavy brig outside the rest, painted with ten port-holes; well, she began to make sail, and run away, but he fired a gun—quite a real cannon; and she had to come back again, and drop her colours. Oh, is it some very great admiral, papa? Perhaps Lord Nelson himself; I would go and be sea-sick for three days, to see Lord Nelson. Papa, it must be Lord Nelson.'

'My dear, Lord Nelson is a little short man, with a very brisk walk, and one arm gone. Now let me see who this can be. Whereabout is he now, Janetta?'

'Do you see that clumsy-looking schooner, papa, just behind a pilot boat? He is just in front of her foremast—making such a fuss——'

'What eyes you have got, my child! You see better without the glass than I do with it. Oh now I have him! Why, I might have guessed. Of course it is that very active man and vigilant officer, Lieutenant Carroway.'

'Captain Carroway from Bridlington, papa! Why, what can he be doing with such authority? I have often heard of him, but I thought he was only a coastguard.'

'He is, as you say, showing great authority, and I fear using very

bad language, for which he is quite celebrated. However, the telescope refuses to repeat it, for which it is much to be commended. But every allowance must be made for a man who has to deal with a wholly uncultivated race, and not of natural piety, like ours.'

'Well, papa, I doubt if ours have too much, though you always make the best of them. But let me look again, please; and do tell me what he can be doing there.'

'You know that the revenue officers must take the law into their own hands sometimes. There have lately been certain rumours of some contraband proceedings on the Yorkshire coast. Not in Flamborough parish, of course, and perhaps, probably I may say, a long way off——'

'Papa dear, will you never confess that free-trade prevails and flourishes greatly, even under your own dear nose?'

'Facts do not warrant me in any such assertion. If the fact were so, it must have been brought officially before me. I decline to listen to uncharitable rumours. But however that matter may be, there are officers on the spot to deal with it. My commission, as a Justice of the Peace, gives me no cognizance of offences—if such there are—upon the high seas. Ah, you see something particular; my dear, what is it?'

'Captain Carroway has found something, or somebody, of great importance. He has got a man by the collar, and he is absolutely dancing with delight. Ah, there he goes, dragging him along the deck, as if he were a cod-fish, or a conger. And now, I declare, he is lashing his arms and legs with a great thick rope. Papa, is that legal without even a warrant?'

'I can hardly say how far his powers may extend, and he is just the man to extend them farther. I only hope not to be involved in the matter. Maritime law is not my province.'

'But, papa, it is much within three miles of the shore; if that has got anything to do with it. My goodness me! They are all coming here, I am almost sure that they will apply to you. Yes, two boat-loads of people racing to get their oars out, and to be here first. Where are your spectacles, dear papa? You had better go and get up the law, before they come. You will scarcely have time, they are coming so fast—a white boat, and a black boat. The prisoner is in the white boat, and the officer has got him by the collar still. The men in the white boat will want to commit him, and the men in the black boat are his friends, no doubt, coming for a habeas-corpus——'

'My dear, what nonsense you do talk; what has a simple Justice of the Peace——'

'Never mind that, papa, my facts are sound; sounder than yours about smuggling, I fear. But do hurry in, and get up the law. I will go and lock both gates, to give you more time.'

'Do nothing of the kind, Janetta. A magistrate should be accessible always; and how can I get up the law, without knowing what it

is to be about—or even a clerk to help me? And perhaps they are not coming here at all. They may be only landing their prisoner.'

'If that were it they would not be coming so; but rowing towards the proper place—Bridlington Quay, where their station-house is. Papa, you are in for it, and I am getting eager. May I come and hear all about it? I should be a great support to you, you know. And they would tell the truth so much better.'

'Janetta, what are you dreaming of? It may even be a case of secrecy.'

'Secrecy, papa, with two boat-loads of men, and about thirty ships involved in it! Oh, do let me hear all about it!'

'Whatever it may be, your presence is not required, and would be improper. Unless I should happen to want a book; and in that case I might ring for you.'

'Oh, do, papa, do! No one else can ever find them. Promise me now that you will want a book. If I am not there, there will be no justice done. I wish you severely to reprimand, whatever the facts of the case may be, and even to punish, if you can, that tall, lame, violent, ferocious man, for dragging the poor fellow about like that, and cutting him with ropes, when completely needless, and when he was quite at his mercy. It is my opinion that the other man does not deserve one bit of it; and whatever the law may be, papa, your duty is to strain it benevolently, and question every syllable upon the stronger side.'

'Perhaps I had better resign, my dear, upon condition that you shall be appointed in the stead of me. It might be a popular measure, and would secure universal justice.'

'Papa, I would do justice to myself—which is a thing you never do. But here, they are landing; and they hoist him out, as if he were a sack, or a thing without a joint. They could scarcely be harder with a man compelled to be hanged to-morrow morning.'

'Condemned is what you mean, Janetta. You never will understand the use of words. What a nice magistrate you would make!'

'There can be no more correct expression. Would any man be hanged, if he were not compelled? Papa, you say the most illegal things sometimes. Now, please to go in and get up your legal points. Let me go and meet those people, for you. I will keep them waiting, till you are quite ready.'

'My dear, you will go to your room, and try to learn a little patience. You begin to be too pat with your own opinions; which in a young lady is ungraceful. There, you need not cry, my darling, because your opinions are always sensible, and I value them very highly; but still you must bear in mind that you are but a girl.'

'And behave accordingly, as they say. Nobody can do more so. But though I am only a girl, papa, can you put your hand upon a better one?'

'Certainly not, my dear; for going down hill, I can always depend on you.'

Suiting the action to the word, Dr. Upround, whose feet were a little touched with gout, came down from his outlook to his kitchen-garden, and thence through the shrubbery back to his own study; where, with a little sigh, he put away his chessmen, and heartily hoped that it might not be his favourite adversary who was coming before him, to be sent to jail. For although the good rector had a warm regard, and even affection, for Robin Lyth, as a waif cast into his care, and then a pupil wonderfully apt (which breeds love in the teacher), and after that a most gallant and highly distinguished young parishioner; with all this it was a difficulty for him to be ignorant that the law was adverse. More than once he had striven hard to lead the youth into some better path of life, and had even induced him to 'follow the sea' for a short time, in the merchant service. But the force of nature and of circumstances had very soon prevailed again, and Robin returned to his old pursuits with larger experience, and seamanship improved.

A violent ringing at the gate-bell, followed by equal urgency upon the front-door, apprised the kind magistrate of a sharp call on his faculties, and perhaps a most unpleasant one. 'The poor boy,' he said to himself; 'poor boy! From Carroway's excitement I greatly fear that it is indeed poor Robin. How many a grand game have we had! His new variety of that fine gambit scarcely beginning to be analyzed; and if I commit him to the meeting next week, when shall we ever meet again? It will seem as if I did it, because he won three games; and I certainly was a little vexed with him. However, I must be stern, stern, stern. Show them in, Betsy; I am quite prepared.'

A noise, and a sound of strong language in the hall, and a dragging of something on the oilcloth, led up to the entry of a dozen rough men pushed on by at least another dozen.

'You will have the manners to take off your hats,' said the magistrate, with all his dignity; 'not from any undue deference to me, but common respect to his Majesty.'

'Off with your covers, you sons of'—something, shouted a loud voice, and then the lieutenant, with his blade still drawn, stood before them.

'Sheathe your sword, sir;' said Dr. Upround in a voice which amazed the officer.

'I beg your worship's pardon,' he began, with his grim face flushing purple, but his sword laid where it should have been; 'but if you knew half of the worry I have had, you would not care to rebuke me. Cadman, have you got him by the neck? Keep your knuckles into him, while I make my deposition.'

'Cast that man free. I receive no depositions, with a man half-strangled before me.'

The men of the coastguard glanced at their commander, and, receiving a surly nod, obeyed. But the prisoner could not stand as yet; he gasped for breath, and someone set him on a chair.

'Your worship, this is a mere matter of form,' said Carroway,

still keeping eyes on his prey; 'if I had my own way, I would not trouble you at all, and I believe it to be quite needless. For this man is an outlaw felon, and not entitled to any grace of law; but I must obey my orders.'

'Certainly you must, Lieutenant Carroway; even though you are better acquainted with the law. You are ready to be sworn. Take this book, and follow me.'

This being done, the worthy magistrate prepared to write down what the gallant officer might say; which, in brief, came to this, that having orders to seize Robin Lyth, wherever he might find him, and having sure knowledge that said Robin was on board of a certain schooner vessel, the 'Elizabeth,' of Goole, the which he had laden with goods liable to duty, he, Charles Carroway, had gently laid hands on him, and brought him to the nearest justice of the peace, to obtain an order of commitment.

All this, at fifty times the length here given, Lieutenant Carroway deposed on oath, while his worship, for want of a clerk, set it down in his own very neat handwriting. But several very coaly-looking men, who could scarcely be taught to keep silence, observed that the magistrate smiled once or twice; and this made them wait a bit, and wink at one another.

'Very clear indeed, Lieutenant Carroway,' said Dr. Upround, with spectacles on nose; 'good sir, have the kindness to sign your deposition. It may become my duty to commit the prisoner, upon identification. Of that I must have evidence, confirmatory evidence. But first we will hear what he has to say. Robin Lyth, stand forward.'

'Me no Robin Lyth, sar; no Robin man or woman,' cried the captive, trying very hard to stand; 'me only a poor Français, make liberty to what you call—row, row, sweem, sweem, sail, sail, from la belle France; for why, for why, there is no import to nobody.'

'Your worship, he is always going on about imports,' Cadman said respectfully; 'that is enough to show who he is.'

'You may trust me to know him,' cried Lieutenant Carroway; 'my fine fellow, no more of that stuff! He can pass himself off for any countryman whatever. He knows all their jabber, sir, better than his own. Put a cork between his teeth, Hackerbody. I never did see such a noisy rogue. He is Robin Lyth all over.'

'I'll be blest if he is; nor under naything,' cried the biggest of the coaly men; 'this here froggy come out of a Chaise and Mary, as had run up from Dunkirk. I know Robin Lyth as well as our own figure-head. But what good to try reason with that there revenue hofficer?'

At this, all his friends set a good laugh up, and wanted to give him a cheer for such a speech; but, that being hushed, they were satisfied with condemning his organs of sight and their own quite fairly.

'Lieutenant Carroway,' his worship said, amidst an impressive

silence, 'I greatly fear that you have allowed zeal, my dear sir, to outrun discretion. Robin Lyth is a young, and in many ways highly respected, parishioner of mine. He may have been guilty of casual breaches of the laws concerning importation, laws which fluctuate from year to year, and require deep knowledge of legislation, both to observe and to administer. I heartily trust that you may not suffer from having discharged your duty in a manner most truly exemplary, if only the example had been the right one. This gentleman is no more Robin Lyth than I am.'

Chapter XVI.

DISCIPLINE ASSERTED.

As soon as his troublesome visitors were gone, the rector sat down in his deep arm-chair, laid aside his spectacles, and began to think. His face, while he thought, lost more and more of the calm and cheerful expression, which made it so pleasant a face to gaze upon; and he sighed, without knowing it, at some dark ideas, and gave a little shake of his grand old head. The revenue officer had called his favourite pupil and cleverest parishioner 'a felon outlaw;' and if that were so, Robin Lyth was no less than a convicted criminal, and must not be admitted within his doors. Formerly the regular penalty for illicit importation had been the forfeiture of the goods when caught; and the smugglers (unless they made resistance, or carried fire-arms) were allowed to escape and retrieve their bad luck, which they very soon contrived to do. And as yet, upon this part of the coast, they had not been guilty of atrocious crimes, such as the smugglers of Sussex and Hampshire, who must have been utter fiends, committed, thereby raising all the land against them. Dr. Upround had heard of no proclamation, exaction, or even capias, issued against this young free-trader; and he knew well enough that the worst offenders were not the bold seamen who contracted for the run, nor the people of the coast who were hired for the carriage, but the rich indwellers who provided all the money, and received the lion's share of all the profits. And with these the law never even tried to deal. However, the magistrate-parson resolved that, in spite of all the interest of tutorship and chess-play, and even all the influence of his wife and daughter (who were hearty admirers of brave smuggling), he must either reform this young man, or compel him to keep at a distance which would be very sad.

Meanwhile the lieutenant had departed in a fury, which seemed to be incapable of growing any worse. Never an oath did he utter all the way to the landing where his boat was left; and his men, who knew how much that meant, were afraid to do more than just wink at one another. Even the sailors of the collier schooner forbore to jeer him, until he was afloat, when they gave him three fine rounds

of mock-cheers, to which the poor Frenchman contributed a shriek. For this man had been most inhospitably treated, through his strange but undeniable likeness to a perfidious Briton.

'Home!' cried the officer, glowering at those fellows, while his men held their oars, and were ready to rush at them. 'Home with a will! Give way, men!' And not another word he spoke, till they touched the steps at Bridlington. Then he fixed stern eyes upon Cadman, who vainly strove to meet them, and he said, 'Come to me, in one hour and a half.' Cadman touched his hat without an answer, saw to the boat, and then went home along the quay.

Carroway, though of a violent temper, especially when laughed at, was not of that steadfast and sedentary wrath, which chews the cud of grievances, and feeds upon it in a shady place. He had a good wife—though a little over-clean—and seven fine-appetited children, who gave him the greatest pleasure in providing victuals. Also, he had his pipe, and his quiet corners, sacred to the atmosphere and the private thoughts of Carroway. And here he would often be ambitious even now, perceiving no good reason why he might not yet command a line-of-battle ship, and run up his own flag, and nobly tread his own lofty quarter-deck. If so, he would have Mrs. Carroway on board, and not only on the boards, but at them; so that a challenge should be issued every day, for any other ship in all the service to display white so wholly spotless, and black so void of streakiness. And while he was dwelling upon personal matters—which after all concerned the nation most—he had tried very hard to discover any reason (putting paltry luck aside) why Horatio Nelson should be a lord, and what was more to the purpose, an admiral, while Charles Carroway (his old shipmate, and in every way superior, who could eat him at a mouthful, if only he were good enough) should now be no more than a 'long-shore lieutenant, and a Jonathan Wyld of the Revenue. However, as for envying Nelson, the Lord knew that he would not give his little Geraldine's worst frock for all the fellow's grand coat-of-arms, and freedom in a snuff-box, and golden shields, and devices, this, that, and the other, with Pharaoh of Egypt to support them.

To this conclusion he was fairly come, after a good meal, and with the second glass of the finest Jamaica pine-apple rum—which he drank from pure principle, because it was not smuggled—steaming and scenting the blue curls of his pipe, when his admirable wife came in to say that on no account would she interrupt him.

'My dear, I am busy, and am very glad to hear it. Pish! where have I put all those accounts?'

'Charles, you are not doing any accounts. When you have done your pipe and glass, I wish to say a quiet word or two. I am sure that there is not a woman in a thousand——'

'Matilda, I know it. Nor one in fifty thousand. You are very good at figures, will you take this sheet away with you? Eight o'clock will be quite time enough for it.'

'My dear, I am always too pleased to do whatever I can to help you. But I must talk to you now; really I must say a few words about something, tired as you may be, Charles, and well deserving of a little good sleep, which you never seem able to manage in bed. You told me, you know, that you expected Cadman, that surly dirty fellow, who delights to spoil my stones, and would like nothing better than to take the pattern out of our drawing-room Kidderminster. Now, I have a reason for saying something. Charles, will you listen to me once, just once?'

'I never do anything else,' said the husband, with justice, and meaning no mischief.

'Ah! how very seldom you hear me talk; and when I do, I might just as well address the winds! But for once, my dear, attend, I do implore you. That surly burly Cadman will be here directly, and I know that you are much put out with him. Now, I tell you, he is dangerous, savagely dangerous; I can see it in his unhealthy skin. Oh, Charles, where have you put down your pipe? I cleaned that shelf this very morning! How little I thought when I promised to be yours, that you ever would knock out your ashes like that! But do bear in mind, dear, whatever you do, if anything happened to you, whatever would become of all of us? All your sweet children and your faithful wife—I declare you have made two great rings with your tumbler upon the new cover of the table.'

'Matilda, that has been done ever so long. But I am almost certain this tumbler leaks.'

'So you always say; just as if I would allow it. You never will think of simply wiping the rim every time you use it; when I put you a saucer for your glass, you forget it; there never was such a man, I do believe. I shall have to stop the rum-and-water altogether.'

'No, no, no. I'll do anything you like. I'll have a tumbler made with a saucer to it—I'll buy a piece of oil-cloth the size of a fore-top sail—I'll——'

'Charles, no nonsense, if you please; as if I were ever unreasonable! But your quickness of temper is such, that I dread what you may say to that Cadman. Remember what opportunities he has, dear. He might shoot you in the dark any night, my darling, and put it upon the smugglers. I entreat you not to irritate the man, and make him your enemy. He is so spiteful; and I should be in terror the whole night long.'

'Matilda, in the house you may command me as you please—even in my own cuddy here. But as regards my duty, you know well that I permit no interference. And I should have expected you to have more sense. A pretty officer I should be, if I were afraid of my own men. When a man is to blame, I tell him so, in good round language, and shall do so now. This man is greatly to blame, and I doubt whether to consider him a fool or a rogue. If it were not that he has seven children, as we have, I would discharge him this very night.'

'Charles, I am very sorry for his seven children; but our place is to think of our own seven first. I beg you, I implore you, to discharge the man; for he has not the courage to harm you, I believe, except with the cowardly advantage he has got. Now promise me either to say nothing to him, or to discharge him, and be done with him.'

'Matilda, of such things you know nothing; and I cannot allow you to say any more.'

'Very well, very well! I know my duty. I shall sit up and pray every dark night you are out, and the whole place will go to the dogs, of course. Of the smugglers I am not afraid one bit, nor of any honest fighting, such as you are used to. But oh, my dear Charles, the very bravest man can do nothing against base treachery.'

'To dream of such things shows a bad imagination,' Carroway answered sternly; but seeing his wife's eyes fill with tears, he took her hand gently, and begged her pardon, and promised to be very careful. 'I am the last man to be rash,' he said, 'after getting so many more kicks than coppers. I never had a fellow under my command who would lift a finger to harm me. And you must remember, my darling Tilly, that I command Englishmen, not Lascars.'

With this she was forced to be content, to the best of her ability; and Geraldine ran bouncing in from school, to fill her father's pipe for him; so that by the time John Cadman came, his commander had almost forgotten the wrath created by the failure of the morning. But unluckily Cadman had not forgotten the words, and the look, he received before his comrades.

'Here I am, sir, to give an account of myself,' he said in an insolent tone, having taken much liquor to brace him for the meeting. 'Is it your pleasure to say out what you mean?'

'Yes, but not here. You will follow me to the station.' The lieutenant took his favourite staff, and set forth; while his wife, from the little window, watched him with a very anxious gaze. She saw her husband stride in front with the long rough gait she knew so well, and the swing of his arms which always showed that his temper was not in its best condition; and behind him Cadman slouched along, with his shoulders up, and his red hands clenched. And the poor wife sadly went back to work, for her life was a truly anxious one.

The station, as it was rather grandly called, was a hut about the size of a four-post bed, upon the low cliff, undermined by the sea, and even then threatened to be swept away. Here was a tall flagstaff for signals, and a place for a beacon-light when needed, and a bench with a rest for a spy-glass. In the hut itself were signal-flags, and a few spare muskets, and a keg of bullets, with maps and codes hung round the wall, and flint and tinder, and a good many pipes, and odds and ends on ledges. Carroway was very proud of this place, and kept the key strictly in his own pocket, and very seldom allowed a man to pass through the narrow doorway. But he liked to sit inside and see them looking desirous to come in.

'Stand there, Cadman,' he said, as soon as he had settled himself in the one hard chair; and the man, though thoroughly primed for revolt, obeyed the old habit, and stood outside.

'Once more you have misled me, Cadman, and abused my confidence. More than that, you have made me a common laughing-stock for scores of fools, and even for a learned gentleman, magistrate of divinity. I was not content with your information, until you confirmed it by letters you produced from men well known to you, as you said, and even from the inland trader, who had contracted for the venture. The schooner 'Elizabeth,' of Goole, disguised as a collier, was to bring to, with Robin Lyth on board of her, and the goods in her hold under covering of coal, and to run the goods at the South Flamborough landing, this very night. I have searched the 'Elizabeth' from stem to stern, and the craft brought up alongside of her; and all I have found is a wretched Frenchman, who skulked so that I made sure of him; and not a blessed anker of foreign brandy, nor even a forty-pound bag of tea. You had that packet of letters in your neck-tie. Hand them to me this moment——'

'If your honour has made up your mind to think that a sailor of the Royal Navy——'

'Cadman, none of that! No lick-spittle lies to me; those letters, that I may establish them! You shall have them back, if they are right. And I will pay you a half-crown for the loan.'

'If I was to leave they letters in your hand, I could never hold head up in Burlington no more.'

'That is no concern of mine. Your duty is to hold up your head with me, and those who find you in bread and butter.'

'Precious little butter I ever gets, and very little bread to speak of. The folk that does the work gets nothing. Them that does nothing gets the name and game.'

'Fellow, no reasoning, but obey me!' Carroway shouted, with his temper rising; 'hand over those letters, or you leave the service.'

'How can I give away another man's property?' As he said these words, the man folded his arms, as who should say, 'That is all you get out of me.'

'Is that the way you speak to your commanding officer? Who owns those letters, then, according to your ideas?'

'Butcher Hewson; and he says that you shall have them as soon as he sees the money for his little bill.'

This was a trifle too much for Carroway. Up he jumped with surprising speed, took one stride through the station-door, and seizing Cadman by the collar, shook him, wrung his ear with the left hand, which was like a pair of pincers, and then with the other flung him backward, as if he were an empty bag. The fellow was too much amazed to strike, or close with him, or even swear, but received the vehement impact without any stay behind him. So that he staggered back, hat downward, and striking one heel on a stone, fell over the brink of the shallow cliff to the sand below.

The lieutenant, who never had thought of this, was terribly scared, and his wrath turned cold. For although the fall was of no great depth, and the ground at the bottom so soft, if the poor man had struck it poll foremost, as he fell, it was likely that his neck was broken. Without any thought of his crippled heel, Carroway took the jump himself.

As soon as he recovered from the jar, which shook his stiff joints, and stiffer back, he ran to the coast-guardsman and raised him, and found him very much inclined to swear. This was a good sign, and the officer was thankful and raised him in the gravelly sand, and kindly requested him to have it out, and to thank the Lord, as soon as he felt better. But Cadman, although he very soon came round, abstained from every token of gratitude. Falling with his mouth wide open in surprise, he had filled it with gravel of inferior taste, as a tidy sewer-pipe ran out just there, and at every execration he discharged a little.

'What can be done with a fellow so ungrateful?' cried the lieutenant, standing stiffly up again; 'nothing but to let him come back to his manners. Hark you, John Cadman, between your bad words, if a glass of hot grog will restore your right wits, you can come up and have it, when your clothes are brushed.'

With these words Carroway strode off to his cottage, without even deigning to look back; for a minute had been enough to show him that no very serious harm was done.

The other man did not stir until his officer was out of sight; and then he arose, and rubbed himself, but did not care to go for his rummer of hot grog.

'I must work this off,' the lieutenant said, as soon as he had told his wife, and received his scolding; 'I cannot sit down; I must do something. My mind is becoming too much for me, I fear. Can you expect me to be laughed at? I shall take a little sail in the boat; the wind suits, and I have a particular reason. Expect me, my dear, when you see me.'

In half-an-hour the largest boat, which carried a brass swivel-gun at her bows, was stretching gracefully across the bay, with her three white sails flashing back the sunset. The lieutenant steered, and he had four men with him, of whom Cadman was not one; that worthy being left at home to nurse his bruises and his dudgeon. These four men now were quite marvellously civil, having heard of their comrade's plight, and being pleased alike with that, and with their commander's prowess. For Cadman was by no means popular among them, because, though his pay was the same as theirs, he always tried to be looked up to; the while his manners were not distinguished, and scarcely could be called polite, when a supper required to be paid for. In derision of this, and of his desire for mastery, they had taken to call him 'Boatswain Jack,' or 'John Boatswain,' and provoked him by a subscription to present him with a pig-whistle. For these were men who liked well enough to receive hard words from

their betters, who were masters of their business, but saw neither virtue nor value in submitting to superior airs from their equals.

The 'Royal George,' as this boat was called, passed through the fleet of quiet vessels, some of which trembled for a second visitation; but not deigning to molest them she stood on, and rounding Flamborough Head, passed by the pillar rocks called King and Queen, and bore up for the North Landing cove. Here sail was taken in, and oars were manned; and Carroway ordered his men to pull in to the entrance of each of the well-known caves.

To enter these, when any swell is running, requires great care and experience; and the 'Royal George' had too much beam to do it comfortably, even in the best of weather. And now, what the sailors call a 'chopping sea' had set in with the turn of the tide, although the wind was still off-shore; so that even to lie-to at the mouth made rather a ticklish job of it. The men looked at one another, and did not like it, for a badly handled oar would have cast them on the rocks, which are villanously hard and jagged, and would stave in the toughest boat, like biscuit china. However, they durst not say that they feared it; and by skill and steadiness they examined all three caves quite enough to be certain that no boat was in them.

The largest of the three, and perhaps the finest, was the one they first came to, which already was beginning to be called the cave of Robin Lyth. The dome is very high, and sheds down light, when the gleam of the sea strikes inward. From the gloomy mouth of it, as far as they could venture, the lapping of the wavelets could be heard all round it, without a boat, or even a baulk of wood to break it. Then they tried echo, whose clear answer hesitates where any soft material is; but the shout rang only of hard rock and glassy water. To make assurance doubly sure, they lit a blue-light and sent it floating through the depths, while they held their position with two boat-hooks and a fender. The cavern was lit up with a very fine effect, but not a soul inside of it to animate the scene. And to tell the truth, the bold invaders were by no means grieved at this; for if there had been smugglers there, it would have been hard to tackle them.

Hauling off safely, which was worse than running in, they pulled across the narrow cove, and rounding the little headland, examined the Church cave and the Dovecot likewise, and with a like result. Then heartily tired, and well content with having done all that man could do, they set sail again in the dusk of the night, and forged their way against a strong ebb-tide towards the softer waters of Bridlington and the warmer comfort of their humble homes.

(*To be continued.*)

French Tragedy before Corneille.

AMONG the notions generally prevalent concerning literature and literary history there is no one which is fuller of fallacies than the common idea of literary originality. It has always pleased the general reader, and for a considerable time it pleased literary historians, to suppose in certain great writers an entire absence of indebtedness to their forerunners, and to base upon this absence of indebtedness their chief claim to greatness. In a few very rare instances there may be some colour for the supposition, but in the great majority of cases there is certainly nothing of the kind. Study and research are constantly exposing the debts of great writers to the lesser men who came before them, and when this exposure is made uncritical people are apt to run away with the idea that the greatness of their idols is somehow or other diminished. Those who are wiser of course know better. They know that it is the use an artist makes of his materials and his models that constitutes his claim to greatness, and that to have done excellently what other men have done imperfectly before is really the utmost to which anyone can pretend. Yet the old notion is still apt to prevail, and in no literary history does it prevail more strongly than in the history of the literature of France. Despite the researches and the studies of the last half-century, there are still to be found people in France—no wonder, then, if there are still be found people in England—who regard the great dramatists of the seventeenth century, Corneille in tragedy and Molière in comedy, as a pair of literary Melchisedecs with no ancestry in their own country and with only an indistinct and doubtful strain of indebtedness to any other. It is not necessary to remark that both *a priori* and from analogy this is exceedingly improbable. It is not only this, but it is utterly false in fact. In no literature is the genealogy of almost all literary forms traceable more clearly or for a longer period than in France. French comedy can trace its descent in unbroken line from the 'Jeu de la Feuillie' and the 'Robin et Marion' of Adam de la Halle at the end of the thirteenth century. French tragedy owes indeed more to foreign, and especially to classical influences; but it, too, has a well made out parentage as far back as the eleventh, and possibly the tenth century of our era, in the mysteries and miracles *par personnages*, of which the first half-French half-Latin forms are now to be found in the sacred dramas of 'Adam' and the 'Ten Virgins.'

It is not, however, necessary at present to go back to the Creation, and we may very well pass to the Deluge, the deluge of the Renaissance. The point of importance is that, even if we strike mystery and miracle, farce and morality, out of the calculation, France

possessed a largely attended and fertile school of tragedies and comedies of distinctly modern stamp a century before the representation of 'Les Précieuses Ridicules,' and more than three-quarters of a century before the representation of 'Médée.' The comic writers of the period were indeed, with one exception, not of the most remarkable, and Corneille himself had to take French comedy in hand before Molière was possible. But in tragedy a chain of names, distinctly remarkable among the minor stars of literature, conducts us from what is generally called the birth of French tragedy in Jodelle's 'Cléopâtre' to its sudden and splendid adolescence in the 'Cid.' Some account of these writers, few of whom are much known on this side the Channel, may perhaps be worth giving.

The connection of the form of tragedy which was most to prevail in France with its predecessors was, as has been already remarked, somewhat looser than was the case with comedy. The comic work of the post-Renaissance time was merely the indigenous farce largely modified and improved by foreign and especially by classical models. The tragic productions of France, on the contrary, have rather been exotic in origin and nature, though some strain of the indigenous profane mystery may be observed in them. The acclimatisation of regular tragedy was one of the capital efforts and one of the most durable successes of the Pléiade. It was impossible that the study of the classics should not draw attention to the dramatic forms which are among the crowning glories of classical art. Both independently and in imitation of Italian predecessors the scholars of France busied themselves in translations of Greek and Latin plays, and before the sixteenth century was half past the 'Electra,' the 'Hecuba,' the 'Iphigenia,' the 'Plutus' had been versified in French. The influence of Italy, combined, no doubt, with a reminiscence of the mysteries, also gave the early dramatists of the French Renaissance another class of subject very little cultivated on the English stage. This was the sacred tragedy, written after a semi-classical model, but on Scriptural subjects, a class of composition which can boast not merely of 'Esther' and 'Athalie,' but of the best regular tragedy written before Corneille, Garnier's 'Les Juives,' and of another, not far inferior, the 'Aman' of Antoine de Montchrestien. For some time drama on these models was either merely translated, or else, like the plays of Buchanan, Muretus, and Guérente, written in Latin. In 1549, however, appeared Du Bellay's 'Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française,' the profession of faith, and at the same time the act of association, of the Pléiade. A very short time only had elapsed when Jodelle, the youngest of the seven, carried out the principles of Du Bellay by creating French tragedy and comedy of the modern type, the one with his 'Cléopâtre,' the other with his 'Eugène.' These were both represented on the same day in 1552 before the Court of Henry II., the actors being Jodelle himself and others of the society, such as Belleau and Grévin. Few literary anecdotes are better known than that of the scene which followed the representation. The Pléiade

had inherited a good deal of the somewhat pagan enthusiasm of the Italian humanists for antiquity, and nothing would satisfy them but a solemn Dionysiac festival to complete the introduction of drama into France. They journeyed to Arcueil for the purpose, and unluckily met a goat by the way. The coincidence was too strong to be resisted, and the beast was caught, crowned with flowers, and solemnly conferred upon Jodelle as the reward of his prowess. This escapade made a terrible disturbance. Catholics and Protestants alike raised the cry of atheism and profanity, and the story losing as usual nothing by repetition, it was soon asserted that the unfortunate goat had been sacrificed on the occasion to the god whose part was said to have been played by Ronsard. Jodelle's walk and conversation were unluckily not quite proof against scandal, and the account of him which, at his death twenty years after, Pierr ede l'Estoile sets down in his journal, is far from being complimentary. It must be admitted to be curious that Marlowe and Jodelle, who, unlike as they were in style, genius, and accomplishment, held corresponding positions in the literature of England and France, should each have been accused formally and in set terms of atheism.

Besides 'Cléopâtre' we also possess Jodelle's subsequent tragedy of 'Didon,' in which a considerable advance is visible. The earlier drama is written irregularly, now in verses of ten, now in verses of twelve syllables. The regular interlacement of masculine and feminine rhymes is not attended to, and the chorus, an important part of the early French drama, attempts a regular sequence of strophe, antistrophe, and epode. 'Didon' exhibits a considerable advance in this respect towards the model finally accepted. The dialogue is in alexandrines throughout, the alternation of rhymes is generally though not quite universally observed, and the complex division of the chorus is abandoned. It is exceedingly curious to observe in these two first tragedies the germ of nearly all the merits and defects of the classical French drama. In some respects too, though by no means in all, they are better than their immediate successors. The besetting sin of most tragedians from Jodelle to Corneille was the enormous length of their speeches. Even Garnier has tirades of nearly 200 lines, whole plays of Montchrestien read like monologues, here and there broken by the end and beginning of acts and scenes, and Jean de Schélandre sends his characters on the stage to talk to themselves and the audience for half a dozen pages. In Jodelle's work, especially in 'Cléopâtre,' the speeches are of a much more reasonable length. In two other points, however, the founder of French tragedy set an example which almost all his successors followed. One of these is the στιχομυθία, or snipsnap dialogue, which, more than a century afterwards, Butler so admirably ridiculed, as it appeared in the English heroic drama. The other is the device of beginning several successive lines with the same word or words, a device of which in its most famous and successful instance, the final speech of Camille in Corneille's 'Horace,' everyone

must admit the effectiveness, but which becomes terribly *maniéré* when indiscriminately used. A short analysis and a sample of the first French tragedy may not be without interest.

The 'Cléopâtre,' as is natural, takes its plot, and such action as it possesses, mainly from Plutarch, with a certain admixture of the common form of tragedies after the fashion of Euripides and Seneca. Even in this early play the tendency to abridge and weaken the action in order to comply with the unities appears. The shade of Antony prologises, inviting Cleopatra to share his fate as she has shared his pleasures. Then enters the queen with her two handmaids, who seek to deter her from her already formed purpose. She remains firm, and a chorus of Alexandrian women closes the act. The second act—it should be observed that these divisions are rather long scenes than acts proper—contains a discussion between Octavian, Proculeius and Agrippa on the death of Antony and the probable action of Cleopatra. Suicide is considered likely on her part, and Agrippa advises that every respect should be shown her in order to prevent it. The chorus then descants on the evil effects of pride. In the third act, Cleopatra and Octavian are introduced in conversation. The latter shows some sternness, and reproaches the queen with her conduct, but ends by granting her her life. Then comes the incident of the treasurer Seleucus, and the false return of the queen's goods. The chorus foreshadows Cleopatra's future conduct. The fourth act is entirely taken up with a kind of *θρῆνος*, Cleopatra, her attendants, and the chorus all bewailing their past and future lot. Lastly, in the fifth act, Proculeius describes the heroine's death. Part of this description will illustrate well enough the style of Jodelle:—

> Escoutez donc, citoyens, escoutez;
> Et m'escoutant votre mal lamentez,
> J'étois venu pour le mal supporter
> De Cléopatre, et la réconforter;
> Quand je trouve ses gardes qui frappoyent,
> Contre sa chambre, et sa porte rompoyent
> Et qu'en entrant dans ceste chambre close
> J'ay veu, ô rare et misérable chose,
> Ma Cléopatre en son royal habit,
> Et sa couronne au long d'un riche lit
> Peint et doré, blesme et morte couchée,
> Sans qu'elle fût d'aucun glaive touchée,
> Avec Eras sa femme à ses pieds morte
> Et Charmium vive, qu'en telle sorte,
> J'ay lors blasmée: Ah! ah! Charmium, est-ce
> Noblement faist? Ouy, ouy, c'est de noblesse
> De tant de rois Egyptiens venue
> Un témoisnage. Et lors, peu soutenue,
> En chancelant et s'accrochant en vain,
> Tombe à l'envers restant un tronc humain.
> Voilà des trois la fin espouvantable,
> Voilà des trois le destin lamentable!

L'amour ne veut séparer les deux corps
Qu'il avoit joints par longs et longs accords;
Le ciel ne veut permettre toute chose
Que bien soubvent le courageux propose.
César verra, perdant ce qu'il attend.

Que nul ne peut au monde être content,
L'Egypte aura renfort de sa détresse,
Perdant après son bonneur sa maîtresse.
Mesmement moy qui suis son ennemi
En y pensant je me pasme à demi,
Ma voix s'infirme et mon penser défaut,
Oh! qu'incertain est l'ordre de là-haut!

In fairness, of course, this must be compared, if comparison is required, with 'Tancred and Gismund,' or 'Gorboduc,' rather than with 'Antony and Cleopatra.' But as one of the earliest instances of not the least famous of literary styles, it may possess some attraction, and the contrast with Shakespeare's play hardly brings out too strongly the disadvantages of the method of *récits*, *messages*, &c., as compared with the multiplied action and numerous personages of the English stage.

The literary movement of the Pléiade was more than any other, except its counterpart the romantic outburst of the present century, a school movement, and Jodelle's example could not fail of imitators. If it was more troublesome to write a drama than to write a sonnet or an ode, it was also much more glorious. La Perouse, Toustain, Jacques de la Taille, and Grévin at once adopted the new model, though only the last is of importance sufficient to deserve much notice. De la Taille, indeed, has earned an unenviable place in story by an attempt at realism. His dying Darius thus addresses Alexander:—

Mes enfants et ma femme aie en recommanda. . . .
Il ne put achever car la mort l'engarda.

Grévin, however, is of a different stamp. He was a Protestant, and did not a little to swell the literary renown which Du Bartas and D'Aubigné have acquired for the French Calvinists of the sixteenth century. When only eighteen years old he wrote two comedies, 'Les Esbahis' and 'La Trésorière,' which are far livelier than 'Eugène,' and are hardly surpassed by the adaptations of Larivey. He was scarcely older when he wrote his tragedy 'La Mort de César.' Afterwards he betook himself to the regular practice of medicine, and accompanying to Savoy Marguerite, sister of Henry II. (the princess at whose marriage were uttered the expressions of dissatisfaction of which Brantôme gives us such an edifying list), he died, aged only thirty, at Turin. His 'César' is not exactly a lively play, and it is still much encumbered with choruses and the rest of the unmanageable details of a classical drama. But it has some interest of action and the style is good, partaking of the easiness and grace of the author's *villanesques*—a simplified villanelle of which he was fond—and *baisers*.

A very different figure from any yet mentioned is that of Robert Garnier. If he be, as he certainly is, far inferior to the dramatists which a very few years after his time England produced, that is owing chiefly to the unfortunate model which he followed. It is acknowledged by all competent judges that 'Les Juives' is not only the best French tragedy before the seventeenth century, but also the best French tragedy on the regular lines before Corneille, and that without Garnier it is more than probable that the French classical drama, as we now know it, would never have existed. There are doubtless different estimates of the loss which the world's literature would have suffered in such a case. For my part, although 'Rodogune' and 'Phèdre' and 'Zaire' are less attractive to me than 'Hamlet' and 'Lear,' it does not seem to me necessary to deny merit, and even excellence, to the former plays and their writers. The same may be said of the lesser attempts which led in each case to the masterpieces of the two schools. Garnier may justly be regarded as the poet who made French tragedy. He took the accepted forms of classical and biblical subjects; he added to them the important form of tragi-comedy, and in each class he produced work of remarkable and permanent literary value. The perception of stage effect, for which French dramatists were later to be so justly famed, indeed escaped him. This was to be added by Hardy, the neglected and often ridiculed playwright who immediately preceded Corneille. But when we compare Garnier with our own contemporary tragedians, it is only fair to remember that he exceeded them as much in the literary sense as they exceeded him in merely theatrical proficiency, in variety, and in poetical vigour and grasp of character. The somewhat severe adherence to a definite critical standard of which he set, if not the example, at least the most successful and attractive instance, was never afterwards quite forgotten; and the attempts of Jean de Schélandre, and the achievements of Hardy, only temporarily obscured this model. It is at least doubtful whether the French would have produced masterpieces in the romantic drama had they taken to it. It is matter of history that they have produced masterpieces on the classical models which the example of Jodelle and the brilliant seconding of Garnier led them to adopt.

Garnier, who was a lawyer, and whose life was noways eventful, was born in 1545, and died in the first year of the following century. His dramatic works consist of six tragedies on ancient topics and models, viz.: 'Porcie,' 'Cornélie,' 'Marc Antoine,' 'Hippolyte,' 'La Troade,' and 'Antigone;' of the Biblical 'Les Juives,' and of 'Bradamante,' a tragi-comedy suggested by Ariosto. The six antique tragedies have but little attraction for us, inasmuch as they are merely improved attempts on the 'Cléopâtre' model, with the influence of Seneca more prominent than ever. One of them, the 'Cornélie,' has for Englishmen, however, a certain interest unconnected with its intrinsic merit. Kyd adapted it to the English

stage, and thus it formed almost the only link of connection between the early drama of the two countries. The proportion of adaptations from the French among our plays has scarcely proved a constant quantity. Perhaps no better instance of the faults of these tragedies could be found than that speech in 'Hippolyte,' wherein the catastrophe is told. The length of this in Racine's 'Phèdre' has always been felt (and English playgoers have recently had an opportunity of feeling it) to be a great blemish. Where Racine has eighty verses his predecessor has one hundred and seventy-two. 'Les Juives,' however, is a play of much greater interest. The subject is the punishment of Zedekiah and his family after the fall of Jerusalem. The first act is taken up with a recapitulation by an anonymous prophet of the woes and crimes of the chosen people; while the chorus expostulates with Providence, alleging the frailty of man. Only in the second does the action of the play begin. Nebuchadnezzar, who has some kinship to Marlowe's Tamburlaine, comes on the scene boasting of his power, and vowing vengeance against the Jews and their king who have dared to resist him. He is succeeded as a contrast by Amital, mother of Zedekiah, who bewails conjointly with the chorus the woes of her family, and endeavours to enlist Nebuchadnezzar's queen as an intercessor, an office which the master of the horse, Nebuzaradan, has already taken upon him. The third act sees these attempts at softening the conqueror actually made, without much result. Zedekiah's life is granted, but at the cost of his family's destruction. In the fourth act the two kings meet, and the captive pleads his own cause, but his sons are nevertheless led off to an execution, the details of which are told by the prophet in the last act. Here Zedekiah, blinded, reappears, and is partially comforted for his woes by the prophecy of the return from the Captivity, the rebuilding of the Temple, and the coming of Christ. The opening of this last scene will illustrate Garnier's style :—

Sid. Astres qui sur nos chefs éternels flamboyez,
Regardez mes tourmens, mes angoisses voyez.
Mes yeux ne verront plus vostre lumière belle
Et vous verrez toujours ma passion cruelle;
Vous me verrez un roi privé de liberté,
De royaume, d'amis, d'enfans et de clarté,
Qui vit si misérable autour de cette masse:
Voyez-vous un malheur qui mon malheur surpasse?

Le Pro. Non, il est infini; de semblable il n'a rien,
Il en faut louer Dieu tout ainsi que d'un bien.

Sid. Tousjours soit il bénist, et que par trop d'angoisse
Jamais désespéré je ne le déconnoisse.
Je sçai bien que le l'ai mille fois irrité,
Que j'ay trop justement mes peines mérité,
Que j'ay son ire esmeue et que par mon seul crime

J'ay incité au mal toute Jérosolyme.
Je suis cause de tout, je le sçay; mais pourquoy
Me fait-il torturer par un pire que moy?
Par ce roy Chaldéen qui rien ne le redoute,
Qui sa grace n'invoque ainçois qui la reboute?

Le Pro. Et ne sçavez-vous pas qu'il le fait tout exprès,
Le souffre en ses horreurs pour le punir après?
Il use de sa dextre à venger son colère
Comme fait d'une verge une prudente mère
Envers son cher enfant, quand une mauvaitié,
Qu'il a faite a quelqu'un veut qu'il soit chatié.
Car après cet usage en la flamme on la rue,
Ou avec mespris est en pièces rompue.
Ainsi Dieu vengera les massacres commis
Par ce roi carnacier, bien qu'il les ait permis.
Les maux qu'il nous a faits il lui sçaura bien rendre
Et quelquefois Babylon sera mis en cendre.

While Garnier was thus bringing the classical tragedy as Jodelle had imitated it from the ancients, and especially from Seneca, to the greatest height it could for the time attain, a number of minor poets were producing dramatic work, sometimes based upon the same model, sometimes tracing a more direct lineage to the mysteries which still continued, especially in the provinces, to be performed. The productions indeed of the last quarter of the sixteenth century in France merit, much more than anything produced in England, the formidable Polonian catalogue, 'tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable or poem unlimited.' As a specimen (though, to do French literature justice, it is an extreme one) may be quoted 'Le Guysien,' the second title of which is 'Perfidie tyrannique commise par Henry de Valois es personnages des illustrissimes et très généreux Princes de Lorraine, Cardinal et Archévesque de Rheims et Henry de Guyse, grand maistre de France. Eclogue pastorelle a onze personnages sur les misères de France et la très heureuse et très miraculeuse délivrance du très magnanime et très illustre Prince Mgr. le duc de Guyse.' Among the names of Mathieu, Leger, Billard, Bounin, Filleul, and a dozen more equally forgotten, Jean de la Taille, brother of the already mentioned Jacques, deserves at least a passing notice. On the touching subject of Rizpah, the daughter of Ayah, and her sons (as a poet of our day has it),

'Dead in the dim and lion-haunted ways,'

he wrote the tragedy of 'Les Gabaonites,' containing not a few affecting scenes, and some attempt at careful character drawing; he deserves especial credit for attempting to break up the dialogue into something at least distantly resembling an actual conversation.

Among or shortly after these mediocrities and absurdities a really

noteworthy figure takes its place. This is Antoine de Montchrestien, a man of remarkable life and of remarkable works. Montchrestien is one of the strong men who, living before the tragical Agamemnon of France, have singularly lacked celebration. In the somewhat sweeping denunciation of early French tragedy which M. Jannet, of the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne, has affixed to his 'Ancien Théâtre Français,' his name is not so much as mentioned. Ebert, in his 'Entwicklungsgeschichte der Französischen Tragödie,' passes him by, and the ordinary short histories of French literature leave him entirely unnoticed. Only in the 'Seizième Siècle en France' of MM. Darmesteter and Hatzfeld, an excellent work published last year, is something like justice done him, and even here the singular beauty of his choruses receives no mention, nor the fact that he was the first of a long line of tragedians to take the death of Mary Queen of Scots for a subject. Even in those stormy times few stormier lives can have been lived than the life of this Protestant dramatist. He was born about 1560, being the son, it is said, of a surgeon of Falaise, though somehow or other he gained or took the title of Seigneur de Vasteville. He was left an orphan and robbed by his guardians; but succeeded in compelling restitution by force of law. Then he quarrelled with a certain Baron de Gourville, was half killed by him and afterwards again returning to the aid of the law, obtained the heavy damages of twelve thousand livres. Later he killed his man in another quarrel, and had to fly to England. James I. (it is said in gratitude for the tragedy of 'L'Ecossaise') obtained his pardon from Henry IV. and he returned. He then took to a not very comprehensible business, which seems to have included the manufacture of cutlery and, according to his enemies, the manufacture of base money. In the anarchy of the early years of Louis XIII. he joined a Huguenot rising in his native province, was killed in a skirmish, and after his death was broken on the wheel and burnt. The lives of Marlowe and Jonson are commonplace in comparison with this.

A speech of Elizabeth from 'L'Ecossaise' and a chorus from the play of 'La Cartaginoise,' one of the many versions of the story of Sophonisba, will show Montchrestien's polish of style and command of rhythm. It is in these points that the merit of his dramas wholly consists. 'L'Ecossaise' has so little plot that it is hardly worth while even to attempt a lengthy analysis of it. It consists almost entirely of monologues spoken by Elizabeth, Mary, Davison, and the *maître d'hôtel*, who recites the queen's death, interspersed with choric odes of considerable beauty. The extracts therefore may be left to speak for themselves:—

> Si donc pour assurer mon état et ma vie
> Je l'ai, même à regret, quelque temps asservie
> Ne cherchant point sa mort, ains taschant seulement
> A dompter son audace et vivre assurément,

Faut-il qu'une fureur de l'autre la transporte,
Et qu'à me courir sus tout le monde elle exhorte ?
Que contre moi les miens elle tasche animer,
Qu'elle excite mon peuple et s'efforce à l'armer,
Bref que par ses attraits maint qui m'était fidèle
Distrait de son devoir s'engage à sa cordelle ?
Ô cœur trop inhumain pour si douce beauté !
Puisque tu peux couver tant de desloyauté,
D'ennui et de despit, de fureur et d'audace,
Pourquoy tant de douceur fais-tu lire dans ta face ?
Tes yeux qui tous les cœurs prennent à leurs appas
Sans en être troublez verront-ils mon trépas ?

This I think is a good specimen of the tirade from the point of view of metre and language, and not destitute of force, though Elizabeth may be said with some truth to look at things rather too much from her own side of the shield. The chorus alluded to above runs as follows :—

Oyez nos tristes voix,
Vous qui logez votre espérance au monde,
Vous dont l'espoir sur ce roseau se fonde,
Oyez-nous cette fois.

O ! que l'on voit souvent
La gloire humaine imiter la fleurette,
Au poinct du jour joyeuse et vermeillette,
Au soir cuite du vent.

Qui sur tous s'élevoit
Comme un sapin sur les basses bruyères,
Dedans le trône où tu le vis naguères
Là plus il ne se voit.

Ton regard est bien clair
S'il peut de lui remarquer quelque trace.
Le lustre humain comme un songe s'efface,
Passe comme un éclair.

Penses-tu rien trouver
Que le destin n'altère d'heure en heure ?
Bien que le ciel ferme en son cours demeure
Sa fin doit arriver.

Le sceptre des grands rois
Est plus sujet aux coups de la fortune
Qu'aux vents mutins les ondes de Neptune,
Aux foudres les hauts bois.

Cessons, pauvres humains,
De concevoir tant d'espérances vaines,
Puisque aussitôt les grandeurs plus certaines
Tombent hors de nos mains.

The matter of this is of course trite enough; but its manner seems to have something at least of that 'organ-tone' with which

the earlier seventeenth century knew how to treat such subjects, and of which the French Calvinists were not the least skilful masters.

While Montchrestien was in this maner illustrating the impossibility of continued tragedy *à la* Garnier, a co-religionist of his was making an experiment which had it been followed up might have changed the whole course of French drama. Jean de Schélandre was of a noble family of Lorraine, entered the army early, and served nearly all his life on the northern frontiers of France. He was born in 1585 or thereabouts, and died of wounds received in battle in 1635. His principal work is 'Tyr et Sidon,' a tragi-comedy of formidable proportions, which was twice printed during the lifetime of the author (once in 1608, once in 1628) and then was forgotten until M. Charles Asselineau called attention to it some five-and-twenty years ago, with the satisfactory result that it was reprinted in the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne. It consists of some five or six thousand lines, and the original editor, François Ogier, seems to have considered it at least doubtful whether it would ever be represented except in private theatricals. On reading the play, however, one is surprised to find it constructed far more on the model of contemporary English dramas than on the accepted French plan, though the influence of the latter is apparent enough. The plot is full of incident, which is yet disposed in a not disorderly manner, and the interest is essentially dramatic. The neighbouring and rival kings of Tyre and Sidon both possess young and warlike sons. These princes, Leontes and Belcar, meet at the head of their troops, and by accident both fall into the power of the enemy, Leontes borne down by sheer weight of numbers, Belcar disabled by a severe wound. The former is thus carried to Sidon and the latter to Tyre, each serving as a hostage for the other's good treatment. Abdolonymus, King of Sidon, allows his prisoner complete liberty on parole, and Leontes, being of a gay disposition, frequents Sidonian society and falls in love with Philoline, the young wife of an old and churlish husband, Zorotes. Assisted by his confidant Timadon, who like him is a prisoner, he easily succeeds in his pursuit of the lady. Unfortunately the jealous husband becomes aware of his dishonour and hires a party of disbanded soldiers to assassinate Leontes. The prince drives off his assailants, but is mortally wounded, and dies, to the great regret and alarm of Abdolonymus, who naturally fears reprisals on Belcar, knowing the fierce temper of Pharnabazus, the Tyrian king. Meanwhile Belcar is kept by his wounds close prisoner in the palace of Pharnabazus, but is tended by the two princesses Cassandra and Meliane. Both fall in love with him, but he only responds to Meliane's affection. The slighted princess has already had recourse to her nurse Almodice, when the news arrives of the death of Leontes. Pharnabazus is furious and wishes to put Belcar at once to death, though by form of law. But the Tyrian judges steadily resist this, and for the time the prince is only ordered into closer custody. His guardian, Thamys, however, is won over by Meliane,

and the prince is set free by night, a vessel being ready to carry off him and his beloved. Now Almodice has an opportunity of carrying out her treason. Trusted by the guileless Meliane, she substitutes Cassandra for her on board ship. Belcar, discovering the cheat, refuses to continue in the same vessel with Cassandra, and throwing himself into a skiff makes for land. Thereupon Cassandra in despair stabs herself, leaping overboard at the same time. Her body is washed ashore just where Meliane, who has wandered in search of her faithless lover, as she supposes Belcar to be, is standing. She draws the dagger from her sister's breast, and is found in this suspicious attitude by Pharnabazus, who has started in pursuit. Without listening to a word, he accuses her of the crime and sentences her to instant execution. The news flies to Sidon, which Belcar has already reached; but he at once returns, arriving at the scaffold just in time and determined to clear his mistress or die with her. Meanwhile an embassy from Abdolonymus arrives with full proof of the circumstances of Leontes' death, while the confession of Almodice clears Meliane. Pharnabazus, though not too willingly, consents to the restoration of harmony by the marriage of the lovers. The punishment of Zorotes and Almodice satisfies poetical justice and the manes of Leontes and his sister.

There are some things no doubt to smile at in this plot, but in completeness and interest it far exceeds anything known to the French stage in its own time. For the first time, too, character is presented in a really satisfactory and moving fashion. The somewhat frivolous but generous and amiable Leontes, a Valois all over, is well contrasted with Belcar, less brilliant but more solid and sincere. Meliane is a singularly graceful and innocent *ingénue*, without being in the least milk-and-watery. The two scenes in which she first represses the too great ardour of her lover, and afterwards, as he arrives breathless at the foot of the scaffold, makes unrestrained declaration of her love, are charmingly conceived and very well expressed. The comic interludes, though not devoid of the licence of the time, are smart and bustling; and the two disbanded bravos, La Ruine and La Débauche, are particularly good. Nor should such incidents as the conduct of the Tyrian judges lack recognition and praise The great fault of the play is its enormous length, and this length is in great part due to the unlucky confidant; Pharnabazus and Abdolonymus each having a gentleman of this description, with messengers to boot. As for the language it is full of poetry. There is a strong infusion of Pléiade pedantry in it, but an equally strong infusion of Pléiade colour and splendour. 'Dompte-géant' is no doubt too much in the manner of Du Bartas, and so is 'Le Charontide Port.' But the good side of the influence is shown in such a vigorous image as—

> *Le crespe de Vesper* leur faisait tant d'ombrage
> Qu'à peine trois des siens virent son accident.

The general character of the style could only be shown in a somewhat longer extract; though it is in single lines such as

La guerre c'est la forge où se font les couronnes,

that Schélandre's somewhat unequal talent best displays itself. However here is a very pretty passage. Meliane, it must be remembered, has been an Imogen hitherto in coyness; but when Belcar joins her at the scaffold-foot she relents:—

> Ça, que de mes deux bras je t'aille environner,
> Que n'ay-je un myrte en main propre à te couronner?
> Ô mon parfait amy! ma méfiance fausse
> De ta fidélité le mérite rehausse,
> Baise-moi mille fois. Ma joie en sa grandeur
> Comme un petit objet méprise la pudeur.

I have the fear of Molière before my eyes as much as anybody; but I must admit that I feel towards this *Ça* very much as Armande and Belise pretended to feel towards *Quoiqu'on die.* I have only room for one more citation, the utterance of a happy lover leaving his beloved:—

> Gentils globes de feu, brillans à mille pointes,
> Qui d'aspects éloignés et d'influences jointes
> Enclinez puissamment nos esprits et nos corps
> Aux premiers mouvements qu'ils poussent en dehors;
> Chers joyaux dont la nuit pare sa voile sombre
> D'un mélange subtil de lumière dans l'ombre;
> Beaux caractères d'or où les doctes esprits
> Trouvent tous nos destins lisiblement écrits;
> Bluettes du soleil, que j'aime votre flamme
> Puisqu'elle a tel rapport à celle de mon âme,
> Vous paraissez de nuit et vous cachez de jour,
> Mais toujours sans repos, ainsi fait mon amour.
> Vous estes tous ardents et n'eschauffez personne,
> Ainsi brûle mon cœur en mon corps qui frissonne.
> Vous estes à souhait au comble de tous biens,
> Moi je suis parvenu jusqu'au comble des miens.

Like most verse this smacks somewhat of the fancies and conceits of the time, but it has great merit notwithstanding.

Schélandre had no imitators, and as far as we know exercised no influence. It was far otherwise with Alexandre Hardy (1560–1631). Hardy was the first of the eminent playwrights rather than dramatists of whom France has produced so many. He was regularly engaged as author by different troops of actors, and the number of pieces which he wrote is sometimes put as high as eight hundred, and never lower than five hundred. A play was to Hardy a week's work, and his tariff was the modest sum of fifty crowns. Some thirty or forty of his pieces, including a series of dramatisations of the Theagenes and Charicleia of Heliodorus, remain in print, and enable us to form a good idea of their author. He was evidently, like most of his English contemporaries, a man of considerable reading and scholarship; and he took his subjects, and sometimes a little more, wherever he chose. The Spanish stage supplied him with much material, and to a certain

extent with models. His work is not—and from the circumstances of its production could be hardly be expected to be—of much literary value. His incidents very often, and his language almost always, are extravagant, sometimes to the verge of the preposterous. But he withstood the growing taste for what were called *pointes*, smart antithetic sayings, and he had the knack of presenting situations, if not character, effectively enough, and of carrying his audience with him. He departed somewhat widely from the Jodelle-Garnier model, but only so far as to make that model acceptable to miscellaneous audiences. Thus 'Mariamne,' his best play, takes rank rather with 'Le Comte d'Essex' and 'Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle' than with 'Phèdre' or 'Hernani,' and its author rather with Thomas Corneille and Alexandre Dumas than with Racine or Hugo. He deserves, however, the credit of having made the French drama possible as an acting medium. It was, as we have seen, becoming more and more suitable only for reading and recitation, and his great experience and immense fecundity helped to rescue it from this fate. He is, therefore, in one sense the most important figure in the pre-Cornelian theatre of France, but that sense is by no means a literary one. Yet for the sake of his practical services it may be well to give a short extract from 'Mariamne,' with a brief argument of the play

'Mariamne' opens, according to a classical habit which had taken too firm hold of the French stage, with the ghost of Aristobulus, who indulges in strong invective against Herod, the enemy and butcher of his house. Then in the first act the king is introduced alternating between fits of rage at Mariamne's coldness, and fits of ardent affection for her. Pherore and Salome his sister endeavour to stimulate the former feeling. The second act introduces Mariamne herself, whose indignation against Herod for the murder of her relations is as high as his indignation with her, notwithstanding the efforts of her nurse to calm her. Meanwhile Salome is elsewhere tampering with Herod's cupbearer, endeavouring to induce him to accuse Mariamne of instigating him to poison the king. The still more formidable charge of adultery is also brought against her by the machinations of Pherore. At last she is summoned into the presence of the king, and though she proudly denies both the accusations against her, her language is not calculated to pacify him. Her final refusal to beg for mercy is a good example of Hardy's rather exaggerated but still forcible declamation, and of the classical and mythological commonplaces with which he loads and overloads it:—

> Lorsque je changeray de parole ou de face,
> Barbare, en volonté de mendier ta grâce,
> Lorsque je m'oubliray tant que de recourir
> Au bourreau de mon sang de crainte de mourir,
> Thétis donc perdra l'ordinaire amertume,
> Phœbus ira s'éteindre où sa lampe s'allume,
> Zéphyre accoutumé de suivre le printemps
> Soufflera quand l'hiver nous hérisse les champs,

> Les corbeaux vêteront du cigne le plumage,
> Philomèle avec eux échangeant de ramage.
> Ne le présume pas, sanguinaire felon,
> Avant je supplierois un Scythe ou un Gelon.
> Corsaire Iduméen! race ignoble! n'estime
> Que Mariamne meure autre que magnanime,
> Que pouvant de soy-même elle n'eût enterré
> Tes lâches cruautés dans ton flanc enferré,
> Qu'elle n'eût accompli ce que tu lui supposes,
> Sus donc: fay-moi mourir. Il semble que tu n'oses!

The challenge is accepted. In a tempest of rage the king orders his rebellious wife's death, and the last act gives us the recital of the execution by the inevitable messenger, and the remorse which at once overwhelms Herod. The dramatic merit of the play consists almost entirely in the skill with which the king's conflicting feelings are brought out.

The first quarter of the seventeenth century produced a large number of dramatic poets, whose very names are not worth mentioning. But Théophile de Viau demands in this connection, as in others, some notice. Excluding the doubtful 'Pasiphaë,' his one dramatic work is the tragedy of 'Pyrame et Thisbé.' Gautier in the charming essay which as he declares he wrote to show that a person named Théophile could not be so bad a poet as they made out De Viau to be, has not said much about these two plays, nor is this wonderful to those who have read them. They contain, like most of Théophile's work, a great deal of very admirable verse. Nor is the 'Pasiphaë' as alarming as its title and subject might suggest. But if we compare 'Pyrame et Thisbé' with the more celebrated drama on that subject which was once acted before the Athenian Court, the advantage in dramatic interest must, I think, rest with the latter. Théophile's play is full of the old faults, superabundance of talk and deficiency of action, while its language is too often marked by the affectation which the literary côteries of the time were already beginning to render fashionable. Of the contemporaries and immediate followers of De Viau there is, as I have said, little need to speak here, and indeed we have already reached the limits of our period. A year or two after the death of De Viau, Corneille's 'Mélite' appeared. It was preceded by some work of contemporary poets, who (especially Mairet and Rotrou) are worth attention. But Rotrou, even in his first imperfect attempts, is not a person to be dismissed with brief notice, and he, as well as others of his rivals, are rather companions of Corneille than his predecessors. The influences which worked on them were identical with those which worked on him, and though he himself acknowledged Rotrou's priority, the relations of pupil and master were very soon reversed. Hardy is the last, as he is also, in some ways, the most important, of the early French dramatists who can properly be said to be before Corneille.

The foregoing summary of the most remarkable tragic work

between Jodelle and Corneille is not intended—some people may say that it is not calculated—to tempt anyone to explore this part of literature for himself. Not many of the authors noticed have attained the honours of recent impression, and in the italic type of the tiny volumes which for the most part contain them they are more fitted to attract the bibliomaniac than the reader. Nor, perhaps, is French tragedy, even in its most perfect forms, sufficiently attractive to Englishmen to induce them to study it in forms which are and must be admitted to be in the highest degree imperfect. Nevertheless, it seems to me that there is at least sufficient interest, intrinsic and collateral, in this chapter of literature, for it to deserve some exploration and report from those whose business or pleasure it is to visit the *avia* as well as the *trita* of the field of letters. In the first place, as I have endeavoured to point out, its merits, if not always specially or genuinely dramatic, are by no means inconsiderable. But the interest of these dramatists in connection with their greater successors deserves less negative epithets. For my part I am unable to recognise a real break in the style and manner of French tragedy from the time when Jodelle uttered its first hesitating accents to the time when those accents, still more hesitating, perished with Soumet and Delavigne, and gave way to *drame*. No doubt the points in which this similarity chiefly consists were to some extent suggested by the ancients, and especially by Seneca. But it is almost, if not quite, a unique thing in literature that such an importation should leave such durable traces upon a language and a literature so rich and already so storied and characteristic as the language and literature of France in the sixteenth century. There must have been something strangely appropriate in the new soil to which the seedling was transplanted, some singular sympathy between the old bottles and the new wine to make the experiment so successful. No doubt the work of the century we have surveyed was to a very great extent tentative work. The forgotten plays I have mentioned were in some sort the rough drafts of French tragedy, and deserved, perhaps, to be forgotten by those who possess its definite and deliberate examples, but we may justly remember that those who produced the more perfect work had the imperfect before them, and that they beyond all question profited both by its excellences and its defects. Independently of definite borrowings (which are but of small account on a sound theory of criticism), it is certain that without the experiments of the series of poets just catalogued we should have had neither Corneille nor Racine. It has been observed by Sainte-Beuve as a remarkable thing, that in the great disputes which took place about dramatic theories in the days of the 'Cid,' no reference was made to the earlier dramatic poets, some of whom were scarcely cold in their graves. But the chief combatants on that occasion were not persons likely to quote vernacular authors when they could invoke the important names of Aristotle and Horace. The practice of dramatists themselves tells a different story. The theatre

of Hardy, deficient as it is, undoubtedly formed all his successors by the influences either of imitation or judicious improvement. Hardy, on the other hand, though deservedly looked upon as the second founder of French drama, was unquestionably governed in his practice by the results of his predecessor's experiments no less than by his Spanish models. In him and in his two contemporaries, Schélandre and Montchrestien, we find the three forms of tragedy possible after Garnier to writers who do not choose wholly to abandon Garnier's model. We do not find, though in Schélandre there is some approach to it, the unfettered tragedy which as in England independent effort would have enabled men far inferior in intellect and culture to produce. The spell of the classical forms as construed by the dramatists of the Pléiade is on all of them, while, again to go backwards, the connection of these with one another is too obvious ever to have been denied. Let us now reverse this process and see what alterations were made in the course of the period.

In Jodelle, tragedy assumes very much the character which it must have had in its earliest days. 'Cléopâtre' and 'Didon' are little more than chains of monologue broken or joined, whichever metaphor be preferred, by choric odes at first constructed upon a strictly antique model. The same character, varied a little by the idiosyncrasy of the writers, is noticeable in Grévin, La Perouse, La Taille, and all the rest of them. But the tendency is always towards greater restriction and regularity. The alexandrine becomes obligatory, and the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes (so grateful to all French ears and so unintelligible to most English) is by degrees rigidly observed. This model comes to a climax in Garnier, who however makes little alteration in its main details. The chorus is still of the greatest importance, so great that in 'Bradamante,' which for some reason or other is not provided with it, the stage manager is begged to have the omission supplied in case of representation. In Garnier's best plays the monologue is perhaps not so conspicuous as in his less adroit predecessors, and even where it prevails the excellence of his tragic style—justly extolled by Ronsard—partly carries off its defects, while the important introduction of the confidant supplies an easy method of varying and relieving it. Of action in the sense in which we understand action in English drama there is still little or nothing. What happens happens for the most part off the stage, and is recounted by messengers and such like mediums. Thus the opportunity of developing character, as our dramatists were able to develop it, under the many-sided aspects of frequently changed incidents, does not present itself at all. The author is still able to give a general complexion to his principal personages and to maintain that complexion *tant bien que mal* in their speeches. But he cannot make them live, because they have for the most part nothing to do, and living without doing is not living.

This difficulty the three poets we have mentioned, who represent most strikingly the tragic work of the first quarter of the seventeenth

century, attacked in different ways. Montchrestien, the earliest, did not—if the contradiction may be pardoned—attack it at all. The choruses of this model of tragedy—Sainte-Beuve has remarked it before me—had a constant tendency to excel the dialogue or monologue in literary merit. Montchrestien has left us perhaps the best work of the kind which exists in French. His choruses have caught perfectly the tone of those of Euripides, and deal with the philosophy of human life in a manner which unfriendly critics may call trite, but which is remarkable as verse for artful construction and musical effect. So also his alexandrines are both artful and musical, and his characters are, as far as monologue will let them show themselves, touchingly conceived. But as plays, as mirrored portions of active and actual life, they are in no way advances upon those of Garnier, perhaps they are even inferior to them. Schélandre, on the other hand, in the remarkable work already noticed, revolts against the classical model to the utmost extent possible to one who does not choose to break with it altogether. He ignores the unities, he dismisses the chorus as a useless encumbrance, he imports vigorous and varied action into his work. There is positive interest in it, and one looks with some eagerness to see how matters will go off, while the characters have the like action, variety, and vigour, and the tragi-comic interludes are happily, if somewhat audaciously, interspersed. But with these good gifts he has still the defects of his model, and the union of merits and defects produces one special defect, which is capital. He encumbers himself with what is to him quite unnecessary, the lumber of confidants, messengers, and subordinate people, who are good for nothing but to talk and be talked to, instead of allowing the action to take place on the stage. This mode of handling a decidedly full subject has, as I have before mentioned, resulted in a play of portentous length, which was in all probability never acted at all, and which in the acting version suggested by the editor requires division into two parts, and an immense amount of cutting down besides. It was not likely that Hardy, who never wrote except for immediate representation, would fall into this mistake. His fifty crowns apiece would soon have failed him if he had. Nor on the other hand would the mere monologues of Garnier and Montchrestien any more satisfy his audiences. His plan, therefore, was, without breaking entirely with the method of his predecessors, to infuse more interest into his pieces. He chose his subjects everywhere, but he took care to choose an interesting if an improbable situation. This situation he brought out by the aid of occasionally violent incident, by smartly interchanged and shortened dialogue, and above all by the use of forcible, although sometimes bombastic, language. His pieces were not intended to last, and apparently, from the small selection which he published in half a dozen very pretty volumes, were seldom intended to be read. He gave them, therefore, just enough interest to enable them to strut their hour and no more. A central situation and vigorous language summed up his ideas of the necessary.

There is nothing, as it seems to me, in the most deservedly admired works of the seventeenth century which cannot be traced to the practice of one or other of these poets, though the merits may be very greatly enhanced and the defects proportionately softened. What are the faults which an English audience or an English reader finds now with 'Phèdre' and 'Bérénice,' with 'Polyeucte' and 'Cinna'? They are, if I mistake not, deficiency of action, lack of romantic interest, exhibition of character in a limited and monotonous light, tendency to declamation and mere recital. Whenever an interest has been created for these works on our side of the Channel, it has been through the exaltation of single parts by actors or actresses of vigorous personality. The plays, as plays, have never satisfied us. Now all these faults are distinctly traceable in our authors, and, what is more, are traceable to the method which they employed, and which, with successive improvements, their successors employed, likewise. On the other hand, the merits of the heroic tragedy, though less obvious in the work we have surveyed, are there notwithstanding. The adroit utilisation of single and not complicated situations, the strong presentment of particular and limited phases of character and conduct, the use of harmonious verse and brilliant declamation to make up for other defects—these are the merits of the form. It needed, doubtless, the genius of Rotrou, and Corneille, and Racine to bring them out in full lustre; but—let it be once more repeated—it needed the faults, the experiments, and the partial successes of their forerunners to show that genius what to relinquish and what to attempt.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A Village Idyll.

'TIS the quiet eve of a northern Spring: the village sleeps in the sun
That flames in the west as fair as when the world was new begun.
Tired Labour lays his tools aside and his cramped soul warms with mirth
As he lingers out in the cool Spring wind to look on the lovely earth:
For the crocus gleams in the garden-plots, primroses shine on the leas,
And faintly, slowly, like gathering flame, the green tint gains on the trees.
The swallow has come from the south once more to live in his last year's nest,
For his heart, too, clings to the olden things and the places his youth knew best:
The new-born bee is out in the fields—he is labouring, too, as we,
To garner fruit thro' the sunshine hours for days he shall never see;
And the heart of man, on this eve of spring, is glad, and he knows not why,
But he feels that to live is a lovely thing, tho' at last he must fade and die.
The rooks in solemn council all are met on the beeches seven
That crown the middle hillock green where the kirk points up to the heaven:
Wide over the nestling village rings the din of their loud debate
'Tis a question of serious import sure—a matter that touches the state!
Down there in the quaint and straggling street a group of the wise men stand—
The rustic senate—and speak deep words of the war and the state of the land:
And nigh, on the grass of the village green, the laughing children play,
Filled full of the season's rapturous life and glad for the gift of a day:
By their open doors, with faces pale made sweet with sorrow and love,
Linger the women a-knitting and look to the kirkyard slope above.—

At his shining window that looks to the west the village teacher sits;
Now fixes his eyes on the sunset skies—now reads in his book by fits.
He is old and shrunken before his time and the lines of his thin cheek tell

Of early sorrows his heart keeps locked away in its secret cell;
They have ceased to pain; he has conquered them; they have left but a silent trace
In the gentle shadow that sometimes moves so softly over his face.
He turns from his page to the sun-haired boy who cons his task by his side,
And a strange light dawns in his dewy eyes—is it sadness, I wonder, or pride?
'Lay past your book' he begins, and the boy starts up in a glad surprise,
But he checks his heart at the earnest look that dwells in his father's eyes—
'I have thought, my boy, as I looked to-night on the new world spread for the spring,
And heard the delight that the children make now winter hath taken wing—
I have thought as I heard their voices blithe—so fast on my track they pour—
That the change of the earthly seasons soon will touch me nevermore.
But I would not darken your bright young soul with the mystical shadow of Death:
Rejoice in your youth—we are given but once that period of precious breath;
Yet I who must finish my journey soon have somewhat indeed to say
To you who are setting your untired feet to traverse the same life-way.
I do not murmur—I have not sunk at least by the strife opprest:
Griefs I have gained when I looked for joys: who knows in truth what is best?
Some lives I have sought to solace at least, some lonely souls to befriend:
Much wrong—some good I have lived to do, and now I can face the end.
For trust me, boy, when your eyes are met by the earnest eyes of Death,
What good hast thou done with thy life?—is indeed what the voice of the spirit saith.
The counsel of bloodless age, I know, sounds harsh in the ears of youth:
It may be each for himself thro' pain and error must find the truth.
Some time at least thou shalt know, my boy, if ignorant yet thou art,
No end that is shut in self can bring content to a human heart;
Nor withering pleasure nor golden treasure can heal its immortal ache,
But a will that strains to the goal of good will the world one splendour make.
'Tis a truth that gleams thro' the radiant cloud of the tale that the bright Greeks told,
How vainly the tempest of warrior kings round the walls of Ilium rolled:

For they sought sweet Helen with labour and blood in the blind hot fever of fight,
But she by the calm of the ancient Nile walked crowned with the lotus white.[1]
So strive men blindly, and trust from power or pleasure Content to win,
But she in a home of quiet air dwells far from struggle and sin.
Ah me! how the noise of their empty lives in my hearing now but seems
The foolish babble of children lost in a dim confusion of dreams!
But the light is failing low in the world as the life ebbs out in me,
And the shadows gather and grow amain like the tides of the last great sea:
O clear in the core of the darkness shine, thou steadfast light of the soul,
However the days throng down into death, however the seasons roll!'
The lost day dropt in the gulf of night, his words in the silence deep,
And the holy stars came out to watch as the village sank to sleep.

. . . .

In cool high boughs the clamorous rooks confer;
Hark, from below, the children's echoing mirth!
Mild the young Spring; in all the air astir
The subtle sense of a renewing earth.

This is the spot where now they slumber; see
The lichened letters of the father's name;
Nature is busy with them silently,
O'ermastering powerless man's uneasy aim.

The youth? He left the village for the town,
Made a great fortune—so the people say;
And a fair wife came graciously to crown
His lot with love; till on an evil day

She died, and he was childless and alone.
Thereon he left the city and returned
To his old birthplace, and beneath this stone
Sleeps with his father quietly inurned.

His wealth he left to folk in pain and need:
Even, living here, their woes would oft release.
It was not always so, they say indeed.
I cannot tell. Let the dead rest in peace.

J. McReath.

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[1] οὐδ' ἔβας ἐν νηυσὶν εὐσέλμοις
οὐδ' ἵκεο πέργαμα Τροίας.—*Stesichorus.*

Partridges and Politics.

'As the birds were pretty plentiful,[1] and partridge-shooting is, as it were, the duty of an English gentleman of statesman-like propensities, Sir Pitt Crawley, the first shock of grief over, went out a little and partook of that diversion in a white hat with crape round it.'

We all know how profound a politician was Sir Pitt Crawley, and the above quotation from 'Vanity Fair' will serve very well, therefore, to introduce the subject of this article. It is a curious circumstance that although partridge-shooting is now the most generally diffused and most popular of all the sports of the trigger, the partridge nevertheless seems to have been the last of our game birds to become food for powder. It is not known with any certainty when shooting flying first came into vogue. Sir Walter Scott, who is not very likely to be mistaken on such a point, tells us of Roger Wildrake shooting woodcocks in the year 1650; but there is evidence to show that for at least eighty years after this date, the common mode of taking partridges was by netting them. Pope in 'Windsor Forest,' written in 1704, describes the death of the whirring pheasant, the lonely woodcock, and the clamorous lapwing before the tube of the 'unwearied fowler.' But the covey is taken in the 'swelling net,' which is cautiously extended over them, just as the eager sons of Albion approach some thoughtless garrison till the closing lines gradually invest it.

> Sudden they seize the amazed, defenceless prize,
> And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

Addison, writing seven years afterwards, says of Sir Roger de Coverley that he has in his youthful days *taken* forty coveys of partridges in a season, which clearly means that he had netted them, though Sir Roger speaks of one of his neighbours as being 'a very worthy man who shoots flying,' as if partridges were then only beginning to be shot, and as if, moreover, the art of shooting flying was of more modern date than the Commonwealth. Thomson in his 'Autumn,' which was published in 1730, though he describes the net as still the ordinary engine for the destruction of partridges, tells us that the gun was carried at the same time, to give the sportsman a chance at such birds as might happen to escape the meshes. Thomson's whole description is so lively and accurate that our readers, we are sure, will pardon us for reproducing it.

> How, in his mid career, the spaniel, struck
> Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,

[1] Unfortunately not the case this season; but when this article was written the prospect did not seem so bad.

Outstretched and finely sensible, draws full
Fearful and cautious on the latent prey,
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again
Immediate brings them from the towering wing
Dead to the ground, or drives them, wide dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

Ten years later, however, it is clear from Gilbert White that partridge-shooting was taking its place among our recognised field sports, and that the net was becoming a thing of the past. He tells us in his 'History of Selborne' that in the dry summers of 1740 and 1741 partridges swarmed to such a degree 'that parties of unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty, and sometimes thirty, brace a day;' nor in the allusions to his own early love of field sports which are scattered up and down that most delightful of volumes is there ever mention of the net. In 'Tom Jones,' again, we find the two trespassers shooting, not netting, the partridge—then, as now, the *belli teterrima causa* between so many country neighbours. It is unnecessary, however, to multiply instances. It is clear that by the middle of the last century it had become the regular practice with sportsmen to shoot these birds, though a few old-fashioned ones continued the use of nets almost down to within living memory. We think we remember to have read that Sir Theophilus Biddulph, of Birdingbury, in Warwickshire, was the last of the *retiarii;* and he died somewhere about the end of the last century. When the net was drawn it was thrown over birds, dog and all, and hence perhaps the name of the setter, who was taught to sit down when close to his birds instead of standing like a pointer.

Partridge-shooting may be said to have passed through two distinct phases, and to be now in the middle of a third. There was what may be called the flint period, when the whole sport partook of the slow, heavy, and deliberate character corresponding to the weapon then employed. Look at some of the engravings of Woollett, or the pictures of George Morland, which represent the partridge shooter of a hundred years ago: he wears a long, broad-skirted shooting coat, reaching far below his knees, with immense pockets, and made, we may be sure, of stiff and ponderous material; tight breeches, buttoning about the middle of the calf; gaiters and thick shoes or boots complete his attire. He carries a long-barrelled, heavy-looking gun, furnished with the old flint and steel, pan and touch-hole, and he is followed, generally speaking, by two big-boned, deep-lipped, wide-nosed pointers, usually called Spanish pointers, and

prized in those days for their staunchness and their power of endurance. In his pocket he has the old powder horn—often a veritable horn—and round his waist he wears the genuine shot-belt, a hollow leathern belt stuffed with small shot, and terminating in a brass charger. So equipped, our friend sallied forth with the dawn, and made his way to the nearest stubbles, usually following his sport till the sun was high in the heavens, when he would return to his midday dinner, stopping by the way, very likely, at one of those roadside public-houses with which we are familiar in the shooting prints aforesaid, and having a jug of ale brought out to him as he rested on the wooden bench under the great elm-tree. Here, perhaps, he would turn out his pockets and reckon up his sport; and if with his long single-barrelled flint and steel he had bagged five or six brace of birds and a hare or two, he would think he had done well. His style of shooting was peculiar, but it conduced to accuracy and to killing his game clean. Throwing one foot well forward as the bird rose, and taking a firm hold of the ground, he steadied himself like a rock, and covered his bird slowly and deliberately before pulling the trigger. Such at least is the attitude in which he is always drawn; and I can remember a very old keeper in my boyhood who had used a flint and steel in his youth, and of whose positions I am always reminded by the sportsmen in Mr. Harvey's windows. Once at home, and the 'brown October' broached, our friend did not trouble himself much, we fancy, about the afternoon shooting, but smoked his pipe placidly instead.

Turnips were not quite so much cultivated in the last century as they have been since, and walking the stubbles in those days was a synonymous expression with partridge-shooting. The sport, however, I imagine, must have reached its perfection during the second of the three periods I have mentioned—what may be called the detonating period, when the gun had been greatly improved without being improved too much, when wheat stubbles were still unconscious of the scythe or the machine, though more evenly interspersed with turnips than they were during the great war. If the partridge shooter had to choose between cover consisting exclusively of reaped stubbles or consisting exclusively of even good turnips, he would doubtless prefer the former; but a due admixture of the two gives a variety and interest to the sport, greater, perhaps, than it possessed either before there were so many turnips or since there have been no stubbles. For a day of what is now called old-fashioned partridge-shooting we must go back nearly a quarter of a century, and then, we think, it was one of the most delightful amusements in which anybody really fond of the country and its pleasures could indulge himself. The habit of beginning very early still continued when outlying ground exposed to predatory incursions had to be traversed; and to go on shooting from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the afternoon under a hot September sun was, when this old gun was

new, the delight and glory of my life. Except, however, for the reasons I have mentioned, such long days were the exception. It was more usual then to take the field about half-past nine—say, with two guns and a brace of dogs: setters I preferred myself, because they were the nicest companions, though I am not certain that pointers are not better adapted for partridge-shooting. The dress was then neither the long heavy garb of the sportsman of George III.'s time nor the dandy knickerbockers and short jacket in vogue at present. A lightly made velveteen or tweed shooting jacket, with inside pockets large enough to hold a few birds, and tweed or corduroy trousers, either with or without gaiters, according to the weather, was then the usual attire of the partridge shooter, though in this one particular I think the modern system is superior. Our dress, it may be owned, is cooler and more convenient than it used to be; but then of course it won't turn thorns nearly so well, which in a blackthorn country is a quality to be borne in mind. You first tried the stubbles, where the birds jugged at night and where they fed in the morning; and if they had got away before your arrival they were sure not to be far off. As the sun gets hot the partridge retires into the long grass, the hedgerows, the turnip fields, and when quite dry into the thick clover. They are very fond of dusting themselves near field gateways in the ruts made by the waggons, whence they can rapidly slip into the ditch on an alarm being given. But in some of these places they are sure to be found as soon as they have left the stubbles. Cheerily you walk along; the bright morning sun lighting up the filmy stubbles and the cool green turnips, and making the dew drops on the long grass tremble like diamonds, with the fresh September air blowing in your face and that pretty mixed landscape all round you, which in England compensates for the absence of grander features. You have traversed a barish piece of barley stubble without finding anything, and are beginning to wonder where the birds can be, when Duke, your favourite white setter, begins to show symptoms of anxiety and to draw cautiously in the direction of the adjoining fence. 'They've run through,' you say to yourself, and begin to remember that on the other side lies a fine piece of white turnips, always better cover than swedes, because they dry so much sooner. Carefully you get over the hedge, and quietly and silently you wade into the mass of thick green leaves where you hope the promised prey. But no, they are not there. Very odd; you must have overrun them: try back. And now is seen a good illustration of the partridge's habits. The covey has run through the hedge, it is quite true, but instead of going into the turnips they have trotted in Indian file along the narrow foot-path which leads down the inside of the hedge, and crept through at the corner into a meadow, again running up another hedgerow where the grass is short and the ground dry and the morning sun is shining full upon it. Partridges will often run a long way under these circumstances; and the best

plan is to leave them to themselves for five or ten minutes, till they have settled down and have got well into the hedgerow, and some of them, perhaps, back into the turnips. Now if you are lucky you will have some good sport. Let one go on each side of the hedge with a beater behind. Don't let him beat the hedge, as that distracts the dogs; wait till they stand, and then let him brush it very gently; or, what is still better, if you have a very steady spaniel take up the setter and put the spaniel on the right side for the wind. By either plan, however, you will probably get the birds up in ones and twos and threes, and I have seen almost a whole covey bagged in this way. And fine sport it is: the birds fly very fast when they are put out in this manner, and often rise straight up into the air, giving you very difficult shots, which require all your nerve and coolness. You pick up your three or four brace of birds, perhaps, along the hedgerow; and then, as you have already beaten the turnips, proceed onwards to some fresh cover. You are crossing a rough pasture field, the dogs ranging freely, when suddenly Rufus, your red Irish dog, brings himself 'all of a heap' close to a large patch of thistles. A hare you think, in all probability; but you are wrong. Two of the birds out of the hedgerow have dropped in this place of refuge, and you kill them right and left, at which it is doubtful whether you or the dog is more pleased. Another odd one gets up suddenly behind you as you are crossing the stile, and is of course handsomely missed.

And now you find yourself in a large undulating field of mangel wurzel, with a south aspect and a light breeze which has not dried the ground sufficiently to mar the scent. One of your scouts, sent to walk some outlying land without cover to conceal a mouse, reports that two coveys have 'come this road,'[2] but he couldn't mark them down. The keeper knows of two lots that belong here, one hatched in the meadow and the other 'down agen the wood' on the other side. So with this prospect you plunge into the mangel full of confidence. 'Give the dogs the wind. Hallo! *con*found it! How did that happen? Down, Duke! do you hear? What have you been about?' The white dog, in fact, by some unaccountable mischance, has run right into the middle of a splendid covey, and his penitence, not to say remorse, are piteous to behold. There he seems to say, 'Take me and do what you like with me; I'm no longer fit to live with gentlemen.' But his attitude disarms your wrath, and giving him a slight push with your toe, accompanied with a grave caution that, like Mr. Winkle, he had better be careful, you spare the lash and send him on his way again rejoicing. The fault is soon repaired. On the brow of a little knoll he crouches in an agony of excitement, his hind quarters drawn close under him, his fore legs stretched firmly out as if to keep himself together, and his closed mouth and ardent eye betraying the pent-up anxiety. Rufus backs him to perfection; so you gently round the knoll, one to the right and the other to the

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[2] I.e. 'in this direction.'

left, and get well below him, so as to place the birds between yourselves and the canine detectives, a plan which always makes them lie very close and scatter when they rise, according to Thomson's picture. After a minute's suspense, which seems at least five, while you move gently to and fro, fearful lest the birds should have got behind you after all, there is a sudden roar of wings—for with a large covey rising close enough to touch each other it can be called nothing else—and fifteen or sixteen fine young birds, headed by the two old ones, whirl up into the air, and parting about ten feet above the ground, make off in every direction. A brace apiece right and left, clean killed and quite dead, reward good nerves and steady shooting; and the pursuit of the survivors is quite enough to occupy you till lunch. You find another covey in the turnips, which goes away wild, and you then devote yourself to picking up the scattered birds out of the first one, as a skilful player will pick up the balls at pyramids after they have been scattered over the table: singly or in couples, out of the far end of the turnips, here one out of the hedgerow, there one out of the long grass on the other side, here a brace out of the rushes by the side of the little brook, there an odd bird which has pitched by the side of the lane; from all sorts of spots the remaining dozen birds are flushed, thanks to the undeniable noses of Duke and Rufus, till, in the course of another hour and a half you have added another four brace to the bag, making nine or ten brace in all before lunch, which for two guns, old style, was very good work.

Then came what many men, and good sportsmen too, thought the 'sweetest morsel' of the day—the lunch laid out upon the grass under some cool dark elm or comprehensive oak, on a spot properly selected for its natural beauties and affording pretty glimpses here and there of the pleasant home scenery among which partridge-shooting is generally pursued. The copse, the dingle, the old gable-ended farm-house with its ricks and orchard; the grey church tower rising through some leafy clump of elm, or sycamore, or chestnut; the various shades of green which belong to the turnip fields, the woods, and the meadows, contrasting beautifully with each other, and all alike with the silky, tawny stubbles glistening in the sunshine; the corner of an old village, showing a cottage or two, with its mossy thatched roof and its wreaths of peaceful smoke, the blue hazy distance with an outline of undulating hills, or perhaps some ancient forest—form a picture of repose and beauty thoroughly congenial with the frame of both mind and body in which you now find yourself. Opinions differ as to the best kind of luncheon for shooting; but certainly when you mean business the lighter it is the better. Some cold fowl or grouse, some—not too much—fresh home-brewed beer, a ha'porth of cheese, as Lord Sparkish says, and a glass of sherry to wind up with, should be enough for any man. Instead of beer you may take hock and seltzer, if you prefer it; but I think it does one less good. After luncheon smoke, or, what is still better, go to sleep for

three-quarters of an hour, which will bring you up to nearly three o'clock, when the birds are beginning to think about the stubbles again, and when some of the prettiest sport in the whole day in the early part of the season was often to be obtained. You were sure of your birds towards four o'clock in the long wheat stubbles; and the pursuit of the scattered coveys in the cool of the afternoon till the dew began to fall, the scent improving all the while, made a charming finish to the day; and when you turned out from eighteen to twenty brace at the end of it you felt that you had shot well, walked well, and worked well, and that you had thoroughly earned the good dinner that was in store for you.

The third period in which partridge-shooting now is shows the sport under quite different conditions. Not, of course, that the middle style is entirely abandoned, or that pointers and setters are not still very often used; but the want of wheat stubbles, consequent on mowing or machining the wheat, and the destruction of hedgerows combined, have altered the character of partridge-shooting in all but some highly favoured localities. It is a common remark now that even where there *are* hedges the birds will not take to them as they used to do, and the consequence is that turnips are almost the only cover in which they can be killed. Men therefore have got tired of beating the stubbles for two or three hours, without getting half a dozen shots, in order to drive the birds into the root crops, and they prefer to have this done for them. But when the turnips are thus filled with birds, pointers and setters are rather in the way than otherwise, and the result has been that these dogs, though still indispensable on the moors, are almost discarded from partridge-shooting. According to the modern system half a dozen guns and half a dozen beaters, each with a retriever behind him, walk in line through the turnips, going from one field to another, knocking over the birds as they rise in front of them like pigeons, never stopping to look for a runner or caring to mark a covey down. This method of proceeding in time becomes exceedingly monotonous, and it is no wonder that men have ceased to care about a day's shooting as they used to do. To leave the house about eleven, after a lounge in the stable yard with a cigar, to march through the turnips for two or three hours, and then to find a sumptuous lunch laid out for them in a farm-house, with champagne, hot cutlets, lobster salad, and what not, and to walk again for a couple of hours afterwards, returning home to finish the day with billiards before the late dinner, is now the regular practice with many men who thirty years ago would have worked hard from nine o'clock to six, and have taken more pleasure in seeing their dogs work than in making the largest bag. Another consequence of the want of cover which is now experienced on most manors is that the practice of driving birds has come into fashion, not only late in the season or among Frenchmen, but early in September and where the birds are all English. There is no occasion to describe this branch of the sport at any length. The shooters are either placed in little huts or

behind screens of boughs set up for the occasion, or, when the sport is extemporised, behind the tallest hedge that can be found within the probable range of flight, and the birds are then driven towards the guns by as large a party of men as can be mustered. Skill and direction are required both in driving the birds and in shooting them when driven. Partridges are no exception to what is the rule with almost all animals, wild or tame; they are very 'orkard' to drive. Try to drive sheep through a gateway, or even cows or horses, and the chances are that many of them head back and give you a run round the field again after them. And so it is with birds. Unless the line of the beaters is formed in a proper crescent, and the flight of the birds has been very accurately studied, not one covey in half a dozen will come the right way. When, however, it is properly managed, and the guns are in good hands, the process is murderous. Almost every bird in a covey comes within shot of some one, and a party of five or six guns may kill their thirty or forty brace in this manner where by the ordinary method they would not kill a quarter of the number. Something else, too, which we have as yet omitted to mention has had a good deal to do with the change which has come over partridge-shooting during the last few years. As the early period was the flint period, the middle the detonating period, so this third may be styled the breech-loading period. The quickness with which men can now load makes them want to fire oftener; and as no one ever stands still to load his gun, the dogs, where they are still used, cease to down-charge and grow wild and wilful. More birds are probably killed now in good seasons than our grandfathers ever dreamed of. Still it can hardly be called sport, and is certainly not comparable with the old style of shooting, which delighted our forefathers, and by which in former times so many men of eminence have lightened the cares of state and refreshed the overwrought brain reeling under the weight of empires.

Partridge-shooting seems to be *par excellence* the statesman's amusement. Of the distinguished men whose names we are about to mention, a few—two or three, perhaps—were fox hunters; but the great majority have stuck steadily to the partridge. First on the honoured roll stands the name of Walpole. His passion for field sports is among the commonplaces of political biography, and probably few traits of character of the same kind have been oftener repeated than his habit, on receiving a packet of letters, of opening his gamekeeper's first. Sir Robert, twice a year, kept something very like open house at Houghton, where the profusion and conviviality were enormous. One of these was in September, when, no doubt, the party after dinner might have sat to Thomson for their portraits. We can easily imagine the jovial licence of that privileged period, on which the presence of Lady Walpole, if she was present, appears to have been no restraint. Her ladyship, indeed, had little right to insist on any special decorum. She was a famous beauty, and in that all-licensed age was notorious for her gallantries. She made no more

pretence, indeed, of being faithful to her husband than he did of being faithful to his wife; and although the witty and fashionable London dame may have had little in common with the boisterous Norfolk squires, it is very unlikely that these showed her any special respect by curtailing their orgies in her house. Whether Sir Robert himself was a good shot or not we do not know, and no Dutch pictures have been left us of the Houghton doings. But the preservation of game became a sacred tradition of the estate; and many years afterwards Horace Walpole, describing the woful state of dilapidation into which everything else had sunk—the staircases rotting, the garden a mere thicket, everything apparently going to rack and ruin—says that in the course of an evening's walk in the immediate vicinity of the Hall he saw a thousand hares. Walpole in the winter time hunted with a pack of beagles in Richmond Park, and we may presume that he did not trouble the Norfolk hares very much. He was a genuine English squire of the period—too able a man to be entirely satisfied with the amusements of the country and the silent flattery, as he calls it, of his oaks and beeches, but yet probably never so happy as when engaged among his woods or with a few congenial spirits traversing the commons or the stubbles of his well-stocked estate and discussing the comparative merits of Juno, and Don, and Sancho, and Lucy, and Flora. In many respects there seems to have been some resemblance between Walpole and Sir Walter Scott. Each lived two distinct lives; and as Scott was probably happier at the Abbotsford hunt than at any other moment of his life, so probably was Walpole at the Houghton meeting happier than ever he was in his most triumphant moments in the House of Commons. Now there are very few, if any, of our sporting statesmen of whom this could be said with equal truth, unless, perhaps, it was Charles Fox, whose passion for partridge-shooting was quite equal to Walpole's, and whose love of politics was founded less on any distinct principle than on the thirst for excitement and the delights of battle, which drove him equally to the gaming table.

Fox was an enthusiastic partridge-shooter, and in his correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield he has to defend himself from the attacks of that gentle humanitarian, then languishing in Dorchester Gaol. Wakefield, hearing in September 1799 that Fox has been hurt by the bursting of his gun, writes to inquire after his health, and makes use of the opportunity to inflict on him 'a flake' of Cicero, as poor James Hannay would have called it, rebuking him for his addiction to pleasures unworthy of a man of letters. 'Voluptatibus viro docto indignis.' Fox, however, caps the quotation by another. 'Si quem nihil delectaret,' he replies, 'nisi quod cum laude et dignitate conjunctum foret, huic homini ego fortasse et pauci Deos propitios, plerique iratos putarent'—'The majority of mankind would not think, though I perhaps and a few others might, that Providence had been very good to the man who could take no delight in anything but what was dignified and distinguished'—which is perhaps as good

a defence of field sports as any which has yet been offered. Fox never forgot his humanities in the midst of his shooting, and no doubt while he was beating for birds at Holkham his mind was often occupied with the next Virgilian criticism which he would send to his imprisoned friend. Fox, as may be supposed, was a great friend of Admiral Keppel, who owned the estate of Elden Hall, in Suffolk, and here Fox used to shoot regularly, as well as at Holkham. Elden Hall, he said, was for its size the best manor for game in England; and those who have had the pleasure of shooting with the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, who is now the owner of the Hall with all the surrounding property, will probably not dissent from the eulogium pronounced upon it by the great Whig statesman a hundred years ago. The present Lord Albemarle remembers Bob Jeffs, the old Elden gamekeeper, who knew Fox well, and from him he has picked up a good many interesting anecdotes relating to his love of sport. He was not at all a good shot, but he used to grow so excited over it that he often put the shot into his gun before the powder. He had other ways too of impairing the straightness of the latter even when it was in the right place.

One hot September day (says Lord Albemarle) he set out from Holkham, fully anticipating a good day's sport at Egmere, Mr. Coke's best partridge beat. As was usual with sportsmen in those days, he started at daylight. Just as the family were sitting down to breakfast Fox was seen staggering home. 'Not ill, I hope, Charles?' inquired his host. 'No,' was the reply, 'only a little tipsy.' Being thirsty, he had asked the tenant of Egmere for a bowl of milk, and was too easily persuaded to add thereto a certain, or rather an uncertain, quantity of rum. As a consequence he passed the rest of the day in bed instead of in the turnip field.

As a specimen of his shooting old Jeffs used to tell the following anecdote. He once marked down a woodcock, and went up to the Hall with the news. The party were just beginning breakfast, but Fox started up at once, leaving his plate untouched, seized his gun, and marched off with the keeper. Bob threw his cap into the bush, away went the woodcock, and bang went Fox's gun, which blew the cap into fragments but never touched the bird. He always, however, seems to have kept his eyes and ears open for the benefit of useful information. The Holkham shooting party was one day driven home by a very heavy rain. When they reached the Hall Fox was missing, and it was found that he had stayed behind discussing with a labouring man, who had sought shelter under the same tree, 'the new turnip husbandry,' which had just come into fashion. The labourer probably thought of Fox what under similar circumstances would, according to Dr. Johnson, have been thought of Burke.

Fox's great rival, Pitt, was just as fond of partridge-shooting as Fox himself, and was one of the few to whom we have above referred who were equally at home in the saddle. Pitt's appointment to the wardenship of the Cinque Ports in 1792 gave him the opportunity of obtaining some very good partridge-shooting in Kent. He took

a farm in the neighbourhood, chiefly with that object in view; and as it is a capital country for birds, no doubt he had good sport. I have often pictured to myself Pitt, after a good day's partridge-shooting, sitting on the ramparts of Walmer Castle in the cool of the evening, taking his port in company with Duncan, or Dundas, or any other choice spirit who might happen to have been in the neighbourhood at the time, and discussing the prospects of an invasion from the opposite coast. Pitt was evidently quite as fond of the gun as Fox, and partridge shooters in those days did not spare themselves. In September 1802 he writes to Mrs. Stapleton that he has brought on a slight bilious attack by taking too much exercise in shooting. It is well known that he took the keenest delight in all country amusements; that he was devoted to gardening and planting, was a scientific farmer and a great breeder of stock. Those who visited the 'Pilot' in his retreat at Walmer, so far from finding him, like Achilles, brooding over his wrongs, found him happy among his trees and flowers, following his dogs over the stubbles with untiring ardour, or exhibiting his fat hogs to anyone who was willing to go and see them. On the farm to which we have already referred was a house in which Pitt had some rooms fitted up for his own use, where he generally lunched on shooting days. 'He had a "tidy woman" to cook for him,' says Lady Hester Stanhope, 'and the hunches of bread and cheese and bread-and-butter which he used to consume on these occasions would,' she adds, 'have more than satisfied a ploughman.' Pitt's solace in retirement was not the harp, but the gun and the usual amusements of an English country gentleman, confidently supposed by a certain school of philosophers at the present day, who in this agree with Gilbert Wakefield, to be wholly incompatible with the possession of political genius. Pitt, in fact, according to the testimony of his niece, was very far from being the man which the outside world imagined him to be—the haughty, self-contained statesman, absorbed in imperial affairs and incapable of stooping to the ordinary passions or ordinary diversions of mankind. He was naturally, she says, formed for domestic life, and would have been quite happy with Eleanor Eden in a cottage, digging his own garden and getting a little good partridge-shooting in September and October.

Another most devoted partridge shooter among our famous statesmen, though he was better known as a fox hunter, was Lord Althorpe. He was bred to field sports from his cradle, being left much alone in his childhood with the servants at Althorpe, where grooms and gamekeepers of course became his chief companions. Lord Althorpe, however, lived to perform a service to his country in which men of more dazzling abilities would not improbably have failed. He prevented a revolution; for he it was virtually who carried the Reform Bill of 1832 and reconciled moderate men to the necessity of it. Yet it is a curious fact that what he did so well he nevertheless did so reluctantly; and he

told Lord Lyttelton that his retirement from office was 'the cessation of acute pain to him.' He did his best, however, to mitigate his sufferings by indulgence in his favourite amusement; not, indeed, in hunting, for that he gave up—we could never tell exactly why—when he was a comparatively young man, but on the moors and in the stubbles. He had always, says his biographer, been very fond of the gun, and always regarded the first of September as *albo notanda lapillo.* He took great pains, we are told, to make himself a good shot; and to that end kept an account of every shot which he fired in the course of the year, noting, we presume, what seemed to be causes of failure or success in each. He never, in spite of these efforts, became a first-rate performer; but still he lived to shoot fairly well, as his letters to his father testify. In 1827, in the midst of the political crisis which followed the death of Mr. Canning, his heart was with his gun. On August 17, when he himself was in his forty-fifth year, he sends his father an account of his sport on the moors:—

We have a terribly rainy week. Tuesday and Wednesday we could not stir out at all; yesterday and to-day we could not get out till twelve, and the moors are a sheet of water. Yesterday I netted seven brace; Davenport, one bird; Ord and Joy, ten and a half brace. To-day I netted five and a half brace; Davenport, one brace; and Ward and Joy, fifteen brace. My dogs are doing very well, except the young one, who is good for nothing, I am afraid. Patch is at the top of the list; Rothe is not here, having lost a claw, and being consequently lame. This last information is intended for Bob, as I do not think you are acquainted with the individuals.

A wet August seems in this year to have been followed by a fine September, for on the 9th he writes from Leamington that he has capital sport in Warwickshire, shooting over unpreserved land:—

I have had capital sport. I told you that I killed twenty and a half brace on the 1st; on Monday I killed fifteen brace, on Tuesday nineteen brace, on Wednesday eight brace, on Thursday eleven and a half brace, and on Friday eleven brace, a cat, and a weasel. Of these two brace were wounded birds of other people's, which my dogs caught, for I have not yet shot on preserved ground, so that to my own gun I have killed eighty-three brace in six days. I am shooting better than I did, but if I could expect to keep to my work of Thursday and Friday I should distinguish myself very much this year.

Lord Althorpe, though, like his prototype Sir R. Walpole, he had shown little turn for literature, either at Harrow or Cambridge, nevertheless wrote Latin verses; and classical scholarship seems to have been in some shape or other a frequent accompaniment of a taste for partridge-shooting among our eminent politicians. Pitt, Fox, Peel, Eldon, Melbourne, and the late Lord Derby, are at all events example cases in point. In Ticknor's 'Reminiscences' many interesting anecdotes on this subject are to be found; and we learn from the last published volumes that the late Lord Russell, true to his idiosyncrasy, which bade him be unequal to nothing, did occasionally take a gun when staying at his brother's house at Woburn.

Of Lord Eldon's attachment to partridge-shooting it is unnecessary to speak. He, too, was a bad shot; and the story of his lordship and the poor curate who went down to Encombe to ask him for a living and found him in the field is too well known to need quotation. The poor man made himself very useful—marked down the birds, was very kind to all the Chancellor's successful shots and proportionately blind to his bad ones; in a word, he made himself so pleasant that Lord Eldon gave him the living. 'And now,' he used to say, 'see how he requited me. He had hardly taken possession of his benefice before he sent me a large hamper of game, with a letter to the effect that, from what he had seen of my shooting, he should suppose that I got very little.' Lord Eldon always by preference shot alone, and this not because he was ashamed of his shooting, but because he really found it the best way of enjoying the sport. Pitt and Fox seem to have been of much the same opinion, and another well-known statesman, to whom we shall presently refer, seems to have agreed with them. Angling has been called the contemplative man's recreation, but one really hardly sees why partridge-shooting should not be called so too. The angler cannot be contemplative when the fish are rising or biting freely, nor can the shooter when the birds are all about him. But the old-fashioned sportsman, who beat for his game with dogs and did not expect to find a covey in every field he entered, had plenty of time to think as well as to shoot in the course of a day's walk. And when you are alone you are not obliged to be perpetually watching your companions with a view either to their safety or your own—a source of anxiety which detracts materially from the pleasure of partridge-shooting when you are not with very old friends indeed, on whom you can thoroughly depend. Lord Eldon, who was very fond of dogs, always made the last day of the season a jubilee for them. 'Pointers, spaniels, Newfoundlands, &c., of whatever species and in whatever number they happened to be, were alike permitted to share in making or marring the fortunes of the day.' We suppose Pincher of course formed one on these occasions. Lord Eldon always shot with a 'Joe Manton,' a single-barrelled percussion gun, with which, however, he said he shot worse than he used to do at Oxford with his flint and steel and when he had no qualification. By the time, he used to say, that he got a qualification he became disqualified. Lord Eldon, as we know, shared the convivial tastes of Walpole, Fox, and Pitt, and perhaps we might indulge in a third alliteration by calling this article 'Port, Partridges, and Politics' without much impropriety.

With the name of Eldon we are all of us accustomed to associate another and a greater, as if they had been brothers in arms. We speak of Wellington and Eldon as if the conjunction of the two represented a period, a school of politics, and a system of government, and so to some extent it does. It is exactly fifty years ago since that system was broken up, and since we find Lord Eldon writing from Encombe

to say that the country people attribute the continuous wet to the passage of the 'Roman Bill,' because Lord Eldon had said that if the Bill passed 'the sun of Great Britain was set for ever.'[3] However, the Duke did not turn traitor to the gun. One of his last acts was to oppose a Bill for giving the right of killing game to every man with twenty acres of land; and at Strathfieldsaye in the season he always entertained a party of distinguished sportsmen. Among these were generally to be found the late Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the present Lord Eversley, who had the reputation at one time of being the two best shots in England. I remember on several occasions talking with an old man who had once been a keeper at Strathfieldsaye, and hearing from him of the lively betting that used to go on among the Duke's servants when these two distinguished politicians were about to take the field together. My informant told me that he thought Sir Robert, if anything, had the advantage, but that it was very difficult to decide. The great minister was quite as fond of shooting as any of his illustrious predecessors, a fact not forgotten in the circumstantial pages of 'Coningsby.'

> 'I kept this cover for Peel,' said the Duke pensively as he loaded his gun on the morning of the 14th. 'I was always against his going to Rome. After all he is the only man, and I really believe the country thinks so.' 'Pray what is the country?' said Mr. Rigby. 'It is the constituencies we have to deal with.' 'And to manage them you must have a good cry,' said Taper. 'So much for the science of politics,' said the Duke, bringing down a pheasant. 'How Peel would have enjoyed this cover.' 'He will have plenty of time for sport during his life,' said Mr. Rigby.

The quotation is not, perhaps, strictly in place in an article on partridge-shooting, but in such a dreadful season as the present one we may be allowed a stray pheasant in September.

Lord Palmerston's attachment to field sports is well known. His letters are full of allusions to them—how Melbourne got the better of him in a high wind and killed eight pheasants to his one; how they only killed sixteen 'in Yew Tree,' a favourite wood at Broadlands; how 'Thresher' must be dismissed, since he spends his nights in the public-house that the poachers may spend theirs in the covers. Of partridge-shooting he was particularly fond, and continued to go out long after his eyesight made it impossible for him to shoot with any accuracy. He never would allow old age to prevent him from doing anything which he had been used to do; and he regarded shooting as the best way of securing that bodily exercise which he deemed indispensable to health in a man whose brain was hardly worked. I wonder, when he became Warden of the Cinque Ports, whether he ever shot over Pitt's farm.

The last upon our list is the late Lord Derby, who was once—so said the newspapers—much disappointed because his party at Knowsley only killed eighty brace of birds one day at the end of

[3] Since writing these words I have heard from a country pulpit the present wet season ascribed to the progress of Ritualism.

Strathfieldsaye (on an English)

October. He was an excellent shot himself, and extremely fond of the sport, and liked shooting, either alone or with one other friend, over spaniels trained to keep within easy shot of him, say from fifteen to twenty yards. He always used 'cockers' for this purpose, and it is on record that in one small Lancashire turnip field he once shot twenty-three brace of birds over two of these dogs without ever going out of it. Where the birds are very abundant we are not sure that this is not better sport for a time than killing them to pointers and setters. The shooting is quicker; you cannot tell quite so easily whereabouts the birds will rise; and the dogs have a way of their own of working, almost as interesting as a pointer. I once had the honour of being intimately acquainted with a spaniel—not a cocker, but a rather bigger dog—who would keep just before you in turnips, like Lord Derby's cockers, though he had never been taught to do it, and who, when birds were near him, would turn round for a moment, look you in the face, and wag his tail, as much as to say, 'Here they are; come on,' and then go on and put them up. The delight which a spaniel takes in shooting is, I think, even more distinctly manifested than it is in pointers and setters; at least I never saw dogs exhibit their emotions so plainly as the spaniel aforesaid and one other of my own. We can fancy that Lord Derby would have loved the dogs for this very trait—a trait so characteristic of himself.

Partridge-shooting at the present day has no doubt lost many of its former charms, not only material but moral. There is such a fuss now about the game laws, and farmers are, in some places at all events, so different from what they used to be, and so sulky and discontented on the score of shooting rights, that half the pleasure of shooting is destroyed. In former days, when no tenant farmer ever wanted to shoot, or would have cared for the privilege if it had been offered to him, nothing of the kind was ever felt, and the landlord knew he was just as welcome in his tenant's turnips as he would have been in his farm-house. The golden age, so prettily described by Lord Stanhope in his 'Reign of Queen Anne,' is probably not the least overcharged, and it would have been equally true to nature in the reign of George III., and a good deal later on than that. Indeed, there are many parts of England where it is true to nature still; where the young squire goes in to an old-fashioned luncheon in an old-fashioned house, with an old-fashioned host to entertain him, who would no more think that shooting was 'for the likes of him' than he would dream of being Pope of Rome. Such a man delights like his grandfather in showing his landlord the coveys, in marking down the birds, and in carrying his share of the game. In fact, there are a few Mester Poysers and a few Hayslope Hall farms to be met with still in sheltered situations, where doubtless Lord Stanhope's picture, *mutatis mutandis*, may be realised. But the more general ill-feeling which he acknowledges to exist he attributes to the 'excessive increase and effeminate pursuit of game,' which is characteristic of our own times. The rabbit, he says, is in many

English counties the best ally of the Radical. It may be so, but Lord Stanhope should remember that since the sale of game has been legalised game-preserving has become a business, and to such an extent is this carried by some gentlemen that they will not ask any man to join their shooting parties who is not known to kill his game clean and fit for the market. Clumsy shots who mangle their birds are not admitted to share in the highly scientific sport; and the reason why game is preserved in such quantities is that there is so large and profitable a demand for it. The Bill which legalised the sale of game is answerable for *this* result; of that there can be no doubt. Before that time neither preserving nor poaching was carried to the length they are now. There was far more game on unprotected land, and less where it was preserved. We see that Lord Althorpe could go out by himself and, though only a middling shot, kill his twenty brace of birds on unpreserved land in Warwickshire. The property qualification too, which still exists in Scotland and in Ireland, kept down the number of shooters, and caused partridges to be comparatively plentiful where now you can scarcely see a brace. I myself know some ground in an adjoining county to Warwickshire where forty years ago there was no preserving at all, and where anybody might shoot who chose, provided he had the legal right: yet a relative of my own has often told me that when he was a young man he could go out like Lord Althorpe and kill twenty brace of birds over those hills and think little of it. Under these circumstances there was clearly less temptation to excessive preservation than there is now, and that for two reasons. The nobleman or gentleman who killed the enormous quantities of game which it is the fashion to kill at present would hardly have known what to do with it when he could not sell it; while, on the other hand, he could always be sure of sufficiently good sport with wild birds alone, unindebted to either keeper or watcher. This was true to some extent of pheasants as well as of partridges. The Game Act of 1831 has certainly led to results which were never contemplated by its authors. And what was intended only to be the abolition of a privilege attaching to the possession of land has ended in the introduction of a system which is mischievous to the whole community. At the same time we must remember that this statement requires to be largely qualified by the undoubted advantages arising from the sale of game, which brings it within the reach of the general public; and why the general public should be deprived of an agreeable and nutritious article of food because some of the lawless classes will insist upon stealing it is difficult to comprehend. The agricultural discontent is, of course, another branch of the question with which we do not purpose to deal; nor, indeed, was it our intention to have been betrayed even into this brief dissertation on the subject of the game laws. Our business has been solely to illustrate the remark which stands at the head of this paper—namely, that 'partridge-shooting is, as it were, the duty of an English gentleman of statesmanlike propensities.'

T. E. Kebbel.

The Failure of Altruism.

FOR inventions and theories these days are likely to be distinguished in the future. It is true that what is near in time or place is apt to bulk too largely. In all periods, to those who live in them, things are at high interest. Only when the days have retreated considerably among their previous fellows, can even the judicial historian marshal them according to their stature. That much scientific fact is realised and put into operation, has been the staple subject of declamation for so long that it is hardly safe to risk a word in the direction. Hands up to ears, and, 'Save us talk about telegraphs, steam-engines, even telephones, and phonographs,' would be the most likely reception to one who should try to expatiate on the glories of the century. Nevertheless, though nothing so valuable to humanity as, for example, the spade, was discovered by our Watts, Stephensons, Faradays, and Edisons, great physical advance has been with us. Whether the moral advance, which is always the correlative of real material improvement, is to be seen in the world of theories, gospels, doubts, developments, and other incomplete things of what is generally called now-a-days a transition period, may be considered a valuable inquiry. It is at least subtle enough. There is a kind of Egyptian darkness over all the spiritual fields, old and new. The clouds may be now passing; but, as yet, hope has not fixed very steadily upon any indication of the eternal light beyond.

It is a high enterprise to invent the moral scheme that would harmonise into some unity physical and moral antagonisms that seem, often quite uselessly, in eager operation. To collect a few choice spirits in a country-house, and squeeze them as to what they really would have and do in the way of rearranging public affairs, was an ingenuous and somewhat ingenious plan. It was hardly to be expected that out of a few elements of individuality, thrown at random together, any very sublime composition could be raised. Accidents do happen; fabulous apples fall, to reveal mysteries; but the pretty plain truth in moral, as in material science, is that out of substance substance can only come. It is not at all an axiom in the kingdom of thought that two or ten heads are better than one. The theorist of this new method has already, like so many good men, gone wrong. He would drive and bump the vessel of our modern hopes, were he official or popular helmsman enough, back again among the shoals—the idolatries—and quaintnesses—of the middle and dark ages. The old skin bottle of the papacy is far too dry and dusty for the new wine of life. With all its accessories and climates to help, only the decrepit sit at the feasts where the infallible papa presides. The ideal church by our later lights is confused with the hybrid, pagan-

and-Hebrew reality. This is how it is done: and hence Newmans, Hurrell-Froudes, Puseys, possibly Mallocks—men of fine, too fine faculty, and of the flushed enthusiasm that ends in the reaction and weakness that need rest. Hardly are the stronger Ruskins safe from the picturesque attractions of mythologic ruins and monkish repose. Under the shadow of any big, ragged wings the weaker ones have aspiration and imagination enough to find their peculiar form of peace. While we cannot be led by such spirits, we could no more afford to want them, in our actual republic, than society could spare the delightful, inspiring presence of woman to glorify its every scene.

All these are advances or retreats on the old lines. From Rome to Geneva and Geneva to Rome were till lately the main journeys on the theological continent. But our day has seen novel enterprise in religion. The Italian sweet sound of Altruism is the latest appearance of interest on the horizon round which so many theories of life have, like summer lightning, been playing, it may be for healthfulness in some way. 'The love of others' would be the plain English translation of this somewhat mysterious word. If we love others with our mind and soul and strength, if we love our neighbour not only as much as ourselves, but twice as much, nay, infinitely as much, in other words, ourselves not all, we have secured then the perfect ideal. It does not seem quite a new gospel, but practically it really is. One old ideal included this duty to fellows as a half of human aspiration, and the secondary half. The altruists, like the cunningest acrobats, now profess to fly the whole human race, on one wing to each individual, in the airy regions of the spiritual life. It is to be feared, perhaps hoped, that the scientific Dædalus will have as little satisfaction out of this youth, Altruism, as the old Greek had of his Icarus, whose waxen back and wings the sun melted inexorably, so that he got down among the dead things. Even ballooning with all appliances is a very helpless amusement.

It has been said by grave and famous writers that women want imagination of the highest type. It is a woman who at present takes the lead in England in propagating this new gospel. 'George Eliot,' trained at the scientific school every moment that could be spared from what some think better work, has become certainly the most popular apostle of the one-winged ideal. The dogma is not hers; but she preaches it quite with missionary enthusiasm. It was the too mathematical—in other word, mad—Frenchman, Comte, who struck out the sublime idea that,—blessed be man, man was wholly sufficient unto himself. The first table of the highest ideal morality could be eliminated with great advantage, he thought, in solving the problem of life. Mathematicians can never understand that in moral spheres two and two may not always, or ever, make four. Rare American free-traders (*simillimi cygnis*) clinch their arguments beyond change with this numerical argument, but how strangely the facts elude their perfect accuracy of demonstration! It was only when his nature matured that Comte began to find his

Positivism failing him at every turn, and that the element of genius which was knit with his mechanical faculty commenced to realise the ideal world in its formative power. He was on the road to making a scheme or fashion of beautiful living towards the end of his life. On his own path he had arrived at 'the love of others' as an ideal, and every sign pointed, if his power of thinking had gone on increasing, to the higher and inclusive one to which all minds of first-class power reach. Physical weakness, and some degree of dotage, overtook him; but, even so, the valuable part of the man is what he did in the way of setting lines down for a new religious hierarchy. With wonder it has been remarked how like the Roman Catholic system his was growing; the explanation of which simply is that, to really powerful minds, religions must have much the same constitutions, the popular necessities and growths of places and times making the noticeable differences. Unfortunately, Comte left an incomplete legacy to his followers; and none of them having ever yet reached as far as he did, they are but wallowing in the Egypt and wilderness of Positivism and one-winged Altruism.

It appears there are small metropolitan collections of worshippers of 'The Being of Humanity' in Paris and in London. But none of Comte's followers in either place can be said to have reached even his own spiritual level. They have become the expounders of his one-sided logic, or given ardent voice to his weaker or more intolerant fanaticisms; but they are singularly destitute of spiritual light and the humility which is never far off from genuine religious thoughtfulness. Intellectual scorn is a pretty product of our scientific modernism, but it is hardly a prophetic endowment; and the eloquent apostles of the religion of humanity, who condescend now and then through the periodical press and otherwise to let us know how superior they are to the weaker sort still grovelling amidst the remains of historical superstitions, have yet to begin their spiritual schooling before they touch us much. Out of the silent and the sorrowful can only come the still small voice of ultimate religious direction. And Comte, as a poor and solitary, if not humble thinker, stands yet greatly above any of his disciples. Despite not a little of the theatric, the hound of thought clung to him to the death of him. In some way the thinker must die for his fellows. Only with sacrifice of life can great things be secured in the high kingdoms. If any men have held devotedly onward towards what they thought best in them, this hero of Parisian poverty and misery may get place of honour among them. Having great sympathy with the man, one does not see the less, but the more clearly, that he was, as to greatest things, a failure. He has, however, left much of real value to thinkers; and Altruism, in the right place, is a genuine product: but he did not know its proper relations; and his followers are worshipping mere idols, dead as any stock or stone that ever savage palavered.

Practically, our English altruists are on the same ground with the utilitarians, of whom we hear less now, since Positivism of science and Altruism of religion have come into the field. Jeremy Bentham's 'greatest happiness to the greatest number' as the infallible guide in morals, is exactly the same as 'let us do all things in the interests of our fellows.' These sentiments are so beautiful in themselves that it seems suicidal for moralists not to be altogether pleased with them; and, let it not be forgotten that, so far as they go, there is no contention against, but all for, them. The real question is, Do they go far enough? That they are partial and deceptive exactly at the moment when some beauty of deed is imperatively needed, is the point. Here they fail for ever. If there be nothing more than utility, if there be only bare duty to others, then degradation from bad to worse is the course. Believers in such ideals will fall lower and lower, till they land in cynicism, despair, and ultimate hatred to humanity. Men, women, children grow and decay, bodily and spiritually; they are loveable, they are hateful, even to the touch; no individual has head or heart wide enough to contain all the joys and sorrows, beauties and monstrosities of life: it would make the greatest man or woman that ever lived mad in a day, to live thoroughly and solely either on the utilitarian or the altruistic principle. In a true scheme, both of them can find due subordinate position; but woe to world, or nation, or individual that could get all arrangements made by which to try the experiment of living within either of these shirts of Nessus for best and outer garment.

With the author of 'The Mill on the Floss,' there can be no cold-blooded controversy. To put it truly, she is only losing better things by toiling so *manfully* in commoner fields than she was born to. The loophole through which she has escaped from her paradise or Eden of imaginative fiction is of the old Eve character, curiosity; and we must be content, since declines are not new phenomena. If she had been equal to the highest things, she would not have fallen into the laboured cynicism of her later work. If she had had the true prophetic gift, she could not have become the teacher of this new metamorphosis of the hylic or matter element. For this it is, and nothing less—the old gospel of materialism arranged in a new and fascinating garment. It is wonderful how well these angels of darker spheres can dress up, to personate those of better, brighter planets. Theories of naked Altruism are, when unapplied, futility; and, if put into practice, failure, even for the strongest heads and hearts. And how could the weak, the poor, the criminally degraded live on such a gospel? The greatest happiness to the least number, number one, is a weight which no utilitarianism can ever move with any fulcrum; the infinite majority live, and must live, on the selfish principle from which the greatest of ideals can only awake them at joyful but seldom divine intervals. 'Love all others,' except on the rascally principle of 'honesty is the best policy,' is as hypocritical as it is vague and impracticable. If Altruism means anything in its

advocates' mouths, it must be somewhat equivalent to Goethe's abnegation or to the Christian's self-denial; but neither of these make this the end of the journey, as the altruists do; it is only the last step of a *preparatio* for the life of beauty and perfect artistic action that then begins.

The origin, and the short but suggestive history of Altruism, can throw the best light on what it is.

Taking its life from a philosophy of universal human progress—universal human decline being a quite forgotten possibility—this of itself would make it suspect to many cautious, sound minds. But assuming the law of progress, Altruism is the *reductio ad absurdum* to which it comes. Early or savage races are mythologic, naturally poetic, or at least poetic so far as superstition is; more advanced peoples are metaphysical, theological, didactic; nations in the highest state of civilisation are exact, scientific, without imagination, except the theoretic which science needs. This philosophy of three propositions seemed for a time to exhaust all the problems of sky, earth, and waters under the earth, with those also of all their inhabitants, gods, men, and animals. The discoverer of so inclusive a theory rested satisfied, after the completion of this cosmos, for a considerable period; but he was the first before all his disciples to feel the weakness of it, and to attempt to get out, as for life, into a more human, emotional atmosphere.

To mankind it would be like living, or dying rather, in an exhausted receiver, to be imprisoned in Comte's dry intellectualism of exact science. Emotionalism is present equally in whatever advance of civilisation. Tyndall himself cannot live without 'moods' and 'gazings on the infinite azure,' which are the rankest heresy to the Positivist philosophy; and as to the mass of even the educated spirits of our most modern peoples, the absolute quantity in them of what positivists call mythology, superstition, metaphysics, theology, is little, if at all, changed by the advance of science. Mere symbol worship or idolatry, under different aspects, is as widely prevalent and intense now as ever. Theology is as popular and strong as at any past time, even inside the laboratories of scientists. It would be quite a feasible thesis to undertake to prove that, as the physicists say of energy in the universe, the quantities of superstition, metaphysics, science, in the world, are always absolutely the same, however they change in appearance. Early and ignorant peoples believe in gods and demons, semi-civilised in dogmas and theological hierarchies; but *we*, the last results of time, the civilised, the enlightened, believe only in science, as being all-powerful to supply and satisfy the entire wants and aspirations, material and spiritual, of man. The fallacy in this is in the 'we'; and that in two lights—first, how many does the word include? and second, of this number, what is their quality, depth, accuracy, reality of knowledge? It would be bold to doubt whether there may be more really scientific men now than in periods and places which Comte would call mythological or theological; it

would be only exact and scientific to say that the quality of the knowledge or science of these days is not essentially superior, with regard to individuals, to that of what he thinks less advanced states of life. Science itself to positivists is a superstition, and they themselves live in the mythologic stage like the savages they deride too much. What is their mad faith in mere measuring, telescoping, and microscoping but another species of superstition? It is not useless; but no superstition, even far meaner fetichisms than theirs, is without some general and private benefit. If they found a philosopher's stone that would turn a kingdom into food, clothes, and all the other goods, where would there be grounds for the infinite jubilations? Is rich, crowding *vulgus* to be the earth's *summum bonum?* From this result, too, how far they are and ever will be! Have we not the wretched among us as many as before—for all the unimaginative practicality of inventive science? The men of spiritual lives do actually mourn over the state of popular modern life, with all the seeming science that is abroad. If we could get our scientific feet on the most volcanic of moons, what matter? Athenians hearing the newest things are constant phenomena in every period. Death hunts us all remorselessly, and science, when most altruistic, helps us not. It has no immortality for us, none; and the race of man cares not much for the stony cakes it offers as food. They cannot, the poor, weaker creatures—and can the philosophers themselves?—live beautiful lives on the prospect of being fossils, or even spiritual winds of the material future.

A philosophy of this sort soon failed Comte himself. He dropped the philosopher who was to guide the civilised world by positive scientific intellect and nothing more, and became the theologian. He had tried to empty modern aspiration of all divinity, of all emotion, the spring and source of mankind's noblest being and deed in life, art, government, at all past periods. But he found that he would have, in this state of things, only one genuine convert, namely, himself; and, on the discovery, even the *one* apostatised. The new religion of Altruism was, at this point, born; and a hierarchy of the usual graded kind grew around its main dogma, 'Let us worship The Being of Humanity,' in other words, 'Let us imagine a collection of the best things in all men, and worship that in some shape. There is no God; there is no immortality; there are no facts corresponding to the ideals of the nations; yet, somehow, we need worship; and, knowing our fellows as realities, let us set them up ideally as entire object of our inspirations.' This was and is Altruism. Nothing beyond this; the rest is mere detail of government, constitution, practicalities.

The most curious result in the latter aspect was the strange, and worse than strange, social absurdities that Comte's followers ended in, and not illogically. Bazard, Enfantin, Chevalier, and others made the oddest attempts at building a religion. What most puzzled them, and soon destroyed their whole doubtful fabric, was the

position of woman in the scheme. Mary, the Virgin of Catholicism, came over into the religion, by sympathy as well as philosophy. By-and-by, France could not tolerate the state of things, on the ordinary social grounds of morality. Comte himself had decided for woman as the ideal of his religion; the English missionary of most effect, 'George Eliot,' chooses man, the pre-Christian Jewish man whose Canaan is entirely of this earth, as the crown of altruistic aspirations. It is a religion of gallantries, of communistic exchanges of the higher affections, sweet to the initiated; but hopelessly obscure and weak in attractive power to all else.

Here, in the weakness of its motive powers throughout, we touch one of the chief sources of the failure of Altruism. Even for highly cultivated minds its impelling force is small; and this decreases so swiftly, as the appeal goes downward to the weak and poor, that the crowd could not and cannot understand it with the head, much less live with the warm action of the heart by it. Who does not know that the most mathematical makers of systems for the material and general improvement of their fellows, are chronically the most careful as to touching with a finger the real burdens of life which are near them? If their fellows should only take their system, they *would* work: but till then, they are wronged; and who could expect them to help the foolish, unsystematic needs of miserable creatures who live far too considerably on worthless, passing emotion? Canning's philanthropist who could not give sixpence to the knife-grinder, though his heart was 'rapt away' in altruistic love of his fellows, less the fellow, is no extinct type among men, however much good the struggling people may owe to individuals of the altruistic cult. There are worse types than the Mrs. Jellybys, who are so intent on African advances, while their own homes are miserable. Were it not for the army of far other and professedly emotional cults, our crowded modern countries would become scenes terribly illustrative of the modern doctrine, 'The survival of the fittest.' Love of others from the basis of exact, secular knowledge, soon clears up to be love of the best others; and this develops into destruction of the worst others inevitably. Even the warmest, widest heart would come to this on altruistic, positive principles. And were such a religion ever to acquire persuasive, popular force, the crowd would soon feel, if they might not be able to see, that, for the real good of others, shooting the weak ones through the head, as on material principles we do to our best loved animals, would be the supreme kindness. Have we not had all this already 'wisely' pointed at by the positivists, the Darwinians, the Gregs, in their current articles on such questions as population and national advance? There are enigmas too cunning for any man to unlock; and the intellect alone is as feeble in answering the sphinxes as is maudlin sentiment. But the instinct of real humanity will not follow this strange company. They do violence to ll that is sweetest, keenest, grandest, in the simple as in cultivated ls. Such children as Pope, and likely Shakespeare and Scott and

Nelson, to mention no more out of what a noble roll, for the good of 'The Being of Humanity,' should have been weeded off in time, as the Chinese are said to do for other than altruistic reasons. Have we not had example in Roman Catholic zeal of burning Protestants, for the good of their souls, as to what excessive or unregulated 'love of others' could do, even in an emotional system of human and divine affairs? What could be expected from the purely intellectual, scientific love of others, if allowed free course to its glorification, checked as it would be by no references other than to utilities, and utilities settled, be it never forgotten, by entire reference to human intellects, there being nothing other available on this platform? 'The Being of Humanity' would be a dumber god to inquiries than any the most heathen oracle.

But such an uninspired religion can have no hold on the popular heart. The handful of intellectual men and women, who have been trying to live by it, themselves abjure their theory the moment it is required that they act it into real life. Their time is not ripe, their hour is not come, the mob is too dull, the game is not worth the candle; these are the doubts and fears of altruists. Women, because they do not so strongly see where they are going in such fields, sometimes feel drawn to do strange things and speak and write stranger words: but this, if a dangerous, is also a useful symptom, as to the general popular life; it tells the stronger doctors what the cure ought to be, and that another kind of motive power than fitful, weak, spasmodic Altruism must be used for the people's life.

To show fully and clearly, however, wherein this Altruism is a failure, this religion born of so-called modern scientific progress, it is necessary to bring into view the true Altruism, which forms only a part, by no means the whole, of the healthful religion that is as suitable to the child as to the sage, and all that live their lives between those extremes. No imperfect one-sided synthesis of the past life and thought of humanity, such as the Positivist religion is, can ever be anything but a mockery to what is best in man. With the divine eliminated, or something like it imagined, not as objectively real, but as a mere psychological hypothesis, to be used provisionally, human action must ever be of the earth earthy, gross as the hylic element in which then it would alone work. There must be intellectual and emotional life in communion with Being entirely above human and animal limitations, if we are to secure what has ever been the aim of noblest religions, hope of true immortality; otherwise it is the shortest curve, however mechanically beautiful, till we are grovelling in the dust again, lower than the beasts in the fierceness of our false knowledge and selfish, destructive fitnesses.

There are distinct stages in the life of an individual who progresses to his full manhood. Nations, also, as being aggregates of individuals, have the same road of culture to walk, if they are to reach their highest possibilities.

When young we are clothed, for reasons of self-preservation and growth, in the wonderfully well-fitting armour of Egoism. Of some of the pictures by Millais of the golden youth of England, Ruskin curiously wrote that he admired exceedingly the value these young people seemed to put upon themselves. Injudicious, wild thinkers would call their appearance conceit, foppery, and what not other ribald names. The wiser moralist knew the infinite value of this protecting shell for the growth to manhood and womanhood of fine natures. It is but too tragically true that many noble Hamletic and Werterian heroes, as well as the vast majority, the dead, vulgar souls, never get out of this enclosure; but, to a certain stage of growth, it is as necessary and appropriate as skin is for natural birth. It is the egoistic state of life.

If there is no advance beyond this, as well for us never to have appeared in life; the dumb cattle, especially those that refuse to be driven, are the true fellows of such a class of beings. There must be deliverance from egoism, for the greater spirits. What words can express their misery, their terror, their despair when the trust in self begins to appear as but their coffin, to suffocate for ever everything that is fair, honourable, hopeful, and generous? It is to this crisis that the prophets and priests of all religions chiefly address themselves; and such loving, human ministration, with all its deficiencies, has been, and is, of incalculable value. Greek 'choice of Hercules,' Hebrew 'second birth,' modern 'conversion,' had and have the same fact to meet, and are but the different directions of doctors of divine law trained in different schools, as to what is needed for the life of an individual at this point. From present horror and future wrath, the more terrible for their indefinite, gigantic shapings on the darkness of comparative ignorance, who will deliver him? who will show him any light? From the wild wood of passionate, early wanderings, who may guide him to a new ideal under which any satisfactory action can be? The Infinite from above terrifies the miserable 'me' in which he had so much faith; the Infinite from beneath opens to destroy him wholly. The mysteries of death and life are around him with their unfathomable possibilities.

What is the assistance here offered by scientific Altruism? It recognises that some change of nature or action is imperatively necessary for the egoist who has been stripped of his shell of complacency. 'Come and let us reason it out,' says this gospel. 'All the imaginations of Infinity that are worrying you are only phantoms. Hold still by self; but change your attitude outward to others, and your peace is entirely secured. Above all, let no emotion, but only cool intellect, enter into your life any more. Know all things from sky above to sky beneath that are possible, and rearrange your duties to yourself and to others mathematically, eliminating everything that is not realisable to the educated, the philosophical, sense. Be realists, in the material sense of realism, or die, that is, wallow in the wastes

of imagination. Love man, and if Darwinians prove the reality of the development of all the creatures from protoplasm ending in him, love them too, if they should even be quite prepared, as beasts of prey or other vermin, to hate you without mercy. By-and-by, perhaps, it may be cannibalism to sit at the most refined of tables as now served. Life will be sacred in a new sense. We shall assume, as we perfect in Altruism, the Hindoo broom, for fear of treading on flies.'

It is only necessary to state such an ideal to show that it is eternally a failure, as a practical guide of life, to busy, compromising mankind. The higher Altruism, on the contrary, appeals passionately to the individual that self is nothing, and that reason of a mathematical kind is mere vacuity in a world like this. It cannot help the struggling soul. It may teach the vanity of passion and the need of wider utilities than any that are born of self; but it cannot break the egoistic crust that encloses the will and holds it fast in the circle of lower desires. It not only does not reach the Infinite, but it mocks it as a shadow born of false dreams, and the strength of its own ideal is broken before the first storm of passion. It requires another process altogether to overthrow the giant self and bring all baser thoughts 'to the hest' of a firm and high resolve. The difference is eternal between any system which tries to make a god out of human reason on the most cunning modern principles, and faith in a living God embracing man and all being in His helpful arms. There is weakness enough even in the consciousness of such help, and the forms of human well-being are but roughly and grossly moulded under all the impulses of this higher faith. But here at least, as experience has proved, there is power to move man and to develop within him the art of noble living in a way that no refinement of Egoism or social Altruism can ever do.

The plainest Methodist, with his most uncouth cry, is a greater friend to his fellows, and has instincts of diviner mould within him than all the merely intellectual philosophers in the world. The sight of the Infinite alone awakens within man the true ideal, and alone clothes it with reality. It alone breathes form and life into his higher aspirations, and makes of him a new man! He who lives in this sight is more than egoist and more than altruist. He is a divine artist, a master with the masters in all climes and ages, and with the Divine Master of the Cosmos. He loses both himself and others in the glory of a great transformation, and becomes 'a fellow-worker with God' in moulding a world 'out of joint' to diviner uses and man to a nobler destiny than he can here enjoy.

Prince Napoleon and European Democracy.

Reminiscences by Karl Blind.

I.

THIRTY years have passed since I first beheld Napoleon Bonaparte, the 'Prince of the Mountain.' I have still a most vivid impression in my mind of his personal appearance, and of the whole scene around. It was in the stormy days of 1849, in the deeply-agitated National Assembly of France—shortly before that ever-memorable 13th of June, when Ledru-Rollin made an attempt to save the Roman Republic (then under the government of Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini) from the assault of Gallic bayonets by a rising in the streets of Paris.

The French Parliament in those days presented a strangely multi-coloured picture. Even before entering the great Hall, you quickly obtained an idea of the strong passions heaving and surging within. In the Salle des Pas-Perdus a noisy throng, swarming to and fro: National Guards, troops of the line, deputies loudly disputing with each other, *huissiers*, questors, in motley pell-mell; the long row of those who wished to speak to a member, to urge him on—or to take him to task—being with difficulty restrained from rushing in; in the Assembly itself, every symptom of the grim struggle between the sorely pressed defenders of the Commonwealth, the masked Royalists aiming at a Restoration, and the intimate friends of Louis Napoleon bent upon dark designs. Tumultuous mass disturbances, now on the 'Mountain,' now in the 'Plain,' and then again on the 'Right,' alternated with well-nigh ceaseless exclamations and interruptions by individual members, or with sharp calls to order. As the several political parties lashed themselves into fury it seemed as if the Commonwealth would be stifled amidst their violence.

In the Speaker's chair might be seen the ex-Orleanist statesman, M. Dupin—a sarcastic personage with fox-like glance—a strange mixture of a humourist and of an arrogant bailiff. Involuntarily our eyes cast about for General Cavaignac, the pitiless vanquisher of that terrible insurrection of June 1848, behind whose Social Democratic flag Bonapartist and Legitimist intrigues had also hidden themselves. There he sits, bending forward in somewhat melancholy mood—a face as of a bird of prey: still more markedly so by the bald and somewhat flat skull. He wears a black dress-coat and checkered summer trousers: the incongruous garments do not seem to fit in with the manner of the man. A firm Republican in his way, but with a dash of the Spanish *pronunciamiento* soldier. In his outward

look not a vestige of the enthusiasm of his departed brother Godefroi Cavaignac, the zealous leader of the Republican propaganda, who, however—like almost all the men of the 'National'—called for what he asserted to be the 'natural boundary' of France, namely, the Rhine frontier.

Thiers enters—another Chauvinist. Some nine years before, the historian of the Consulate and the Empire, who brought about the transfer of the ashes of Napoleon I. from St. Helena, had almost lighted up the torch of war between France and Germany. To him the Eastern Question was to be the pretext for getting to the Rhine. But all Germany replied, in Becker's song, that 'never shall they have it.' We were somewhat surprised at the exterior of Monsieur Thiers. A remarkably small man: stout; of comfortable *bourgeois* aspect; the silver-grey hair combed down to the golden-spectacled eyes; of awkward gait; almost a comic figure, but a deep political mind. He still cunningly declares the Republic to be that 'which divides us least.' Yet, at heart, he schemes for the re-establishment of the Monarchy, zealously struggling against the true friends of the Commonwealth, in company with the reactionary 'Society of the Rue de Poitiers'! What a change was to come over him, years afterwards—a great change for the better; but not before France had suffered for the teaching to which he had once lent his powerful tongue and pen.

To the 'Society of the Rue de Poitiers' (who would believe it to-day?) France's most distinguished poet, Victor Hugo, also swears allegiance—then still a Saul in his attitude towards the people's cause. Whilst the other prominent poet of France, Lamartine, had helped in founding the Republic, few days will pass ere Hugo, as a member of a parliamentary committee, will vote for the proclamation of a state of siege over Paris and the neighbouring districts! Ages seem to divide us to-day from that party position of a great writer who is now looked upon as the very patriarch of Republicanism, but who, in his even earlier pliocene period, was a Legitimist, a Bonapartist, and an Orleanist Peer in turn. He, too, like Thiers, had then, and afterwards, strong 'Rhenish' aspirations.

A gap had already been made in the group of those popular leaders who, after February the 25th, held the political destiny of France in their hands. Louis Blanc, in May 1849, when I first came to Paris, had been for ten months an exile in London. I well remember the deep emotion I felt for the future of the Republic, when, in August 1848, I read, on my way from Strassburg to Basel, the indictment preferred in the Constituent Assembly against the author of the 'History of Ten Years,' and his subsequent flight.

In the turmoil into which France then was thrown, shameful deeds were done in the outraged name of the Republic. I had sought refuge, after the overthrow of one of our German popular risings, on Alsatian soil. There I was at the head of a committee founded for the support of a great many of our distressed fellow-exiles. Falsely

accused of being connected with the June insurrection at Paris, I was imprisoned in Strassburg, and then, with chains on my hands, escorted by French gendarmes to a district where Swiss and German territory joins. Trusty friends, fortunately, learnt in time that a plot had been got up between the French and the German police for delivering me over to the Baden Government. Armed with guns and other weapons, two of them followed us at a distance, ready to engage in battle with the gendarmes, should they endeavour to effect a surrender of their prisoner. At the little French frontier town of St.-Louis, the venerable mayor had been warned of the existence of the police plot. He indignantly declared that, 'though no Republican, he would consider his white locks disgraced if he did not do everything in his power to frustrate the infamous scheme.' I learnt later that he was an ex-soldier; in politics inclining to Legitimist principles; in private, a man of unblemished character.

My departure from what then still was French soil had been a forced one in 1848. In 1849, I came back as one of the diplomatic envoys of Baden and the Palatinate, where in the meanwhile the popular party, aided by the army itself, had achieved a signal triumph. The intervening months had been full of exciting events. We had fought in the Black Forest. With Gustav von Struve and others, I had fallen into the hands of our enemies, been courtmartialled, and kept as a State prisoner in the fortress of Rastatt. But finally the very troops of the Grand-Duke of Baden rose in support of the German Parliament; and the dynasty having fled, a Constituent Chamber was called together, which pronounced for the Democratic form of government.

During these events, the revolutionary movement in France had wrought a Saturnine destruction among its founders. The once towering figure of Lamartine had receded to the background. The Pretender of Strassburg and Boulogne, the ex-prisoner of Ham, was entrusted with the headship of the Commonwealth, which he had sworn to defend. No harm to the popular cause at home was at this time apprehended from one who was pronounced 'that arch-incapable.' The only danger was considered to be in the Royalist direction. Not a few Republicans believed that Louis Bonaparte, having been promoted to the chief magistracy as a sort of stop-gap by the aid of the various monarchical parties, would in due time be pushed aside by them, and that an attempt would be made to set up, as President, some Royalist general, who afterwards would bring in a new king.

Of the former members of the Provisional Government, Ledru-Rollin, the ex-Home Minister, still stood erect, in the early part of 1849. In the elections for the Legislative Assembly, nearly a million votes had been cast, in five departments, in his favour. Paris appointed him one of its representatives by 130,000 votes. His conduct was to be decisive for the future of the Republican cause. Upon him all eyes were directed. As a member of the Executive

Commission he had, together with General Cavaignac, Garnier-Pagès, and Arago, taken the first measures for combating the insurrection of June 1848. Now he sought to protect the freedom of France, which was endangered by the attack upon the Roman Republic, and to undo the terrible error which universal suffrage had committed in entrusting a Bonaparte with the supreme political functions. This duty naturally fell to him. He himself had been the 'Father of Universal Suffrage.'

On the summit of the 'Mountain,' in the deeply-torn Legislative Assembly, were found Rattier and Boichot, common soldiers, in their uniform, as representatives of the people. And here—strange aspect!—we see another Bonaparte passionately striding forth from the Montagne, where he has chosen to take his seat. It is Napoleon, the son of Jerome—the 'Red Prince.' He precipitates himself to the orator's platform of the House, in order to uphold the rights of Rome, against whose walls the French cannon was belching forth its deadly message. An Alsatian deputy, M. Beyer—whose acquaintance I had made a year before, at Strassburg, after Hecker's unsuccessful Republican movement in the Black Forest—came up to the galleries to direct our attention to this Napoleonide, and to some other members whom we had not yet seen, or spoken to in accordance with the mission that had brought us to Paris.

The 'Mountain Prince' was, however, recognisable as a Bonaparte at a first glance, without being specially pointed out. A striking resemblance to the Emperor—only taller; the face as yellow as a quince, with prominent, strongly-developed chin; the attitude now and then reminding the spectator so much of the typical one of his uncle, as to have an almost weird and eerie effect. When there were stormy signs of disapprobation, he leant back, with folded arms, on the wainscoting of the tribune. In his words a Democrat, he yet excited no confidence in those who seemed best to know his character.

The mission entrusted to Dr. Friedrich Schütz, the member of the National German Assembly, and to myself, by the new governments of Baden and the Palatinate, was not a solitary one of its kind. On a similar mission there were then in the French capital Count Teleki and Francis Pulszky as ambassadors of Hungary, and Colonel Frapolli as the diplomatic representative of the Roman Republic. The full powers which had been agreed on between the Executive at Karlsruhe and the Provisional Government of Rhenish Bavaria for their envoys were to this effect:—'That diplomatic relations should be established with the French Republic; that the recognition of the new governments of Baden and the Palatinate should be sought for; and that in general a friendly intercourse should be maintained between the several countries.' There were confidential instructions also, suggesting a personal intercourse with the leaders of the Republican party 'for the case of probable events.' Many hoped for an overthrow of Louis Napoleon by means of a

movement which would be officered by Ledru-Rollin, then the most popular chief of the French democracy.

Though but lately freed from long imprisonment in the casemates of Rastatt, as one of the members of the provisional government of a previous unsuccessful rising in Southern Germany, I went to Paris with no particular liking. The choice was not mine. It was forced upon me through the divided state of the parties in the new Executive in Baden. I had advocated the immediate extension of the movement to neighbouring Wurtemberg, Hesse, and Bavarian Franconia, where the populations were ready to receive our troops as friends and deliverers. I had also drawn up a plan for bringing the German Parliament from Frankfort, where it was threatened by the Royalist conspiracy, into the safer territory where the people's cause had triumphed. This plan provided for the gradual filling up, by means of fresh elections, of the gaps which had been made in that Assembly by the recalling of many of its members through Government threats. But the waverers and trimmers at Karlsruhe could not make up their mind to decisive measures. Hence I had, rather unwillingly, to go to France for a field of activity. A negotiation with General Mieroslawski, the Polish exile, was to be concluded, whose name had a good sound among German freemen; and French affairs had to be watched in the interest of the struggling party of our own fatherland. Arrived at Paris, where Dr. Schütz had already preceded me, we sent the copy of our full powers without delay to the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Tocqueville.

Prussia and Austria were in those days at loggerheads from rival dynastic ambition. The German Parliament was menaced by the princes. Along the Rhine the tempest of war arose, which was to crush the promising movements of the Palatinate and Baden. Under those circumstances it appears that in the Elysée, in consequence of spy reports of the most enormously mendacious character, an idea had been created—which was partly founded on the calumnious assertions of German reactionists—that the rising in south-western Germany would lead to offers of annexation to France; in fact, to the promotion of the famous French policy of the conquest of the whole left bank of the Rhine!

We lost no time in refuting this extraordinary view. Communications to the honestly Republican French press set this point right beyond the possibility of doubt. We also had intercourse only with such prominent French leaders as impressed us with a belief that they were favourable to the German popular cause without any dark ulterior aim. All contact was avoided with the so-called Young Bonapartean section, whose head then was the 'citizen'—the later Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon—the son of Jerome.

This was our clear and decided course. Although the 'Mountain Prince' showed the greatest inclination to espouse the cause of the populations of the Upper Rhine, as well as that of Rome, we steadily avoided all contact in that direction. Ten years later (1859), when

Italian affairs began to open up a prospect for great changes, Plon-Plon[1] endeavoured to obtain an Etrurian throne in Tuscany. As the son of the former King of Westphalia and of a Würtemberg princess, and as an ex-officer in the army at Stuttgart and Ludwigsburg, he would perhaps have been ready, in 1849, to play a part in Germany, his former adopted country, by means of a French intervention. This was probably the whole extent of his sympathies for the risings on the frontier of France.

II.

On his part, Louis Napoleon, as President of the Republic, had a somewhat difficult part to play. Even then, I believe, he mused over plans for a 'rectification' of the French boundary on the Rhine; but his hands were fettered by the parliamentary constitution. Moreover, he had to shake himself free from the former connection with the Grand-Ducal Court of Karlsruhe. The widowed Grand-Duchess Stephanie was a Beauharnais, an adopted daughter of Napoleon I. Since the appointment of Louis Napoleon to the chief magistracy of France, she often passed for a kind of Egeria of the President of the Republic. After the Baden dynasty had been driven out, the diplomatic representative of France, the Duke de Bassano, remained at Karlsruhe, but did not enter into relations with the new popular Government. To the exiled grand-ducal family, Louis Napoleon showed still much respect. The members of that family, suddenly surprised by the rising of its own army, had fled, in the dead of the night, on foot, through the dark Hardt Forest; the lunatic Crown Prince (who was afterwards dispossessed of his claims) being placed on a gun-carriage. For a few days some of the princely persons appeared on French soil. A sub-prefect, who received them with extraordinary deference, was rewarded by Louis Napoleon for this timely sign of respect.

Curiously enough, a fortnight later, when I passed through the same place, this sub-prefect insisted on recognising in me and my friends a second wave of fugitive members of the Baden Court. He evidently wished to treat us accordingly. In vain did I explain to him how differently matters stood; he would not be weaned from his happy thought. When he saw our persistence in what he conceived to be an unnecessary *incognito*, he sadly shook his head at this loss

[1] This nickname has been recently explained, by an anonymous letter in the *Schwäbische Merkur*, as having arisen from the infantine pronunciation of his own name (Napoleon) by the Prince, when he was as a child in the castle at Stuttgart. The usual French interpretation has reference to the conduct of Prince Napoleon during the Crimean war, and contains a reflection upon his courage. Probable enough as the former explanation seems to be, it is strange that it should never have been given before; that it should be given now in an anonymous letter; and that a dead person, the late Minister von Neurath, should be quoted as the source, whilst the table-companions before whom he is said to have mentioned the matter are also not named by the writer of the unsigned letter.

of a good opportunity of getting fresh favours from Paris. France being at that time mapped out into a triple, severely guarded line for the presentation of passports, it was perhaps as well that the worthy dignitary should have believed in our semi-royal character; or else he might have stopped us from further progress.

The Baden dynasty being, however, overthrown, Louis Napoleon had, after all, to reckon with the new situation. He, more than any other ruler, was accustomed to shape his conduct according to circumstances. He may, therefore, not have been averse to fishing in the troubled waters of the Rhine—all the less so because the Bavarian Palatinate only is situated on that left bank of the river after which there were still hankerings in France, whilst Baden, the country of his friend, the Grand-Duchess Stephanie, is on the right bank. Nor could he have seen without concern the approach of a vast Prussian army under the command of the then Crown Prince of Prussia, the present King-Emperor, to the French frontier. The appointment of a Napoleonide to the headship of France was a violation of the Treaty of 1815. A Prussian army, once having achieved a victory over the popular movement of the Upper Rhine, might, in the then disturbed internal condition of France, have assumed a threatening attitude.

All this was calculated to induce the Paris Government to play a double game in regard to German affairs. And there were some who suspected that the 'Mountain Prince,' whilst seemingly the head of a Fronde, was at bottom in political collusion with his Presidential relative, though personally no love was lost between the two. In fact, Paris was at that time often regaled with alleged witty sayings of the Bonaparte whose Napoleonic features were so strongly marked, uttered at the expense of the Bonaparte whose personal appearance formed such a contrast. Those anecdotes are, however, scarcely of a nature to bear repetition in public.

I have before me a number of notes—hitherto buried between a heap of long-forgotten papers—containing personal recollections of 1849–50. As I cast a glance at them, they painfully bring to my recollection the frequent discussions I had with French friends as to the character of both these Bonapartes, and the probability of a *coup d'état*, previous to the fatal day of December 1851. Many, nay, almost all Frenchmen I spoke to would not believe in the mere possibility of such a deed. Some of them actually laughed at Louis Bonaparte, the 'Incapable.' They despised him more than they hated him. I think I cannot do better than to quote a few passages from these records of a time between which and our own days the Second Empire was to intervene. This is what I wrote down between 1849 and 1850:—

In the entourage of the President of the Republic two coteries notoriously rivalled each other (in 1849) for the sake of obtaining the superiority in influence. The one, an Imperialist party, would fain have shaken off the fetters imposed upon the Napoleonic policy by the intimate

alliance with the Royalists of the Legislative Assembly, and by the corresponding submission of the French Government to the principles of the monarchical order of Europe. This was the party which thought of establishing the personal rule of Louis Bonaparte upon the so-called popular basis of the peasantry and the army; which always spoke of an 'Appeal to the People;' which mouthed about 'war against kings,' whilst itself aiming at despotism, and trying to revive Bonapartean power in the shape of a pseudo-democratic Cæsarism. There were, as M. Odilon Barrot said, 'men of wild passion near the person of the President of the Republic, who wished to decide everything by force.' They, from morn till eve, plotted for a State stroke for the re-establishment of the Empire.

The other party—a Conservative, Presidential party—acted in the sense of the solidarity of the interests of European order. It kept up the relations with foreign Powers in such a manner as though France were simply a branch office of the police of the Holy Alliance. This latter party had as its nominal head the Count de Morny, the half-brother of Louis Napoleon. With him were united the Ministers Odilon Barrot and De Tocqueville.

The first-mentioned coterie was led by the fellow-conspirator of Strassburg and Boulogne, the prison comrade of Louis Napoleon, Fialin de Persigny. With him went the Corsican, M. Abbatucci; the teacher of the President, M. Viellard; the son of Marshal Ney; De la Moskowa, and others. This party of the Elysée was ready to interfere in all kinds of foreign questions. It would have wished to pick a quarrel with Austria as soon as possible, for it looked upon the iron crown of Lombardy as the property of the Napoleonides. It saw in Italian movements the possibility of a restoration of the Murat kingdom, and of an Etrurian throne. It also bore ill will to Prussia, which, it said, 'had robbed France of her natural frontier!' This was the party of the Hotspurs, which politically shows a Janus face, and which behind a democratic mask prepares ambitious schemes of an arbitrary Imperialism.

But, before all, the 'Mountain Prince,' Napoleon Bonaparte, was a zealous advocate of Bonapartean propagandism in foreign affairs, under cover of a revolutionary attitude of international fraternisation. He thundered forth against the conduct of France towards Rome. He was ready to defend the cause of the popular movements on the Tiber and the Rhine. The sympathies of the President of the Republic were, no doubt, at heart with this more active, this more impatient, this apparently revolutionary, but in truth Imperialist section of the Bonapartists. Still, going by the maxim that 'the future belongs to the phlegmatic'—to those who know how to wait—Louis Napoleon generally sided, especially in foreign politics, with those who certainly did not aim at the re-establishment of the Empire. The condition of Germany (in 1849) appeared, however, to render it possible for him to leave the beaten track of a 'policy of European order' that had been hitherto pursued. There was in Germany no longer any close political union, no compact league of governments, but a medley of dynastic disputants. Prussia and Austria menaced each other. The national movement for freedom and union, supported by the Rump of the German Parliament, and by the popular masses in the south-west, which had the Baden army at their disposition, opposed the rival ambition of the royal and imperial houses. It was uncertain who would come out of the struggle as victor. In France, Government had the choice of throwing its influence into this or that scale of the balance.

So far the notes of 1849-50. Later events have shed a strange light on these early appreciations.

Sent with credentials on a mission to the Government of the French Republic, we were filled with mistrust both towards the majority of the Legislative Assembly, and the two rival parties in the Elysée. We only formed a more intimate connection with the leaders of the advanced party, whose access to power was within the range of possibility, for Paris appeared to be boiling over with indignation at the fact of the Roman Republic being assailed by French arms. An invitation to take part in a banquet arranged by the Republican party of the Assembly we, nevertheless, declined. The banquet ended with a tumult in which the hand of the police was, no doubt, darkly active.

There were in those days, at Paris, some suspicious individuals, Germans by birth, I regret to say, who, under a feigned zeal for the 'Rhenish Revolution,' pursued infamous aims, calculated to serve foreign ambition. They were in later years proved to be Bonapartist agents. They sought to approach us, to make us enter into relations with a committee they had formed—a design the true object of which we divined before their character became suspected. It was stated that they were in good odour with the 'Mountain Prince.' Reason enough for us to avoid having anything to do with them. Undoubtedly these Franco-German agents worked in the sense of an extension of the French frontiers.

After it had become fully patent that we would never lend ourselves to any steps serving French aggressive schemes, we were suddenly made the object of another calumnious assertion. Now it was asserted that there was a plan of increasing the area of the Rhenish Revolution by the addition of Alsace, in such a way that, by separating this province from France, an intermediate state would be formed between the latter country and Germany. This wily invention had already been launched from Frankfort, evidently by German reactionists, who wished to create an impression in France injurious to the cause of freedom. Even the 'Times' had made itself the echo of this untruthful statement. In the midst of all these contrary, but equally mendacious allegations, we unwaveringly worked for the union and freedom of our whole fatherland.

III.

Meanwhile there hung an atmosphere over Paris as of a great storm coming. Rent by political excitement, the town was at the same time kept in mortal dread through the ravages of the cholera. Day by day the terrors of the Black Death came home to everyone in the ghastliest and most startling manner. We had made appointments with Polish officers and others to meet us. Their letters

of reply had scarcely been received when further notes came, telling of the sudden decease of our expected visitors. You rang the bell to give some message. After much delay, you learnt from one you had not seen until now that this or that servant had died. Men melted down, to use Richter's words, like waxen figures. The earth seemed to quake from eagerness of receiving new victims.

In the midst of these funereal horrors, a great political decision was to be come to. On June 13, a colossal mass-demonstration, consisting of men of all classes, among them not a few National Guards, moved in serried ranks towards the Legislative Assembly, in order to make the People's wishes known there by a deputation. It was an extra-legal enterprise, such as is not unfrequent in times of commotion. We had been confidentially informed of the plan the night before. A number of the Republican leaders appointed among themselves, for the following morning, a place of tryst. 'Long live the Constitution!' and 'Long live the Roman Republic!' were fixed as the only cries to be uttered during the demonstration. Napoleon Bonaparte, the alleged champion of the Roman cause, was not drawn into the confidence of the leaders. Nor was he to be seen in the streets on that eventful day.

I have described on a former occasion how the mass-demonstration, frequently flanked in the side-streets by hearses with victims of the cholera (—a grim satire upon the political struggles of the living!—), was suddenly broken into by General Changarnier's troops, near the Madeleine Church. I was present there when the police-sergeants, agile like cats, sprang with drawn swords into the unarmed crowd of men, stabbing right and left, whilst cavalry and infantry followed them to complete the havoc. I saw the last remnant of the insurgents—if men without weapons could be so called—driven from the boulevards by the Chasseurs of Vincennes, who ran along with double-quick step and fixed sword-bayonets. Some cries 'To arms!' and 'To the Barricades!' were uttered in vain. Over many of the dragoons' faces a leering expression passed, when the people exclaimed: 'Don't fight against your brethren!' When all was over, I related the events, on the spot, to M. Beyer, the member of Parliament, whom I accidentally met, when he came to inquire in the name of the leaders assembled at the Conservatory of Arts and Trades. Whilst this happened on the boulevards, the Republican chiefs, who had met at the Conservatory, were also surprised by troops and for a moment in danger of being shot. Some of them, ranged along a wall, had already seen the guns pointed at their breasts. Ledru-Rollin, nevertheless, was finally able to escape. In Lyons, a rising which was to support that of Paris was drowned in blood on June 15. A state of siege was proclaimed over both towns. In all these events, the so-called Montagnard, Prince Napoleon, played no part whatever. He was not to be found at the post of danger.

The overthrow of the movement of June 13, whose success might have changed the aspect of Europe in a very different sense from that

which it assumed during the next twenty years, led to wholesale arrests. Some of the diplomatic representatives of foreign revolutionary governments did not consider themselves safe any more at Paris. Dr. Friedrich Schütz hurriedly left for Brussels. To me it seemed a duty, for the sake of the mission with which I had been entrusted, and for the honour of the recognised principles of the law of nations, to remain in the French capital. The result was, that I was conducted to the Prefecture of the Police, and then kept a prisoner at the Conciergerie and La Force, under a charge calculated to implicate me in the forthcoming state trial. My letter of protest, addressed to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which this violation of international law was duly described as a contempt of the usages prevailing among all nations, had no effect whatever.

The Left of the Legislative Assembly, through M. Savoye, at last brought on the affairs of Baden and the Palatinate for discussion. On this occasion Napoleon Bonaparte came up, mainly for the object of declaring against the 'Prussians' as 'the enemies of Waterloo.' A vast army under the Prussian Crown Prince was fighting us in Baden; but the view which the son of Jerome took of the events of 1815 was such that no patriotic German could have any sympathy with it. Waterloo, to all of us, irrespective of party, was a rightfully fought and rightfully won battle. The 'Mountain Prince' had the misfortune of not even correctly remembering the day of the battle. He mentioned 'June 19,' on which he happened to speak, as the anniversary of this great Battle of Nations.

M. de Tocqueville had to justify himself before the Assembly on account of the lawless imprisonment of an envoy furnished with a regular creditive. At first he tried to do so by declaring that the representative of Baden had not been arrested in that quality, but as being implicated in a 'conspiracy.' When the Left vehemently protested against this assertion, for which no proof whatever was furnished, the Minister allowed himself to be betrayed into an utterance which revealed the most secret thoughts of the Government, and which at the same time showed how deeply an unjust ambition had eaten into the very heart of France. Tocqueville had always appeared to be least accessible to mere sentiments of *gloire* and military aggression. Yet this is literally what he said:—

'Have you, then'—he exclaimed, addressing the Opposition—'forgotten the past so far that you do not know that the same party which has triumphed in Baden and the Palatinate, has for ten years harboured the most furious, the most irreconcilable hatred towards France?' . . . . (Interruptions on the Left: 'Towards the French Government!'—The President: 'But you ought to allow the French interest to be defended!') . . . . 'This is the same party which, by its writings, by its menaces, has always risen with the greatest, with the bitterest, energy against *that tendency of the French nation to extend itself as far as the Rhine.* This, gentlemen, is the party which forms the kernel of the movement in Baden.'

How different this declaration sounded from the former false

mutterings about alleged desires of the Rhenish populations of Germany for annexation to France!

The appeal of the Minister to the aggressive sentiments of conquest had its full effect. The Elysée, the Red Prince, and even so moderate a man as Tocqueville, who abroad was considered to be free from Chauvinist prejudices, suddenly appeared united on the basis of a common hankering after the Rhine frontier. Thus, already in 1849, a French Minister of Foreign Affairs justified the arrest and prosecution of German democratic envoys with the fine motive that they belonged to a party which was bitterly hostile to a cession of the Rhinelands to France. Napoleon Bonaparte, 'the friend of struggling nationalities,' had nothing to say against this remarkable exposition of Monsieur de Tocqueville.

The three days' debate in Parliament concluded with the simple adoption of the 'order of the day.' I had therefore to continue a State prisoner at La Force. During the judicial inquiry which followed, strange attempts were made to induce me to declare that I no longer regarded myself as the representative of the Baden Government. It was pointed out to me that if I insisted on that quality, 'reprisals' might be taken on my person for the military execution of an agent of the diplomatic envoy of France at Karlsruhe, the Duke de Bassano. That agent, a courier of the French embassy, had been found guilty of tampering with soldiers of our army, for the object of making them desert their colours and sell their arms. He was shot as a spy in the garrison of the fortress of Rastatt. This event, though happening whilst I was at La Force, was made use of by French reactionists to call out for reprisals on me. The position was far from being a pleasant one. At the same time I thought it right to declare by a letter, dated from La Force, which was published in the 'National,' that I continued to regard myself as the representative of my government, and that our mission was not less sacred, not less founded on the principle of the law of nations, than that of the *chargés d'affaires* of the French Republic.

Soon afterwards the terrible court-martial executions in Baden ensued, the people's cause having, after a prolonged struggle, and after several battles in the open field, been overthrown by the royalist armies, who outnumbered four times our own. I was now informed that the Paris Chamber of Accusation had dropped the judicial procedure, as far as I was concerned; that I was to be permitted to return to my native country, which I had asked for months before; and that, for this purpose, I was to be escorted to the bridge of Kehl, on the Rhine, where at that time the central plank, painted red, formed the frontier between France and Germany. I replied that, under present circumstances, this was tantamount to a sentence of death. Several of my best friends had already been court-martialled and shot. Upon this, I was told that 'there was a means of avoiding this prospect, by a formal declaration on my part that I was no longer an envoy, and by my asking to be reclaimed by a

French citizen.' I refused doing this, too. For some days I remained in a very uncomfortable uncertainty as to my fate. Finally, I was allowed to leave for London, under a decree of banishment 'for ever.'

Before concluding this period of my reminiscences, a few words ought to be said as to the conduct of Prince Napoleon during that criminal state-stroke which wrought the slavery of France for twenty years. It has lately come out that on the eve of December 2nd he made an important communication to some Republican leaders as to his cousin's intention. He came to them 'as a friend,' but they would not trust him. Victor Hugo had no belief in him; nor had the other representatives of the people who conducted the defence of the Constitution. All that I have heard through exiled members of the French Assembly goes to show that they thought he tried to worm himself into their confidence, so as to foil their plans—in other words, to betray them outright. This view may have been exaggerated. Perhaps he rather wanted to step into the place of his cousin. At all events, had he been once accepted as a 'friend,' he would have had access to their secret meetings during those terrible days of treacherous bloodshed; and who could say what use he might make of the knowledge thus obtained? Such was the mistrustful language often held to me by the exiled victims of the *coup d'état*.

Years ago, one of the most distinguished Frenchmen, a former member of the Provisional Government, related to me that Prince Napoleon, whilst the struggle raged at Paris, came over to London, and had the audacity to call upon him by way of protest against being implicated in his cousin's venture. This did not prevent the 'Mountain Prince' from accepting afterwards the title of 'Imperial Highness' at the hands of the perpetrator of the crime, as well as an annual good share in emoluments from the nation's plundered exchequer. Down to the day of Sedan, Prince Napoleon lived upon this 'dotation.' It is not to be wondered at that, in return, he should have done the Empire of the Second of December some occasional services.

IV.

The incessant attempts which had been made to induce me, under menace, to abjure the representative character with which I had come to Paris, were calculated to arouse suspicion. There was reason to believe that intrigues were at work between a knot of pseudo-Democrats professing to represent Germany, and the Bonaparte faction who kept hankering after the Rhenish provinces. Subsequent experience confirmed these suspicions.

I found that there was at Paris an alleged 'Permanent Revolutionary Committee of German Democrats' in the pay of the Tuileries. Several of these individuals were agents of a clandestine Bonapartist

press-bureau. It would be easy to bring forward evidence of their activity in 1853, when the Eastern Question was coming up.

In those days the French Emperor for a moment doubted as to whether he might not use the occasion for a military move upon the Rhine—even as M. Thiers had proposed to do in 1840. An Appeal urging the German soldiers and the German nation to fraternise with his army, whenever it should invade Germany, was propagated at this time in the Rhinelands by the pseudo-Committee in question. It was published in full in the Paris letter of the London 'Times.' The Bonapartist origin of the document was afterwards made clearly apparent by the use of certain expressions contained in it exactly similar to those of the famous Milan manifesto of Louis Napoleon in 1859. More strictly speaking, its contents were the production of that circle of Franco-German agents who acknowledged as their head Prince Napoleon, the chief of the *Démocratie ralliée*, who so often dabbled in the foreign policy of the Second Empire.

It was important that the statements in the Appeal should not pass without contradiction, and I prepared an answer to it which was widely circulated. Denouncing in strong language the machinations of Napoleon III., and especially of the Jeromist wing of Bonapartism, the answer declared that all true Germans—Republicans or otherwise—will keep good watch over every part of our Rhenish lands.

The master-passion for enlarging the boundaries of France continuing to animate Louis Napoleon, his assistants of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal once more, after 1859, made a slight attempt at forming shady connections in Germany. The successes of the Italian war had conferred upon the French Emperor a position of great power. Kossuth, suddenly forsaking his friends of the Central European Committee, had, at the beginning of that war, secretly gone to the Tuileries, introduced by Prince Napoleon, whose guest he was. A notion by-and-by arose at Paris that an opportunity had arrived for trying something near the Rhine. I will not dwell on a connection established by the French Government—to all appearance through Prince Napoleon—in a certain German quarter. The financial proof of those relations was discovered in 1870, in the Tuileries. It is much forgotten to-day, but it is a fact well known to those who closely observed what was going on at the French Court, that the Emperor, urged on by the more ambitious Cæsarists of the pseudo-revolutionary school, darkly felt his way for some enterprise against Germany in 1860. But again it came to nothing.

V.

In 1863–64, during the Polish insurrection, an attempt was made, to my knowledge, to induce the insurgents to call out for French intervention. At that time Louis Napoleon sought to gain over

England for a renewed common action, as in the Crimean war. Had the Polish patriots addressed to him the desired demand, he would have had a better *locus standi*. Great efforts were therefore used by agents sent from Paris to bring about a change in the Secret Government at Warsaw.

These agents were emissaries from the Palais Royal. For a few weeks the intrigue had some little success: the Secret Government was disorganised, and partly thrown into the hands of men favourable to the Jeromist instigations. Finally, the Napoleonist tendency was, however, cast out from the counsels of the insurrection. I stated this fact many years ago, immediately after the overthrow of the Polish rising, in the 'Deutsch-Amerikanische Monatshefte' (1864), and more recently again in the 'North American Review.' The conversations of Mr. Nassau Senior with Prince Napoleon now show that something of importance was aimed at by the Emperor of the French during this time of revolution in Russian Poland.

For my part, I believe there is more than one reason to assume that Napoleon III., as well as Jerome, had in this Polish matter the Rhine also in view. Even as it was suggested in the Appeal of 1853, German governments, as the friends of Russia, were to be attacked in the Rhenish quarter. Had England made common cause with Imperial France, and a portion of Poland been severed from the dominions of the Czar, Jerome would most likely have become a candidate for a throne to be set up on the Vistula. The majority of the Polish Democrats would have nothing to do with these intrigues, and the English Government suspected the ulterior aims of the combined Tuileries and the Palais Royal. The scheme of intervention therefore fell to the ground.

Soon after 1866, owing to the Luxemburg Question, war was only avoided by a hair's breadth. The military party and the Jeromist group thought Germany was so divided by the events of 1866 that France could easily find allies in the southern half of our country. Napoleon's Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Lavalette, declared as plainly as possible, in a circular note, that since the overthrow of the German Confederacy the military chances of France had considerably improved for any attack to be made upon Luxemburg, the Moselle, and the Rhine. Germany was also officially described in France as being split up now into 'three stumps'—*trois tronçons*—which it would not be difficult to deal with separately. Few know that in the State Council at Paris war was, at the time of the Luxemburg Question, one day resolved upon. After much pressure Napoleon III. had given his assent; but next morning his courage had evaporated, and he cancelled the resolution. At Court the military party and the friends of the Red Prince were wild with anger at the lost opportunity. 'That man dishonours us!' was the frequent exclamation. I have before me notes from that time, containing reports which had reached Ledru-Rollin from an excellent source, and the correctness of which was afterwards fully confirmed.

At last the gigantic catastrophe came. Driven hard by the Liberal and Democratic opposition, whose tactics unfortunately were not free from the Chauvinist taint,[3] Napoleon III. began the long-planned war against Germany. It was the 'little war' of the Empress Eugénie. M. Ollivier commenced it with a 'light heart.' As had always been the case in the struggles between the two countries, Germany was to be beaten by means of artificial divisions. Only 'Prussia,' we were told, was the country against which Napoleon III. intended to draw the sword. Bonapartist politicians laid the flattering unction to their souls that Wurtemberg, to whose royal house Jerome is related, and the Bavarian dynasty, France's old ally, would at least remain neutral; and that if Prussia were to suffer some defeat, Austria might come up at the side of the Emperor.

The 'Red Prince,' however, appears to have seen, with the perspicacity he has now and then shown, that France would certainly be beaten if she could not secure some allies from the beginning. In opposition to the Empress, who imagined France could at the same time beat Germany and safely refuse to Italy all concessions in the question of Rome, he exerted himself to draw his father-in-law, Victor Emmanuel, into the alliance, and to induce the Court of the Tuileries to make to him the desired concession in the question of the Italian capital.

Thus matters stood before the battles of Weissenburg and Wörth. Had King Victor Emmanuel pursued the policy suggested by Jerome Napoleon, care was taken, on the German side, that the Republican party of Italy should foil this project of an alliance with the Second Empire. The writer of this present essay transmitted corresponding offers to Mazzini at the request and in the name of patriots of various party denominations in Germany. The necessary arms and money were assigned. And though the ex-Triumvir of the Roman Republic was not able, in consequence of the course of events, to play any part in that great emergency, he afterwards, when returning from his temporary imprisonment in Italy, expressed his warmest thanks for the honour done to him by patriotic Germans on that momentous occasion.

VI.

It will be seen from the above that Prince Napoleon, under the Presidency and the Imperial Government of his cousin, had, in some measure, made foreign affairs his special business. Sometimes he

[3] Victor Hugo asserted that Sadowa—which, after all, effected a disruption in the national body of Germany—had brought about so great an aggrandisement of Germany, so sad a diminution of France, that a rectification of frontiers was required! In the Corps Législatif, in 1870, the real question of peace or war was involved in the granting of supplies—in the war credits—which were to enable Napoleon III. to make war. Here 246 votes granted him the necessary supplies; 10 only refused them: and even these 10 men were not all Republicans. Finally, on the question of the calling out of the Gardes Mobiles and of the Volunteers, the minority dwindled

acted in collusion with Napoleon III. At other times he struck out for 'independent opposition.' The weaker portion of public opinion was thus all the more easily led in the common dynastic interest. The two augurs understood each other, though personally they were jealous of each other. Prince Napoleon was a would-be Philippe Egalité; but the 'better part of valour' always prevailed with him, and practically he served the Government from which he received his pay. He contented himself with the part of a *César déclassé*, so as to be able to follow his 'Pompeian' inclinations. This cynic indulgence in questionable tastes—which years ago led to the definitive return of Princess Klothilde to her Italian home—was the best guarantee to Napoleon III. for his relative's obeisance in political matters. 'Plon-Plon' licked the hand that fed him.

During the early part of the war of 1870 Prince Napoleon prudently kept out of harm's way. On the very day of the surrender at Sedan he hastened to write to the captive Emperor a letter of comic devotion, expressing a desire to be imprisoned with him. 'Whatever conditions may be exacted, I should comply with them at once, in order to be with you. Misfortune can but bind more firmly the links which have attached me to you since my childhood. I beg your Majesty to accede to my request, which I shall forward to the King of Prussia.' These words fully paint the Prince's prowess, and throw strange light upon the offer made by him in December 1851 to some of the Republican leaders. Perhaps a few more men would have been shot as victims of the *coup d'état* had they accepted his offer.

Prince Napoleon is not respected by the French army, and has been hitherto alienated from the Roman Catholic clergy. His prospects seem as indifferent as possible. France would truly have to sink very deeply if ever she could once more allow the Republic to go down for the sake of this semi-Catilinarian, semi-Cæsarist *bon-vivant*. He is a Pretender now—but a Pretender who is all caution. To a deputation, which he received privately, he declared that, 'whether the Empire was to be in future *autocratic* or Liberal, he, at any rate, was the sole head now of the House of Bonaparte, and that he would fix the day and hour whenever anything were to be done.' This shows that the so-called 'Liberal' is ready to play the Autocrat whilst talking grandiloquently about the 'revolutionary origin of the Bonapartes' and the principle of an 'Appeal to the People.' In his own organ he has allowed it to be said that he (Napoleon) is 'not a candidate for the Empire, but *the* Empire.' Another version of 'L'Etat, c'est Moi.'

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down to a single person! Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Jules Simon, Magnin, Dorian, Steenackers, as well as Thiers—all men who subsequently came to power—all voted for the war credits. Jules Favre, after 1866, had considered France entitled to an 'indemnification' in the way of a cession of German territory. Thiers merely objected to the war of 1870 at first, because he thought 'France was not sufficiently prepared.'

M. Paul Granier (de Cassagnac), to whom the Prince's antecedents are distasteful, is neither satisfied with the latter's silence in public, nor with his waiting policy. He reproaches him with waiting so long that at last it will be 'too late.' Prince Napoleon, on his part, is chiefly bent on not showing his hand too soon—for proscription would be the immediate result, and foggy London is not in accordance with his Pompeian and Boulevard tastes. He has also been told by some of his adherents who entertain Popish sympathies, that Paris—as in the case of Henry IV.—is 'well worth a mass.' But with him the main concern is, not to come publicly too much to the fore-ground, lest the Republican Government should say to him:—'I; missus es!'

For the nonce, the Bonapartist party is split up into a number of groups, warring with each other more or less fiercely. In this tumult of discordant voices, the 'sole head of the house of Bonaparte' lacks the courage of issuing a public manifesto. In action he stands on a par with the Count of Chambord, who does not act. But he cannot even bring himself to speak out openly, as 'Henry V.' at least does. In his mouthpiece, the *Estafette*, some of whose articles are supposed to be written by himself, it is said in the meantime:—'Prince Napoleon, if he is well inspired, will resume the Socialist policy of the prisoner of Ham and of Napoleon III. He will propose the foundation of pension chests for aged workmen, the revival of corporative life in matters of industry, and so forth.' It was the tactics of Louis Napoleon to flatter the working class, and to cunningly foster, or profit from, the dissensions between the Socialist section of Democracy and the bulk of the Republican party. The character of the present would-be Pretender might lend itself easily to a similar policy.

Watchfulness will therefore be desirable, though no immediate danger is apparent. Were it possible that France should once more produce the incredible and the unforeseen—which, it is said, always happens there—the force of events would lead to fresh foreign complications, and the name of Napoleon would for the third or fourth time become fatal to a nation which has already gone through many trials, but which is somewhat apt imprudently to forget itself, in spite of bitter previous experience. For the sake of the Republic, due vigilance is to be recommended. The maintenance and the reasonable extension of popular liberties in France has become a universal interest, and a special interest for the German nation—to-day, after the last dreary reactionary changes at Berlin, more so than ever. Hence anything done in England—which justly prides itself on being 'the mother of free nations'—that would encourage the Bonapartist faction, merits severe censure from all those who value the peace, the prosperity, and the progress of Europe.

My Journal in the Holy Land.

Part II.

Saturday, November 13.—It seemed a great pity to leave Damascus so soon, but our time was running short and the tents had to be struck after breakfast. We loitered as long as possible in the bazaars, buying pretty things, and it was half-past two before the luncheon-place near Artuz was reached. Though there was but little wind, we were overtaken by more than one sand-storm. We soon left the pleasant trees and shade near Damascus, and plodded along over the desert under a burning sun, with the sand occasionally whirling up into columns exactly like a water-spout. Our camping place for the night lay just outside the village of Kefr Hauwar. It was a lovely evening when we arrived; but when we looked out of our tent after dinner, there was a most suspicious halo round the moon to be seen, and in the middle of the night a furious gale and sand-storm came on and nearly blew us away. The tent-pitchers were obliged to sit up all night looking after the tent-pegs and ropes, and in the morning everything was an inch deep in dust.

We all sleep with revolvers under our pillows, but in spite of this precaution, we two ladies don't feel at all safe in the tent by ourselves in this region of marauding Bedouins. We have therefore bought some mule bells and hung them on a string across the doorway of the tent, so that no one could enter without tumbling over them. With these, and 'Akurah'—a dog we picked up at the village whose name he bears—we generally feel all right. Nevertheless, in the middle of last night the bells gave a slight tinkle, which immediately awoke us, nor were we altogether reassured by hearing all manner of unfamiliar sounds outside. Still we preserved our courage pretty well until, by a single ray of moonlight shining in through the fastening of the flap which forms our door, we saw the gleam of a large knife. Evidently the moment for decisive action had arrived; some one must be cutting his way into the tent. I cocked my pistol and Evie lighted a match, but nothing could be heard except the wind. However, that it was not all our fancy or fright was proved by the fact that a large knife lay on the ground just inside the tent. Nothing more came of the alarm, and after some time we became very tired of our sentinel duty, and so went to sleep again. In the morning it was found that in securing our tent, which had been nearly blown over, one of our own men had managed to push his knife through the lining. Once through, he could not, in spite of all his struggles, get it back again, and as he heard the bells ringing, and knew we should awake, he very wisely dropped it and ran away.

Sunday, November 14.—The wind and dust are very bad to-day. Dressing is nearly as difficult as at sea in a gale of wind. Our tables

are blown over as fast as we re-arrange them, and we have to hold on to our basins with one hand and wash our faces with the other. As for the baths, they contain equal proportions of dust and water, and the result is mud. Altogether we are going through a disagreeable phase of tent life, and we begin to agree that there is a good deal to be said in favour of existence in a more prosaic country and within four walls. The culminating point was reached when it was found impossible to cook, and Karam declared we must move farther on down the valley. This fiat was especially trying, involving, as it did, packing and travelling, when we had settled ourselves comfortably for a day of rest. There was nothing for it, however, but to turn out into the storm of whirling sand, and struggle on for an hour and a half to another place—one of the sources of the Pharphar. This proved, however, to be no better than the original camping ground, so we held on our way for another hour and a half, only to reach Ain Beit, or the 'House of Paradise.' Here, in addition to the chronic wind and sand-storm, which still raged as merrily as ever, the skeletons of sundry camels strewed the ground, and we steadily refused to have the tents pitched in so ghastly a spot, where, too, there was no shelter. Albert and I had noticed a place on the way near a stream and beneath the shelter of some trees; but as Karam himself had not selected it, we had the greatest difficulty to induce him to see that it possessed any advantages. At last he gave in, and we settled down there for a few hours, but the cold was so intense that after luncheon Evie and I braved the wind to pick up sticks, whilst the gentlemen sawed and chopped off great branches, and made a splendid fire. It *looked* delightful, and the exertion of building it somewhat restored our circulation; but, like all open-air fires, it made us feel exactly like the kettles described by Arctic travellers—burnt on one side and frozen on the other. It is blowing a bitter gale from the south-west; cold and biting as the bleakest English north-easter in March.

On the way here we met some Druses, armed, as everyone else is, to the teeth. Their dress is pretty and picturesque enough: a full dark blue shirt, Turkish trousers bound round the waist by a gay sash, a wide jacket braided with black, and with kaleidoscope-looking bits of coloured cloth let in here and there, long hanging sleeves, and a scarlet fez with a bright-coloured handkerchief wound turbanwise round it. Each carried a small armoury disposed about his waist: a pair of pistols, a dagger or two, a knife, a small hatchet with a wicked-looking end all painted and curved, and—as if all these weapons were insufficient for defence—a long gun. This road is reputed to be very dangerous, and Murray seems to think every passer-by must necessarily be either a robber or an assassin; but I fancy even these bloodthirsty characters would hesitate before attacking so formidable a caravan as ours. We have never had guards by day. Still, when it begins to get dark we are arranged by Karam in an order of march of his own. He goes first, as a valiant dragoman is bound to do; then come Evie and I, closely followed by Tom and

Albert with their revolvers, with old Hadji Hassan, the muleteer, as rear-guard. The old man is immensely proud of his title of Hadji, earned by his having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. He, no doubt, combined profit with religion on that occasion, for he attended the caravan, the better to look after some horses and mules he had furnished to the pilgrims.

As we wound slowly, in the very teeth of the gale, along the valley beneath Mount Hermon, we saw four splendid eagles hovering about the cliffs, whilst before us, cold and grey, rose 'the high mountain apart,' where the Transfiguration of our Lord is said to have taken place.

There are not many birds to be seen in Syria, and those we have come across are of the species common in England, such as quails, two or three kinds of partridges, snipe, woodcocks, besides robins, wagtails, larks, and several varieties of woodpecker. One seldom or ever hears a bird sing, but then I can't help fancying, that is because there are so few trees for them to alight upon. It is impossible to imagine a bird singing, except on a branch. Think of a nightingale without a bush! The flowers are lovely, even at this inclement time of year. Crocuses grow in profusion, and of every imaginable colour. They look so fresh and fragile that it seems little short of a miracle how they manage to push their delicate heads through the rock-bound earth. There are besides great patches of narcissus, tulips, and asphodels to be seen in every direction, and in places the sterile-looking ground is fairly covered with gum cistus and wild pinks. The oleanders, which fringe the streams, are more beautiful and luxuriant, with their masses of pink blossom, than anything I ever saw. The blossoms are single, but in great trusses, and ever so much prettier than the double variety usually cultivated in England.

Monday, November 15.—The morning was bitterly cold, and the ice had to be broken in our baths. In spite of a big fire outside the tent, close to which we ate our breakfast, it was a case of chattering teeth and helplessly cold hands. Directly after this comfortless meal was over, we started, with a bitter wind in our already blue faces, for a slow ride up and down dreary hills and precipices, until we arrived at a volcanic region. This was rather more fertile than the land of limestone we have been travelling through hitherto, and we soon reached the summit of the pass, whence a magnificent view spread itself out before us. One could see right down over many miles of Palestine, and on the horizon stood boldly out the chain of Hermon, Mount Tabor, and Mount Carmel.

For some distance further we journeyed on, and then halted in a stone-quarry for lunch, where we were sheltered indeed from the wind, but half roasted by a scorching sun. After lunch we struck out of the main road, or rather track, to visit the ancient castle of Subeïbeh, and this new path led us up and down the worst precipices we have yet scaled. The horses had to scramble like cats, sometimes with a

bare foothold for their hind legs, whilst they sought for a resting place for their front hoofs, and again looking as if they were trying to stand on their heads, and must infallibly turn a somersault down the ladder before them. But they carried us safely and well, and we rode pleasantly on through olive and myrtle groves until we reached the castle. It stands on a beautiful site, commanding the whole of the plain of Huleh. Every style of architecture may be found among its ruins, for it was begun by the Syro-Grecians five hundred years B.C., and altered, repaired, and added to by every power which has held possession of it by turns, down to the seventeenth century. Since that comparatively recent date it has been allowed to crumble peacefully and picturesquely away. The cisterns, hewn in the solid rock, still exist, and are made to hold many thousand tons of water. The view from the old castle is superb, and the richness of the foliage and vegetation a treat to aching eyes from the whirling desert sand of these three days past.

A narrow rugged path, down which we scrambled, led us to the ruins of the ancient town of Banias, or Cæsarea Philippi, the northernmost point of our Lord's wanderings on earth. Its scattered fragments of dwellings extend over many acres, and there is a splendid view from the old Roman bridge of the ancient citadel and gateway. From this point the eye also takes in one of the sources of the Jordan, issuing, an impetuous glistening thread, from a limestone rock, a thousand feet overhead. It dashes straight down and immediately hurries under a bridge, down the narrow ravine fringed with the richest vegetation. After a little time we rode on through the village, every housetop of which had a little arbour of branches of trees built on its flat roof. The inhabitants sit and even sleep in these, to escape the scorpions and ants which infest the whole place.

The camp was reached about dusk, and we found it pitched in a charming spot—an olive grove on the brink of a rocky stream, whose banks seemed a perfect tangle of creepers and semi-tropical shrubs, figs, pomegranates, oleanders, bamboos, sugar-canes, myrtles, vines; while creepers of all kinds grew together in a glorious confusion, and hung in leafy wreaths between tree and tree. The air felt deliciously balmy and warm after the bleak gale of the last few days, but we still had a fire lighted outside after dinner. You can hardly imagine how picturesque the scene looked in the moonlight, with the curious shadows cast by the flickering fire against the gnarled stems of the old olives and the fine evergreen oaks.

Tuesday, November 16.—A lovely morning. It is delightful to be able to make one's toilet with ease and comfort, after the cold and rough weather of these past days. Breakfast was early as usual, half-past seven, and whilst we were still eating it, a party of five Bedouins passed by on the other side of the ravine. There was only the width of the little river between us, and they were armed to the teeth and well mounted. They may have been

peaceful citizens of the desert; but they looked uncommonly like marauders out on a foray.

We turned a little out of our way, on first starting, to see the fountain of Banias, another source of the Jordan, which also issues from a limestone rock beneath the ruined remains of some great temple, and flows down a ravine exactly like our beautiful halting place of yesterday. These two streams used to be the boundaries of the ancient Cæsarea Philippi, and many old inscriptions and carvings still remain on the stones.

After leaving the fountain we held on our way to Tell-el-Kady, the site of the ancient city of Dan, the northernmost city of the Holy Land, and the one where Jeroboam inaugurated the worship of 'the golden calf he had set up.' Its inhabitants were colonists from Sidon, and when one sees the rich fertile plain on whose borders the city stood, it is easy to understand how they became lazy and luxurious in their habits, and so fell an easy prey to the hardy and victorious Israelites. The oaks, for which Sidon has always been famous, still grow on the hills around, and from one magnificent tree which overhangs the fountains, we brought away some acorns, hoping to get them to grow in England.

Near Tell-el-Kady, a third source of the Jordan springs up, and after forming a miniature lake in the crater of an extinct volcano, rushes down the valley to join the other two streams, and they all flow together toward the 'waters of Merom.' I never saw anything so lovely as the maidenhair fern at this little lake. It did not fringe the edge entirely, as it has always done at every pool, watercourse and torrent we have passed since we have been in Syria; but it sprang up in large tufts between the rocks of basalt at the edge and in the middle of the lake. It was of a larger variety than one generally meets with in England, and in such luxuriant bunches, so effectively placed, that it gave the effect of the lake having been specially decorated for the occasion.

On we rode, through thickets of myrtle, oleander, and *Berberis asiatica*, across the plain, over Roman bridges, fording green-fringed streams, until we came to a rugged mountain-path leading straight up a steep hill, from whose summit we had a magnificent view of Hermon and the chain of Anti-Lebanon, away to Mount Carmel, whilst just at our feet lay the plain of Huleh. We lunched under the shade of a myrtle-tree with this wonderful scenery all around us, and it required some resolution, and many remonstrances and threats of being belated from Karam, to make us mount our horses again, and turn away from so much and such varied beauty. Another climb brought us to Hunin, the ancient Rehab—the terminal point of the spies' journeying from Kadesh-Barnea. Thence, a couple of hours' ride through woods of oaks and olives, with a dense undergrowth of myrtle and vines, brought us to Meis-el-Jehel. Here we encamped for the night, but just outside the village as usual.

It is a disagreeable peculiarity of this country, that the carcases

of all creatures which fall by the roadside are left unburied, so that your way is enlivened by the frequent sight of the bodies of divers animals in varying stages of decomposition, from a mule just dead, to the white, sun-bleached bones of a camel. On the way hither to-day, I saw several eagles soaring above our heads: from time to time one would pounce down suddenly on the dead bodies of lambs. A little further on a huge dog was devouring a carcase, whilst hard by two splendid eagles sat on a rock and enviously watched him with wide, fierce eyes.

In spite of the close vicinity of the Jordan, the water is extremely bad just here, and has to be brought from a spring miles away.

Wednesday, November 17.—We started about 9 A.M., and had a rather hot and stony ride past the spring whence the water of yesterday had come. The sight of it quite accounts for our all having felt more or less ill after drinking it. Nevertheless, the large deep stone well, some eighty feet round, was picturesque enough, and brought vividly to mind many a Bible story. Two stout Arabs were drawing water from below for their mixed herds; some poor thirsting camels waited patiently a little way off, whilst groups of women moved away from the well, poising their stone water-jars on their heads with one hand, in the old graceful Eastern fashion.

Not long after leaving this watering-place we reached Kadesh Naphtali, one of the Jewish cities of refuge in old times, and also the birthplace of Barak. We paused a little to examine the few ruins which are still left, and to try and get some water, but it was so bad here that even the horses would not touch it. We went on and soon came to a curious village of peaked-roof houses, built by some Algerian settlers anxious to escape from French discipline. Here there was a good spring, which our thirsty horses rushed at, almost pushing one another away in their eagerness to drink of it. An Arab was washing the dust off his feet in it just as we came up, which seemed unfortunate, but we waited a little while for the contents of the pool to run off, and then filled our leathern bottles and rode on along a path at the edge of a precipice overhanging the river.

Whilst climbing slowly up a steep bank on the opposite side, a Bedouin of the tribe of Ben Issacher, mounted on a pretty black mare, overtook us at full gallop. He pulled up and joined our party, and we talked to him for some time through Karam. Albert offered to buy his long spear with silver-bound joints. At one end was an iron point to stick into the ground when not in use, and at the other a sharp point of burnished steel. He was a most friendly and affable Bedouin and showed us all his arms—pistols, sword, knife, and so forth. When we arrived at the rocky plateau at the top of the hill, he gave a sort of performance for our amusement, galloping about and whirling his lance with dramatic effect and many loud cries, as he thrust at and parried thrusts from an imaginary enemy. He turned and twisted his mare about with incredible ease and swiftness, only guiding her with a halter, for the bit, which is scarcely ever used except in warfare,

hung idly from his saddle all the time. We rode together for some distance, and at parting, he took the charm from his horse's neck—a piece of crescent-shaped wood—and presented it to me with a most graceful salaam. Altogether we were rather pleased with our fellow-traveller, until old Hadji Hassan let out that his parting words had been a strongly expressed wish to find any two of us alone in a place where he could use his weapons in earnest. Six together were beyond his ideas, so he made the best of his disappointment.

A hot, dreary ride of two hours brought us to Safed, said by some to be the city alluded to by St. Matthew as the city set on a hill that cannot be hid. It is perched on the very summit of a high mountain. From the olive-grove close to the castle in which our tents are pitched we have a lovely outlook over distant ridges, one folded softly over the other, until the eye travels down to Mount Carmel and the Sea of Galilee lying at our feet. As if they were on a map, one picks out Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum, Tiberias, and the country of the Gergesenes. On the eastern side is the steep place where the devil-possessed swine ran violently down, to perish in the waters. Every spot has some thrilling charm of its own, by which to hold the gazer spell-bound. The sunset was lovely, though stormy, and the moon rose early, shedding a full and pure radiance over the scene, and filtering down through the branches of the olive-trees. Safed suffered terribly in the great earthquake of 1837. Five thousand of the inhabitants perished miserably. The earth was literally shaken to pieces, and has still great rents in it. Only four thousand inhabitants, chiefly Jews, remain in it now.

Thursday, November 18.—The sunset of last night has kept its promise. When we awoke at five this morning, it was pouring with rain and the thunder was rolling among the mountains. The rain continued more or less until ten, when we seized an interval of fine weather to start by another bare and bleak road winding through the mountains of Naphtali. It was very hot, with occasional showers; but when the clouds lifted enough to enable us to see the hills, they looked all the more lovely for the changing, flitting shadows and mist wreaths. The usual brief halt for lunch was made at the top of a hill among some acacia and fig-bushes. To-day the meal was improved by some delicious new milk which we got from a party of travelling Arabs. They were all picturesque-looking people, especially the head goatherd, who carried, among other weapons, an old English 'Tower' gun, with flint lock and steel, and the words 'Tower' and 'George IV.' on the lock. It had a preposterously long barrel, bound round at regular intervals with little brass hoops. Only last year we were told at the Tower that all their condemned guns were bought by the Jews, and altered to suit the Arab taste, and that they then found a ready market in these parts.

Fine timber is said to exist in this range of mountains, but we have scarcely seen a tree to-day. It is true that our after-luncheon ride led us along a stream, densely bordered on either side by luxuriant oleanders, but then they are only flowering bushes! At last we

reached the plain of Gennesareth—a rich flat at the head of the lake. The land belongs to some merchants in Damascus, but is cultivated for their benefit by a little colony of Arabs of the Gawwrneh tribe.

Another stream had to be crossed, and this brought us along a beach of small but beautiful shells, to the wretched village of Magdala, the supposed birthplace of Mary Magdalene. A large caravan of Arabs and camels on their way to Egypt were halting here. Then the path wound sometimes alongside and sometimes above the lake, until we reached Tiberias, a dirty town with a ruined castle. Here we found great excitement prevailing, for the Pasha of Damascus was going to spend the night in the town on his way from Jerusalem, where he had been to pay a visit to the Prince of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. His attendants were busy unloading the camels and pitching the tents on the shore, and the ladies of the harem were just arriving. They had been travelling in queer-shaped, gaily decorated litters, each borne between two camels. Just as we topped the hill and came in view of their camp, the escort of Turkish cavalry was following the ladies' litters down the steep hill. It was a curious and characteristic scene, which we would not have missed on any account. The green and gold and purple and gold tents, with the crescent flag floating above them, stood in the middle of a perfect town of little white tents which sprang up like mushrooms in all directions, even whilst we stood looking at them. The escort were mounted on active little horses, and wore boots and gaiters, full blue Turkish trousers, red Garibaldi shirts, and white handkerchiefs over their fezzes, with a piece of rope wound round them. They were followed and escorted in their turn by a swarm of Arabs and followers in every variety of picturesque rags. Some of this ragged outer regiment acted as guides, and were armed with curious short little blunderbusses like those used in England in the earliest days of firearms. They had perhaps found their way over here from the Tower, as had the goatherd's gun.

Tiberias, like Safed, is principally inhabited by Jews, who look very odd in long distinguishing garments of light linen, buttoned straight down from head to foot. Their hair, too, is cut short, except one curl in front of each ear. A small white cotton nightcap and a hat like the ordinary chimney pot, only cut shorter, complete the costume, which is in sharp contrast to the flowing, gay-coloured dress of the Arabs, Turks, and Syrians. These Jews are abjectly poor, and nowhere could we behold a more literal fulfilment of prophecy than standing in such spots as these and looking around one at their unhappy inhabitants.

Although the country is thickly strewn with loose stones, the soil is rich and fertile, but it is quite uncultivated. For miles it looks like an utter desert, and to such desolate expanses succeeds a tangle or copse of thorny shrubs. Often we journey for miles without seeing a human being, or an Arab hut or even tent. It is a veritable country of desolation; still in some places there are lovely scenery and grand views, but they are few and far between.

The Pasha did not arrive till after dark, so we did not wait to see him. Indeed, I felt rather cross with his highness, for he had taken up our proposed camping ground, and therefore our tents had to be pitched a good way farther along the shore. However, the camping ground turned out a very nice place, close to the hot springs, and only a few feet from the waters of the lake. Here, too, we only needed a couple of guards to sleep by each tent.

Friday, November 19.—A showery night and morning, but delightfully warm. In spite of his late arrival, the Pasha with all his train of followers was off *en route* for Damascus at daybreak, so no more has been seen of them. We started at eleven, in a boat of primitive construction, with five inefficient boatmen. Luckily the lake was perfectly calm, and we proceeded safely, though very slowly. It is curious to remember that during the time of our Lord's ministry here, and for long afterwards, the inhabitants of the country near the lake gained their living by fishing, and that the sea must have been covered by boats. Now there are only two boats on the lake, both of comparatively recent importation, and never used, except by visitors to its shores. Nothing shows more forcibly the desolation which has passed over the land.

We rowed leisurely on to the very centre of the lake, so as to have a good view all round, and to see the clefts in the hill where the Jordan enters the lake at the north end. The first idea was to land at the north side, but so slow was our progress that it was found impracticable. We had to turn off towards the cliff, down which the swine ran into the sea. It is the only steep place; for elsewhere, though the mountains encompass the lake, there is a flat strip of cultivated land between them and the lake, except in this one spot, where a spur of the mountain range runs abruptly down.

We landed at a place now called Tel Hunel, regarding which there is much controversy among learned writers. It is certainly the site of *one* of the desolated cities, but whether of Capernaum, Bethsaida, or Chorazin, cannot now be determined, so utter has been their overthrow. It is only the general locality which can be ascertained. We lunched at this forsaken spot; and then went on and landed again at Magdala, to collect some of the lovely shells.

A breeze now sprang up, blowing right ahead; the waters of the lake immediately became very rough, and we soon began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Happily the wind changed, or we should certainly have had to spend the night on the lake, for our boat made little or no progress against it. Even as it was, we were kept out very late, and Tom had begun to be anxious, for, as on all inland seas, the wind here is exceedingly fitful and treacherous, and he fully expected it would chop round again. The foundations of the old city of Tiberias extend far beyond our tents to the hot springs, nearly a mile from the present town, and the borders of the lake are surrounded by the ruins of once prosperous towns and villages. This bit of our journey is, to my mind, the most interesting. I feel too unwell to

actually enjoy the scenes of each day, but I am sure I shall always look back to them with delight.

Saturday, November 20.—I have been gradually and decidedly getting worse ever since we left Meis-el-Jehel. I suffer horribly from ague and low fever, and this morning I am so ill that there seems a good deal of doubt whether we can start at all. Tom, however, thinks it better to push on, as here there is no doctor or possibility of help of any kind, whereas from Nazareth one day would take us to Acre. My recollections of this morning's journey are very vague. The most distinct idea was the ever-present wonder how long I should be able to remain in my saddle. Then came intervals of unconsciousness, from which I recovered to find myself laid on the ground, while quinine and brandy and water were being poured down my throat.

Whilst we were resting under some olive-trees to-day, a marriage procession passed us. It was led by about fifty men in their best clothes, well mounted and armed, who were escorting a bride home. Some of these men played upon curious musical instruments. In their midst sat the bride—astride upon a white caparisoned horse, led by a man in flowing robes. Her wonderful garments were stiff with embroidery, and she was laden with magnificent jewels. She wore the usual jacket, shirt, tunic, fall, and loose trowsers, and was attended by four very ugly old hags as bridesmaids, who were nearly as smart as herself. But these antique damsels (or dames) were distinguished by extraordinary head-dresses, composed of rolls of silver coins about the size of a florin, piled up like the money on a money-changer's counter, and arranged round the front of a sort of cap, something of the shape of a great sausage. The procession included a host of women and children, and the rear was brought up by a solitary camel, bearing a huge scarlet and green box aloft, which box contained the bride's trousseau. Their journey was a long one, and to beguile its tedium, they sang songs and played upon their queer musical instruments, and every time they came to ever so small a plateau beside the rocky path, the men broke out of the order of march and held a sort of miniature tournament, performing all sorts of intricate evolutions. They would tilt at one another with their long lances, and fire off their long guns. Now and then one of them would detach himself from the rest and really seem to fly up the steep mountain side, his horse clambering over the rocks, and all the others rushing after him in hot pursuit shouting and shrieking at the top of their voices.

We were passing or travelling with this procession the whole afternoon. By a curious coincidence, when we arrived at Kefr Kenna, the ancient Cana of Galilee, where our Lord performed his first miracle at a bridal feast, there stood, just as they might have stood in those distant days, a vast and expectant crowd, and the bridegroom anxiously waiting at the door of his house to receive the bride.

Kefr Kenna is an old village on the side of a hill not far from Nazareth, surrounded by fertile fields and orchards, all hedged in by

prickly pears. Some of the oldest-olive trees in the world grow just here. I never saw such decrepid gnarled old trunks as had some of them. You can still see the house where the miracle was performed, and even, they say, the six water-pots of stone, but we did not pause to look at them, nor yet at the tomb of the Prophet Jonah, which is on the opposite hill.

The rain was coming down in torrents, but it proved to be only a shower, and cleared before we had finished climbing the hill above Nazareth, enabling us to enjoy the justly celebrated view of mountain, plain, and sea, from its summit.

On our arrival we found that a party of French travellers had taken possession of our intended camping ground, and, in consequence, our tents had not yet been pitched. This was unfortunate for me, as I had to wait in the damp for nearly an hour, tired and ill as I felt. It poured with rain all night, and though our tents had not leaked so far, still everything became damp and wet. I am fast coming to the conclusion that this sort of life requires fine weather, robust health, and a prettier line of country than we have passed through. Under the conditions named I could imagine it to be delightful. As it is, one never has a moment's rest from the time one is called in the morning until one tumbles into bed more dead than alive at night. The days have generally been spent thus:—We are called at half-past five, have a cup of coffee, and after dressing and packing, breakfast (with three hot dishes) is served outside at half-past seven. Then we sit on the ground, and write or read in an uncomfortable sort of fashion while the tents are taken down and the mules loaded. When Karam has seen all this properly done, we start, and ride for four or five hours until lunch, which is always a hurried meal, as the halt is generally made near some object of interest. Three or four more hours' riding, perhaps, brings us to our camping ground for the night. If the weather and the roads have been good, we are lucky enough to find the tents pitched and ready for us; if not, we sit on the ground and watch the process. In an hour or so comes dinner, after which we are all glad to go to bed as soon as possible. Our cook has proved himself an excellent *artiste*, and has provided upwards of seventy various dishes, all excellent of their kind. He deserves the more credit for this, since his fireplace is simply a perforated half cylinder about four feet high and one foot broad. It has been supported on four legs, but some of these have come off by rough usage, and it is now propped up in a makeshift fashion. His principal materials have been skinny fowls, tough mutton, eggs, and goat's-milk, besides the potted meats, vegetables, and sauces with which Karam has plentifully provided him.

Sunday, November 21.—It has poured with rain all night and day. As I spent all the time in my bed, I have not much to write about, unless I dilate on the miseries of being ill in a tent. It is especially wretched on a wet day, when the roof is saturated and the walls running down with water, when the carpet is a mass of mud, and clothes, counterpane, and, in fact, everything is wringing wet,

when you are obliged to hold an umbrella over your head and to have your bed covered by a mackintosh. Then swarms of black beetles of various dimensions, snails, slugs, wood-lice, earwigs, occasionally a scorpion, infest the tent to obtain shelter from the deluge outside. These larger creatures are in addition, remember, to the mosquitoes and fleas, which we seem to carry about with us everywhere. Sometimes, when I have not been too unwell to be indifferent to everything, I have thought what a positive pleasure it must be to be ill in a nice house with everything clean and comfortable around you. At the best of times camp beds are not too luxurious, and it is a constant wonder to me why it should be necessary to have the bedclothes always several sizes too small for them. Badly off as I was, however, I really think I had the best of it, even in my damp bed and racked with fever, for the others looked wretchedly cold and miserable. But they took the greatest care of me, and the quinine and strong soup which they gave me every alternate hour made me feel much better towards evening.

Akurah, the dog, so named after the village from which he came, and who has followed us faithfully ever since, spent most of this wet day with us, and we have really grown so fond of him that we think of taking him back to England with us. He is a wonderfully clever watch-dog, affectionate to us, and just civil to the servants. He has made it his business to ascertain who are the authorised passers-by, and even recognises the right of way of the water-carrier's casks, assistants, and guards who are appointed at each village. These he permits to pass, but woe betide anyone else who ventures within an imaginary circle he has drawn round the tents the moment the camp is formed. No strange foot must intrude there. If they do not heed a low warning growl, Akurah is on his legs in a minute, and the visitor flying before him.

Nazareth is chiefly interesting from its associations—from the fact that here our Lord spent twenty-seven years of His life on earth. Like all these Eastern villages, it looks sufficiently clean and agreeable from a little distance; but turns out to be less attractive when you find yourself within the walls. It is built on the side of a hill, and is surrounded with gardens and orchards fenced in by hedges of prickly pear. It is the head-quarters of many missionaries, who work very hard among the people; and it was most interesting to see all the Christian Arabs riding into the town, early this morning, dressed in their best clothes, but well armed, to attend the Church services in Arabic. Tom wanted very much to go to the evening service at 7·30, but there was such a downpour of rain he could not manage it. However, next day he called on the missionary, and heard many interesting details of his labours and the condition of the neighbourhood.

Baron de Saulcy, the great Oriental traveller, has been encamped close to us all this drenching day. He seems to have a large party with him, to judge from the size of his camp.

ANNIE BRASSEY.

Afghanistan: its Races and Rulers.

THE majority of Englishmen seem to look upon Afghanistan as a homogeneous state, peopled entirely by Afghans, and in their normal condition under the rule of one native sovereign. Hardly anything could be further from the truth. Afghanistan is merely a geographical expression like Turkey. It contains some districts almost entirely Afghan; many in which the Afghans form part of a mixed population, like the Turks or Greeks in Bulgaria or Roumelia; others in which the Afghan ruler and his soldiery rule by force an alien race, and also large tracts into which Afghans have never penetrated, and in which their language is utterly unknown. A short account of some of the races which occupy the land will perhaps best explain the true state of the case. About three-fourths of the districts which are principally inhabited by Afghans, and which may therefore be called Afghanistan, seem to lie within the tract to which we now give this name, the remainder being in British territory or independent Yusufzai and Swat; but in many of these a large minority of the inhabitants are non-Afghans; and there are also within the boundary important provinces in which the latter preponderate, and extensive districts which have hitherto resisted the inroads of the Afghans, and maintained their ancient independence. The numbers which we shall give below are of course only approximate guesses, but they are taken from the best available sources, and may suffice for our purpose.

The total number of inhabitants (excluding the territories now made over to our Government) may be taken as four millions, and of these perhaps one and three-quarter millions are Afghans, half a million or so of these even, however, being deadly enemies of the Kabul government, and prompt in defending themselves against its regiments and its officials whenever not confronted by superior forces. Among the principal Afghan clans, such as the Ghilzais and the Momunds, there is little liking for the Durrani Amirs, as has been plainly shown during the recent campaign, though it would be rash for us to reckon much upon their alliance in any complications; they would probably assist us just as long as it might serve their purpose to do so, and no longer; and it is of course possible that if we were in difficulties they might do as much for their own countrymen, but more likely that from fear of future vengeance they would abstain from openly taking part against us under any circumstances. Anything like *solidarité* among the Afghan clans is impossible, and the idea of finding any Afghan chief to whom all the clans would willingly submit is out of the question; the most we can expect is to choose a man of good repute among them, who will have the cordial support of his own clan, and to whom, for the sake of quiet, the other

tribes will consent to yield a nominal allegiance, this being, in the case of powerful tribes, often only given in return for a subsidy of money from the so-called sovereign; whether, however, it is advisable to fight and scheme in order to set up such a ruler is a question to which we shall revert, and which need not, therefore, be considered here.

From the numbers given above it will be also observed that even if all the Afghans in Afghanistan should unite, they will still be outnumbered by the non-Afghans; but it must not be inferred that there is any chance of the latter depriving the Afghans of their supremacy. These are in a similar position to the Turks in the Ottoman empire, and are, like them, generally armed and trained for war; the non-Afghans, on the other hand, are generally traders and agriculturists, and, with one important exception, are not found in the higher ranks of the army. The relative positions of the different non-Afghan races will perhaps be better understood from a brief description of them; but on many interesting and important points our information is at present very imperfect, and it is to be hoped that advantage will be taken at once of our increased facilities for examining the remoter districts and their inhabitants.

To take them, then, in the order of their relative importance, we have, first, the Kyzilbashes, descendants, it is said, of military colonists left by Nadir Shah when he overran the country. They are modern Persians, of mixed Persian and Turkish descent, in number about 150,000, but from their courage, wealth, and enterprise of far more consequence than a much larger number of any other race in the country. The Kabul government (the so-called national rule, in opposition to which many English writers look upon us as unwarrantable intruders), though sometimes oppressing them by help of the Afghans, has generally been glad to court their support, and they occupy a large and wealthy quarter of the city of Kabul. The principal merchants, if not Hindus, come from their ranks; many of them fill important posts in the civil administration of the country, and they formed the bulk of the Amir's artillery and cavalry. It is possible that in course of time their superior intelligence and civilisation might acquire for them the leadership in place of the Afghans—at all events in the towns. The Kyzilbashes are found in the British service, especially in the Guides, where they form a splendid troop of horsemen, and in our Bengal cavalry regiments many of our best native officers are furnished by them, and in every rank they are unsurpassed in all soldierly qualities; they are bold and skilful horsemen, intelligent, orderly, and amenable to discipline. Had they possession of the citadel of Kabul it is quite possible that they might control the government; and it was once proposed to build a suburb for them in such a position that the fortress could no longer bombard their houses as it can at present. They might become such valuable allies to us in case of future complications, that it would be folly not to conciliate

them. There is a strong religious antipathy between them, as Shiahs, and the bulk of the Afghans, who are Sunni Mahomedans, and difference of language (modern Persian on the one side and Pushtoo on the other) is another important distinction. In the first Afghan war, when the Kabul Brigade was sacrificed in a disastrous attempt to retreat, a very slight exhibition of political skill would have secured the support of the Parsiwans (Persian speakers) against the Afghans; but unfortunately our representatives were too busy intriguing with one faction of these against another, to think of so apparently hazardous, but really safe and prudent a course of action as it would have been, to break with them all and enlist their natural enemies on our side against them. In many ways, however, they showed their willingness to come to terms with us, and it was by a party of Kyzilbash horsemen, under Captain Shakspeare, that Lady Sale and the other captives were found and brought safely back to Kabul in the following autumn.

Allied to the Kyzilbashes in language, though speaking a more archaic form of it, are the Tajiks, supposed to represent the original Persian inhabitants of the land; they are said to number about half a million, are generally industrious agriculturists, mechanics, and traders, and furnish a considerable number of fighting men for the Kabul Amir's army; but they are a somewhat downtrodden race, deficient in energy, and not likely to assert their independence unless led by men of a more enterprising race. The differences between Afghans and Tajiks are not intensified by sectarian animosity, as both belong to the Sunni persuasion, but difference of language and, above all, of habits and inclination, form an insurmountable obstacle to any real union between them. As they serve in the Kabul armies, which have frequently encountered with success Afghan mountaineers of various clans, and from the fact that the Russians are reported to be raising regiments of Tajiks in Khokand, it would seem that they are by no means devoid of military instincts, and if supplied with leaders by their co-linguists and natural allies, the Kyzilbashes, there seems no reason why they should not take the place to which their numbers and intelligence entitle them. Passing on from these civilised races, who supply most of the bankers, merchants, mechanics, and traders of the country, one of the most noticeable features of the map of Afghanistan is the large tract of mountain spurs and valleys, known as Western Hazara, extending from the Koh-i-Baba above Kabul to Herat, and from the districts of the Oxus, on the north, nearly to the lower Helmand and Sistan on the south.

This large tract has always been almost entirely independent of the Amirs of Kabul, Kandahar, or Herat, and no Afghan can pass through it; the more accessible districts only, from fear of the Kabul armies, pay the ruler tribute; it is occupied by tribes of Tatar origin, called Hazaras, and towards the south-west Aimaks, about 400,000 in number. They are chiefly a pastoral people, dwelling in secluded villages or wandering over the hills, living on the produce of their flocks and herds, and

retaining in many places their ancient customs and habits unchanged since they came from the high lands beyond the Oxus. They have a poor reputation as soldiers, but this may be partly accounted for by the inferiority of their arms and organisation; had they not some good fighting qualities they could hardly for so long a time have maintained their independence against the Afghans, for they are supposed to have been settled in this region since the days of Chengiz Khan. The best description of these people is to be found in the 'Caravan Journeys' of General Ferrier, who mentions that in some of the remote valleys they still keep their primitive language and religion, but the majority of them speak Persian and profess the Shiah Mahomedan faith. Having no love for the Kabul government or for the Afghans, they would naturally welcome anyone who should conquer these and restrain them from harassing the Hazara frontiers and exacting tribute. To a ruler at Herat, an alliance with the Hazaras would give the command of Maimana, Balkh, and the other khanates on the Oxus, as well as the command of the roads from Herat to the north. Such an alliance no Afghan is likely to obtain, and a conquest from Kabul by the help of English rupees and rifles would simply mean the extermination or enslaving of the Hazaras.

Passing on to Afghan Turkestan, which comprises the districts between the mountains and the Oxus from the Murghab to the Pamirs—that is to say, the khanates of Maimana, Balkh, Khulm, Kunduz, Badakhshan, and Wakhan—we find the ruling race to be Ozbegs, who in some parts form the bulk of the population; the Afghan rulers being, of course, supported by a certain number of soldiers of their own race and by mercenaries of all races; in Badakhshan, Wakhan, and other remote places, the populace are still Tajik, or remnants of the aboriginal races, and the Afghans have only occasionally appeared as invaders and plunderers; but the memory of their presence is generally sufficient to enforce the payment of a tribute to Kabul. The Ozbegs, Tajiks, and other inhabitants of this country are estimated at about 640,000; the Ozbegs being originally intruders, who crossed the Oxus and subdued the Tajiks, to be themselves conquered in turn by the Afghans.

Separated from Afghan Turkestan by the Hindu Kush are a number of valleys, mostly well watered and fertile, running generally from the mountain range to the Kabul river; to the west, near Kabul, the spurs and valleys are inhabited by the Kohistanis, or mountaineers, wild tribes of perhaps a mixed origin, turbulent, and treacherous, nominally subject to Kabul, but ever ready to take advantage of a weak government. Troublesome as they have been to the Amirs, they would doubtless be no less so to any other rulers, and cannot be considered a source of strength to any party. East of these, and extending to the snows of the Hindu Kush, is Kafiristan, inhabited by the interesting and somewhat mysterious people called the Siah-posh Kafirs (black-clothed unbelievers); they seem to be one of the earliest offshoots of the Aryan race, or, more correctly speaking,

perhaps, part of the original stock itself, who have remained for ages in or near their original home. The Afghans have for ages carried on against them a war of predatory incursions in order to carry off their boys and girls for the Kabul slave market, and many of the former have, from their fine physique and superior intelligence, risen to eminence in the service of the Amirs, as for instance the late General Feramorz Khan, who commanded in Kandahar, while the girls, with their fair faces and often blue eyes, are as highly valued for the Afghan harems. Few Europeans have seen any of this curious race, but those who met Feramorz Khan and others in the Afghan service were very favourably impressed by them. About half a dozen were enlisted some years ago into the Guides Corps, but did not remain long when the officer who had taken a special interest in their welfare went to England on leave. They themselves claim descent from Alexander the Great, and it is of course possible that some of the Græco-Bactrians, when driven from the cities in the valley of the Kabul river, may have sought refuge in this almost inaccessible region, and have been absorbed by the old populations. The Kafirs have some distinctively European customs, such as those of sitting on chairs instead of on the ground, and using tables. They were defeated by Chengiz Khan, the passage of whose army they attempted to oppose, but up to the present time have resisted all the attempts of the Afghans to subdue and convert them to Mahomedanism; though those who live on the borders have had to submit, and are called Nimchas, which may be taken to mean half-Mahomedans; these Nimchas act as go-betweens, and manage what trade exists between the Kafirs and their neighbours. As the mountaineers have no weapons, and we occasionally supply their fanatical enemies with rifles and ammunition, it is not likely that this state of independence can be maintained for many years longer unless we interfere for their protection. Had we remained at Jellalabad, it would have been easy enough to do this, and if we now return there it should be a simple matter to open communications from the new frontier which we shall occupy. The Kafirs have always professed a liking for the English as great as their hatred of the Afghans, and it would indeed be suicidal policy to neglect an alliance which must give us at once the command of an important section of the Hindu Kush. In numbers, the Kafirs, with Nimchas and Chitralis, are thought to be about 150,000, and if protected and encouraged, they would probably become much more numerous.

To the east of Kafiristan are the Kunar, Bajour and Swat hillmen, apparently not of Afghan origin, but Afghan in language and other respects; like their neighbours, the Momunds, they take little interest in Kabul politics, and care only to preserve their own independence; and east and south of these again are the Yusufzais, one of the principal Afghan clans, who live partly in a state of independence and partly in British territory, and who of late years have been on very good terms with us. From Peshawur to the Bolan Pass the high

plateau which forms the Suleiman range is inhabited by various Afghan tribes, which are mostly more or less independent of the Kabul government, and some of the southern districts of what is called Afghanistan are inhabited by Baluchis. These are more hardy and daring, but generally less hostile to us, and perhaps less treacherous and shifty by nature than Afghans.

If we now turn to the west we shall find in the sandy wastes of Sistan nomads of various races and wild freebooters who have naturally succeeded to the peaceful Tajik populations, as settled government has died out to be replaced by anarchy or misrule, and the roads and irrigation works of an older civilisation have fallen into decay. North of Sistan the western frontier is formed by the important province of Herat. The population here may be taken as purely Persian, the rulers and part of the garrison of Herat only being Afghans.

It is hardly necessary to describe the Afghans themselves, the ruling race, in detail, so many and so good are the accounts of them that correspondents have furnished during the past year; there may be between one and a half and two millions of them in Afghanistan, speaking for the most part their peculiar language, Pushtoo, and, with some important exceptions, of the Sunni Mahomedan faith. They are divided into clans, such as the Afridi, Momund, Ghilzai, Abdali or Durrani, &c., and each of these is subdivided into many smaller tribes; quarrels, if not actual warfare, are common between these, and the consequence is that at last one of the great clans may be expected to side with anyone who attacks the others. Thus in our late war we have had the powerful and warlike Ghilzais, and also the Momunds and others, taking our part against the Durrani Amir, and the Turis and others of the Kuram Valley welcomed us as deliverers. The Momunds, Afridis, and many smaller clans, have never paid tribute to Kabul except when compelled to do so by force of arms, so that the rule of the Amir was sure to crumble away as soon as boldly attacked, for it was not likely that his army of mercenaries—Kyzilbashes, Tajiks, and others—would stand by him when he was deserted by most of his own countrymen.

Having thus briefly passed in review the various elements which go to make up the heterogeneous population of the land called Afghanistan, it will be seen how unfair must be any political settlement which takes account only of the Afghan portion of the inhabitants. We may, in fact, as has been said above, compare Afghanistan to the Turkey of fifty years ago. The Afghans would represent the Mahomedans, some of them being the staunchest supporters of government, while the Afridis and Momunds, like the Arabs and Kurds, are rather a source of weakness than strength. The Kyzilbashes and Tajiks may be likened to the Greeks and Armenians, and the independent Hazaras and Kafirs to the Servians and Montenegrins. Recent events have shown with a terrible certainty how slight is the hold which the Amir has over his own countrymen—how little of a

ruler he really is, even supported by the shadow of British bayonets. It remains an urgent question how far any English Government is justified in upholding a tyranny so helpless and yet so fierce as that of the so-called Kabul government. The proposal from a Russian source that the country should be divided between Russia and England, is of course out of the question; but at any rate it shows that the real difficulties of the situation are more fully grasped elsewhere than by our own politicians. The proposal is out of the question because by such a partition the gain would all be Russia's while we should reap all the difficulties; the fertile Khanates by the Oxus and the rich province of Herat would, under even a fairly tolerable government, soon become large granaries supporting large populations, and enabling armies to be massed without anxiety as to communications with Europe so far as food is concerned, and the populations, grateful for deliverance from the Afghan yoke, would probably not object to even a Russian administration in exchange. The English on the other hand would, though perhaps secure in Kandahar and Girishk on the south, be forced to maintain armies among the fanatical and treacherous Afghan tribes about the Kabul Valley, and on the borders of the Hazaras we should everywhere be looked upon as the champions of the Afghans and the enemies of every tribe which they have conquered, or tried to conquer, in Asia. Some well-considered scheme, however, for dividing the country may after all prove the more beneficent as well as the more statesmanlike. Russian annexations may prove to be better than British guarantees, for if the Russians trample on independence and crush out patriotism it is generally to introduce their own settled government which, whatever be its faults, is preferable to the desolation carried by Kabul regiments into the hills and valleys where they obtain the mastery. In Europe we have long recognised the equal claims to justice of Italian and Hungarian, Turk, Greek, and Slav: why should we in Central Asia consider only the Afghan? It can hardly be said that practical difficulties stand in the way. Were the Heratees allowed to choose a ruler for themselves and guaranteed independence of both Kabul and Persia, they would doubtless welcome gladly British residents, as they did in 1840, or even a British garrison in the citadel of Herat. We feel bound to save this important strategic point from the untrustworthy Persians, but what right have we to keep it bound hand and foot under Kabul, knowing as we do the rapacity and cruelty of the Afghan rulers? Security for life and property would soon double the population and reclaim the rich lands which have become desert. Were Herat a separate state under our protection, an alliance with the chiefs of the Hazaras would give us the Paropamisus, and here again we could introduce peace on the borders in place of continual feuds and raids.

The advantages of friendship and intercourse with the Kafirs on the east has been adverted to already, and generally it may be said that it is a duty we owe to humanity, as well as sound policy, to pay

more attention to the populations and less to the Amirs, and not to set up and maintain in Central Asia artificial boundaries and arbitrary rulers antagonistic to the instincts of the inhabitants.

Through the ignorant ambition of Lord Lytton and the impetuous self-confidence of Lord Salisbury, we have entered on a new and alarming crisis in our relations with Afghanistan—a crisis more or less apprehended from the first by all intelligent and far-seeing statesmen. It has been made evident beyond any possibility of doubt that we have to settle not only with the so-called Ruler of Cabul, but with the inhabitants of the country at large. 'The most momentous war we have ever undertaken in the East,' so far from being 'concluded' (even Lord Salisbury must blush to think of his words a few weeks ago), seems only commencing in a really serious form. One thing at the present moment alone is clear—that our army must advance to Cabul, and British authority be re-asserted. But when this has taken place—what then? Our difficulties will then only have begun, as well urged by Lord Hartington in his energetic speech at Newcastle the other day. Let us hope for the true honour and safety of the British Empire in the East as well as at home, that its destinies will ere long pass into more sober, competent, and patriotic hands.

G. T. P.

Recent Novels.

IT is usual to begin every article upon novels with a pleasantry which is something between a laugh and a sneer. There is no critic so beardless but he will have his youthful fling at this branch of literature. Though to many of us these books supply our most intimate acquaintances—and though they give more pleasure to lives of the duller sort than perhaps any other kind of production—though they help us to talk, and sometimes to feel—though they are more generally read than any other books, and fill up the advertising lists and the circulating libraries (which it would be safe to say live but by them), and present themselves to us alike in clubs and in drawing-rooms—yet there is scarcely one among us who can discuss them without an attempt to show himself superior to his subject. And we are constrained to admit that, though the fringe is grey upon our chin and our experiences are many, it is with some difficulty that we resist the instinct of our order, and frown down the incipient smirk which was ready to light up our elderly countenance when we first perceived the character of the books before us. But we conquer the impulse. We will say nothing about the ever-increasing manufacture of fiction; we will even resist the facile jest so dear to our brethren of the newspapers, about the preponderance of the lady-novelist, and her wonderful exertions in this branch of industry. All these remarks have been made so often that the reader's memory can supply them at will. He will know all that it is usual to say on this and other preliminary points; and we trust he will feel a certain gratitude to us for letting him off the prefatory remarks to which he is so well accustomed. It is a more pleasant task to remind him of the uses of these books which are so cavalierly talked of, but so universally present. A good novel, how good it is! We remember across a waste of years, the sensation with which, coming home from a long and fatiguing day's journey through the wet and mud and cold, we found on the table in front of the cheerful fire, in the clear and warm and soft and genial atmosphere, 'Silas Marner,' all fragrant with uncut leaves, fresh from the press! We are aware that there are many who will consider it a kind of profanity to speak of 'Silas Marner' as if it were a mere novel—but does anybody suppose that the delicate climax of repose and pleasure, the exquisite heightening of rest with a new excitement which that book brought, could be conveyed to anyone by the lucubrations of Theophrastus Such? It is the story in it which gives meaning and fitness and natural force to the human characters evolved, and even to all the wisdom and lofty sentiment of which the book is full. Creation indeed compels narrative. There is no setting before us an imaginary man or woman—and few will

deny that some of the dearest friends we have are imaginary men and women—without a story to display them. The smallest fiction is thus in nearer relationship to the highest dramatic creation than any other kind of literary effort. And though there are never many novels of the class of 'Silas Marner,' there is a very considerable number of lessening rank, in many steps and gradations, the least worthy of which may still give zest to repose, and consolation to weariness. Though Sir Walter has fallen out of repute with the witlings, and has not the good luck to please the golden youth of this superior generation, what breathings of gratitude have risen to him out of the profoundest heart of the nation for the fifty years or so during which he reigned supreme; and what a wonderful gap in our literature, what an impoverishment of our memories, what a dismal downfall even in national importance would come to us could we imagine such a calamity as the clean sweep out of the world of the Waverley Novels! how many laborious libraries would we consent to part with rather than these forty-odd volumes—how much philosophy and history, how many of the learned disquisitions and scholarly performances, of which we speak with so much more respect than is appropriate to fiction! Nothing else to which that period gave birth, except its poetry, would be so great a loss to us.

We may admit, however, that from the heights of the honest and wholesome national life which Sir Walter portrayed, and from the simple and manly romance which wits may mock, but nature loves, and which never conveyed an evil suggestion, or fell below the purest code of virtue and honour, we have dropped to very small matters in these later days. To all great artists, love is the master-passion. Very few are they who have it in their heart, or their power, to ignore its universal potency, or who do not take advantage of the agency which works more wonders than any other among men, to shape their fables by; but at the same time, love in the hands of a great artist is rarely the exclusive interest, the sole turning point of the drama. Even in that most perfect of love tales, the story of Romeo and Juliet, the background is full of a varied and wonderful life, of all the gradations of humanity, old and young carrying on the affairs of the world in the distance, in a lowered and subdued tone of colour, as being far from our eye and not immediately necessary to the primary interest, but yet so carrying them on, that a greater atmosphere of being, a wider universe than that of their own passion, is kept round the hapless pair. But the small dabblers in the art of fiction who are now so abundant, are perhaps scarcely capable of appreciating, and are certainly quite indisposed to obey, this wholesome rule of restraint. They are aware that love is the chief subject of fiction, without being aware that fiction, even in treating its favourite theme, must, if it is to keep any value or power, be faithful at the same time to those sober realities of existence which only the foolish suppose to be antagonistic to sentiment. It is not the natural selection of the one subject which is most appropriate to

romance which makes fiction unreal—for this subject belongs more or less to every life, and never can be left out of the question; but it is the exclusive concentration of all faculties upon this one theme, so that, if the novelist were to be trusted, all life would be confined to one chapter, and a man's or woman's existence gauged by his or her share of its early agitations and satisfactions. This, it is needless to say, is about as false a view of human existence as would be that which should pluck out love altogether from the influences that sway it. Especially are women badly used by this superficial and unintelligent art. 'Love is but part of a man's life, but it is all a woman's,' is so universal a sentiment in fiction, that it might be stereotyped by the printers as absolutely certain to recur at least once or twice in every novel of second or third rate importance. The masters of the art seldom risk such a sweeping statement, though we think we have met with it even in the larger utterance of Mr. Trollope, who is very well aware that there are a great many things in the world besides love. We suppose that what our romancers really mean is, that while the little drama of love is being played, as it is one time or other in most lives, the woman is more absorbed in it and occupied by it than the man. Even this, like other generalisations, is doubtful, the fact being that individual temperament has an infinite deal more to do with it than sex; but according to this theory a woman's life ought to be over, let us say, at a liberal calculation, about thirty, after which time it is to be supposed that she is prepared to sit down in passive retirement and mourning, and brood over the existence which no longer contains anything worth her attention. This is not far from the popular view of the case in French fiction. We remember to have read a novel in that polished tongue, wherein a very charming woman of forty, a wife and mother, is represented as wearing always a pensive deprecatory look, as if begging pardon of mankind for continuing to exist after the time of roses, the time of lovemaking, is over. Let us allow in passing that this view of womankind is one largely prevalent in the world, and maintained by many most orthodox writers, who would be frightened into moral epilepsy by the mere name of a French novel, but to whom, in print at least, there seems no stage of development desirable for women but that ingenuous condition in which they are sweetly receiving impressions from superior intelligences, and never grow older than eighteen—a still more contracted possibility than the other. For fiction in France permits thirty at the least, since fiction in France requires passion—which is happily not a thing, any more than private judgment, to be looked for from an *ingénue*.

It is this, we think, more than anything else, which gives to novel-reading the unwholesome influence with which it is credited. For the feeble and foolish writers who thus do their best to put the world out of balance are naturally much more plentiful than those to whom genius, or the better-comprehended necessities of a liberal art, make the use of larger material apparent. Fortunately, the novels now

before us are chiefly of a robuster character. Love is by no means lord of all in the ideal world—of a smoky and limited, but by no means uninteresting description—to which Mrs. Burnett leads us.[1] This lady is already favourably known by at least one book, in which, with a little too much of Lancashire dialect, there was a great deal of rough Lancashire life of a fresh and novel kind, for which the public were grateful. The scene of 'Haworth's' is laid in the same vigorous and characteristic, if not very lovely or gracious, locality, and there is decidedly, to our thinking, too much of the peculiar form of English which belongs to the county, and of which the natives are somewhat proud. It is difficult—not to understand—but to follow over a page, with its many solitary vowels. No doubt, 'Drawed up i' a heap nigh th' door' is more like the way in which a Lancashire artisan would say the words than if the 'i'' was made into 'in,' and the 'th'' soberly composed into 'the;' but the helpless commas sprawling upside down, and the unprotected little letter all by itself in the line, are monotonous and troublesome to the reader; and, after all, there is no idiomatic or other essential difference between 'in a heap nigh the door,' and the other phrase printed above. In such cases, while we would cherish every characteristic turn of a sentence and every original word, we think we should prefer to dispense with the apostrophe and retain the consonant. This, however, is a secondary matter. Haworth's is a great foundry in a Lancashire town, and we are introduced to it on the twentieth anniversary of the day on which its master was picked up, a poor boy, dying of starvation in the snow, and saved by the warmth of one of the furnaces by which he was placed in the great works now his own. He has but just become the master when the story opens, and he is the chief character in the book, though he is not the hero in the conventional meaning of the word. The *preux chevalier*, the man who conquers every difficulty, is a certain young Murdoch, an inventor and the son of an inventor, who gains everybody's favour—but Haworth is the personage on whom the author has bestowed most pains. He has vowed to himself when a starving boy that he will be master of the works where he finds shelter, and that he will give a five-pound note when the moment of triumph comes to every man who was in the foundry at the time he was taken in there. When this great day arrives, and he has found his way to the object of his ambition, there flits across the path of the rough, imperious artisan-autocrat the faded figure of an old man who has been for thirty years working at a machine he has invented, without ever bringing it to completion, but who, worn and old and poor, labours on still at this child of his fancy. The contrast is striking, and it impresses the successful workman who has gained his prize so much more easily. And when the old man dies of despair to find the work of his life a failure, Haworth interests himself warmly in the fate of the poor

[1] *Haworth's.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. London: Macmillan & Co.

inventor's son, a silent and self-absorbed youth, American by birth, but betraying neither in speech nor character any indications of his birthplace. In fact, young Murdoch belongs to a class much more easily recognisable than any national type: he is of the well-known brand of the hero. Haworth, however, is an attempt at a more noticeable being. The impassioned brutality which is full of gleams of higher feeling, perceptions of honour and justice, and impulses of generosity, but which will not brook rivalry or failure, is very effectively indicated. Much more might have been made of so pregnant a suggestion; but yet Mrs. Burnett has done a great deal in setting before us the rude 'Mester' of the great works, no whit superior, except in will and overbearing force of character and determined resolution, to the men whom he sways with familiar yet absolute despotism, such as no gentleman-employer could venture on. Jem Haworth, as he calls himself, and as they all call him, treats the men with whom he has worked, and who have witnessed his upward struggle out of their own ranks, as if they were his goods and chattels. He knows them through and through, being one of them, and his entire contempt for them is mingled with a certain brotherliness which apparently takes the offence out of it. Like them he has his 'sprees'—wild orgies which the author herself does not, it is evident, in the least understand, and which she speaks of with bated breath, with a horror which the reader is too little informed to share. But 'I'll have no spreeing here among *you* chaps,' he says: 'Spree as much as you like when th' work's done, but you don't spree in my time.' This rough, imperious, sensual ruffian, who is the best of sons to a homely old peasant mother, and a just master, and by no means an unfaithful friend so long as his path is not crossed, is suddenly, in a moment, subdued by a passion almost as brutal as himself, yet full, like himself, of higher elements. Upon this passion and its results we need not touch, though it is managed with some power. Haworth's action, however, in face of a strike, is an original way of dealing with an incident which is now common enough—both in reality and fiction. So far as we can recollect in the cases in which it occurs in novels, it is as often as not some angelic master's daughter, or other dauntless young woman, who meets and quells the rabble. Here, however, the force employed is more legitimate, though the conclusion of the episode is surely much too melodramatic for Lancashire. Haworth has just found his wavering workmen already agitated by the rising excitement of the strike, and has asked them, 'How many on you's going to follow?'

'I'm not one of the model soart,' he called out. 'I've not set up soup-kitchens nor given you flannel petticoats. I've looked sharp after you, and I should have been a fool if I hadn't. I've let you alone out of work-hours, and I've not grudged you your sprees when they didn't stand in my way. I've done the square thing by you, and I've done it by myself. Th' places I've built let no water in, and I let 'em to you as easy as I could and make no loss. I didn't build them for benevolent purposes, but I've

not heard one of you chaps complain of 'em yet. I've given you your due and stood by you, and I'll do it again, by ——'

There was a silence, a significant breathless one. 'Have I done it,' he said, 'or haven't I?'

Suddenly the silence was broken. 'Ay,' there was a shout, 'Ay, lad, yo' ha.'

'Them,' he shouted, 'them as Jem Haworth has stood by, let 'em stand by Jem Haworth!'

And he struck his big fist upon his open palm with a fierce blow, and stood there before them breathing hard. He had the best metal on his side somehow, and the best metal carried the day. . . .

'But what about th' Union?' said a timorous voice in the rear. 'There'll be trouble with th' Union as sure as we stand, Mester.'

Haworth made a movement none of them understood. He put his hand behind him, and drew from his pocket an object which caused every man of them to give a little start and gasp. They were used to simple and always convenient modes of defence. The little object he produced would not have startled an American, but it startled a Lancashire audience. It was of shining steel and rosewood, and its bright barrels glittered significantly. He held it out and patted it lightly, with a terrible lightness. 'That's for the Union, lads,' he said. 'And more like it.' A few of the black sheep moved restlessly and with manifest tremor. This was a new aspect of affairs. One of them suddenly cried out with much feebleness: 'Th—three cheers for Haworth!'

'Let the chaps as are on the other side go to their lot now,' said Haworth. No one moved.

The scene ends with frantic acclamations in Haworth's favour, and an intimation from him that next day 'there will be papers posted up writ with Jem Haworth's hand, and signed with his name.' These papers run as follows:—

Haworth's lads will stand by him. The chaps that have aught to say against this, let them remember that to every man there's six barrels well-loaded, and to Jim Haworth twelve.

We cannot help asking what the law would have said to this heroic expedient, and whether the trades unions would have accepted it quietly and with alarmed humility, as they seem to have done. Unless the author goes upon fact, which is the only thing which is permitted to defy probability, she makes here much too great a claim upon the faith of the reader. Even in America we doubt whether such a direct appeal to the argument of fire-arms would be possible, for, so far as we are informed, revolvers do not flourish in the neighbourhood of great industries any more on the one side of the Atlantic than the other. Bowie knives and pistols, however unanswerable in discussion, are incompatible with trade.

The revolver is very much more out of accord with the character of the arrogant and overbearing workman-master than is the scheme to avenge himself on Murdoch, who is, he thinks, his successful rival in the affections of the siren Rachel Ffrench, by stirring up the 'hands' to destroy his machine. The unscrupulousness of the rude, impulsive nature, bent both for good and ill upon its own ends,

incapable of defeat, and indifferent to the character of the means it adopts, may be permitted to stoop to the meanness of revenge, as to many other equivocal methods of pushing its way in the earlier stage, without disgusting or revolting us, as a higher type of man would do; and Mrs. Burnett has seized the true spirit of this powerful elementary development of human nature, by making him interpose at once to save his rival at the expense of his own tools, as soon as he has satisfied himself that the rival is no more happy than himself—his hostility being no sentimental hatred, but only a firm determination to let no one stand in his way. How Haworth is scorned by the siren, and ruined by her father, but saved from destruction by the same means which has made a spring of sweetness in his life throughout, his humble and simple mother, we advise the reader to see for himself. The picture is not a perfect one, but yet there is genuine power and pathos in it.

Murdoch, the more virtuous hero, has also an impassioned love story, full of encouragement never accorded to his rival, but ending in yet bitterer and more complete disappointment; but neither he nor the lady are attractive. The background, however, of the workmen and their families, the talk of both men and women, the confused garrulity of the public-house conferences, and the incisive comments of the wives, are often very amusing, and have a wonderful air of truth. The Briarley family, of which we hear most, is pure Lancashire. Janey, the little elder sister of twelve, struggling about the world in her mother's big shawl, nursing all the babies, fishing her father out of the public-house, with her precocious knowledge of all the troubles of life and mature sense and philosophy, is an admirable study. We are a little puzzled to understand how a young man of Murdoch's aspiring kind could have come to be on terms of such intimate and equal friendship with this quaint little personage—for their alliance is quite serious, not humorous, like Mr. Dick Swiveller's comradeship with the Marchioness; but Janey is delightful, racy of the soil, and thoughtful, as only a child of such experiences can be. Here is her own statement of some of the difficulties which surround her, made when she is discovered—to use a theatrical phrase—resting from the Saturday cleaning, with a pious book from the Sunday School library in her hands, and her person enveloped in an apron too big for her.

'We've bin havin' trouble lately,' she said. 'Eh! but I've seed a lot o' trouble i' my day.'

'What is the trouble now?' Murdoch asked.

'Feyther. It's allus him. He's gotten in wi' a bad lot, an' he's drinking again. Seems loike neyther mother nor me can keep him straight, fur aw we told him Haworth 'll turn him off. Haworth's not going to stand his drink, an' th' lot he goes wi'. I would na stand it mysen.'

'What lot does he go with?'

'Eh!' impatiently, 'a lot o' foo's as stands round the publics and grumbles at th' mesters and th' wages they get. An' feyther's one of these soft uns as believes aw they hears, and hasna gotten gumption to think fur hissen. I've looked after him ivver sin' I wur three.'

She became even garrulous in her lack of patience, and was in full flow when her mother entered, returning from the chapel, with a fagged face and a large baby on her hip.

'Here, tak' him, Jane Ann,' she said, 'but tak' off thy apron first, or tha'll tumble ower it.'

The father thus carefully watched over is scarcely less amusing; but we cannot afford further space to the family, which has a melodramatic element in the form of a bad old great-grandmother, whose maunderings as to the time when she 'wur a hansom lass, seventy year ago,' are complicated by some inexplicable connection with the wicked enchantress of the tale. Melodrama is out of place in Lancashire. Mrs. Bennett would do a great deal better to keep to the Briarleys and Haworths, and eschew the wicked-romantic altogether.

We do not pretend to pay this lady the compliment of comparing her with Dr. George Macdonald, though her sketch of homely Lancashire leads us naturally to the beautiful but unequal book[2] in which he gives us another picture of that much-loved northern district which is the home of his affections, and which he has expounded in fiction as few counties have had the luck to be expounded. Dr. Macdonald's Aberdeenshire is, however, a country much nearer heaven than, with all respect to its sturdy and intelligent population, we can believe the real district to be. 'Sir Gibbie,' it is almost needless to say, contains a great deal which to the matter-of-fact reader will seem entirely fanciful and unreal, not to say fantastic; but it is not for persons of this description that our gentle prophet delivers out of the fountain of beautiful thought and tender sentiment which is in him so many visionary presentations of that ideal which, fanciful or not, is surely better worth contemplating than the dreary pictures of universal deception, and evil meaning and motive, which are called realistic in the jargon of the moment. Dr. Macdonald, let us confess it, now and then tries us sorely. His footman-marquis, Malcolm, was often more than flesh and blood could put up with; and all the workings out of poetic justice with which that superlative young judge of Israel set right the mistakes of Providence required a robust interest and faith. But in the first volume, nay, we may say, the first two volumes, of 'Sir Gibbie,' he has returned to the most delightful inspirations of his genius, and produced as lovely and tender a picture of childhood and nature as has ever been set before a public not always able to understand or appreciate the absolute goodness and moral beauty in which Dr. Macdonald believes. Let us be thankful that, in an age much more credulous of evil than of good, there is at least one man, and he a true poet, with an admirable gift of expounding the faith that is in him, who believes in goodness without doubt or question, and to whom the highest ideal never appears unrealisable. He

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[2] *Sir Gibbie.* By George Macdonald, LL.D. London: Hurst & Blackett.

has his weaknesses like other men. He has a pleasure, sometimes slightly perverse, in using the small things of the world to confound the great—for which we acknowledge he has the highest authority —and there never was a calendar of such saints as those he finds by Dee-side, and up among the northern hills, though the district is supposed by the rest of Scotland to possess an unusual amount of that harsh good sense and calculating prudence which are considered the distinguishing characteristics of the Scotch nation. Dr. Macdonald, however, does not maintain this optimism weakly, but boldly avows his faith in it as the truest thing of human life.

'If anyone thinks I am unfaithful to human fact, and overcharge the description of this child, I on my side doubt the extent of the experience of that man or woman,' he says. 'I admit the child a rarity, but a rarity in the right direction, and therefore a being with whom humanity has the greater need to be acquainted. I admit that the best things are the commonest, but the highest types and the best combinations of them are the rarest. There is more love in the world than anything else, for instance; but the best love and the individual in whom love is supreme are the rarest of all things. That for which humanity has the strongest claim upon its workmen is the representation of its own best; but the loudest demand of the present day is for the representation of that grade of humanity of which men see the most—that type of things that could never have been but that it might pass. The demand marks the commonness, narrowness, and low-levelled satisfaction of the age. It loves its own—not that which might be, and ought to be its own—not its better self infinitely higher than its present, for the sake of whose approach it exists. . . . But whatever the demand of the age, I insist that that which ought to be presented to its beholding is the common good uncommonly developed, and that not because of its rarity, but because it is true to humanity. Shall I admit those conditions, those facts, to be true exponents of humanity which, except they be changed, purified or abandoned, must soon cause that humanity to cease from its very name, must destroy its very being? To make the admission would be to assert that a house might be divided against itself, and yet stand. It is the noble, not the failure from the noble, that is the true human; and if I must show the failure, let it ever be with an eye to the final possible yet imperative success. But in our day a man who will accept any oddity of idiosyncratic development in manners, tastes, or habits, will refuse, not only as improbable, but as inconsistent with human nature, the representation of a man trying to be merely as noble as is absolutely essential to his being—except, indeed, he be at the same time represented as failing utterly in the attempt, and compelled to fall back upon the imperfections of humanity and acknowledge them as its laws. Its improbability, judged by the experience of most men, I admit: its unreality in fact I deny: and its absolute unity with the true idea of humanity I believe and assert.'

With this opinion so boldly stated and uncompromisingly carried out, we feel it somewhat odd that in the same breath with which we accuse Dr. Macdonald of optimism, and of an almost impossible elevation of moral sentiment in his favourite characters, we should also reproach him with the entirely contrary fault of unjust severity

to those types of character which he does not love. While he makes his heroes superior to all mankind, he shapes his anti-heroes, the personages who act as foils to their excellence, in the meanest moulds, recognising, as would appear, no intermediate ground between the magnanimous and the base. Thus, while his shepherd lad is of the loftiest character, his farmer's son, though he is permitted to develop into a popular preacher, is invariably contemptible. He is a poor, crawling creature, capable of any pettiness, vulgar to the core, and as inhuman in his hopeless meanness as the other is in his virtue. The same fault runs through almost all the ordinary people in Dr. Macdonald's books. The gamekeeper is a monster of cruelty, the laird a miracle of severe folly; Fergus Duff, to whom we have referred above, as poor a cur as ever was invested with human shape; and even the minister a vulgar and foolish person, seeking his own ends. So it has been through Dr. Macdonald's earlier novels. The personages with whom he surrounds and contrasts his blameless heroes are not even of ordinary mould, and mingled good and evil, but miserable natures not worth the moral powder and shot which these impersonations of virtue lavish upon them in the book before us. We are almost driven to take the part of Fergus Duff, so pitilessly is he belaboured by the too excellent Donal, with a consciousness of superior virtue, which is the last thing we can tolerate in a hero. The wicked person is not left a leg, nay not even a toe, to stand upon. He is helplessly beaten in logic, in morals, on every ground upon which a man may make a stand, and there is a mixture of scorn in the arguments of the conqueror which is, of all things in the world, the least becoming sentiment which could be entertained by personages so exalted. Is it impossible to be better than one's neighbours without feeling it to the bottom of one's heart, one wonders? Donal is delightful so long as he is a herd-boy, reading all manner of books on the hillside while he takes care of his cattle. Even then, it is true, he has a precocious power of criticism and erudition in poetry which strike us with dismayed astonishment. But when he grows up to be a man, and opposes his former patron with so much mockery and logic, our heart relinquishes Donal. He becomes a prig—a character which is not, whoever says to the contrary, in the way of salvation. Dr. Macdonald should remember that in the poet's classification of the higher sentiments, the 'scorn of scorn' is placed alongside of the 'love of love.' But even dumb Sir Gibbie flouts the discomfited Fergus, and all the best people exchange glances of amiable contempt and superior knowledge when the poor wretch commits himself in speech and betrays his superficial character and the smallness of his ideas. That fine love for every human creature, which, we are told, is the very foundation of their characters, fails as soon as they are set face to face with any well-to-do and ostensibly educated Philistine. Now, as a matter of fact, a popular preacher is a man and a brother as well as a negro slave, though it may be less easy to feel towards him in a brotherly way; and a lady in a drawing-

room is not necessarily less estimable than a countrywoman in a thatched cottage. In this point, however, Dr. Macdonald invariably fails. Neither does he seem to appreciate the melancholy but highly dramatic agency of failure in the moral as well as the material world. Gibbie's father, indeed, is a very pathetic example of the dreariest kind of human downfall; but the saintly Janet, in her hillside cot, who is the poor child's second mother, is so entirely successful in her goodness, that we are tempted to ask with the deceiver of old, 'Does Job serve God for nought?' Her six children are all perfectly good men and women, her foster-child is next to an angel; her prayers are answered, her heart is satisfied. Everything goes well (morally) with the household. We doubt whether, seen from Dr. Macdonald's own point of view, this is to be looked for; and we are very sure, from the point of view of human experience, that it is highly improbable. On the whole our author has a strong tendency to make everything thrive with his ideal personages: they not only see God, but they inherit the earth, and happiness comes to them through the most legitimate channels, not only from within but from without. Now and then, to be sure, a misfortune happens—as when two spotless souls fall in love with one poetic maiden. Both, it is evident, cannot have her; but there is always a compensation in one shape or other provided for him who must fail. These discrepancies we point out with friendly candour, but not with any presumption of knowing better. For, indeed, Dr. Macdonald has a very good right to his own opinion. We bow to Shakespeare's seaport in Bohemia, with a sense that there is no saying what may have happened to change the face of the earth since the days of great Elizabeth, and that anyhow our poet is of weightier authority than many geographers; and though the novelist is no Shakespeare, he too, no doubt, knows many things that are not thought of in our philosophy. Still these are weak points which might be worthy his attention. Sir Gibbie does a great deal of providential business in the third volume, and everything goes well with him, but there our interest ceases and our pleasure in the book.

The first part of the history, however, is a poem. The little bright-faced child to whom we are introduced in the first chapter wandering about the Aberdeen streets ragged and hungry, but with the happiest contented heart in the little bosom which has scarcely a needful garment to cover it, is one of Dr. Macdonald's happiest creations. He is, if not a beggar—for Gibbie only accepts, never asks for anything—yet as near it as it is possible to be, the son of a drunken shoemaker, whose vice, with a heavenly alchemy which is less unusual than it seems, has developed in the child's soul the pitying service of an angel, not only to the unhappy father, whom he guides home every evening from the tavern, but after his death to others in like condition. Gibbie, however, is helpful to everybody. His gift for finding things which are lost is half miraculous, and his watchful, silent, smiling observation of the wants of all with whom he comes in contact is set before us with the happiest art. The silence

indeed with which the child is surrounded, like a limpid, noiseless atmosphere, is one of the most effective features in the picture, and the reader is so fascinated by the pure and visionary little being in his rags and external roughnesses, that it is only after a considerable interval, and when he has grown thoroughly acquainted with Gibbie, that he begins to ask himself what is the cause of this silence? We wonder if Dr. Macdonald is quite sure of his facts on this point, and if it is possible for a creature who is all ear and hears everything to be dumb? But once more, what does it matter? Sir Gibbie *is* dumb, and there is an end of it: we are ready to swear to every particular of his being, whether it is possible or not. Though he is a child of the streets, he is in all reality Sir Gilbert Galbraith, an actual baronet and descendant of an old family, the last of whom was legally Sir George, though nothing better, as we have said, than a drunken shoemaker and lost soul. When the child flies from the town, which is all the world he knows, in horror of the crime which he has seen committed, he wanders 'up Daurside,' in obedience to words which he had vaguely caught from his father's lips, and is thus brought into the district to which his family belonged, and the very land which his ancestors had lost. The wanderings of the destitute, homeless, speechless boy are more pretty and pathetic than anything we have seen for a long time—mixed, too, with a tender humour which is captivating. Here is an account of the first night of his pilgrimage, and the good Samaritan who sheltered him:—

At length the air began to grow dusk; then first fears of darkness, to Gibbie utterly unknown before, and only born of the preceding night, began to make him aware of their existence in the human world. They seemed to rise up from his lonely heart, they seemed to descend upon him out of the thickening air, they seem to catch at his breath, and gather behind him as he went. But happily, before it was quite dark, and while yet he could distinguish between objects, he came to the gate of a farmhouse; it wakened in him the hope of finding some place where he could sleep warmer than in the road, and he clambered over it. . . . But just as he had entered the shed, he spied at the further corner of it outside, a wooden structure like a small house, and through the arched door of it saw the floor covered with nice-looking straw. He suspected it to be a dog's kennel, and presently the chain lying beside it with a collar satisfied him that it was. The dog was absent, and it looked altogether enticing. He crept in, got under as much of the straw as he could heap over him, and fell fast asleep. In a few minutes as it seemed to him he was roused by the great voice of a dog in conversation with a boy: the boy seemed by the sound of the chain to be fastening the collar on the dog's neck, and presently left him. The dog which had been on the rampage the whole afternoon, immediately turned to creep in, and rest till supper time, presenting to Gibbie, who had drawn himself up at the back of the kennel, the intelligent countenance of a large Newfoundland. Now, Gibbie had been honoured with the acquaintance of many dogs, and the friendship of most of them, for a lover of humanity can hardly fail to be a lover of caninity. Even among dogs, however, there are ungracious individuals, and Gibbie had once or twice been bitten by quad-

rupedal worshippers of the respectable. Hence with the sight of the owner of the dwelling, it dawned upon him that he must be startled to find a stranger in his house, and might, regarding him as an intruder rather than a guest, worry him before he had time to explain himself. He darted forward therefore to get out, but had scarcely reached the door when the dog put in his nose ready to follow with all he was and had. Gibbie thereupon began a loud barking, as much as to say, 'Here I am; please do nothing without consideration.' The dog started back in extreme astonishment, his ears erect, and a keen look of question on his sagacious visage. What strange animal, speaking like, yet so unlike, an orthodox dog could have got into his very chamber? Gibbie, amused at the dog's fright, and assured by his looks that he was both a good-natured and reasonable animal, burst into a fit of merry laughter as loud as his previous barking and much more musical. The dog evidently liked it better, and took it as a challenge to play: after a series of sharp bursts of barking, his eyes flashing straight in at the door, and his ears lifted up like two plumes on the top of them, he darted into the kennel and began poking his nose into the visitor. Gibbie fell to patting and kissing and hugging him, as if had been a human—as who can tell but he was?—glad of any companion that belonged to the region of the light; and they were friends at once. Mankind had disappointed him, but here was a dog! . . . Both were tired, however, for both had been active that day, and a few minutes of wrestling and endearment, to which perhaps the narrowness of their play-bounds gave a speedier conclusion, contented both; after which they lay down side by side in peace, Gibbie with his head on the dog's back, and the dog every now and then turning his head over his shoulder to lick Gibbie's face.

Many other adventures had the little wanderer. A child adrift upon the world, so innocent, so helpless, so great a stranger in the world, filled with so many wonders and wistfulnesses, terrors of nothing, and angelic unconsciousness of real dangers, is always charming to the imagination. But in most cases the terrors and tremblings of the homeless creature have been the chief points in the story. Gibbie, however, is no lost and desolate child out of a secure home, but a little vagrant used to shifting for himself, and oppressed by no doubts of his fellow-creatures, and the tale is at once more touching and more merry than that of any little Copperfield or nursery hero. The instinct of help and kindness in him which makes him steal into the farm kitchen in the early morning, and do all the work which he has watched the mistress of the house doing, through a hole in the ceiling from where he lies in the barn, is mingled with an infantine mischievous pleasure in the mystery which makes the poor little brownie (as after a while he is supposed to be) quite happy. And he is perfectly at home in his barn, where he lies among the chaff, paying for his lodging by all manner of elfish services, and making friends with the great white horse and all the animals that cannot betray him. His encounter with the herd-boy Donal in the fields, and instant help with the cattle, one self-willed personage among which presumes upon Donal's absorption in his book to get into the green corn, gives us a series of beautiful outdoor scenes full of the freshest northern air and sunshine, and something more ethereal still; for the

sturdy shepherd lad with his books, and the ragged smiling celestial little vagabond, are such a pair as few hillsides could produce. Donal shares his dinner of 'cakes,' the natural food of his kind, oatmeal cakes (as Dr. Macdonald is careful to explain—though we think we could mend his description of the food in question) with his volunteer assistant, and awakes the soul within him by reading ballads to the, at first, wholly uncomprehending, yet pleased and interested child. The tender fun which mingles with the poetry of their meetings, the quaintness of the intercourse, the beauty of the scene, the homely herd-boy with his head in the clouds, the opening intelligence of the child, all wistful and wondering, and even the wilfulness of Hornie, the corn-loving cow, upon whom, in their highest musings, each of the friends keeps a watchful eye, are all delightful. This episode of Gibbie's life, however, ends almost tragically in a brutal whipping administered by the savage gamekeeper, by the orders of the tyrannical laird, and with the concurrence of the farmer's student-son Fergus, all emblems of the evil one in Dr. Macdonald's eyes. Gibbie, escaping from these cruel hands with a rush which deprives him of his last garment, flies naked, and marked with cruel stripes, up the hill, until he comes to the little cot high up the mountain side, which he had once before visited in his wanderings, and where the father and mother of Donal, the author's highest types of holiness and rustic purity, live their devout and simple life far above the world and all its evils. Janet, sitting with her Bible after her work is done, sees the naked child with two bleeding marks making a cross upon his little white body, suddenly appear at her open door, and rises, like St. Catherine, or St. Elizabeth, or any other mediæval woman to whom their Master himself appeared in the form of the leper or the beggar whom they succoured. 'Could it be that the Lord was still, child and man, suffering and bleeding for his race, to deliver his brothers and sisters from their sins—wandering, enduring, beaten, blessing still?' is the thought of awe that passes through her mind. Anyhow, he was one of those 'least of these my brethren,' in whom the universal Brother is fed and solaced. She takes in the injured uncomplaining child into the little home of godliness and peace. And here ends as beautiful an idyll of child-life as was ever written. We do not know where to lay our hand upon any parallel. It is more ethereal, more poetic, more tender, sweet, and harmonious than anything that has been put into print for many a day.

We do not care so much for Sir Gibbie in his after development. It is difficult to keep such a child from becoming a prodigy. He is too clever, too strong, too full of resource, too universally capable. His exertions during the spate, which is very powerfully described, are all but miraculous. Also Sir Gibbie is far too much in the foreground, and is too great and good altogether, to leave any room for a heroine, the consequence being that we have a very poor little shadow brought in in that capacity, whom the author sets up as, but does not prove to be, a model of all the virtues. Dr. Macdonald is not strong in 'genteel' life. He

scorns too much, we think, the capacities and opportunities of ladies and gentlemen. We for our part are more worldly minded, and we feel that if *our* nursemaid led her young charge, a girl on the verge of womanhood, into intimate intercourse with her brother the herd, we should be disposed, regardless of all the spiritual benefit which the young lady might derive from Donal's poetry and teaching, to follow Mr. Galbraith's example, and dismiss the young woman summarily. Nor are matters mended when Sir Gibbie regains the position from which his family had fallen, and, becoming in verity Sir Gilbert Galbraith of Glashruach, becomes at the same time the providence of his native town, and his hereditary country side. It is hard to cut down the angelic child into the ordinary proportions of a Scotch laird, however benevolent and nobleminded, and long before Sir Gibbie is married and settled, and has made everybody happy, we have lost our interest in him. Donal, too, suffers unspeakably from his transference to Aberdeen as a student and rapid acquirement of all learning. He becomes, if we may venture to say it, somewhat vulgar and self-assertive, and in particular, as we have already said, treats Fergus Duff, his early aid to the first steps of knowledge, with a sort of scornful and braggard superiority which is very distasteful. But Donal and Gibbie on the hillside are a very different matter, and the first half of the book is of rare and exquisite excellence. It is Dr. Macdonald's own fault if he pitches his key-note so high that it becomes difficult, almost impossible, to keep up to it. It must, however, be more or less so, we suppose, in every book that begins with childhood, for the full-blown flower cannot be permitted in art to be, though it most generally is, inferior to the bud.

From the highest level of fiction, to which the book we have been discussing often attains, and which it always aims at, to the lowest deep of fatuous impertinence,[3] we drop when, putting down 'Sir Gibbie,' we lay our hand upon such a piece of flippant plagiarism as the worthless book entitled 'My Lady Greensleeves.' To treat such a production as a book at all seems derogatory to the very name of literature: still, as it is in the orthodox three volumes, and bears the name of a respectable publisher, it will no doubt find its way into the stores of those irresponsible agencies, the circulating libraries, and thus be forced into the hands of the gentle reader, who, we trust, of his own accord, would never choose to encourage the pernicious and unlovely manufacture of which it is a specimen. Miss Rhoda Broughton, not herself a heroic professor of the art of fiction, produced some years ago a book called 'Nancy,' in which, if we remember rightly, there was less than usual of the 'go' and spirit with which she generally carries her readers through a good deal that is objectionable, and much more than usual of the vulgarity which seems inseparable from 'fast' novels. We do not doubt that she has deeply repented of this unfortunate production, for this is the second

[3] *My Lady Greensleeves.* By Helen Mathers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

time that Miss Mathers, not to speak of other copyists, has held the mirror up, if not to nature, at least to her literary superior, and showed her the fatal imperfections of her art. Imitation, it is said, is the sincerest flattery; but it is something more, it is the most appalling criticism. We trust benevolently that it may do Miss Broughton—who has plenty of power if her taste could be corrected and improved—good to behold what her imitator has made of it. By way, we suppose, of adding a little piquancy to the second *réchauffé* of the uproarious half-starved nursery party, Miss Mathers has been pleased to invent a ludicrous succession of stepmothers and stepfathers for her disagreeable group of children; and, not content with one plagiarism, she has borrowed a story from another novelist, and dressed up her vapouring and feminine hero at second-hand in the unhappy passion, and cruel deception, belonging of right to 'George Geith, of Fen Court,' which is one of Mrs. Riddell's most powerful novels. Perhaps it is in sheer contempt for the art which she imitates, that the inferior workwoman feels herself at liberty to borrow in this shameless way, believing that the public must have forgotten everything that has been published for a few years, as it will inevitably forget (or at least so we trust) her own undesirable attempts. So the *soi-disant* artist who could copy a picture in cut paper might be almost excused for believing that Mr. Millais's 'Huguenot,' for example, would be forgotten before his copy of it appeared. It is monstrous, however, that the advertisement sheets should be filled, as we have seen them for days together, with the announcement of this rubbish; and that no innocent subscriber to Mr. Mudie's should be safe from finding a copy of 'My Lady Greensleeves' in his box. The poor copyist in the sister arts has no such advantages offered to him. No picture dealer thinks of exhibiting his daub on the same line, or even in the same room, as the Millais or Leightons. Miss Helen Mathers, however, takes up just as much room in the advertising columns of the newspapers as George Eliot. The literary journals review her productions in notices which, if little flattering, are two or three columns long. An ignorant person has no way of knowing that she is not quite as worthy of consideration as any of her contemporaries. It may be said that we ourselves follow this example, and give her as much of our space as if she deserved it: but this is by way of energetic protest against her and all her kind.

We must, however, in the interests of another kind of literature make a passing remark upon the astounding erudition, the conversations exhaustive of all learning, which are to be found in this last manifestation of fiction *postiche*. 'Yes,' says a young man at a dinner party, 'the people here remind me of what Empedocles said of the Agrigentines, that they built as if they were to live for ever, and feasted as if they were to die to-morrow.' The author of this light and easy remark is a youth avowedly without any education, who has just presented himself for the first time in society at the house of a sister who has made a fine marriage, and hopes to help her brother

to the same good fortune. But quotations, like reading and writing, come by nature, and the young lady whom he takes down to dinner is quite equal to the occasion. Her name is Florizel, and Mr. Dick compliments her on being 'named after one of Shakespeare's *heroines*;' his knowledge of the national poet not being equal evidently to his classic proficiency. Lady Florizel is equally unconscious of this slip, but she soon lets him see that she, too, if unacquainted with Shakespeare, is a well-read person:—

'I think' (she says, describing a person at table) 'Gil Blas must have had him in his mind when he described a man whose wit shone at the expense of his memory. I often feel tempted to call out at one of his stories, "An old sixty!" as people did in Philip of Macedon's time when anything borrowed was passed off as original.'

'They managed things better in Rome,' I say, laughing, 'where the citizens used to take out their slaves to evening parties to jest for them, and at every shout of laughter provoked by them assumed an air of modesty as if they had said all the good things themselves—it must have saved them a lot of trouble.'

'But rather hard lines on the jesters, or flies, as Plautus calls them; for they were soundly beaten if they failed to amuse, and got their pates cracked if they didn't crack jokes to their owner's liking.'

'All that is to be altered soon,' I say seriously, 'and the laziest people will shine by no exertion of their own, according to the state of things imagined by a certain ingenious and scientific poet, in which we consist of an *internal* body and an *external* soul.'

'There would in most cases be more within than without,' says Florizel; 'but about laughter—I envy anyone who has the power of making others laugh. It is a great gift. Rabelais remarks——'

Now, we ask with consternation, *is* it the handbooks that are responsible for all this? Ancient Classics, Foreign Classics, and all the rest, is this the final end of them? Empedocles and the Agrigentines, Plautus and Rabelais, all hashed up to show the world how much in these days a lady may get to know, without being very sure of the rules of her own language, or possessing any acquaintance to speak of either with nature or art. We remember that we were warned of the possibility of this, we think, by our clever contemporary in the 'Saturday Review;' but it is sad to see how soon and how completely the prognostication of that amiable and charming writer has come to pass.

'Lady Greensleeves' is not worthy in itself of any consideration, but it is a 'caution,' as the Americans say. If any young lady after this thinks that she can write books as well as Miss Rhoda Broughton, let her pause and contemplate the effect of other attempts. Novel writing, after all, is not so easy as it looks. You may imagine, our dear young friends, that any fool can do it, and there is little doubt that on the face of the matter you may seem to have some reason for your faith; but if you will believe us, it is merely seeming. A modest young woman, be very sure, will find it highly disagreeable to provoke such remarks as those we find ourselves

constrained to make. She will not like to be told that she is bringing the art of fiction into derision, and giving occasion for the adversary to blaspheme. We ourselves are not of those who think it needful to discharge a spiteful little arrow at the lady-novelist on every occasion when a silly booklet has to be done justice to; but there are a great many—and especially all the gentlemen of the newspapers—who do. Therefore forbear! We do not hope to deter Miss Helen Mathers from further exercise of her faculty and display of her learning; but we hope we may be able to dissuade some new adventurer from the same perilous enterprise.

Very different from the unlovely performance which has occupied our attention too long, are the two charming stories, feminine in the right sense of the word, which we owe to Mrs. Walford and Miss Craik.[4] The first of these is totally occupied by love, to the exclusion of all other interests, and though we think this is a mistake, we are aware that it will sound like the highest praise to many, and that few better ways could be devised of sending readers to the book itself; in which, though there is not very much more, there is a manly and ardent lover and a fresh and fascinating girl—two people whose loves indeed would seem the most facile and reasonable possible, and the match one which would please everybody, but for the well-worn maxim about the course of true love, and perhaps the necessity of making the orthodox three volumes out of scanty materials. The Indian colonel, the hero of the story, falls in love with the youngest of his three cousins instead of the eldest, whom everybody thinks much more appropriate; but there is no harm in that, for the eldest is not desirous of wedding the colonel, and is a thoroughly well-disposed, well-principled young woman, quite unlikely to make any fuss about it. The trouble has to be invented in a somewhat clumsy way, by making the colonel's letter of proposal, addressed to the father of the young ladies, so vague in its wording that Sir John and all his family take it to mean Agatha and not Hetty, whence there arise a great many threatenings of broken hearts and one real calamity. The railway accident which gives a climax to all the miseries of the moment is very well described, but there is a too painful reality in the event, and we cannot but think that the author might have managed her re-arrangement of the confused threads of her story at less cost than the life of Jem, one of the best sketches of character in the book. What a waste of life there is in novels! Railway accidents are bad enough in themselves, but we doubt if any ever took away a life more undeservedly, more unnecessarily, than Mrs. Walford does in this. Had he but been injured, though even that would have been hard upon him, we could have forgiven it; but why should Jem die merely to convince the hesitating and unhappy lover that he cannot marry one woman for the sake of honour while

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[4] *Cousins.* By L. B. Walford. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.
Dorcas. By Georgiana Craik. London: Hurst & Blackett.

he loves another? We strenuously protest against all such vicarious sacrifices. It is bad enough when they are consciously made by some voluntary victim or other; but by a mere touch of the wand of fiction to have a nice young fellow killed whom we have grown fond of, merely to deliver out of a muddle into which they have thrust themselves, a pair of idiotic lovers, is intolerable. Such *coups de théâtre* may happen occasionally in real life, for fact has a wonderful contempt for the balance of events; but everywhere else it offends us. Nor is it any answer to say that the end desired could not have been accomplished in any other way—for what in that case is the use of the novelist, who has everything in his, or her, hands? The confusion and tragic stupefaction of a great accident is, we think, too near ourselves—too possible, too terrible, and recalling to many too recent and awful recollections, to be treated in fiction at all. And when the end to be attained is nothing more important than throwing two persons temporarily estranged together, and permitting a man who is betrothed to one woman to 'gather' another into his arms and convey her thus out of the scene of danger, both art and nature are outraged. Poor Jem! he was the best of them, and we cannot but regard his uncalled-for fate with natural indignation. We think we remember that the same author has already made use of railway accidents in her productions. But this is far too cheap and easy a way of getting rid of difficulties, of cutting the knot of a difficult problem, or bringing about a sudden catastrophe. The domain of the novelist is nature under its ordinary rules; not fact, which is often quite irreconcilable with life. We allow that an accident is possible enough: still it has an undesirable suddenness, and is, however real, an artificial incident. There are some cases, perhaps, in which the interest is so highly wrought that such an expedient might be admissible, but these are very rare; and in the present case we do not feel half enough interest in Simon and Hetty to be ready to sacrifice anyone, much less a favourite, to the necessity of their reunion.

On the other hand, Sir John is an admirable representative of that class of Sir Johns which flourishes in fiction: the honest, blundering, prejudiced baronet, of disjointed talk and simple mind, who is under the sway of his family in most things, and yet is never to be calculated upon and demands continuous skill of management. His wife also, a timid woman, yet most sympathetic and comprehending mother, is very delicately drawn; and so is that little commotion of family life in which every individual has his part and well recognised *rôle*, yet where everything is discussed and weighed by each member in a communion of interest and feeling which is never attainable save in this development of large family life. The universal mutual criticism, yet loyal hanging together of the household, is very well set before us, though always in subjection to the interests of the lovers who occupy so powerful a place.

'Dorcas' is a double story. The first volume is occupied with the loves, if loves they can be called, of a recluse scholar, and the pretty niece of his housekeeper, who, received into his family in

extreme youth, becomes insensibly the plaything and handmaiden of the master, who means no harm, and likes her pretty ways, until this easy episode ends in adoring love on the part of the girl and an evil report on that of the village public, when the scholar, half in indignation, half in affection, marries the pretty devoted creature, who thinks of nothing less than supremest happiness in such an unlooked-for triumph, but gets, as may be divined, a fate much less sweet—a life of painful neglect and disappointment. Dorcas is the daughter of the hapless pair, and grows up a high-spirited, proud, and somewhat lonely girl, not, as might be expected, making up to the humble mother for her isolation, but altogether attaching herself from her earliest years to her father, and inflicting a still deeper disappointment upon the woman who has already suffered so much. It is, we need scarcely say, the love-tale of Dorcas herself which fills the greater part of the book; but the most touching figure in it is that of Letty, the poor little wife, who has thought to gain paradise itself in marrying the kind and gracious gentleman who is so good to her, but who has scarcely returned to her home on her marriage day when her troubles begin. The bewildered, melancholy little figure, half comprehending only the position into which circumstances and a mistaken impulse of kindness have thrown her, her heart protesting meekly, her judgment meekly accepting the hard lot which once appeared so blessed, is very pathetic and touching; yet the situation is so well managed that we do not resent the preference of Dorcas for her refined and gentle father, even while giving all our sympathy to the wistful mother in the background, who has to resign this consolation also. It is seldom that we find, without any special power of portraiture, a human dilemma so delicately touched. For indeed it is evident from the beginning that the matter is hopeless. Mr. Trelawney (though he permits an amount of caressing which is slightly out of character) is a fastidious scholar, and poor Letty has no cleverness to enable her to acquire the education which he soon wearies of attempting to bestow; and there never has been, except on her side, any love to soften difficulties or make the combination practicable. There is nothing wrong on either side. He is not more impatient than is inevitable; and her foolish, helpless appeals to him get quenched by time, which forces some experience and power of judging upon her; but nothing can make the ill-mated pair suitable to each other, and they have to accept the consequences of what they have done as they best may. Miss Craik does not make them wretched—for they are good people meaning well on both sides—but she shows with both grace and feeling the profound disappointment and discouragement and faithful love of the one, with the forbearance and real kindness and dull pang of weariness in the other, out of which there is no escape, as there is no fault, but only a generous mistake in the conjunction which has produced such results. When Dorcas, the delicate, proud, visionary girl finds out at the most sensitive age the fact of her mother's humble origin, the shock is tremendous, and we scarcely

wonder that her first feeling is resentment against the woman who has done her such a wrong. This crisis is also worked out very carefully and with much delicacy of touch, and Letty's explanation and the movement of half-indignant remonstrance with which her gentleness is stirred, makes a better understanding between her and her estranged daughter and cold husband. But poor Letty never has the comfort of that passion of parental love which transforms Trelawney, and at last nearly kills him. Dearly as she loves her child, she is but little more than a spectator of the struggle with which the father consents to the possibility of giving her up to her lover and the new family and duties that claim her. Nature gives the humble wife wisdom to foresee and prepare herself for the severance; but it comes upon the husband like a thunderclap. And in the very last scene of all we are brought back with some skill and power to the two with whom the book begins, and are allowed to see a chance of secondary and doubtful reward falling to the faithful woman,—a possible acceptance of her to fill up the gap, which is perhaps more true to the poor compensations of existence than Miss Craik herself intends it to be.

In almost complete silence Mr. Trelawney and Letty walked home (after their daughter's marriage) across the fields: with something almost like a groan he re-entered his house, and, not speaking to Letty, passed on into his study: but he left the door behind him open, and when he went into the room she followed him—timidly at first, till he turned round and held out his hand to her. They sat down side by side. Presently he laid his head on her breast, and for the first time during all the years that they had been man and wife, he called to her for help. 'We must bear this together, and I am very weak. You are the strongest, Letty: you must hold me up,' he said.

The love-story of Dorcas herself is very prettily managed, but this the reader must investigate on his own account.

We have not the least idea what to make of 'The Ambassador Extraordinary.'[5] It has already given rise to all sorts of guesses in the papers, and one at least of our weekly contemporaries has concluded Viscount Malign, the bearer of this mysterious mission, to be intended for no less a personage than the Prince of Evil himself. He is an ambassador from nowhere to nobody specific, but he sees into the hearts of all the people who come near him, and gives them a cold shiver when he approaches them, and exercises over them a mysterious fascination. And he has a house furnished and decorated in the most fantastic way, with images of the sinful and vicious, with fountains throwing crimson spray of sickly fragrance, and wreaths of withered flowers. 'Evil, be thou my God!' he would seem to say; and the pet who lives under his chair is a tame puma, a creature not too tame, who shows her teeth on occasions. But with all this the Viscount Malign is not malignant. He tries, indeed, in conspiracy with a Catholic dignitary, and for no particular reason, to disjoin a pair of lovers by making each fall in love with another, but does no further harm, so far as we can see, nor tries

[5] *The Ambassador Extraordinary.* London: Bentley.

to do any harm, and the lovers come together again, and everything goes well. Whether the book is worth the trouble of a serious attempt to solve its mystery we can scarcely say; but, wildly fantastic as it is, it is clever, and in parts very amusing. Master Georgius Oldhousen, F.S.A., the architect, whose object is 'to recover the tone of the old men' in all that he has any hand in, is the most admirable comic sketch, as amusing a picture as we have seen for many a day. He and a famous professor are invited to the house of the Ambassador to see 'a curious antique dish,' to wit, a willow-pattern plate, described with great gravity, and over which the two antiquarians lay their heads, finding Roman construction in the bridge, and traces of the influence of the Moors, and many other fine things, in the kind of learned jargon with which we are all acquainted. Master Georgius, as he calls himself, is commissioned by the Catholic dignitary to build an abbey, and here are a few of his provisions:—

'Perhaps you don't,' he says 'believe in slypes?'

'I remember the slype at my college: a narrow dirty disagreeable passageway: is that what you mean?'

'As for being narrow, that's the primary charm of such a thing; and it ought to be crooked if you can get it.'

'All strait gate, I suppose, and narrow way?'

'Certainly; and as for being dirty, that depends on the weather. The word disagreeable I can't say that I understand. I call our new streets disagreeable, if you like—great wide gaping gullets without a bit of quaintness from end to end: everything seen at such a horrible distance, you know. I wouldn't allow any street to be more, if I had my way, than about seven feet wide; and I would have an angle of forty-five degrees at about every fifty feet.'

'Indeed! and what would become of our carts, carriages, and omnibuses?'

'I wouldn't have any, of course. The old men hadn't such things.'

'Just so. What did you say about a bartizan?'

'A bartizan: well, I shall have several, so as to command my slypes. We provide for pouring down melted lead, you know, from the roofs upon the assailants.'

'What assailants?'

'Why, any assailants—nobody in particular, but anybody that comes. We shall have riots, you know, before long, as the end of all this. (Here Master Georgius drops his glass thoughtfully). The modern spirit of the day will be revolting, reacting, and all sorts of things, before we are able, you know, to stand in the ancient ways—any fool can see that. The passions of the mob, you know, are going to be aroused, and so on, and then we'll pour down melted lead on their heads, you know, and let fly at them with crossbows.'

'Crossbows?'

'Of course: what else would you have?'

The architect throughout is wonderfully amusing. His faith in 'the old men' gets shaken in the end, and we have him mournfully 'going in for Greek' as the real antique, and dreaming of Egypt; but he is always characteristic, and the style of his conversation—large and sweeping and decided—is delightful. The book is worth reading for this character, if for nothing else.

The Cost of a Foreign Policy.

ALL Englishmen mourn Sir Louis Cavagnari and his brave companions. The tidings of such a disaster would have been terrible however long expected. They fell, in fact, upon most English minds like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Conservative spokesmen even on that tragic Saturday which brought the first rumour of the disaster, were reminding the world how all Lord Lawrence's and Lord Northbrook's alarms had been falsified. It had been predicted that an English Mission could not reside in safety at Cabul. The warning, it was declared, had been disproved by facts. The Mission was there, as much at its ease and in peace as if it had been accredited to the Foreign Office of Berlin or Brussels. Sir Louis Cavagnari, we may be assured, was never the dupe of such vain confidence. He had read history and the Afghan nature. He knew that the wolf does not in a moment put on the nature of the lamb. He and they with him who fought their desperate fight on Wednesday, September 3, have earned the honours of men who led a forlorn hope. Their countrymen will not forget them. By the time these lines are read the avengers will be far on their way towards the infliction of retribution on the brutal mob which broke the laws of hospitality, and on the soldiery which murdered strangers because its sovereign had kept back the arrears of its pay. That is a penalty the Afghan and British peoples have to pay in common for the subversion of the traditional relations between them. Afghanistan has to pay one blood fine; Great Britain has paid in part, and has to pay, another.

So much is certain. What is to follow depends on a complex balance of influences and contingencies. British troops will occupy Cabul. Its savages will be taught, though, we hope, with more discrimination than in 1842, the consequences of assassination. But that is only the opening scene of the drama. After exacting punishment for a detestable crime against the law of nations, Oriental as well as Western, General Roberts might march home. That was the course taken when the memories of the Khyber massacre had been obliterated by the second occupation of Cabul. The Indian Government, without surrendering the title to plant a Legation in Afghanistan, might defer indefinitely the exercise of its right. The territorial acquisitions of the Treaty of Gandamak would continue to be ours. We should retain our claim, whatever its worth, to civilize the tribes which surge round each isolated point in our scientific frontier. If that frontier be as scientific as the nation has been told it is, there is no necessity to guard against Russian intrigues at Cabul. Russia

might turn Cabul into an outpost of her own; the strength of the Russian Empire could be safely left to break its teeth on our impregnable lines. That, if anything, ought to be the result of converting India politically into an island. Afghanistan might be suffered to manage its own affairs. It was let do so by Governors-General like Lord Mayo, Lord Lawrence, and Lord Northbrook, whose frontier was still unscientific. The opposite course would be to annex Afghanistan bodily, to incorporate it in British India as the Punjab and Oude were incorporated. The troops which are now engaged in overcoming any show of resistance to our expedition of retaliation would then become a permanent garrison. Yakoob Khan and his principal Barakzai kinsmen would be accorded residences and a revenue on the banks of the Hooghly under the supervision of the Viceroy. That is a programme which the 'Golos' benevolently presses upon the British Government. There is, however, a possible third arrangement in all human affairs. Here the third alternative is something between a transitory demonstration of the British power to avenge the death of British servants, and a confiscation of the offending nationality. The Ameer might become, like the Guikwar, or Holkar, or Scindiah. He would be left the initiative in administering the domestic affairs of his dominions. He might even be permitted, like the present native Indian princes, to levy and command a corps of soldiers. But all his acts would be subject to criticism and censure by the British Government. They could be overruled if deemed dangerous to the welfare of the Empire, of which Afghanistan would then form a part. The Resident at his court would be British Envoy and Afghan Minister in one.

All three courses are beset with obvious difficulties. To occupy and then abandon Cabul would be to disavow the policy which has cost England much already in lives and money, and more in self-respect. By the Treaty of Gandamak Great Britain acquired no title to occupy Cabul materially. But the treaty empowered her to occupy whatever part she pleased of Afghanistan no less effectually. The right for which she stipulated was to dictate the mode in which the Ameer should fashion his relations to other States. That right, however, could be exercised only by a constant supervision directed from the heart of the land. A swift blow struck by a British army at the capital, and then retreat, would be entirely consistent with the Afghan policy of Lord Lawrence, and with the obligation upon Great Britain to the memory of her murdered sons. It would not be consistent with the panic of last autumn at the contingency of a replacement of British influence at Cabul by that of Tashkend. If the Indian Government is to control the foreign policy of the Ameer, it cannot pass over his country like a rushing mighty wind. Where it plants its foot it must stay. The tragedy of the 3rd of September, if it do not prove the original impracticability of what has been called a diplomatic vassalage of Afghanistan, has made it impracticable now. The vassalage, if any, must be more direct. As the

unfortunate Shere Ali, Cassandra-like, warned Lord Lytton, there is in Afghanistan an Afghan people as well as an Afghan Ameer. Cabul had not signed the Treaty of Gandamak. The Ameer's soldiers, more logical than Lord Lytton, held foreigners who had imposed upon themselves the charge of Afghan destinies guilty of their arrears of pay. To guide Afghan policy, the Afghan nation must be brought to accept the lead of England, either by reason or by force. Military execution at Cabul would scarcely operate in the former way; it would cease to have any efficacy in the latter the moment the terror was removed.

If Afghanistan is still to be treated as an advanced work of India against Russia, England will have to watch the Afghan frontiers herself. Lord Salisbury and Lord Lytton flattered themselves with the delusion that the Ameer could be trained into a sufficiently good watch-dog. That dream has now gone the way of the sister fancy, that the mere provision by treaty for a British Protectorate in Asia Minor would leaven Turkish administration with sympathetic British honesty. The choice, so long as the policy of Russophobia is persisted in, lies between downright annexation and the degradation of the Ameer into a self-confessed feudatory. Of the evils of annexation our readers scarcely need to be informed. The Afghan, the most untameable of human wolves, is to be ruled only by a discipline which, if British officers could be found to apply it, could be employed only at the hazard of shocking the moral sense of the British nation. The cost of the subjugation would be enough to break the back of a treasury much richer than that of Calcutta. The burden would outlast in duration the whole of the present generation. Foreign critics declare no other alternative is possible. If so, there could not be a more forcible *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole of the Indian policy of the Conservative Government. But what foreign critics do not understand is, that this English Government, which seems so rash, is rash for the very reason that it abstains carefully from looking a hand's breadth in front. It steals from pillar to post, not questioning what the goal must be, so long as it can see a near point to make for. Annexation may be at the bottom of the inclined plane on which Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry has been trying to steady itself; but an intermediate incline has first to be traversed. Cabul has had its British envoy; the next stage is a Resident either there or at Candahar, with recognised authority to inspire Afghan policy, domestic as well as foreign, and a British fortress near at hand to lend weight to his counsels. If Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Lytton, and Lord Salisbury are to remain arbiters of British fortunes, we run no extreme hazard in foretelling that a few months will see such a Resident and such a garrison installed in the Bala Hissar.

A few months ago the supporters of the Government would have repudiated with indignation the suggestion that England was likely to have the task thrown upon her of bolstering up the Afghan throne. Now that the Ameer, whether Yakoob or another than Yakoob, is

about to become the puppet of the Indian Government, and that English arms will have to defend him against his own subjects, they shrug their shoulders and lament the inevitable. They do not appear to discern that there is a connection of cause and effect between the policy they lately applauded and the result they profess to regret. They are unable to understand how the Opposition can be entitled to criticise results which seem to themselves decrees of fate. By the Treaty of Gandamak, as we declared two months ago, and as the Ameer's soldiers have now interpreted the treaty, England made herself responsible not merely to the Ameer's neighbours for his good behaviour to them, but to the Ameer for the good behaviour of his subjects to him, and to his subjects, military as well as civil, for his just dealing with them. When the Opposition reviewed the course of the Afghan war, its comments were met by a sneer at the futility of declamation against a past it was impossible to recall. Liberal Peers in the House of Lords questioned provisions in the treaty. They were told that unless they were prepared to abandon it in the event of their accession to power, they were playing an unpatriotic part in scrutinising its terms. By the time Parliament meets once more, the new Afghan war will have ended, and Afghanistan will be held in subjection by British guns. Her Majesty's Opposition will doubtless shock the delicacy of her Majesty's Ministers by reminding them that their Afghan policy has produced the very evils Lord Lawrence foresaw. The Opposition will show that the war was commenced without sufficient reason; that it was closed with the exaction of a right to undertake very grievous responsibilities. For reply it will be informed once more by Lord Beaconsfield in an epigram, and by Lord Salisbury with a taunt, that it is condemning results which itself, should it recover power, would feel bound to maintain. Conservative Ministers lead the nation into a lane which has no turning; they have no right to mock their adversaries for being obliged to continue along it in search of an exit. An Opposition, when it criticises the errors of the Government, is declaring the principles as well on which it would have acted as on which it would act hereafter should it have the opportunity. Lord Granville and Lord Hartington are entitled to argue that, had they been in office during the past twelvemonth, they would have sought to countermine Russian influence with Shere Ali, instead of bullying him. Had war been forced upon them by the Afghans, or been left to them as a Conservative bequest, they would have conducted the invasion to its natural end in the repudiation by Cabul of its hostile alliance. They would not, from fear of a reproach else that the game had not been worth the cost, have used an Afghan defeat as a pretext for saddling themselves with the subjugation of a multitude of mountain clans. Had the Treaty of Gandamak been signed before the return of the Liberal party to power, it might not have formally abjured its right under the treaty to send a Legation to Cabul; but it would have waited to see what means,

if not what will, Yakoob Khan possessed to defend the guests he had been forced to invite. The turbulence of the Afghan spirit was known from of old. A warning by Sir Louis Cavagnari himself has lately been disinterred from a Blue Book of 1875, against the 'very evil results' of acting upon an 'unwilling assent' of the Ameer to the reception of an English Resident. The British public had been instructed at every step of the invasion that the Afghan people showed no symptoms of ready submission to Yakoob. It was the common talk of India that any other puppet of Afghan royalty could be set up as easily as he. The safety of the Legation rested apparently and confessedly upon the power of Yakoob to protect it; and Yakoob's power over Afghanistan was an absolutely unknown quantity. A Liberal Government might have put its treaty-right to an Embassy at Cabul on record; it would have paused before exercising it. Had it despatched what to Cabul eyes was an emblem and realisation of a humiliation, it would have guarded it with a garrison and intrenched it in a fortress.

At every point Liberal politicians, without compelling the State to retrace its steps, or repudiating the acts of their predecessors, must hold themselves free to interpret them after a spirit of their own. They are obliged to criticise the past that they may mark where they would lay down their lines for the future. They would take up the conduct of affairs at whatever point their adversaries might leave it. If they protest against what has been done, it is not that they would make the nation stand in sackcloth and ashes for mistakes its rulers for the time have committed, but only in token that they refuse to be pledged to further conclusions from those blundering precedents. Were Liberal statesmen in the places of Lord Salisbury and Lord Cranbrook, they would punish the perfidy of Cabul as exemplarily as Lord Salisbury and Lord Cranbrook are about to punish it. But they would not waste the British army and Indian treasure in forcing upon Afghanistan a Mission of which the only possible advantage would be that it should have been accepted freely and with good will by the Afghan people. They would not, because the crime of September 3 gave them a right to overrun and appropriate Afghan soil, avail themselves of this right to the harm of England. They would not enter, simply because they might, into an inheritance as ruinous and costly as Algeria, and without the excuse of the service Algeria renders France as the drill-ground of the French army.

Conservative Ministers do not consider whether this or that step will strengthen or weaken England; they take it blindfold if they be told it is ticketed 'English prestige.' The State is dragged into the most perilous straits in sheer terror that a rival power might say, or a friendly power might think, England was prudent because she was weak. Sir Stafford Northcote, in full hearing of the news of the Cabul massacre, was congratulating a Devonshire audience three weeks ago on the emancipation of the country by the Conservative Ministry from the ignominy of following in the wake of the military

Powers of Europe. We wonder if Sir Stafford Northcote ever reads the remarks of the chief organs of the French and German press, not to mention the Russian, on English policy in India and Africa. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's view of a sound foreign policy appears to be that to accumulate liabilities is to accumulate strength. Every single act done, whether by England or by another nation, becomes to a Conservative Minister a pledge that England must go on acting in the same way, be it for her good or be it for her ill. He never seems able to stop and make a fresh beginning. The historical policy of England and her traditional policy are mischievous traps and snares unless at each moment a Minister analyze that historical and traditional policy, and can satisfy himself of its relevancy to the present. When the mutinous Afghan regiments have been dispersed, the Conservative Ministers will feel themselves bound to settle a new Embassy at Cabul, not probably that they will continue to believe in its efficacy, but because the Treaty of Gandamak provided for it, and the Afghans have shown that they detested it. Now that the work of Lord Mayo and Lord Lawrence has been picked to pieces, and the independence of the Afghan throne destroyed, Liberals are not debarred from admitting that an Embassy may be a necessary evil. But this fact must be proved, not by Afghan resistance to the clause of the treaty which provided for a Legation, but in spite of it. Overt Afghan hostility to the stipulation is an argument against its wisdom when it was negotiated. The argument so far as it goes remains an argument against insisting upon the arrangement now. A Conservative Foreign Minister like Lord Salisbury would esteem the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari an irrefutable reason for following a course which that calamity demonstrates to have been reckless and dangerous.

In another quarter of the globe a policy not unlike that of the Afghan war may be supposed to have had for the present a more successful result. Its opening scenes were less prosperous. But it is difficult to perceive even the materials in South Africa for such a counter-blow as the catastrophe of Cabul. The power painfully amassed by two generations of strong-handed African sovereigns was shattered by the battle of Ulundi. Its duration had always been a standing miracle. It was impossible it should survive the direct shock of a conflict with Great Britain. That the personal authority of Cetawayo should have outlasted his army even for a day astonished English observers. They have written home to their London newspapers expressing the most naïve surprise at the contrast between the fact and the theories which were supplied to them ready made, together with their camp equipage, on landing at Durban or the Cape. They had been told the Zulu throne was reared on murder and terrorism. As soon as Lord Chelmsford should have entered the kingdom, tribes and chiefs were to go forth to meet him with cries of joy and thanksgiving at their redemption from a horrible yoke. The rout of Isandlana postponed for a few months this agreeable issue to a petty war. Zulu

captains had to keep their allegiance in default of the presence of any British commander to accept the transfer. After Ulundi there was no longer any difficulty of this sort. Yet the Zulu nation abstained from abjuring its prince. Zulu chiefs might admit the impossibility of resisting the force of the British Empire; but to the bewilderment of special correspondents, and apparently of Sir Garnet Wolseley himself, they could not be made to understand that their fugitive king had committed a crime in asserting his independence. It is manifestly ridiculous in the present inclination of public opinion, so far as it may be presumed to have been represented by increasing majorities in Parliament, to intimate that it can be anything less than a crime for a savage ruler to fight for his national freedom. What would be heroic in William Tell or Joan of Arc is effrontery in an African. But now that Cetewayo's throne has fallen, we can at all events do no practical harm by inquiring on what grounds he is declared to have forfeited royal rights and the title to be treated with as representative of the Zulu nation. There have been tyrants guilty of such atrocities against foreigners that a State which has interfered to avenge the affronted rights of hospitality may be pardoned for refusing to recognise their crowns. On the other hand, defeat sometimes opens the eyes of a monarch's own subjects to his incompetence for sovereignty. The disaster of Sedan deprived Napoleon III. at once of his liberty and of his imperial right to negotiate for its restoration. Cetewayo's aggressions upon England are, at any rate, not of that deep dye of iniquity which compels a Christian State to adjudicate him an outlaw. Possibly the Zulu people might be able to prove against Natal settlers as many trespasses against it as were committed, not by Cetewayo, but by two of Cetewayo's warriors, against the soil of Natal. A semi-savage race can scarcely be charged with a portentous offence in not understanding the immunity of Zulu refugees on the other side of the Natal frontier. It is no slight admission to concede that the offence of the sons of Sirawo constituted good cause for an invasion. At least the violation of the colonial frontiers, unaccompanied by any injury to British subjects, can scarcely be allowed to put a king outside of the pale of the usual comity of nations. A marvellous hypothesis was constructed after the victory of Ulundi to explain the rejection of Cetewayo's overtures. Sir Garnet Wolseley acts, it must be supposed, on instructions from the Colonial Office, and the Colonial Office has always disallowed the sufficiency of Sir Bartle Frere's excuses for war. Nevertheless, Sir Garnet informed a convention of Zulu chiefs that Cetewayo was no longer king of Zululand. He assumed that the Zulu nation had itself repudiated their monarch. The Zulu people appeared to Sir Garnet's fancy a flock of sheep scattered on the hills without a shepherd. Never was there a more baseless delusion. Cetewayo's military power was broken at Ulundi. But he remained still, when a hopeless fugitive, the king, like Alfred in the morasses of Athelney. Great Britain has the strength to depose Cetewayo,

and to split his kingdom into four, or a hundred fragments. We fear posterity will cry shame upon such an abuse of superior might against even an African, whose crime is that he was too powerful to be a convenient neighbour. We know well how Quixotic it would be to express a hope that at this date it might occur to a British Ministry to try the experiment of magnanimity. It has captured a king with whom it did not desire to war. Justice as between private men would argue that it was the duty of England, under proper guarantees of peaceable administration, to restore her prisoner to a throne. The nation has heard much during the last two years of British interests. Perhaps generosity, too, might be found to be a British interest itself.

England in invading Afghanistan, on the plea now relegated to a secondary place, that Shere Ali was opening his kingdom to a Russian attack upon India, adopted a course in which victory was sure to be as embarrassing as defeat. The invasion of Zululand, after the initial blunders of the High Commissioners and the Commander-in-Chief had spent their force, threatened little material difficulty. Zululand broken into petty principalities may be a troublesome, but can hardly be a dangerous neighbour. By degrees each little State will be absorbed. The Zulu chiefs, though they may be supposed to reign, will make not the less excellent commission agents for the supply of cheap labour to enterprising colonists. That is a close of Zulu history comfortable for the Natal colonists, if not glorious for England. African rulers who can fight battles like that of Isandlana, are undesirable personages from the British colonist's point of view. But we are curious to learn the extent to which it is to be accepted as an axiom of British foreign policy, that to accumulate power on the British frontier is high treason against Great Britain. Sir Bartle Frere has so lofty and virtuous a character, that he can enunciate a tyrant's cynical doctrines with the air of an apostle. It is useless to reason with him on the peculiarity of the crime of military prowess of which he tried and convicted King Cetewayo, even before the calamity of Isandlana. British settlers, as soon as they have set foot on a coast regard the whole continent as their own, as a freeholder claims from the earth's centre to the heavens. That is a colonial idiosyncrasy. It is futile to urge for the twentieth time upon the Conservative Government that, if it discountenanced the pretexts Sir Bartle Frere assigned for his expedition, it cannot decorously punish even a Zulu king as a criminal for scorning the pretexts Sir Hicks Beach has refused to sanction. But behind the Conservative Cabinet, and its backers at Westminster, behind even the virtues of Sir Bartle Frere, stands the British people. It has to pay the bill of a war of aggression and spoliation; it will bear away none of the spoils; but if they have been achieved at the expense of truth and justice, it will have to endure the disgrace. The British people cannot be burdened with this humiliation, until, by the usual methods in which it makes

its voice heard, it have accepted the acts of Sir Bartle and Sir Garnet, and their superiors at Whitehall. In the meantime we shall refuse to receive the Solicitor-General, with his wrath at the apologists for a 'savage,' and his applauding Launceston constituents, as sponsors for the fair name of England.

The nation must, from the necessity of things, be soon required to say whether its Ministers have guarded well its honour and its interests. It will decide on no abstract grounds, but by reference to results. A majority of Liberal Englishmen will continue to think that the misgoverned provinces of Turkey had a title to expect moral if not material aid from this country. They will continue to think the rights of humanity might have been better reconciled with the balance of power in Europe and Asia by English support of the demands Lord Salisbury made on the Porte at the Constantinople Conference, than by leaving to Russia a monopoly of the championship of oppressed Christians. Still, had the influence anticipated from Lord Beaconsfield's patronage of the Porte been exerted with the effect of regenerating Turkish resources and bestowing good government on the Sultan's subjects, even Liberals might have learned to pardon Conservative neglect of the more obvious means to the same end. It may be doubted whether Shere Ali, in exchanging courtesies and envoys with Tashkend, did what amounted to a *casus belli* between Afghanistan and India. But Governments are not to be condemned for believing themselves obliged to answer blow for blow, an insult by an invasion. The punishment of the Ameer might have been excused as an unpleasant necessity. Had a permanent British mission been permanently installed in peace and quiet in the Bala Hissar, this country might have been content. There would have been manifest want of wisdom in exploding at the discretion of the Government of Russian Turkestan the ancient and well-weighed policy by which Indian Viceroys refused to be responsible for Afghanistan. To that, however, the constituencies would have been indifferent had the issue of the transaction appeared to be a willing identification of Afghan interests with those of England.

As it is, the nation sees the Porte as corrupt as ever and more feeble. The Turkish treasury is bankrupt; the provinces and even the vicinity of the capital are given up to anarchy. The influence which Great Britain was supposed to have bought by her naval demonstrations in the Bosphorus, and menaces of what she would do to the Russian invaders, is less than in the days of Abdul Aziz. The British Ambassador is not listened to when he expostulates on the insecurity of life and property. He has not influence enough to have a single cadi punished for false judgments. Russia has been left with power at the Porte equal to that of Great Britain, and at the same time with the fame, throughout the Christian dependencies of Turkey, of the vindicator of liberty. England after all her sacrifices has only assumed the position of a guarantor of tyranny. She has accepted obligations to protect the Ottoman

Government, and acquired no powers to protect Ottoman subjects. In Afghanistan, the invasion which was to repulse Russian intrigues for ever, yet leave Great Britain untrammelled as before by liability for Afghan administration, has turned the Afghan people into deadly enemies. To resume the old relations is declared to be impossible. The Mission which was to cement peace and goodwill between Cabul and Calcutta has bequeathed in the remembrance of its tragic fate a vendetta of military executions on one side and savage vengeances on the other.

Liberals from the first predicted that all these miserable facts were the legitimate consequences of Conservative policy. The Government may deny it; but it can hardly allege that its counsels have not had very different issues to any they included in their programme for the public information. It has been continually asking *carte blanche* of the nation, which the nation has as continually granted. The nation supposed that the authority could be filled up only in one way, whereas the Government has always filled it up in another. Powers given for a specified purpose have been constantly used for something different. Had the consequences been good, though good after a different manner of good to those this kingdom was given to expect, the deviation might have been forgiven. But it needs a courageous partisan to assert that the consequences are good after any variety of goodness. A test is whether the nation, could it have foreseen the actual condition of Turkey, and the actual relations of India and Afghanistan, would have either shored up Ottoman misgovernment, or discarded Lord Lawrence's Afghan policy in favour of Lord Lytton's. The Government may plead as it will that it is not to blame for the results; the nation when it sits to judge its rulers will decide by what has happened, not by what ought to have happened.

Governments which guide the State on a path the people had not intended to traverse, do it at their own risk. They can seldom be successful enough to satisfy the country that the old courses would not have been more comfortable. But the present Government has not been successful at all. The glory of a generous and magnanimous policy sometimes consoles a nation for sacrifices. But each point in the policy of this Government has been justified by itself on the special ground that some particular insular interest required protection. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have never ventured to argue that the unity of Bulgaria would not have been more beneficial to the Bulgarian people than its division. The British negotiators at Berlin, in insisting on the division, knew that they were offering up the welfare of that people to a fear that Russia might through a united Bulgaria command the trade of the Ægean. Great Britain has pledged herself to protect Asia Minor, not for the sake of its population, but to bring Russia to a halt. She destroyed Shere Ali for the sake, not of British India, but because she imagined she saw the shadow of Russia projected over it. Cyprus is a burden, yet it was extorted lest it should be said in England that we were defending Turkey for nothing. A cause of quarrel has been made with Cete-

wayo, not that he was a tyrant to his own subjects, or that he had offered violence to ours, but positively because the British Empire took alarm at the power of the Zulu kingdom. The whole recent foreign policy has been too little heroic to excuse its losses, and too unsuccessful to excuse its selfishness. States do not hold themselves bound to rule their conduct by the principles of private morality. Yet England may be inclined to exact an account from her Ministers for deviations from equity and right which have left her with a debt of several millions for the raid upon Zululand, with nothing to show for it but the recovered cannon of Isandlana, and two broken nationalities on her hands to reorganise.

These times, if any, want a strong Government—the strongest that English political resources can provide. A Government is needed Liberal enough to afford to be Conservative, with sufficient trust in the nation's strength not to be always seeking to remove possible enemies from the neighbourhood of its frontiers, with sufficient trust in the nation's sagacity not to be always riding it in blinkers lest it should jib at crossing a bridge. The present Government seems for the last two years to have been continually spying about the circle of the Empire to see if there were not some part of the outworks it could extend across a neighbour's boundary line to show its cleverness in justifying the trespass. The defences were really far stronger as they were; but Ministers preferred the fame of busybodies to being thought inert or incapable. Meanwhile matters which imperatively demanded reform have been utterly neglected. The Ministry provoked a tremendous European war with as much lightness of heart as Napoleon the Third's marshals. Apparently it had itself no sort of idea that for the purposes of a conflict in Europe and Asia, without reckoning Africa, it could barely place an army in the field or fields of the size of a Prussian army corps. At the moment its military expenditure and its martial vaunts were exceeding those of a great military empire, its means of accomplishing its boasts were about equal to those of Holland. The use of the cat was being upheld as the mainstay of the efficiency of the British army, when it was tolerably clear that this efficiency was an unknown quantity. Yet a Cabinet which is ready to fight any potentate from the Czar to him of the Golden Foot has no plan to suggest for equalising its means a little better with its ambition. It does not seem even to have suspected what a skeleton was its land force till it was suddenly recalled from the contemplation of its Alnaschar dreams by the discovery Lord Chelmsford's prayer for reinforcements compelled, that it possessed only a basket of broken crockery to realize its visions upon. The threadbare state of the army remains a disgrace to its administrators, which must be speedily repaired if future military estimates are to be voted. But a Government like Lord Beaconsfield's has not the courage to do the work. To reform the army, and give the nation value for its money, powerful interests must be brushed away with an unsparing hand. No Conservative Minister could venture to cut out

the rotten wood without fear of a shriek from some indignant prejudice or vested right in incapacity seated astride of a dead branch.

Local administration and financial reform might be instanced as two specimens of a host of domestic questions requiring solution. For these, and others like them, a Conservative Government, with a couple of wars on its hands and others coming, has neither leisure nor courage. It is afraid, according to Mr. Goschen's taunt, to squander its majority on measures which might benefit the kingdom, but would surely lose an Administration some of its votes. If even a reform in the water supply or in the means for extinguishing fires transcends the vigour of this Ministry, it is little likely to undertake the heroic enterprise of devising a *modus vivendi* between England and Ireland. That, however, is the prevailing need of England now. To bring it to pass would be far harder and far more desirable than the acquisition of the whole of Burmah and the whole of Zululand as a gift. What possibility there is of its accomplishment by the existing Government may be judged by the Parliamentary relations of Irish representatives and the Irish Secretary. It might be a daring assertion to make that a Liberal Minister will effect it. There is unfortunately no chance of being proved a false prophet in predicting it to be beyond the power of any now in office. A Minister who undertakes the reconciliation of Ireland with England must not commence by assuming every Irish grievance to be imaginary. On the contrary, in the grossest Irish exaggerations of maltreatment by the Empire, there is always a nucleus of truth. It may be a very minute thorn which has caused the ache; but the swelling will not subside until it has been extracted. The Irish Constabulary might probably, as was urged last Session, be relegated from its semi-military discipline to its proper duties of thief-catchers with general advantage to the community. Of a graver order of Irish wants is the condition of the Irish franchise and representation. That is admitted by all thoughtful politicians to be an abuse. Yet moderate Irishmen in vain appeal for reform. The defect proclaims itself aloud. What would be a remedy may not be very obvious. That the Imperial Parliament applies no remedy at all is a confession either of inability to cope with its mass of work or of carelessness about Irish local affairs. All the demands of Irishmen are not of that degree of gravity, or of that definiteness. Furious denunciations of the right of landlords to continue to exist burlesque the serious aspects of the land question. Yet even the most declamatory Irishmen have cause to complain that the Government and the Legislature take it for granted that the rights and wants of English tenants are a measure for those of Irish tenants. If the demands of one set of Irishmen are exorbitant, it never appears to enter the mind of an English Conservative statesman that they should be encountered on their native soil by the arguments of reason. To proclaim a county when an agent or a policeman is shot is like locking the stall door when the steed is stolen, or applying an embro-

cation when a dose of quinine is wanted. English Ministers are constantly repeating that Ireland must be regarded as an integral part of the United Kingdom. But they themselves treat it as a foreign land. They never show themselves in Ireland as they do at Manchester or Glasgow. The rumour of a week ago that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was proposing to visit Dublin in October appeared phenomenal. We shall be heartily glad to hear that the leader of the House of Commons has visited even Dublin. Until Ministers take to studying the Irish people on the spot they will neither understand Ireland nor be understood by it.

Ireland and its grievances are, like the poor, always with us. A newer difficulty has lately presented itself in British politics in the shape of English agricultural grievances. Lord Beaconsfield has in vain proved that he has read and misunderstood Ricardo's theory of rent by composing an entirely new version, in the hope of proving to his Buckinghamshire friends that farming grievances there are none. The grievances exist and are real facts, although the agriculturists are as yet only in the complaining stage. They protest against the hostility of the seasons, against the partisan kindness of nature to the American farmer, against the combination of labourers to sell their labour at the highest price. That is only by way of a beginning. After an autumn like the present landlords and land laws and the Legislature must expect their turn to come for inscription among the farmer's enemies. Hitherto the British farmer has merely swelled the ranks of the landholding interest in politics. As an independent politician he is a fresh force. On which, if on either, of the two regular sides he will range himself has ceased to be certain. It is equally uncertain whether he will set himself in earnest to revolutionise the present system of law which, by presuming, favours the existence of a class of landlords living on the land and by the land. The farmer would be glad, it may be, to dispense with the landlord, or at least to reduce him to the ownership of a rent-charge. On the other hand, he is less afraid of the landlord than of the labourer. He would look with the keenest jealousy and suspicion on any changes which tempted the agricultural labourer to aspire to rising into the condition of a peasant proprietor. The demand for the Agricultural Commission was the first authoritative sign that the farming interest was determined to exert political weight. The Government somewhat reluctantly granted the Commission. Its demeanour showed that it scarcely needed the warning from the Liberal benches that the consequences might not be all in favour of Conservatism. That, however, must depend on the manner in which Conservatives and Liberals respectively adapt themselves to the agricultural movement. Farmers' votes govern the county elections, and without its enormous preponderance of county votes the Conservative party would even now be in a minority. The awakening interest of this great order of the community in general politics is like an island which has suddenly emerged from the sea. It is a kind of No Man's Land, ready for the first discoverer to appropriate. Both sides in politics may

well speculate on the probable effects of the apparition of so indefinite a power. But among Liberals the natural sentiment of anxiety ought to be unmixed with alarm.

A period is always one of anxiety when it is classes rather than questions which are being agitated. Upon such a period the country seems to be entering now. No special question, social or political, appears able to catch hold of the popular mind. The criminal law needs reform as much as ever; yet Sir James Stephen's Code was shelved amid sighs of genuine relief. Bankruptcy law is a protection only to fraudulent debtors; yet the honest portion of the business community is satisfied to let the Lord Chancellor introduce Bills which everyone knows will never pass. Dissenters have their churchyard disability still; yet they are content to keep it in store for a more convenient season. Classes are seeking not reforms but grievances. Irish tenants have a grievance; but even they do not seriously expect to turn their landlords' rents into rent-charges. Irishmen have a grievance against England; but they have no desire at heart to be cut adrift. English farmers are unhappy about things as they are, whether it be themselves, or the sun and rain, or the ground game which is at fault; but they are inarticulate when they are asked to prepare a programme of change. Manufacturers are full of complaints; but it is hard to know whether it be school boards or Asiatic famines at which they murmur. Their men know they are starving, and they accuse their masters' political economy for their children's pinched cheeks.

The awakening of a healthy national anxiety concerning some scheme of legislation would be as useful in such a state of feeling as a bad foot to a man suffering from suppressed gout. But for the people to resume an intelligent solicitude about public affairs at home, their representatives must lead the way. For Parliament to recommence its work of setting right legislative shortcomings, the official nominees of the majority must be as earnest in launching legislative measures of their own as when in opposition they were critical of those of others. At present the majority of members of the House of Commons have no faith in the virtues of legislation. Ministers are well satisfied to leave them undisturbed. Both appear to believe that a minister's work is not legislative but administrative only. They are ready to challenge Russia to single combat. They will pick a quarrel with an Afghan Ameer. They will condescend to injustice towards an African chieftain. They are ready to meet a King of Burmah more than half way should he be seeking a pretext for a collision with the conquerors of Pegu. If nothing better be at hand in either hemisphere for their restless and covetous energies to whet themselves upon, they will warn off American and German aspirations from Tonga and Samoa. Those may all seem to them Imperial concerns, and worthy the care of Imperial Ministers: to stoop their thoughts to the adaptation of domestic legislation to the needs of the people of the United Kingdom

of Great Britain and Ireland is infinitely less to their taste. Mr. Cross has social reforms he would be glad to introduce; Sir Stafford Northcote, if he were not Chancellor of the Exchequer, would have views on financial reform; Lord Cairns, if he were not Lord Chancellor, might desire to make law reasonable and intelligible. But it is not Mr. Cross, or Sir Stafford Northcote, or Lord Cairns who pitches the key of the Government's temper in the transaction of public business. The Conservative Administration breathes the spirit of Mr. Lowther and Sir Hardinge Giffard. To the Irish Secretary an appeal for legislation for Ireland sounds like an apology for agrarian outrages. Were the Solicitor-General to hear Sir Samuel Romilly plead against hanging for thefts in a dwelling house, he would have much to urge against tampering with the sanctity of property.

We are very far from saying that programmes of domestic legislation should be manufactured with a view to revive the interest of the country in its own affairs. But certainly that sounder interest will never be remembered so long as the nation suffers itself to be seduced into chasing shadows from the Ægean to the Bosphorus, from the Bosphorus to the Hindoo Koosh, back from Central Asia to the Nile, and from the Nile south to the Tugela and the kraals of Zululand. Ministers from sheer inability to occupy themselves with the proper legislative business of a great country, have encouraged the people as well as themselves in a habit of foreign adventure. That is a taste ruinous as legacy-hunting or dram-drinking. It empties the national pocket; still worse, it takes the flavour out of the honest conduct of national life.

September 23.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

Uninvited MSS. can only be considered and returned at the convenience of the Editor.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1879.

MARY ANERLEY: A YORKSHIRE TALE.

CHAPTER XVII.

DELICATE INQUIRIES.

A GENUINE summer day pays a visit nearly once in the season to Flamborough; and when it does come it has a wonderful effect. Often the sun shines brightly there, and often the air broods hot with thunder; but the sun owes his brightness to sweep of the wind, which sweeps away his warmth as well; while on the other hand, the thunder-clouds, like heavy smoke capping the headland, may oppress the air with heat, but are not of sweet summer's beauty.

For once, however, the fine day came, and the natives made haste to revile it. Before it was three hours old they had found a hundred and fifty faults with it. Most of the men truly wanted a good sleep, after being lively all the night upon the waves, and the heat and the yellow light came in upon their eyes, and set the flies buzzing all about them. And even the women, who had slept out their time, and talked quietly, like the clock ticking, were vexed with the sun, which kept their kettles from good boiling, and wrote upon their faces the years of their life. But each made allowance for her neighbour's appearance, on the strength of the troubles she had been through.

For the matter of that, the sun cared not the selvage of a shadow what was thought of him, but went his bright way with a scattering of clouds and a tossing of vapours anywhere. Upon the few fishermen, who gave up hope of sleep, and came to stand dazed in their doorways, the glare of white walls, and chalky stones, and dusty roads, produced the same effect as if they had put on their father's goggles. Therefore they yawned their way back to their room, and poked up the fire, without which, at Flamborough, no hot weather would be half hot enough.

The children, however, were wide awake, and so were the washerwomen, whose turn it had been to sleep last night for the labours of

the morning. These were plying hand and tongue in a little field by the three cross roads, where gaffers and gammers of bygone time had set up troughs of proven wood, and the bilge of a long storm-beaten boat, near a pool of softish water. Stout brown arms were roped with curd, and wedding-rings looked slippery things, and thumb-nails bordered with inveterate black, like broad beans ripe for planting, shone through a hubbub of snowy froth; while sluicing, and wringing, and rinsing went on, over the bubbled and lathery turf; and every handy bush or stub, and every tump of wiry grass was sheeted with white, like a ship in full sail, and shining in the sun-glare.

From time to time these active women glanced back at their cottages, to see that the hearth was still alive, or at their little daughters squatting under the low wall which kept them from the road, where they had got all the babies to nurse, and their toes and other members to compare, and dandelion chains to make. But from their washing-ground the women could not see the hill that brings to the bottom of the village the crooked road from Sewerby. Down that hill came a horseman slowly, with nobody to notice him, though himself on the watch for everybody; and there in the bottom below the first cottage, he allowed his horse to turn aside and cool hot feet and leathery lips, in a brown pool spread by Providence for the comfort of wayworn roadsters.

The horse looked as if he had laboured far, while his rider was calmly resting; for the cross-felled sutures of his flank were crusted with gray perspiration, and the runnels of his shoulders were dabbled; and now it behoved him to be careful how he sucked the earthy-flavoured water, so as to keep time with the heaving of his barrel. In a word, he was drinking as if he would burst—as his ostler at home often told him—but the clever old roadster knew better than that, and timing it well between snorts and coughs was tightening his girths with deep pleasure.

'Enough, my friend, is as good as a feast,' said his rider to him gently, yet strongly pulling up the far-stretched head; 'and too much is worse than famine.'

The horse, though he did not belong to this gentleman, but was hired by him only yesterday, had already discovered that, with him on his back, his own judgment must lie dormant, so that he quietly whisked his tail and glanced with regret at the waste of his drip, and then, with a roundabout step, to prolong the pleasure of this little wade, sadly but steadily out he walked, and, after the necessary shake, began his first invasion of the village. His rider said nothing, but kept a sharp look-out.

Now this was Master Geoffrey Mordacks, of the ancient city of York, a general factor and land agent. What a 'general factor' is, or is not, none but himself can pretend to say, even in these days of definition, and far less in times when thought was loose; and perhaps Mr. Mordacks would rather have it so. But anyone who paid him well could trust him, according to the ancient state of

things. To look at him, nobody would even dare to think that money could be a consideration to him, or the name of it other than an insult. So lofty and steadfast his whole appearance was, and he put back his shoulders so manfully. Upright, stiff, and well-appointed with a Roman nose, he rode with the seat of a soldier, and the decision of a tax-collector. From his long steel spurs to his hard coned hat not a soft line was there, nor a feeble curve. Stern honesty, and strict purpose stamped every open piece of him so strictly, that a man in a hedgerow fostering devious principles, and resolved to try them, could do no more than run away, and be thankful for the chance of it.

But in those rough and dangerous times, when thousands of people were starving, the view of a pistol-butt went further than sternest aspect of strong eyes. Geoffrey Mordacks well knew this, and did not neglect his knowledge. The brown walnut stock of a heavy pistol shone above either holster, and a cavalry sword in a leathern scabbard hung within easy reach of hand. Altogether this gentleman seemed not one to be rashly attacked by daylight.

No man had ever dreamed as yet of coming to this outlandish place for pleasure of the prospect. So that when this lonely rider was descried from the washing-field over the low wall of the lane, the women made up their minds at once that it must be a Justice of the Peace, or some great rider of the Revenue, on his way to see Dr. Upandown, or at the least a high constable concerned with some great sheep-stealing. Not that any such crime was known in the village itself of Flamborough, which confined its operations to the sea; but in the outer world of land that malady was rife just now, and a Flamborough man, too fond of mutton, had farmed some sheep on the downs, and lost them, which was considered a judgment on him for wilfully quitting ancestral ways.

But instead of turning at the corner where the rector was trying to grow some trees, the stranger kept on along the rugged highway, and between the straggling cottages, so that the women rinsed their arms, and turned round to take a good look at him, over the brambles and furze, and the wall of chalky flint and rubble.

'This is just what I wanted,' thought Geoffrey Mordacks; 'skill makes luck, and I am always lucky. Now, first of all, to recruit the inner man.'

At this time Mrs. Theophila Precious, generally called 'Tapsy,' the widow of a man who had been lost at sea, kept the 'Cod with a Hook in his Gills,' the only hostelry in Flamborough village; although there was another towards the Landing. The cod had been painted from life—or death—by a clever old fisherman who understood him, and he looked so firm, and stiff, and hard, that a healthy man, with purse enough to tire of butcher's meat, might grow in appetite by gazing. Mr. Mordacks pulled up, and fixed steadfast eyes upon this noble fish; the while a score of sharp eyes from the green and white meadow were fixed steadfastly on him.

'How he shines with salt water! How firm he looks, and his gills as bright as a rose in June! I have never yet tasted a cod at first hand. It is early in the day, but the air is hungry. My expenses are paid, and I mean to live well; for a strong mind will be required. I will have a cut out of that fish, to begin with.'

Inditing of this, and of matters even better, the rider turned into the yard of the inn, where an old boat (as usual) stood for a horse-trough, and sea-tubs served as buckets. Strong sunshine glared upon the over-saling tiles, and white buckled walls, with cracky lintels; but nothing showed life, except an old yellow cat, and a pair of house-martins who had scarcely time to breathe, such a number of little heads flipped out with a white flap under the beak of each, demanding momentous victualling. At these the yellow cat winked with dreamy joyfulness, well aware how fat they would be when they came to tumble out.

'What a place of vile laziness!' grumbled Mr. Mordacks, as he got off his horse, after vainly shouting 'Hostler!' and led him to the byre, which did duty for a stable. 'York is a lazy hole enough; but the further you go from it the lazier they get. No energy, no movement, no ambition anywhere. What a country, what a people! I shall have to go back and enlist the washerwomen.'

A Yorkshireman might have answered this complaint, if he thought it deserving of an answer, by requesting Master Mordacks not to be so over-quick, but to bide a wee bit longer before he made so sure of the vast superiority of his own wit, for the long heads might prove better than the sharp ones in the end of it. However, the general factor thought that he could not have come to a better place to get all that he wanted out of everybody. He put away his saddle, and the saddle-bags and sword, in a rough old sea-chest with a padlock to it, and having a sprinkle of chaff at the bottom. Then he calmly took the key, as if the place were his, gave his horse a rackful of long-cut grass, and presented himself, with a lordly aspect, at the front door of the silent inn. Here he made noise enough to stir the dead; and at the conclusion of a reasonable time, during which she had finished a pleasant dream to the simmering of the kitchen pot, the landlady showed herself in the distance, feeling for her keys with one hand, and rubbing her eyes with the other. This was the head-woman of the village, but seldom tyrannical, unless ill-treated, Widow Precious, tall and square, and of no mean capacity.

'Young mon,' with a deep voice she said, 'what is tha' deein' wi' aw that clatter?'

'Alas, my dear madam, I am not a young man; and therefore time is more precious to me. I have lived out half my allotted span, and shall never complete it, unless I get food.'

'T' life o' mon is aw a hoory,' replied Widow Precious with slow truth. 'Young mon, what 'll ye hev?'

'Dinner, madam; dinner, at the earliest moment. I have ridden far, and my back is sore, and my substance is calling for renewal.'

'Ate, ate, ate, that's t' waa of aw menkins. Bud ye maa coom in, and crack o' it.'

'Madam, you are most hospitable; and the place altogether seems to be of that description. What a beautiful room! May I sit down? I perceive a fine smell of most delicate soup. Ah, you know how to do things at Flamborough.'

'Young mon, ye can ha' nune of yon potty. Yon's for mesell and t' childer.'

'My excellent hostess, mistake me not. I do not aspire to such lofty pot-luck. I simply referred to it as a proof of your admirable culinary powers.'

'Yon's beeg words. What 'll ye hev te ate?'

'A fish like that upon your sign-post, madam; or at least the upper half of him, and three dozen oysters just out of the sea, swimming in their own juice, with lovely melted butter.'

'Young mon, hast tha' gotten t' brass? Them 'at ates offens forgets t' reck'nin'.'

'Yes, madam, I have the needful in abundance. *Ecce signum!* Which is Latin, madam, for the stamp of the king upon twenty guineas. One to be deposited in your fair hand for a taste, for a sniff, madam, such as I had of your pot.'

'Na, na. No tokkins till a' airned them. What ood your warship be for ating when a' boileth?'

The general factor, perceiving his way, was steadfast to the shoulder-cut of a decent cod; and though the full season was scarcely yet come, Mrs. Precious knew where to find one. Oysters there were none, but she gave him boiled limpets, and he thought it the manner of the place that made them tough. After these things he had a duck of the noblest and best that lived anywhere in England. Such ducks were then, and perhaps are still, the most remarkable residents of Flamborough. Not only because the air is fine, and the puddles and the dabblings of extraordinary merit, and the wind fluffs up their pretty feathers while alive, as the eloquent poulterer by-and-by will do; but because they have really distinguished birth, and adventurous, chivalrous, and bright blue Norman blood. To such purpose do the gay young Vikings of the world of quack pour in (when the weather and the time of year invite), equipped with red boots and plumes of purple velvet, to enchant the coy lady ducks in soft water, and eclipse the familiar and too legal drake. For a while they revel in the change of scene, the luxury of unsalted mud and scarcely rippled water, and the sweetness and culture of tame dillyducks, to whom their brilliant bravery, as well as an air of romance and billowy peril commend them too seductively. The responsible sire of the pond is grieved, sinks his unappreciated bill into his back, and vainly reflects upon the vanity of love.

From a loftier point of view, however, this is a fine provision; and Mr. Mordacks always took a lofty view of everything.

'A beautiful duck, ma'am, a very grand duck!' in his usual loud

and masterful tone, he exclaimed to Widow Precious. 'I understand your question now as to my ability to pay for him. Madam, he is worth a man's last shilling. A goose is a smaller, and a coarser bird. In what manner do you get them?'

'They gets their own sells, wi' the will of the Lord. What will your warship be for ating, come after?'

'None of your puddings and pies, if you please, nor your excellent jellies and custards. A red Dutch cheese, with a pat of fresh butter, and another imperial pint of ale.'

'Now yon is what I call a man,' thought Mrs. Precious, having neither pie nor pudding, as Master Mordacks was well aware; 'aisy to please, and a' knoweth what a' wants. A' mought a' been born i' Flaambro. A' maa baide for a week, if a' hath the tokens.'

Mr. Mordacks felt that he had made his footing; but he was not the man to abide for a week, where a day would suit his purpose. His rule was never to beat about the bush when he could break through it, and he thought that he saw his way to do so now. Having finished his meal, he set down his knife with a bang, sat upright in the oaken chair, and gazed in a bold yet pleasant manner at the sturdy hostess.

'You are wondering what has brought me here. That I will tell you in a very few words. Whatever I do is straightforward, madam; and all the world may know it. That has been my character throughout life; and in that respect I differ from the great bulk of mankind. You Flamborough folk, however, are much of the very same nature as I am. We ought to get on well together. Times are very bad, very bad indeed. I could put a good trifle of money in your way; but you tell the truth without it, which is very, very noble. Yet people with a family have duties to discharge to them, and must sacrifice their feelings to affection. Fifty guineas is a tidy little figure, ma'am. With the famine growing in the land, no parent should turn his honest back upon fifty guineas. And to get the gold, and do good at the same time, is a very rare chance indeed.'

This speech was too much for Widow Precious to carry to her settled judgment, and get verdict in a breath. She liked it, on the whole, but yet there might be many things upon the other side; so she did what Flamborough generally does, when desirous to consider things, as it generally is. That is to say, she stood with her feet well apart, and her arms akimbo, and her head thrown back to give the hinder part a rest, and no sign of speculation in her eyes, although they certainly were not dull. When these good people are in this frame of mind and body, it is hard to say whether they look more wise, or foolish. Mr. Mordacks, impatient as he was, even after so fine a dinner, was not far from catching the infection of slow thought, which spreads itself as pleasantly as that of slow discourse.

'You are heeding me, madam; you have quick wits,' he said, without any sarcasm, for she rescued the time from waste by affording a study of the deepest wisdom; 'you are wondering how the money

is to come, and whether it brings any risk with it. No, Mistress Precious, not a particle of risk. A little honest speaking is the one thing needed.'

'The money cometh scores of times, more freely fra' wrong-doing.'

'Your observation, madam, shows a deep acquaintance with the human race. Too often the money does come so; and thus it becomes mere mammon. On such occasions we should wash our hands, and not forget the charities. But the beauty of money, fairly come by, is that we can keep it all. To do good in getting it, and do good with it, and to feel ourselves better in every way, and our dear children happier—this is the true way of considering the question. I saw some pretty little dears peeping in, and wanted to give them a token or two, for I do love superior children. But you called them away, madam. You are too stern.'

Widow Precious had plenty of sharp sense to tell her that her children were by no means 'pretty dears' to anybody but herself, and to herself only when in a very soft state of mind; at other times they were but three gew-mouthed lasses, and two looby loons with teeth enough for crunching up the dripping-pan.

'Your warship spaketh fair,' she said; 'a'most too fair, I'm doubting. Wad ye say what the maning is, and what name goeth pledge for the feefty poon, sir?'

'Mistress Precious, my meaning always is plainer than a pike-staff; and as to pledges, the pledge is the hard cash down upon the nail, ma'am.'

'Bank-tokkins, mayhap, and I prummeese to paa, with a sign of the Dragon, and a woman among sheeps.'

'Madam, a bag of solid gold that can be weighed and counted. Fifty new guineas from the mint of King George, in a waterproof bag just fit to be buried at the foot of a tree, or well under the thatch, or sewn up in the sacking of your bedstead, ma'am. Ah, pretty dreams, what pretty dreams, with a virtuous knowledge of having done the right! Shall we say it is a bargain, ma'am, and wet it with a glass, at my expense, of the crystal spring that comes under the sea?'

'Naw, sir, naw!—not till I knaw what. I niver trafficks with the Divil, sir. There wur a chap of Flaambro' deed——'

'My good madam, I cannot stop all day. I have far to ride before nightfall. All that I want is simply this, and having gone so far I must tell you all, or make an enemy of you. I want to match this; and I have reason to believe that it can be matched in Flamborough. Produce me the fellow and I pay you fifty guineas.'

With these words Mr. Mordacks took from an inner pocket a little pill-box, and thence produced a globe, or rather an oblate spheroid, of bright gold, rather larger than a musket-ball, but fluted or crenelled like a poppy-head, and stamped or embossed with marks like letters. Widow Precious looked down at it, as if to think what an extraordinary thing it was, but truly to hide from the stranger her surprise at the sudden recognition. For Robin Lyth was a fore-

most favourite of hers, and most useful to her vocation; and neither fifty guineas nor five hundred should lead her to do him an injury. At a glance she had known that this bead must belong to the set from which Robin's ear-rings came; and perhaps it was her conscience which helped her to suspect that a trap was being laid for the free-trade hero. To recover herself, and have time to think, as well as for closer discretion, she invited Master Mordacks to the choice guest-chamber.

'Set ye doon, sir, hereaboot,' she said, opening a solid door into the inner room; 'neaver gain no fear at aw' o' crackin' o' the setties; fairm, fairm anoo' they be, thoo sketterish o' their lukes, sir. Set ye doon, your warship; fafty poons desarveth a good room, wi'oot ony lugs o' anemees.'

'What a beautiful room!' exclaimed Mr. Mordacks; 'and how it savours of the place! I never should have thought of finding art and taste of such degree, in a little place like Flamborough. Why, madam, you must have inherited it direct from the Danes themselves.'

'Naw, sir, naw. I fetched it aw' oop fra' the breck of the say and the cobbles. Bookfolk tooneth naw heed o' what we do.'

'Well, it is worth a great deal of heed. Lovely patterns of seaweed on the floor, no carpet can compare with them; shelves of—I am sure I don't know what—fished up from the deep no doubt; and shells innumerable, and stones that glitter, and fish like glass, and tufts like lace, and birds with most wonderful things in their mouths; Mistress Precious, you are too bad. The whole of it ought to go to London, where they make collections!'

'Lor, sir, how ye' da be laffin' at me. But purty maa be said of 'em wi'out ony lees.'

The landlady smiled as she set for him a chair, towards which he trod gingerly and picking every step, for his own sake as well as of the garniture. For the black oak floor was so oiled and polished, to set off the pattern of the sea-flowers on it (which really were laid with no mean taste, and no small sense of colour), that for slippery boots there was some peril.

'This is a sacred as well as beautiful place,' said Mr. Mordacks. 'I may finish my words with safety here. Madam, I commend your prudence as well as your excellent skill and industry. I should like to bring my daughter Arabella here; what a lesson she would gain for tapestry! But now again, for business. What do you say? Unless I am mistaken, you have some knowledge of the matter depending on this bauble. You must not suppose that I came to you at random. No, madam, no; I have heard far away of your great intelligence, caution, and skill, and influence in this important town. "Mistress Precious is the Mayor of Flamborough," was said to me only last Saturday; "if you would study the wise people there, hang up your hat in her noble hostelry." Madam, I have taken that advice, and heartily rejoice at doing so. I am a man of

few words, very few words—as you must have seen already—but of the strictest straightforwardness in deeds. And now again, what do you say, ma'am?'

'Your warship hath left ma nowt to saa. Your warship hath had the mooth aw to yosell.'

'Now Mistress, Mistress Precious, truly that is a little too bad of you. It is out of my power to help admiring things which are utterly beyond me to describe, and a dinner of such cooking may enlarge the tongue, after all the fine things it has been rolling in. But business is my motto, in the fewest words that may be. You know what I want; you will keep it to yourself, otherwise other people might demand the money. Through very simple channels, you will find out whether the fellow thing to this can be found here, or elsewhere; and if so, who has got it, and how it was come by, and everything else that can be learned about it; and when you know all, you just make a mark on this piece of paper, ready folded, and addressed; and then you will seal it, and give it to the man who calls for the letters nearly twice a week. And when I get that, I come and eat another duck, and have oysters with my codfish, which to-day we could not have, except in the form of mussels, ma'am.'

'Naw, not a moosel—they was aw' gude flithers.'

'Well ma'am, they may have been unknown animals; but good they were, and as fresh as the day. Now, you will remember that my desire is to do good. I have nothing to do with the revenue, nor the magistrates, nor his Majesty. I shall not even go to your parson, who is the chief authority, I am told; for I wish this matter to be kept quiet, and beside the law altogether. The whole credit of it shall belong to you, and a truly good action you will have performed, and done a little good for your own good self. As for this trinket, I do not leave it with you, but I leave you this model in wax, ma'am, made by my daughter, who is very clever. From this you can judge quite as well as from the other. If there are any more of these things in Flamborough, as I have strong reason to believe, you will know best where to find them, and I need not tell you that they are almost certain to be in the possession of a woman. You know all the women, and you skilfully inquire, without even letting them suspect it. Now, I shall just stretch my legs a little, and look at your noble prospect, and in three hours' time a little more refreshment, and then, Mistress Precious, you see the last of your obedient servant, until you demand from him fifty gold guineas.'

After seeing to his horse again, he set forth for a stroll, in the course of which he met with Dr. Upround and his daughter. The rector look hard at this distinguished stranger, as if he desired to know his name, and expected to be accosted by him, while quick Miss Janetta glanced with undisguised suspicion, and asked her father, so that Mr. Mordacks overheard it, what business such a man could have, and what could he come spying after, in their quiet

parish? The general factor raised his hat and passed on with a tranquil smile, taking the crooked path which leads along and around the cliffs, by way of the lighthouse, from the north to the southern landing. The present lighthouse was not yet built; but an old round tower, which still exists, had long been used as a signal-station, for semaphore by day, and at night for beacon, in the times of war and tumult; and most people called it the 'Monument.' This station was now of very small importance, and sometimes did nothing for a year together; but still it was very good and useful, because it enabled an ancient tar, whose feet had been carried away by a cannon-ball, to draw a little money once a month, and to think himself still a fine British bulwark.

In the summer time, this hero always slung his hammock here, with plenty of wind to rock him off to sleep; but in winter king Æolus himself could not have borne it. 'Monument Joe,' as almost everybody called him, was a queer old character of days gone by. Sturdy and silent, but as honest as the sun, he made his rounds as regularly as that great orb, and with equally beneficent object. For twice a day he stumped to fetch his beer from Widow Precious, and the third time to get his little pannikin of grog. And now the time was growing for that last important duty, when a stranger stood before him with a crown-piece in his hand.

'Now don't get up, captain, don't disturb yourself,' said Mr. Mordacks graciously; 'your country has claimed your activity, I see, and I hope it makes amends to you. At the same time, I know that it very seldom does. Accept this little tribute from the admiration of a friend.'

Old Joe took the silver piece and rung it on his tin tobacco-box, then stowed it inside, and said, 'Gammon! What d'ye want of me?'

'Your manners, my good sir, are scarcely on a par with your merits. I bribe no man; it is the last thing I would ever dream of doing. But whenever a question of memory arises, I have often observed a great failure of that power, without—without, if you will excuse the expression, the administration of a little grease.'

'Smooggling? Aught about smooggling?' Old Joe shut his mouth sternly; for he hated and scorned the coastguards, whose wages were shamefully above his own, and who had the impudence to order him for signals; while on the other hand he found free-trade a policy liberal, enlightening, and inspiriting.

'No, captain, no; not a syllable of that. You have been in this place about sixteen years. If you had only been here four years more, your evidence would have settled all I want to know. No wreck can take place here, of course, without your knowledge?'

'Dunno that. B'lieve one have. There's a twist of the tide here —but what good to tell landlubbers?'

'You are right. I should never understand such things. But I find them wonderfully interesting. You are not a native of this place, and knew nothing of Flamborough before you came here?'

Monument Joe gave a grunt at this, and a long squirt of tobacco-juice. 'And don't want,' he said.

'Of course, you are superior, in every way superior. You find these people rough and far inferior in manners. But either, my good friend, you will re-open your tobacco-box, or else you will answer me a few short questions, which trespass in no way upon your duty to the king, or to his loyal smugglers.'

Old Joe looked up, with weather-beaten eyes, and saw that he had no fool to deal with, in spite of all soft palaver. The intensity of Mr. Mordacks' eyes made him blink, and mutter a bad word or two, but remain pretty much at his service. And the last intention he could entertain was that of restoring this fine crown-piece. 'Spake on, sir,' he said; 'and I will spake accordin'.'

'Very good. I shall give you very little trouble. I wish to know whether there was any wreck here, kept quiet perhaps, but still some ship lost, about three or four years before you came to this station. It does not matter what ship, any ship at all, which may have gone down without any fuss at all. You know of none such? Very well. You were not here; and the people of this place are wonderfully close. But a veteran of the Royal Navy should know how to deal with them. Make your inquiries, without seeming to inquire. The question is altogether private, and cannot in any way bring you into trouble. Whereas, if you find out anything, you will be a made man, and live like a gentleman. You hate the lawyers? All the honest seamen do. I am not a lawyer; and my object is to fire a broadside into them. Accept this guinea; and if it would suit you to have a crown every week for the rest of your life, I will pledge you my word for it, paid in advance, if you only find out for me one little fact, of which I have no doubt whatever, that a merchant ship was cast away near this Head, just about nineteen years agone.'

That ancient sailor was accustomed to surprises; but this, as he said, when he came to think of it, made a clean sweep of him, fore and aft. Nevertheless he had the presence of mind required for pocketing the guinea, which was too good for his tobacco-box; and as one thing at a time was quite enough upon his mind, he probed away slowly, to be sure there was no hole. Then he got up from his squatting form, with the usual activity of those who are supposed to have none left, and touched his brown hat, standing cleverly. 'What be I to do for all this?' he asked.

'Nothing more than what I have told you. To find out slowly, and without saying why, in the way you sailors know how to do, whether such a thing came to pass as I suppose. You must not be stopped by the lies of anybody. Of course they will deny it, if they got some of the wrecking; or it is just possible that no one even heard of it; and yet there may be some traces. Put two and two together, my good friend, as you have the very best chance of doing; and soon you may put two to that in your pocket, and twenty, and a hundred, and as much as you can hold.'

'When shall I see your good Honour again, to score log-run, and come to a reckoning?'

'Master Joseph, work a wary course. Your rating for life will depend upon that. You may come to this address, if you have anything important. Otherwise you shall soon hear of me again. Good-bye.'

Chapter XVIII.

GOYLE BAY.

While all the world was at cross-purposes thus,—Mr. Jellicorse uneasy at some rumours he had heard; Captain Carroway splitting his poor heel with indignation at the craftiness of free-traders; Farmer Anerley vexed at being put upon by people, without any daughter to console him, or catch shrimps; Master Mordacks pursuing a noble game, strictly above board, as usual; Robin Lyth, troubled in his largest principles of revolt against revenue, by a nasty little pain that kept going to his heart, with an emptiness there, as for another heart; and last, and perhaps of all most important, the rector perpetually pining for his game of chess, and utterly discontented with the frigid embraces of analysis—where was the best, and most simple, and least selfish of the whole lot, Mary Anerley?

Mary was in as good a place as even she was worthy of. A place not by any means so snug and favoured by nature as Anerley Farm, but pretty well sheltered by large trees of a strong and hardy order. And the comfortable ways of good old folk, who needed no labour to live by, spread a happy leisure, and a gentle ease, upon everything under their roof-tree. Here was no necessity for getting up, until the sun encouraged it; and the time for going to bed depended upon the time of sleepiness. Old Johnny Popplewell, as everybody called him without any protest on his part, had made a good pocket by the tanning business, and having no children to bring up to it, and only his wife to depend upon him, had sold the good-will, the yard, and the stock, as soon as he had turned his sixtieth year. 'I have worked hard all my life,' he said; 'and I mean to rest for the rest of it.'

At first he was heartily miserable, and wandered about with a vacant look, having only himself to look after. And he tried to find a hole in his bargain with the man who enjoyed all the smells he was accustomed to, and might even be heard, through a gap in the fence, rating the men as old Johnny used to do, at the same time of day, and for the same neglect, and almost in the self-same words which the old owner used, but stronger. Instead of being happy, Master Popplewell lost more flesh in a month than he used to lay on in the most prosperous year; and he owed it to his wife, no doubt, as generally happens, that he was not speedily gathered to the bosom of the hospitable Simon of Joppa. For Mrs. Popplewell said, 'Go away;

Johnny, go away from this village; smell new smells, and never see a hide without a walking thing inside of it. Sea-weed smells almost as nice as tan; though of course it is not so wholesome.' The tanner obeyed, and bought a snug little place about ten miles from the old premises, which he called, at the suggestion of the parson, 'Byrsa Cottage.'

Here was Mary, as blithe as a lark, and as petted as a robin red-breast, by no means pining, or even hankering, for any other robin. She was not the girl to give her heart before it was even asked for; and hitherto she had regarded the smuggler with pity more than admiration. For in many points she was like her father, whom she loved foremost of the world; and Master Anerley was a law-abiding man, like every other true Englishman. Her uncle Popplewell was also such, but exerted his principles less strictly. Moreover, he was greatly under influence of wife, which happens more freely to a man without children, the which are a source of contradiction. And Mistress Popplewell was a most thorough and conscientious free-trader.

Now Mary was from childhood so accustomed to the sea, and the relish of salt breezes, and the racy dance of little waves that crowd on one another, and the tidal delivery of delightful rubbish, that to fail of seeing the many works, and plays, and constant variance of her never wearying or weary friend, was more than she could long put up with. She called upon 'Lord Keppel' almost every day, having brought him from home for the good of his health, to gird up his loins, or rather get his belly-girths on, and come along the sands with her, and dig into new places. But he, though delighted for a while with Byrsa stable, and the social charms of Master Popplewell's old cob, and a rick of fine tan-coloured clover-hay and bean-haulm—when the novelty of these delights was passed, he pined for his home, and the split in his crib, and the knot of hard wood he had polished with his neck, and even the little dog that snapped at him. He did not care for retired people—as he said to the cob every evening—he liked to see farm-work going on, or at any rate to hear all about it, and to listen to horses who had worked hard, and could scarcely speak for chewing, about the great quantity they had turned of earth, and how they had answered very bad words with a bow. In short, to put it in the mildest terms, Lord Keppel was giving himself great airs, unworthy of his age, ungrateful to a degree, and ungraceful, as the cob said repeatedly; considering how he was fed, and bedded, and not a thing left undone for him. But this arrogance soon had to pay its own costs.

For, away to the right of Byrsa Cottage, as you look down the hollow of the ground towards the sea, a ridge of high scrubby land runs up to a fore-front of bold cliff, indented with a dark and narrow bay. 'Goyle Bay,' as it is called, or sometimes 'Basin Bay,' is a lonely and rugged place, and even dangerous for unwary visitors. For at low spring tides a deep hollow is left dry, rather more than a

quarter of a mile across, strewn with kelp and oozy stones, among which may often be found pretty shells, weeds richly tinted and of subtle workmanship, stars, and flowers, and love-knots of the sea, and sometimes carnelians and crystals. But anybody making a collection here should be able to keep one eye upward and one down, or else in his pocket to have two things—a good watch and a trusty tide-table.

John and Deborah Popplewell were accustomed to water in small supplies, such as that of a well, or a roadside pond, or their own old noble tan-pits; but to understand the sea it was too late in life, though it pleased them and gave them fine appetites now, to go down when it was perfectly calm, and a sailor assured them that the tide was mild. But even at such seasons they preferred to keep their distance, and called out frequently to one another. They looked upon their niece, from all she told them, as a creature almost amphibious; but still they were often uneasy about her, and would gladly have kept her well inland; she, however, laughed at any such idea; and their discipline was to let her have her own way. But now a thing happened which proved for ever how much better old heads are than young ones.

For Mary, being tired of the quiet places, and the strands where she knew every pebble, resolved to explore Goyle Bay at last, and she chose the worst possible time for it. The weather had been very fine and gentle, and the sea delightfully plausible, without a wave—tide after tide—bigger than the furrow of a two-horse plough; and the maid began to believe at last that there never were any storms just here. She had heard of the pretty things in Goyle Bay, which was difficult of access from the land, but she resolved to take opportunity of tide, and thus circumvent the position; she would rather have done it afoot, but her uncle and aunt made a point of her riding to the shore, regarding the pony as a safe companion, and sure refuge from the waves. And so, upon the morning of St. Michael, she compelled Lord Keppel, with an adverse mind, to turn a headland they had never turned before.

The tide was far out and ebbing still; but the wind had shifted and was blowing from the east rather stiffly, and with increasing force. Mary knew that the strong equinoctial tides were running at their height; but she had timed her visit carefully, as she thought, with no less than an hour and a half to spare. And even without any thought of tide, she was bound to be back in less time than that, for her uncle had been most particular to warn her to be home without fail at one o'clock, when the sacred goose, to which he always paid his duties, would be on the table. And if anything marred his serenity of mind, it was to have dinner kept waiting.

Without any misgivings, she rode into Basin Bay, keeping within the black barrier of rocks, outside of which wet sands were shining. She saw that these rocks, like the bar of a river, crossed the inlet of the cove; but she had not been told of their peculiar frame and upshot, which made them so treacherous a rampart. At the mouth of the

bay they formed a level crescent, as even as a set of new teeth, against the sea, with a slope of sand running up to their outer front, but a deep and long pit inside of them. This pit drained itself very nearly dry, when the sea went away from it, through some stony tubes which only worked one way, by the closure of their mouth when the tide returned; so that the volume of the deep sometimes, with tide and wind behind it, leaped over the brim into the pit, with tenfold the roar, a thousandfold the power, and scarcely less than the speed of a lion.

Mary Anerley thought what a lovely place it was, so deep and secluded from anybody's sight, and full of bright wet colours. Her pony refused, with his usual wisdom, to be dragged to the bottom of the hole; but she made him come further down than he thought just, and pegged him by the bridle there. He looked at her sadly, and with half a mind to expostulate more forcibly; but, getting no glimpse of the sea where he stood, he thought it as well to put up with it; and presently he snorted out a tribe of little creatures, which puzzled him and took up his attention.

Meanwhile, Mary was not only puzzled, but delighted beyond description. She never yet had come upon such treasures of the sea, and she scarcely knew what to lay hands upon first. She wanted the weeds of such wonderful forms, and colours yet more exquisite, and she wanted the shells of such delicate fabric, that fairies must have made them, and a thousand other little things that had no names; and then she seemed most of all to want the pebbles. For the light came through them in stripes and patterns, and many of them looked like downright jewels. She had brought a great bag of strong canvas luckily, and with both hands she set to to fill it.

So busy was the girl with the vast delight of sanguine acquisition —this for her father, and that for her mother, and so much for everybody she could think of—that time had no time to be counted at all, but flew by with feathers unheeded. The mutter of the sea became a roar, and the breeze waxed into a heavy gale, and spray began to sputter through the air, like suds; but Mary saw the rampart of the rocks before her, and thought that she could easily get back around the point. And her taste began continually to grow more choice, so that she spent as much time in discarding the rubbish which at first she had prized so highly, as she did in collecting the real rarities which she was learning to distinguish. But, unluckily, the sea made no allowance for all this.

For just as Mary, with her bag quite full, was stooping with a long stretch to get something more—a thing that perhaps was the very best of all, and therefore had got into a corner—there fell upon her back quite a solid lump of wave, as a horse gets the bottom of a bucket cast at him. This made her look up, not a minute too soon; and even then she was not at all aware of danger, but took it for a notice to be moving. And she thought more of shaking that salt water from her dress, than of running away from the rest of it.

But as soon as she began to look about in earnest, sweeping back

her salted hair, she saw enough of peril to turn pale the roses and strike away the smile upon her very busy face. She was standing several yards below the level of the sea, and great surges were hurrying to swallow her. The hollow of the rocks received the first billow with a thump and a slush, and a rush of pointed hillocks in a fury to find their way back again; which failing, they spread into a long white pool, taking Mary above her pretty ankles. 'Don't you think to frighten me,' said Mary; 'I know all your ways, and I mean to take my time.'

But even before she had finished her words, a great black wall (doubled over at the top with whiteness, that seemed to race along it like a fringe) hung above the rampart, and leaped over, casting at Mary such a volley that she fell. This quenched her last audacity, although she was not hurt; and, jumping up nimbly, she made all haste through the rising water towards her pony. But as she would not forsake her bag, and the rocks became more and more slippery, towering higher and higher surges crashed in over the barrier, and swelled the yeasty turmoil which began to fill the basin; while a scurry of foam flew, like pellets from the rampart, blinding even the very best young eyes.

Mary began to lose some of her presence of mind and familiar approval of the sea. She could swim pretty well from her frequent bathing; but swimming would be of little service here, if once the great rollers came over the bar, which they threatened to do every moment. And when at length she fought her way to the poor old pony, her danger and distress were multiplied. Lord Keppel was in a state of abject fear; despair was knocking at his fine old heart; he was up to his knees in the loathsome brine already; and being so twisted up by his own exertions, that to budge another inch was beyond him, he did what a horse is apt to do in such condition, he consoled himself with fatalism. He meant to expire; but, before he did so, he determined to make his mistress feel what she had done. Therefore, with a sad nudge of that white old nose, he drew her attention to his last expression, sighed as plainly as a man could sigh, and fixed upon her meek eyes, telling volumes.

'I know, I know that it is all my fault,' cried Mary, with the brine almost smothering her tears, as she flung her arms around his neck; 'but I will never do it again, my darling. And I will never run away and let you drown. Oh, if I only had a knife! I cannot even cast your bridle off; the tongue has stuck fast, and my hands are cramped. But, Keppel, I will stay and be drowned with you.'

This resolve was quite unworthy of Mary's common sense; for how could her being drowned with Keppel help him? However, the mere conception showed a spirit of lofty order; though the body might object to be ordered under. Without any thought of all that, she stood, resolute, tearful, and thoroughly wet through, while she hunted in her pocket for a penknife.

The nature of all knives is, not to be found; and Mary's knife

was loyal to its kind. Then she tugged at her pony, and pulled out his bit, and laboured again at the obstinate strap; but nothing could be done with it. Keppel must be drowned, and he did not seem to care, but to think that the object of his birth was that. If the stupid little fellow would have only stepped forward, the hands of his mistress, though cramped and benumbed, might perhaps haveunbuckled his stiff and sodden reins, or even undone their tangle; on the other hand, if he would have jerked with all his might, something or other must have given way; but stir he would not from one fatuous position, which kept all his head-gear on the strain, but could not snap it. Mary even struck him with her heavy bag of stones, to make him do something; but he only looked reproachful.

'Was there ever such a stupid?' the poor girl cried, with the water rising almost to her waist, and the inner waves beginning to dash over her, while the outer billows threatened to rush in and crush them both. 'But I will not abuse you any more, poor Keppel. What will dear father say? Oh, what will he think of it?'

Then she burst into a fit of sobs, and leaned against the pony, to support her from a rushing wave which took her breath away, and she thought that she would never try to look up any more, but shut her eyes to all the rest of it. But suddenly she heard a loud shout and splash, and found herself caught up and carried like an infant.

'Lie still. Never mind the pony; what is he? I will go for him afterwards. You first, you first of all the world, my Mary.'

She tried to speak, but not a word would come; and that was all the better. She was carried quick as might be through a whirl of tossing waters, and gently laid upon a pile of kelp; and then Robin Lyth said, 'You are quite safe here, for at least another hour. I will go and get your pony.'

'No, no; you will be knocked to pieces,' she cried; for the pony, in the drift and scud, could scarcely be seen but for his helpless struggles. But the young man was halfway towards him while she spoke, and she knelt upon the kelp and clasped her hands.

Now Robin was at home in a matter such as this. He had landed many kegs in a sea as strong or stronger, and he knew how to deal with horses in a surf. There still was a break of almost a fathom in the level of the inner and outer waves, for the basin was so large that it could not fill at once; and so long as this lasted, every roller must comb over at the entrance, and mainly spend itself. 'At least five minutes to spare,' he shouted back, 'and there is no such thing as any danger.' But the girl did not believe him.

Rapidly and skilfully he made his way, meeting the larger waves sideways and rising at their onset; until he was obliged to swim at last where the little horse was swimming desperately. The leather, still jammed in some crevice at the bottom, was jerking his poor chin downwards; his eyes were screwed up like a new-born kitten's, and his dainty nose looked like a jelly-fish. He thought how sad it was that he should ever die like this, after all the good works of his

life—the people he had carried, and the chaise that he had drawn, and all his kindness to mankind. Then he turned his head away, to receive the stroke of grace which the next wave would administer.

No! He was free. He could turn his honest tail on the sea, which he always had detested so; he could toss up his nose and blow the filthy salt out, and sputter back his scorn, while he made off for his life. So intent was he on this, that he never looked twice, to make out who his benefactor was, but gave him just a taste of his hind-foot on the elbow, in the scuffle of his hurry to be round about and off. 'Such is gratitude!' the smuggler cried; but a clot of salt water flipped into his mouth, and closed all cynical outlet. Bearing up against the waves, he stowed his long knife away, and then struck off for the shore with might and main.

Here Mary ran into the water to meet him, shivering as she was with fright and cold, and stretched out both hands to him, as he waded forth; and he took them and clasped them, quite as if he needed help. Lord Keppel stood afar off, recovering his breath, and scarcely dared to look askance at the execrable sea.

'How cold you are!' Robin Lyth exclaimed. 'You must not stay a moment. No talking if you please—though I love your voice so. You are not safe yet. You cannot get back round the point. See the waves dashing up against it! You must climb the cliff, and that is no easy job for a lady in the best of weather. In a couple of hours, the tide will be over the whole of this beach a fathom deep. There is no boat nearer than Filey; and a boat could scarcely live over that bar. You must climb the cliff, and begin at once, before you get any colder.'

'Then is my poor pony to be drowned after all? If he is, he had better have been drowned at once.'

The smuggler looked at her with a smile, which meant, 'Your gratitude is about the same as his;' but he answered, to assure her, though by no means sure himself—

'There is time enough for him; he shall not be drowned. But you must be got out of danger first. When you are off my mind, I will fetch up pony. Now you must follow me step by step, carefully and steadily. I would carry you up, if I could; but even a giant could scarcely do that, in a stiff gale of wind, and with the crag so wet.'

Mary looked up with a shiver of dismay. She was brave and nimble, generally, but now so wet and cold, and the steep cliff looked so slippery, that she said, 'It is useless; I can never get up there. Captain Lyth, save yourself, and leave me.'

'That would be a pretty thing to do,' he replied; 'and where should I be afterwards? I am not at the end of my devices yet. I have got a very snug little crane up there. It was here we ran our last lot, and beat the brave lieutenant so. But unluckily I have no cave just here. None of my lads are about here now, or we would make short work of it. But I could hoist you very well, if you would let me.'

'I would never think of such a thing. To come up like a keg! Captain Lyth, you must know that I never would be so disgraced.'

'Well, I was afraid that you might take it so; though I cannot see why it should be any harm. We often hoist the last man so.'

'It is different with me,' said Mary; 'it may be no harm; but I could not have it.'

The free-trader looked at her bright eyes and colour, and admired her spirit which his words had roused.

'I pray your forgiveness, Miss Anerley,' he said; 'I meant no harm. I was thinking of your life. But you look now as if you could do anything almost.'

'Yes, I am warm again. I have no fear. I will not go up like a keg, but like myself. I can do it without help from anybody.'

'Only please to take care not to cut your little hands,' said Robin as he began the climb; for he saw that her spirit was up to do it.

'My hands are not little; and I will cut them if I choose. Please not even to look back at me. I am not in the least afraid of anything.'

The cliff was not of the soft and friable stuff to be found at Bridlington, but of hard slippery sandstone, with bulky ribs overhanging here and there, and threatening to cast the climber back. At such spots, nicks for the feet had been cut, or broken with a hammer, but scarcely wider than a stirrup iron, and far less inviting. To surmount these was quite impossible, except by a process of crawling; and Mary, with her heart in her mouth, repented of her rash contempt for the crane-sling. Luckily the height was not very great, or, tired as she was, she must have given way; for her bodily warmth had waned again in the strong wind buffeting the cliff. Otherwise the wind had helped her greatly by keeping her from swaying outward; but her courage began to fail at last, and very near the top she called for help. A short piece of lanyard was thrown to her at once, and Robin Lyth landed her on the bluff, panting, breathless, and blushing again.

'Well done!' he cried, gazing as she turned her face away; 'young ladies may teach even sailors to climb. Not every sailor could get up this cliff. Now, back to Master Popplewell's as fast as you can run, and your Aunt will know what to do with you.'

'You seem well acquainted with my family affairs,' said Mary, who could not help smiling. 'Pray, how did you even know where I am staying?'

'Little birds tell me everything; especially about the best, and most gentle, and beautiful of all birds.'

The maiden was inclined to be vexed again; but remembering how much he had done, and how little gratitude she had shown, she forgave him, and asked him to come to the cottage.

'I will bring up the little horse. Have no fear,' he replied; 'I will not come up at all unless I bring him. But it may take two or three hours.'

With no more than a wave of his hat, he set off, as if the Coast-riders were after him, by the path along the cliffs towards Filey, for he knew that Lord Keppel must be hoisted by the crane, and he could not manage it without another man; and the tide would wait for none of them. Upon the next headland he found one of his men, for the smugglers maintained a much sharper look-out than did the forces of his Majesty, because they were paid much better; and returning they managed to strap Lord Keppel, and hoist him like a big bale of contraband goods. For their crane had been left in a brambled hole; and they very soon rigged it out again. The little horse kicked pretty freely in the air, not perceiving his own welfare; but a cross-beam and pulley kept him well out from the cliff, and they swung him in over handsomely, and landed him well upon the sward within the brink. Then they gave him three cheers for his great adventure, which he scarcely seemed to appreciate.

Chapter XIX.

A FARM TO LET.

That storm on the festival of St. Michael broke up the short summer weather of the north. A wet and tempestuous month set in; and the harvest, in all but the very best places, lay flat on the ground, without scythe or sickle. The men of the Riding were not disturbed by this, as farmers would have been in Suffolk; for these were quite used to walk over their crops, without much occasion to lift their feet. They always expected their corn to be laid, and would have been afraid of it if it stood upright. Even at Anerley Farm, this salaam of wheat was expected in bad seasons; and it suited the reapers of the neighbourhood, who scarcely knew what to make of knees unbent, and upright discipline of stiff-cravated ranks.

In the north-west corner of the county, where the rocky land was mantled so frequently with cloud, and the prevalence of western winds bore sway, an upright harvest was a thing to talk of as the legend of a century, credible because it scarcely could have been imagined. And this year it would have been hard to imagine any more prostrate and lowly position than that of every kind of crop. The bright weather of August, and attentions of the sun, and gentle surprise of rich dews in the morning, together with abundance of moisture underneath, had made things look as they scarcely ever looked—clean, and straight, and elegant. But none of them had found time to form the dry and solid substance, without which neither man, nor his staff of life, can stand against adversity.

'My Lady Philippa,' as the tenants called her, came out one day to see how things looked, and whether the tenants were likely to pay their Michaelmas rents at Christmas. Her sister, Mrs. Carnaby, felt like interest in the question; but hated long walks, being weaker and

less active, and therefore rode a quiet pony. Very little wheat was grown on their estates, both soil and climate declining it; but the barley crop was of more importance, and flourished pretty well upon the southern slopes. The land, as a rule, was poor and shallow, and nourished more grouse than partridges; but, here and there, valleys of soft shelter and fair soil relieved the eye and comforted the pocket of the owner. These little bits of Goshen formed the heart of every farm; though oftentimes the homestead was, as if by some perversity, set up in bleak and barren spots, outside of comfort's elbow.

The ladies marched on, without much heed of any other point than one—would the barley crop do well? They had many tenants who trusted chiefly to that, and to the rough hill-oats, and wool, to make up in coin what part of their rent they were not allowed to pay in kind. For as yet machinery, and reeking factories, had not besmirched the country-side.

'How much further do you mean to go, Philippa?' asked Mrs. Carnaby, although she was travelling with so much less exertion; 'For my part, I think we have gone too far already.'

'Your ambition is always to turn back. You may turn back now, if you like. I shall go on.' Miss Yordas knew that her sister would fail of the courage to ride home all alone.

Mrs. Carnaby never would ride without Jordas, or some other serving man, behind her, as was right and usual for a lady of her position; but 'Lady Philippa' was of bolder strain, and cared for nobody's thoughts, words, or deeds. And she had ordered her sister's servant back, for certain reasons of her own.

'Very well, very well. You always will go on; and always on the road you choose yourself. Although it requires a vast deal of knowledge to know that there is any road here at all.'

The widow, who looked very comely for her age, and sate her pony prettily, gave way (as usual) to the stronger will; though she always liked to enter protest, which the elder scarcely ever deigned to notice. But hearing that Eliza had a little cough at night, and knowing that her appetite had not been as it ought to be, Philippa (who really was wrapped up in her sister, but never or seldom let her dream of such a fact) turned round graciously and said,—

'I have ordered the carriage here for half-past three o'clock. We will go back by the Scarbend road, and Heartsease can trot behind us.'

'Heartsease, uneasy you have kept my heart by your shufflings and trippings perpetual. Philippa, I want a better stepping pony. Pet has ruined Heartsease.'

'Pet ruins everything and everybody; and you are ruining him, Eliza. I am the only one who has the smallest power over him. And he is beginning to cast off that. If it comes to open war between us, I shall be sorry for Lancelot.'

'And I shall be sorry for you, Philippa. In a few years Pet will be a man. And a man is always stronger than a woman; at any rate in our family.'

'Stronger than such as you, Eliza. But only let him rebel against me, and he will find himself an outcast. And to prove that I have brought you here.'

Mistress Yordas turned round, and looked in a well-known manner at her sister, whose beautiful eyes filled with tears, and fell.

'Philippa,' she said with a breath like a sob; 'sometimes you look harder than poor dear papa in his very worst moments used to look. I am sure that I do not at all deserve it. All that I pray for is peace and comfort; and little do I get of either.'

'And you will get less, so long as you pray for them, instead of doing something better. The only way to get such things is to make them.'

'Then I think you might make enough for us both; if you had any regard for them, or for me, Philippa.'

Mistress Yordas smiled, as she often did, at her sister's style of reasoning. And she cared not a jot for the last word, so long as the will and the way were left to her. And in this frame of mind she turned a corner from the open moor-track into a little lane, or rather the expiring delivery of a lane, which was leading a better existence a little further on.

Mrs. Carnaby followed dutifully, and Heartsease began to pick up his feet, which he scorned to do upon the negligence of sward. And following this good lane, they came to a gate, corded to an ancient tree, and showing up its foot, as a dog does when he has a thorn in it. This gate seemed to stand for an ornament, or perhaps a landmark; for the lane, instead of submitting to it, passed by upon either side, and plunged into a dingle, where a gray old house was sheltering. The lonely moorside farm—if such a wild and desolate spot could be a farm—was known as 'Wallhead,' from the relics of some ancient wall; and the folk who lived there, or tried to live, although they possessed a surname—which is not a necessary consequence of life—very seldom used it, and more rarely still had it used for them. For the ancient fashion still held ground of attaching the idea of a man to that of things more extensive and substantial. So the head of the house was 'Will o' the Wallhead;' his son was 'Tommy o' Will o' the Wallhead,' and his grandson, 'Willy o' Tommy o' Will o' the Wallhead.' But the one their great lady desired to see was the unmarried daughter of the house, 'Sally o' Will o' the Wallhead.'

Mistress Yordas knew that the men of the house would be out upon the land at this time of day, while Sally would be full of household work, and preparing their homely supper. So she walked in bravely at the open door, while her sister waited with the pony in the yard. Sally was clumping about in clog-shoes, with a child or two sprawling after her (for Tommy's wife was away with him at work), and if the place was not as clean as could be, it seemed as clean as need be.

The natives in this part are rough in manner, and apt to regard civility as the same thing with servility. Their bluntness does not

proceed from thickness, as in the South of England, but from a surety of their own worth, and inferiority to no one. And to deal with them rightly this must be entered into.

Sally o' Will o' the Wallhead bobbed her solid and black curly head, with a clout like a jelly on the poll of it, to the owner of their land, and a lady of high birth; but she vouchsafed no curtsey, neither did Mistress Yordas expect one. But the active and self-contained woman set a chair in the low, dark room, which was their best; and stood waiting to be spoken to.

'Sally,' said the lady, who also possessed the Yorkshire gift of going to the point, 'you had a man ten years ago; you behaved badly to him, and he went into the Indian Company.'

'A' deed,' replied the maiden, without any blush, because she had been in the right throughout; 'and noo a' hath coom in a better moind.'

'And you have come to know your own mind about him. You have been steadfast to him for ten years. He has saved up some money, and is come back to marry you.'

'I heed nane o' the brass. But my Jack is back again.'

'His father held under us for many years. He was a thoroughly honest man, and paid his rent as often as he could. Would Jack like to have his father's farm? It has been let to his cousin, as you know; but they have been going from bad to worse; and everything must be sold off, unless I stop it.'

Sally was of dark Lancastrian race, with handsome features and fine brown eyes. She had been a beauty ten years ago, and could still look comely when her heart was up.

'My lady,' she said, with her heart up now, at the hope of soon having a home of her own, and something to work for that she might keep, 'such words should not pass the mouth wi'out bin meant.'

What she said was very different in sound, and not to be rendered in echo, by any one born far away from that country, where three dialects meet and find it hard to guess what each of the others is up to. Enough that this is what Sally meant to say, and that Mistress Yordas understood it.

'It is not my custom to say a thing without meaning it,' she answered; 'but unless it is taken up at once, it is likely to come to nothing. Where is your man Jack?'

'Jack is awaa to the minister to tell of us cooming tegither.' Sally made no blush over this, as she might have done ten years ago.

'He must be an excellent and faithful man. He shall have the farm if he wishes it, and can give some security at going in. Let him come and see Jordas to-morrow.'

After a few more words, the lady left Sally full of gratitude, very little of which was expressed aloud, and therefore the whole was more likely to work, as Mistress Yordas knew right well.

The farm was a better one than Wallhead, having some good barley-land upon it; and Jack did not fail to present himself at Scar-

gate upon the following morning. But the lady of the house did not think fit herself to hold discourse with him. Jordas was bidden to entertain him, and find out how he stood in cash, and whether his character was solid; and then to leave him with a jug of ale; and come and report proceedings. The dogman discharged this duty well, being as faithful as the dogs he kept, and as keen a judge of human nature.

'The man hath no harm in him,' he said, touching his hair to the ladies, as he entered the audit-room. 'A' hath been knocked aboot a bit in them wars i' Injury, and hath only one hand left; but a' can lay it upon fifty poon, and get surety for anither fifty.'

'Then tell him, Jordas, that he may go to Mr. Jellicorse to-morrow, to see about the writings, which he must pay for. I will write full instructions for Mr. Jellicorse, and you go and get your dinner; and then take my letter, that he may have time to consider it. Wait a moment. There are other things to be done in Middleton, and it would be late for you to come back to-night, the days are drawing in so. Sleep at our tea-grocer's; he will put you up. Give your letter at once into the hands of Mr. Jellicorse, and he will get forward with the writings. Tell this man Jack that he must be there before twelve o'clock to-morrow, and then you can call about two o'clock, and bring back what there may be for signature; and be careful of it. Eliza, I think I have set forth your wishes.'

'But, my lady, lawyers do take such a time; and who will look after Master Lancelot? I fear to have my feet two moiles off here——'

'Obey your orders without reasoning; that is for those who give them. Eliza, I am sure that you agree with me. Jordas, make this man clearly understand, as you can do when you take the trouble. But you first must clearly understand the whole yourself. I will repeat it for you.'

Philippa Yordas went through the whole of her orders again most clearly, and at every one of them the dogman nodded his large head distinctly, and counted the nods on his fingers to make sure; for this part is gifted with high mathematics. And the numbers stick fast like pegs driven into clay.

'Poor Jordas! Philippa, you are working him too hard. You have made great wrinkles in his forehead. Jordas, you must have no wrinkles until you are married.'

While Mrs. Carnaby spoke so kindly, the dogman took his fingers off their numeral scale, and looked at her. By nature the two were first cousins, of half-blood; by law, and custom, and education, and vital institution, they were sundered more widely than black and white. But for all that, the dogman loved the lady, at a faithful distance.

'You seem to me now to have it clearly, Jordas,' said the elder sister, looking at him sternly, because Eliza was so soft; 'you will see that no mischief can be done with the dogs or horses while you

are away; and Mr. Jellicorse will give you a letter for me, to say that everything is right. My desire is to have things settled promptly, because your friend Jack has been to set the banns up; and the Church is more speedy in such matters than the law. Now the sooner you are off the better.'

Jordas, in his steady but by no means stupid way, considered at his leisure what such things could mean. He knew all the property, and the many little holdings, as well as, and perhaps a great deal better than, if they had happened to be his own. But he never had known such a hurry made before, or such a special interest shown about the letting of any tenement of perhaps tenfold the value. However, he said, like a sensible man (and therefore to himself only), that the ways of women are beyond compute, and must be suitably carried out without any contradiction.

(*To be continued.*)

What Shakespeare Learnt at School.

MANY students of Shakespeare on reading the above heading may be disposed to turn away, partly from the feeling expressed by Mr. Ward in his 'History of English Dramatic Literature,' 'that the vexed question as to Shakespeare's classical attainments is in reality not worth discussing,' and partly from the conviction that whether of special interest or not the subject has been worked out. This feeling is certainly natural, and I must confess to having a good deal of sympathy with it myself. Those who are familiar with the treatment of Shakespeare's scholarship by Whalley and Upton, or even at times in the useful notes of the Variorum edition, may be pardoned for feeling only a languid interest in the question. Upton's cloud of references to Greek and Roman authors has often no real connection with Shakespeare at all: his favourite plan being to make an arbitrary change in the text by substituting some word or phrase, on which he can hang a string of classical quotations. And short of this extreme, the subject was often treated by the last century editors in a somewhat unfruitful and tedious way. The vague verbal coincidences and farfetched allusions on the strength of which passages were often pronounced parallel, the minute but scrappy and irrelevant learning of the notes and annotations, are enough to inspire distaste of the whole subject. And it would not be surprising if ardent readers in an access of impatience at the critics and zeal for the poet should resolve to confine themselves to the text without note or comment of any kind. Indeed, this result has already been reached by at least one earnest student of Shakespeare. Mr. Harold Littledale, in his introduction to the Shakespeare Society's edition of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' expresses this feeling as follows: 'Let us have various readings to any extent, and a carefully prepared text, but why must the wretched student of modern Shakspere go wading through a vast quagmire of critical opinion and confutation, before he is allowed to catch a glimpse of the pure Shakspere stream, as it gleams faintly and far out over the tangled mazes of this dismal editorial swamp?' However natural this feeling may be, it would not be easy to act on it just now, when, amidst the multiplication of Shakespeare Societies and the revival of different schools of Shakespearian criticism most of the old questions are being reconsidered with a thoroughness that half atones for the almost inevitable minuteness and prolixity of such discussions. The question of Shakespeare's learning may, I think, fairly be reconsidered with the rest. For, although this particular sheaf of the great harvest has been, like so many others, pretty fully thrashed out, there are still a few golden grains remaining which it may be worth

while to collect and preserve. This is the object of the present paper. I purpose gathering together some indirect points of evidence bearing on the subject that have hitherto been overlooked. The question of Shakespeare's classical quotations is a larger one, and in dealing with it I hope to throw some further light on the sources he employed as well as on his method of using them.

The materials for a trustworthy estimate of Shakespeare's attainments are to be looked for in various quarters which may be indicated at the outset. We have the indirect evidence supplied by the learned allusions scattered through his dramas and the more direct evidence furnished by his earliest tragedy, 'Titus Andronicus,' and especially by his earliest comedy, 'Love's Labour's Lost.' One main object of the comedy being to satirise pedantry, to expose the tasteless display of learning, the mere parade of scholastic technicalities, the writer must obviously have had some personal knowledge of the thing paraded in order that the satire may be relevant and effective. So far the evidence here is more vital and direct than that afforded by incidental allusions to the mythology and legendary history of Greece and Rome, Shakespeare's genius seems first, as Coleridge suggests, to have dealt with the familiar elements of his own recent experience, before going further afield to find in the wider world of home and foreign literature fitting subjects for its more arduous mature and complex efforts.

In connection with this comes another important source whence materials for judgment may be derived—the probable course of instruction in Stratford Grammar School during the years when Shakespeare was a pupil there. I will deal with this point first, as its exposition may help to connect and illustrate the scattered and fragmentary evidence derived from an examination of his writings. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the actual extent of Shakespeare's classical knowledge, there can be no doubt that he had a very fair education; and it is almost equally certain that he must have obtained it in the grammar school of his native town. About the date at which, according to the custom of the time, he would naturally be sent to school, his father, Master John Shakespeare, was not only a prosperous burgess, but the chief magistrate of Stratford, and we may be sure that he, as well as Shakespeare's gently descended mother, Mary Arden of the Ashbies, would be most anxious that their eldest son should have the best education to be obtained in the locality. According to an authority I shall presently quote, children were often sent to the petty school, or English side of the grammar school, about the age of five, and after remaining there two years entered the grammar school proper, and began the study of Latin at seven. If they completed the full course of instruction, they remained till their fifteenth or sixteenth year, when they left, prepared for commercial or professional life, or, in special cases, for a course of University study. We know that, in consequence of the altered state of his father's circumstances, Shakespeare

was withdrawn from school before he had completed the full term, and it is usually assumed on tolerably good grounds that he left in 1578, when he had just completed his fourteenth year. The question is, What did Shakespeare probably learn during the six or seven years he was a pupil in the grammar school of his native town? In other words, What was the course of instruction in a provincial grammar school like that of Stratford-upon-Avon in the second half of the sixteenth century? This question has recently been raised by Mr. Furnivall in his zeal to find out all that can be known about Shakespeare.[1] Mr. Lupton's reply to Mr. Furnivall's inquiry as to what Shakespeare probably learnt at school contains some valuable notes of the Old Grammar School curriculum, derived from charters and foundation deeds, and some useful hints as to the directions in which further information might in all likelihood be obtained. These hints will probably be turned to good account by some of the many enthusiastic volunteers who are now happily engaged in exploring the obscure and difficult questions connected with Shakespeare's history and work.

Meanwhile, as a help towards the further elucidation of the subject, I may put together some notes of my own made before the New Shakespeare Society had started into existence. It is perhaps appropriate that the question should be rediscussed in these pages, as by far the best things ever said on the Learning of Shakespeare appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine' forty years ago. In three papers, marked by his well-known learning and literary power, Dr. Maginn pierced the pedantic and inflated 'Essay' of Farmer into hopeless collapse. In his own day it is true this once celebrated Essay did some good by abating the extravagant claims on behalf of Shakespeare's scholarship made by Upton, Whalley, and others. They tried to show that Shakespeare was, like Ben Jonson, a regularly built scholar, as familiar with the Greek dramatists, and as well read in the chief monuments of classical literature, as though he had gone through a distinguished University course. Their ingenious labours were indeed an amusing but desperate attempt on the part of academic critics to appropriate Shakespeare, to annex him as it were to the academic interest. The real, though perhaps hardly conscious, aim was to show that Shakespeare, instead of being as some supposed an illiterate comedian and playwright, was a scholarly and respectable person, who might have been admitted to dine in the hall of a college, and take part in the conversation of its learned members. In short, they claim for Shakespeare that he was worthy of academic recognition, and they do this on the narrow and technical grounds which in their day were almost the only ones that would have been generally recognised as relevant and valid. Upton, who was prebendary of Rochester, virtually confesses this in the motto prefixed to his 'Critical Observations:'

> 'Ne forte pudori
> Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.'

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[1] In the *Athenæum* for Oct. 7, 1876.

But the zeal of these academic apologists completely outran all critical discretion. Their method of proof was simply that of assuming that wherever Shakespeare referred to the incidents of mythological fable or heroic story, he must have gained his knowledge of them, at first hand, from classical sources. Allusions to the hunting expedition of Dido and Aeneas, or to the desertion of the Queen by the pious hero, were held to prove Shakespeare's familiarity with Virgil. If he speaks of 'Jove in a thatched house,' he must have read the fable of Baucis and Philemon, in the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid; while an allusion to 'Circe's cup' was supposed to show his acquaintance with the 'Odyssey.' The refutation of these extreme positions was comparatively easy, but Farmer, not satisfied with showing how baseless they were, went much further. He virtually maintained that, as Shakespeare might have obtained his classical knowledge from English sources, and in many cases really did so, he must have been ignorant of the originals and incapable of making any use of them. 'He remembered,' says Farmer, 'perhaps enough of his school-boy learning to put the *hig*, *hag*, *hog* into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans, and might pick up, in the writers of the time or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French and Italian, but his studies were most demonstratively confined to nature and his own language.' Dr. Maginn has abundantly exposed the illogical character and false conclusions of Farmer's reasoning on the subject. His position is indeed as extreme on one side as that of the critics he attacked is on the other. As we shall presently see, the truth probably lies between the rival contentions. Shakespeare was neither so learned as the early critics assumed, nor so ignorant as the later tried to demonstrate. As an acute writer humorously expresses it: 'Although the alleged imitation of the Greek tragedians is mere nonsense, yet there is clear evidence that Shakespeare received the ordinary grammar school education of his time, and that he had derived from the pain and suffering of several years, not exactly an acquaintance with Greek or Latin, but, like Eton boys, a firm conviction that there are such languages.'

This settlement of the question, though delightfully brief and pointed, and perhaps not very far from the truth, is nevertheless somewhat too summary for the purpose in hand. We must try to ascertain, if possible, what the ordinary grammar-school education of Shakespeare's time actually was, so as to answer, in some detail, the question as to what he would be likely to learn during the six or seven years' training in his native town. For this purpose, Carlisle's 'Description of the Endowed Grammar Schools of England and Wales' is no doubt useful, though after some examination, I may say, not so useful as might have been expected. It supplies, as Mr. Lupton says, materials for answering the question; but these are hardly the best available, being for the most part too vague and general to be of special value. The deeds of founders, the school statutes and ordinances, while describing, in general terms, the kind

of education to be given, rarely descend to particulars as to the actual curriculum of school teaching. They do not enable us to realise with sufficient distinctness the different grades of progress, the forms into which the schools were commonly divided, and the books that a boy would usually read in making his way from the lowest to the highest. I shall endeavour to throw some light on these points, by means of two works, once widely known, but now forgotten. The older of these is the 'Ludus Literarius, or Grammar Schoole,' of John Brinsley, published in the year 1612. The expanded title: 'Shewing how to proceede from the first entrance into learning, to the highest perfection required in the grammar schooles, with ease, certainty, and delight both to masters and schollars: only according to our common grammar and ordinary classical authours'—sufficiently illustrates the main design of the treatise. The 'Ludus Literarius' is an acute and interesting work, full of illustrations of the actual teaching in the grammar schools of the time, as well as of fruitful suggestions for its improvement. Brinsley was not only an accomplished scholar and critic, but a born teacher, with genuine enthusiasm for the work and having ideas as to more simple and efficient methods of teaching far in advance of his own day, if not of ours. He belonged to a band of educational reformers, including, among others, Mulcaster, Drury, Coote, and Farnaby, who, against the dominant influence of usage and tradition, strove to give more directness, vitality, and power to the school teaching of their day. Their zeal, as represented by Brinsley, was thoroughly patriotic, if not imperial in its scope and aim. In dedicating his translation of Ovid to Lord Denny, he says that he intended it

chiefly for the poore ignorant Countries of *Ireland* and *Wales*, of the good whereof we ought to be carefull as well as of our oune: unto which I have principally bent my thoughts in all my grammatical translations of our inferior classical Schoole-authors. For that as in all such places [English schools before referred to] so especially in those barbarous countries, the hope of the Church of God is to come primarily out of the Grammar-Schooles, by reducing them first into civility through the means of schooles of good learning planted among them in every quarter; whereby their savage and wilde conditions may be changed into true learning, according to the right judgment of our poet, which the experience of all ages hath confirmed.

Though it may be doubted whether the benefit of Brinsley's labours extended so far, the very excellent school-books he produced were fully appreciated, and did good service in England. These, in common with his more general work on teaching, have long since fallen out of knowledge.[2] How completely Brinsley is forgotten, indeed, is shown by the fact that in such standard works as Watt's 'Bibliotheca' and Allibone's 'Critical Dictionary of English Literature' the father is confounded with the son, a learned Presbyterian

[2] Mr. Furnivall gives some extracts from Brinsley in his introduction to *The Babees Book*, published by the Early English Text Society in 1868.

divine who, after having attained distinction in the Church, was ejected from it by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. Both Watt and Allibone say that John Brinsley was born in 1600, and published his 'Ludus Literarius' in 1612. One might have supposed that the mere juxtaposition of the dates would have excited suspicion and led to inquiry; but in many cases the perpetuation of a tolerably obvious error seems much easier than its correction.[3] As a matter of fact, about the date of his alleged birth (1601) Brinsley was appointed master of the grammar school of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, where he remained teaching with eminent success for sixteen years. Before his appointment, he had married a sister of the well-known Dr. Joseph Hall, afterwards bishop successively of Exeter and Norwich. Hall was a native of Ashby, his father being local factor for the Earl of Huntingdon, whose chief seat was in the neighbourhood. As Brinsley had married before his appointment to the head-mastership, it seems probable that he had some previous connection with the school, possibly while it was under the management of Hall himself, who seems to have acted as master for a year or two in the last decade of the century. However this may be, the future bishop took an active interest in his brother-in-law's affairs. He writes a commendatory preface to his 'Ludus Literarius,' in which he says that the new methods of teaching recommended in the work are not 'meere speculation, whose promises are commonly as large as the performance defective; but such as to the knowledge of my selfe and manie abler judges, have been, and are daily answered in his experience, and practice with more than usual successe.' Hall also sent his nephew, young Brinsley, to Cambridge; and at the end of his college course took him abroad as private secretary, when in 1618 he attended the Synod of Dort on behalf of the English Church. The elder Brinsley appears to have been fortunate in gaining the friendship of several gentlemen of local eminence, including Sir George Hastings, brother of the Earl of Huntingdon, to whom his translation of Virgil's Eclogues is dedicated, and Lord Denny, to whom in the same way he dedicated his version of Ovid.

From the dates given above it will be seen that Brinsley was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and that his most active years as head-master run parallel with the most important and productive period of Shakespeare's dramatic career. His account, therefore, of the grammar-school teaching of the time is of the nature of contemporary evidence. The second volume, whose contents bear on the inquiry, is of somewhat later date, although, as we shall presently see, it

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[3] This confusion extends to Wood, if indeed it did not originate with him. In the *Athenæ Oxonienses* Wood speaks of 'that noted grammarian John Brinsley, sometime a schoolmaster, and minister in Great Yarmouth in Norfolk an. 1636.' It need scarcely be said however that it was the son and not the father who was minister at Great Yarmouth. The mistake remains uncorrected in Bliss's critical edition of Wood. Indeed the editor adds to the confusion by attributing some of the son's theological writings to the father.

supplies indirectly valuable evidence as to the state of school teaching in Shakespeare's day. This work is 'A New Discovery of the old Art of Teaching Schoole: in four small Treatises; concerning, A Petty School, The Usher's Duty, The Master's Method, and Scholastick Discipline: Shewing how Children in their playing years may Grammatically attain to a firm groundedness in an exercise of the Latine and Greek Tongues.' The author, Charles Hoole, was a successful and celebrated schoolmaster in the first half of the seventeenth century. He was born at Wakefield in 1610, and educated in the grammar school of his native town. Like Brinsley, Hoole was connected with an eminent Churchman and divine who subsequently rose to the episcopal bench—Dr. Robert Sanderson, the well-known casuist and logician. The bishop's guiding and helping hand was of great service to Hoole at the outset of life as well as in his subsequent career. We are told that, 'by the advice of his kinsman, Dr. Robert Sanderson, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, he was sent to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he became proficient in languages and philosophy.' The bishop was a native of Rotherham, educated in the grammar school ot the town; and it seems to have been through his influence that young Hoole, soon after leaving Oxford, was appointed head-master of the school. Here he commenced his reforms, and drew up his first sketch of the 'Improved Scheme of Teaching.' The grammar school of Rotherham is of special interest from its close resemblance in history and general features to the grammar school of Stratford-upon-Avon. Both were pre-Reformation schools, founded and endowed about the same time by Churchmen who were natives of the respective towns, and whose local patriotism and zeal for learning looked beyond the mere ecclesiastical horizon. Both schools were, however, connected with ecclesiastical foundations, that of Rotherham with the Collegiate Charge in the town, and that of Stratford with the Guild of the Holy Cross. In each case this ecclesiastical connection was the cause of their temporary ruin, the schools having fallen at the Reformation with the religious houses to which they were attached. The case of Rotherham was peculiarly hard, as it seems to have been suppressed by sheer violence, without even the usual pretexts of royal mandate or legal authority of some kind. Its hard fate, and indeed, all distinct knowledge of the pre-Reformation school have apparently fallen into oblivion. At least Carlisle, the highest authority on the history of our grammar schools, seems to know nothing of the earlier foundation, and gives the date of its restoration in the second half of the sixteenth century as that of the establishment of the school. It may be worth while, therefore, to extract Hoole's pathetic lament over its violent suppression, as the facts ought certainly to find a place in any new edition of Carlisle's valuable work. In a chapter devoted to the establishment and multiplication of good grammar schools, Hoole refers to the matter as follows:—

I might here bewayle the unhappy divertment of Jesus Colledge in Rotherham, in which Town, one Thomas Scot, alias Rotherham, (a poor boy

in Ecclesfield Parish), having had his education, and being advanced to the Arch-bishoprick of York, in the time of Edward the fourth, did out of love to his country and gratitude to the Town, erect a Colledge as a Schoole for a Provost who was to be a Divine, and to preach at Ecclesfield, Laxton, and other places where the Colledge demeans lay, and three Fellows, whereof one was to teach *Grammar*, another *Musick*, and the third *Writing*, besides a number of Scholars, for some of whom he also provided Fellowships in Lincolne Colledge in Oxford. But in the time of Henry the eighth, the Earle of Showesbury (who, as I have heard, was the first Lord that gave his vote for demolishing of Abbies), having obtained Roughford Abbey in Nottinghamshire, to the Prior whereof the Lordship of the Town of Rotherham belonged, took advantage also to sweep away the reveneues of Rotherham Colledge (which, according to a rentall that I have seen, amounted to about £2,000 per annum). And after a while having engratiated himself with some Townsmen and Gentlemen there about by erecting a Cock-pit, he removed the Schoole out of the Colledge into a sorry house before the gate, leaving it destitute of any allowance, till Mr. West (that writ the *Presidents*) in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and when Mr. Snell was Schoolmaster, obtained a yearly salary of ten pounds per annum, which is since paid out of the Excheque by the auditor of accounts. I remember how often, and earnestly Mr. Francis West, who had been Clerk to his Uncle, would declaime against the injury done to that Schoole, which indeed (as he said) ought still to have been kept in the Colledge, and how, when I was a Schoole-master there, he gave me a copy of the Foundation, and showed me some rentalls of Lands, and told me where many Deeds and Evidences belonging thereto were then concealed, and other remarkable passages, which he was loth to have buried in silence.

The main points in this account are confirmed by Camden, who, in his brief reference to the town, says:—

From thence [Sheffield] Don, clad with alders, and other trees, goeth to Rotheram, which glorieth in Thomas Rotheram sometime Archbishop of Yorke, a wise man, bearing the name of the towne, beeing borne therein, and a singular benefactor thereunto, who founded and endowed there a Colledge with three schooles in it to teach children Writing, Grammar, and Musicke, which the greedy iniquity of these our times hath already swallowed.[4]

It is perhaps hardly yet too late for those who are locally interested in the school to inquire into the early and persistent misappropriation of its property and funds.

The grammar school at Stratford was suppressed in the usual way by royal mandate, but after being in abeyance for a few years it was restored by Edward VI., in the last year of his reign (1553). That of Rotherham was restored some years later, mainly it would seem through local effort. They were restored, of course, as Protestant foundations, and in their constitution and management followed the lines laid down for the numerous grammar schools established in the

[4] Thomas Rotherham, Archbishop of York, appears, it will be remembered, in *Richard III.*, and in the crisis of their fate attempts to shelter the unhappy Queen and princes from the coming storm.

second half of the great Reformation century. What these lines were, so far as the course of instruction is concerned, we know perfectly in the case of Rotherham, as Hoole gives in detail the forms into which the school was divided, and the books that were used in each up to the time when he became head-master. And the schools of Rotherham and Stratford being alike in their general character, we may conclude with tolerable certainty that what was true of the one, in this respect, would also be true of the other. Hoole's 'New Discovery,' it is true, was not published till 1659, but, as the title-page states, it was written twenty-three years earlier, and had been in private use, and become tolerably well known before it was given to the public through the press. It abounds, too, with references to the course of instruction in the Wakefield grammar school when the author was a pupil there under a master, who presided over the school for upwards of fifty years. Hoole gives, at the beginning of the work, a list of the books generally used in the grammar schools of the country, and towards the end, as I have said, the course of instruction established in Rotherham School before he became head-master. These valuable details carry us back to Shakespeare's time; and as they agree, where comparison is possible with the statements of Brinsley, as well as with the scraps of information to be derived from the early school charters and ordinances, we may accept them as a guide to the course of instruction at Stratford. Even apart from this, we may be sure that whatever was generally true of country grammar schools in the early decades of the seventeenth century would be true of them in the later decades of the sixteenth. Public schools, as a rule, are about the most conservative of human institutions—so much so that, except at distant and revolutionary intervals, the introduction even of a new class-book is a work of extreme difficulty. The Public School Commissioners who sat in 1862 found that the lines of instruction laid down in the sixteenth century remained practically unchanged till within the memory of the present generation. The only considerable change that took place between Shakespeare's school days and those of Hoole was in the more general teaching of Greek, as a regular branch of school instruction. Leaving, however, his 'less Greek,' I shall confine myself to the 'little Latin' which, according to his friend and fellow-dramatist, Shakespeare possessed. And on this head we may confidently assume that the course of instruction established at Ashby, at Wakefield, and at Rotherham, would also be found established at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Brinsley and Hoole were educational reformers carrying on the work already begun by Ascham and Mulcaster. They write on the subject as Englishmen and Protestants, animated by the largest motives of patriotism and piety. They both urge that the diffusion of education, the multiplication of good schools, and the adoption of better methods of teaching, are essential alike to the welfare of the Church and Commonwealth. The Reformation had, indeed, introduced elements of religious zeal and ecclesiastical rivalry into the

educational schemes of most European countries, the results of which were very marked in the second half of the sixteenth century. The organisation of Protestant instruction by Melanchthon and Sturm roused in turn the activity of the Jesuits, and under their admirable management secondary education made enormous strides in most Catholic countries. Liberal and patriotic thinkers, it is true, felt the inherent defects of the Jesuit movement in relation to the higher ends of education. While their practical aims were far-sighted, the moral and intellectual horizon of these ecclesiastical experts was, it must be admitted, fatally narrowed by party and sectional barriers. And notwithstanding their rare professional aptitude and administrative skill, the hide-bound views and dogmatic aims of the Jesuits soon converted their system of secondary instruction into a hindrance rather than a help of real educational progress. But at the outset their thorough study of the subject led to the discovery and adoption of methods of teaching so skilful and efficient as to revolutionise the schools under their control and make them a dominant educational power in Catholic Europe. Brinsley shows a keen consciousness of this, and his Protestant zeal finds expression in the dedication of his work to the Princes of the Royal House. 'Why,' he asks, 'should wee the liege subjects of Jesus Christ, and of his renowned kingdome be overgone herein, by the servants of Anti-Christ, many of whom bend all their wittes and joine their studies, for the greatest advantage of their learning, even in the grammar schooles, only to the advancement of Babylon, with the overthrow of this glorious nation, and of all parts of the Church of Christ?' Hall, in his commendatory preface, expresses the same feeling: 'The Jesuits have won much of their reputation, and stollen many hearts with their diligence in this kinde. How happie shall it be for the Church and us if we excite ourselves at least to imitate this their forwardness? We may outstrip them if wee want not to our selves: Behold here, not feete but wings offered to us.' Hoole again reflects the later impulse given to Protestant education by the labours of Comenius. He is thus more decidedly a realist in education than Brinsley, who influenced mainly by Sturm and Ascham, sympathises with the general views and aims of the humanists.

As reformers, however, both Brinsley and Hoole insist on substantially the same changes in the existing methods of instruction. It would be out of place to give these in any detail, and I shall notice them only as they throw light on the traditional methods of teaching, in the disadvantages of which Shakespeare, no doubt, fully shared. The great majority of the improvements suggested may be summed up in the comprehensive maxim: 'Follow nature.' 'It is,' says Hoole—

> Tully's observation of old, and Erasmus his assertion of later years, that it is as natural for a childe to learn as it is for a beast to go, a bird to fly, or a fish to swim, and I verily beleeve it, for the nature of man is restlessely desirous to know things, and were discouragements taken out of the way,

and meet helps afforded young learners, they would doubtless go on with a great deal more cherefulness, and make more proficiency at their books than usually they do: And could the Master have the discretion to make their lessons familiar to them, children would as much delight in being busied about them, as in any other sport, if too long continuance at them might not make them tedious.

But in order to give free play to this natural love of learning, the teacher must excite the interest and develop the intelligence of the pupil. The interest of young minds is roused by appealing to their senses and imagination. In learning a language the true plan, therefore, is to begin with what is best known and most obvious, the names of common objects, familiar words and phrases, and the simplest grammatical elements in the mother-tongue. The knowledge of things must always go hand-in-hand with the knowledge of words, and in enforcing this Brinsley quotes of the acquisition of knowledge the philosophical aphorism so often employed in discussing its origin, 'Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerat in sensu.' Hoole quotes the same maxim on the title-page of his translation of Comenius' 'Orbis Pictus,' and devotes the preface to a detailed exposition of its meaning and application. Without interpreting the use of this maxim too absolutely, its adoption by each reformer sufficiently indicates that the main principle of the new methods recommended is that of proceeding from the concrete and particular to the abstract and general. What is taught in this way, that of advancing by easy steps from the known to the unknown, is easily learned. In opposition to this, Brinsley and Hoole complain of the time usually wasted in the senseless grinding of mere grammatical husks. They maintain that nothing can be more unnatural or repellant than the traditional plan of forcing a child to learn by heart a crude mass of abstractions and technicalities it cannot comprehend, and compelling it to repeat, in a dull mechanical routine, definitions and rules of which it understands neither the meaning nor the application. In efficient teaching the intelligence of the learner must be excited and carried forward at every stage, by simplifying technicalities, explaining definitions, giving the reason of the rules, and illustrating their meaning and range by apt and copious examples.

Imitation is another natural principle which ought to be largely employed in the work of instruction. A boy should learn a new language as he learns his mother-tongue, by hearing it spoken and picking it up from colloquial use. Hence the value of using in the lower forms of a school familiar dialogues, vocabularies and phrase-books. The dialogues and phrases when thoroughly mastered should be committed to memory; and repeated in various forms and new combinations. For the same reason, the saving of time and needless labour, translations should specially at first be employed. On this point both Brinsley and Hoole strongly support Ascham, and the great majority of the numerous school-books they each pro-

duced are intended to popularise his plan and facilitate its adoption. Nearly all of these books are versions with explanatory notes of the authors usually read in the lower forms of the existing schools. In school discipline, again, the reformers rely on the natural principle of emulation and the love of praise, instead of on the old methods of terror and force. Sympathy and encouragement are to take the place of stripes and penalties. In cases of hesitation and mistake, the teacher should patiently try to understand and remove the pupil's difficulty, instead of resorting to the rougher and readier plan of a word and a blow. On this point I may give an extract from Brinsley that helps to explain the title of his work:—

A sixth general observation, and of no less worth than any of the former, is this—That there be most needful care chiefly amongst all the youngest, that no one of them be any way discouraged, eyther by bitternesse of speech, or by taunting disgrace: or else by seuerity of correction, to cause them to hate the Schoole before they knowe it: or to distast good learning before they have felt the sweetnesse of it: but instead heereof, that all things in Schooles be done by emulation, and honest contention, through a wise commending in them every thing which any way deserveth praise and by giving preeminence in place, or such like rewards. For that adage is not so ancient as true; *Laus excitat ingenium.* There is no such a Whet-stone, to set an edge upon a good wit, or to incourage an ingenious nature to learning as praise is, as our learned Master Askam doth most rightly affirme. * * * * "Besides this also, this same strife for these Masteries, and for rewards of learning, is the most commendable play, and the very highway to make the Schoole-house to bee *Ludus literarius*, indeed, a Schoole of play and pleasure (as was said), and not of feare and bondage; although there must bee alwaies a meete and loving feare, furthered by a wise severitie, to maintaine authority, and to make it also *Ludus a non ludendo*, a place voyd of al fruitless play and loytering, the better to be able to effect al this good which we desire.

This extract points to the main object of both reformers. All their suggested improvements refer to methods of teaching and the details of school management, rather than to the course of instruction. They do not urge the introduction of new books, but simply a more efficient and intelligent use of those already established in the grammar-school curriculum. They show in detail how in the earlier classes a knowledge of grammatical elements, of the accidence and rules of construing, may be thoroughly acquired in half the time usually spent upon them; how, as the pupil advances, the process of construing may, with proper helps and exercises, be enormously facilitated; and how, in the higher forms, the reading of standard authors and the writing of Latin prose and verse may be made not only a comparatively easy, but an attractive and invigorating discipline.

In order to give full effect to the improved methods, they both recommend a rearrangement of the classes, which in many existing schools seem to have been rather loose and straggling.

Instead of a number of thin and irregularly sized classes, they urge the careful distribution of the pupils into compact and co-ordinate forms, and they show how a well-arranged system of classes and class-work will help to concentrate, economise, and turn to the best account the teaching power of the school. Hoole goes into minute details as to the number of forms, and the work done in each. Brinsley often speaks of the lower and upper schools, and the authors read in them; and when the school was divided into six forms, each of these sections would contain three. Sometimes he speaks of the lower, the middle, and the upper school, and these sections would contain two or three classes each, according as the school was divided into six or nine forms. But whatever the number of forms, there is no difference whatever in the books used, and the authors read, at each stage of the pupil's progress. On this point both reformers are highly conservative. They even maintain that a book so unfitted in many ways for elementary use as 'Lily's Grammar,' must still be retained and taught in its integrity. This feature makes their list of school-books and authors not only instructive, but directly available, in the way of evidence, for the purpose in hand. They describe an established curriculum in which, as I have said, there would be hardly any change of importance since the days of Shakespeare's youth.

Brinsley gives a less detailed and co-ordinate enumeration of school-books; but his list is valuable, not only from its earlier date, but as an introduction to the fuller account supplied by Hoole. The difference between them arises from the fact, that Brinsley nowhere attempts a full or formal enumeration of the books in use, but simply refers to them incidentally in connection with his own labours, and the improved methods of teaching he expounds and enforces. Hoole, on the other hand, gives, as I have said, two lists: one of the books used in the classes of Rotherham Grammar School early in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the other of the works used in the different grammar schools throughout the country. In the lower school the first class was of course engaged for a time in mastering the accidence and the rules of 'Lily's Grammar,' and the bitterest complaints are made of the time usually wasted in the process. When the pupils had acquired some command over the grammatical elements, and advanced towards construing, Brinsley gives the following, as the list of authors read in the lower school: 'Pueriles Confabulatiunculae, Sententiae Pueriles, Cato, Corderius' Dialogues, Esop's Fables, Tully's Epistles gathered by Sturmius, Tully's Offices, with the books adjoined to them, the De Amicitia, De Senectute, and the Paradoxes, Ovid de Tristibus, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and Virgil.' He also mentions, as helps at this stage, Drax's 'Manual of Phrases,' the 'Flores Poetarum,' and Cicero's 'De Natura Deorum.' In the upper school, while Ovid and Virgil are still read, he mentions among the more difficult authors taken up, Plautus, Horace, Persius, and Juvenal. In reading these he

recommends all the helps which can be had, and enumerates the critical texts and commentaries that are likely to prove of the greatest service. In the higher forms, however, the boys are largely occupied in writing Latin epistles, Latin themes and verses, and in the rhetorical as well as the grammatical study of the Latin poets and prose writers. Hoole's first list is of books and authors commonly used in the grammar schools of the country. But, side by side with this, he gives another list, headed 'Subsidiary Books,' those which may be valuable for use and reference at each stage of the progress. Of this double list he speaks as follows :—

> The Authors which I prescribe to be used are partly classical, which every scholar should provide for himselfe, and because *these are constantly learnt in most Grammar Schools* I appoint them to be read at such times as are usually spent in Lessons. The Subsidiary Books are those which are helpful to children in performing their tasks with more ease and benefit; and, because all the scholars will not have like need of them, and they are more than any one will desire to buy, these should be laid up in the Schoole Library, for every Form to make use on as they shall have occasion.

To save space, I shall give only the list of books and authors commonly read in the grammar schools. The first form is occupied with the Accidence and the 'Sententiae Pueriles'; the books in use in the second form were 'Lily's Grammar,' Cato's 'Maxims,' 'Pueriles Confabulatiunculae,' and the Colloquies of Corderius; in the third form, in addition to the grammar and Latin Testament, Aesop's Fables, the Dialogues of Castelio, the Eclogues of Mantuanus, and the Colloquies of Helvicus; in the fourth form, in addition to the Testament and grammar, the 'Elements of Rhetoric,' Terence, 'The Selected Epistles of Cicero,' Ovid's 'De Tristibus' and 'Metamorphoses,' and Buchanan's Psalms; in the fifth form, in addition to the 'Elements of Rhetoric,' Livy's Orations, Justin, Caesar, Florus, the Colloquies of Erasmus, and Virgil; in the sixth form, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Lucan, Plautus, Martial, Cicero's Orations, and Seneca's Tragedies. The list of authors in the sixth form is rather a long one, but it would seem that while Horace, Juvenal, and Persius were thoroughly read, the others were only read in selected portions. On this point Hoole says, in his own detailed account of the work in this form, 'As for Lucan, Seneca's Tragedies, Martiall, and the rest of the finest Latin poets, you may do well to give them a taste of each, and show them how and wherein they may imitate them, and borrow something out of them. Mr. Farnbie's notes upon them will be helpful; and Pareus or Taubman upon Plautus will make that some merry comedies of his may be easily read over.'

To complete the evidence supplied by Hoole, I will give in his own words his account of the books and authors used in the Rotherham Grammar School before he became head-master. This second list is indeed of far higher interest and value for the purpose

of this paper than the first, as it gives a vivid picture of the work actually done in the various forms of a country grammar school while Shakespeare was still alive. As will be seen, Hoole gives these details mainly for the purpose of showing that he had proposed no change in the course of instruction, but simply in the methods of teaching and school management:—

That none may censure this Discovery which I have made to be an uncouth way of Teaching, or contrary to what had been aforetime observed by my Predecessors at Rotherham School (which is the same that most Schoole-Masters yet use), I have hereto annexed their method, just as I received it from the mouth of some Scholars who had been trained up therein all their time at that Schoole and thence sent to the University; before I came hither to be master.

The custom was to enter boyes to the Schoole one by one, as they were fit for the Accidents, and to let them proceed therein severally, till so many others came to them, as were fit to be ranked with them in a form. These were first put to read the Accidents, and afterwards made to commit it to memory; which when they had done, they were exercised in construing and parsing the examples in the English Rules, and this was called the first form: of which it was required to say four Lessons a day: but of the other forms, a part and a Lesson in the fore-noons, and a lesson onely in the after.

The second form was to repeat the Accidents for Parts; to say fore-noons Lessons in Propria quae maribus, Quae genus, and As in praesenti, which they repeated memoriter, construed and parsed; to say an after-noon's lessone in Sententiae Pueriles, which they repeated by hart, and construed and parsed; they repeated their tasks every Friday memoriter, and parsed their Sentences out of the English.

The third form was enjoyned first to repeat two parts together every morning, one out of the Accidents and the other out of that forementioned part of the Grammar, and together with their parts, each one was made to form one person of a verb Active in any of the four Conjugations: their fore-noons Lessons were in Syntaxis, which they used to say memoriter, then to construe it, and parse onely the words which contain the force of the Rule; their fore-noons lessons were two dayes in Aesop's Fables, and other two dayes in Cato; both which they construed and parsed, and said Cato memoriter; these Lessons they translated into English, and repeated all on Fridayes, construing out of the Translations into Latine.

The fourth form having ended Syntaxis, first repeated it, and Propria quae maribus &c., together for parts, and formed a person of a verb Passive, as they did the Active before; for Lessons they proceeded to the by-rules, and so to Figura and Prosodia; for after-noon lessons they read Terence two dayes, and Mantuan two days, which they translated into English, and repeated on Fridayes, as before.

The fifth form said one part in the Latine, and another in the Greek Grammar together; their fore-noons Lessons was in Butler's Rhetorick, which they said memoriter, and then construed, and applyed the example to the definition; their after-noons Lessons were two days in Ovid's Metamorphosis, and two days Tullie's Offices, both which they translated into English; they learned to scan and prove verses in Flores Poetarum, and repeated their week's works on Fridays, as before.

The sixth form continued their parts in the Greek Grammar, and formed a verb Active at every part; they read the Greek Testament for fore-noons Lessons, beginning with Saint John's Gospel; their after-noones Lessons were two dayes in Virgil, and two days in Tullie's Orations. They construed the Greek Testament into Latine, and the rest into English.

The seventh form went on with the Greek Grammar, forming at every part a verb Passive or Medium; they had their fore-noons Lessons in Isocrates, which they translated into Latine; their after-noon lessons were two days in Horace, and two days in Seneca's Tragedies; both which they translated into English.

In the eighth form Hesiod was read in the morning, while Juvenal and Persius were construed in the after-noon.

[The ninth form was wholly occupied with Greek books.]

The evidence of these lists, given by eminent head-masters writing somewhat later than Shakespeare's school days, may be compared with the fragments of contemporary evidence contained in the earlier school charters and ordinances. The result would, I venture to think, be a strong confirmation of their substantial validity for the purpose in hand. As an illustration, I give below[5] from the early school statutes one that contains perhaps the most detailed list of books and authors to be found in Carlisle's collection—that of the Free Grammar School of St. Bees in Cumberland, drawn up in 1583. This list, having been prepared on authority within five or six years after Shakespeare left school, may be accepted as representing fairly enough the books and authors usually read in the country grammar schools. It will be seen that in this list the modern Latin poets used in the schools are enumerated separately, Mantuanus coming first.

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[5] 'These books,' says the Statute, 'shall only be read in the said School, except it shall be otherwise appointed hereafter, by those that have authority:—

The A B C in English.
The Catechism in English, set forth by public authority.
The Psalter and Book of Common Prayer } in English
The New Testament }
The Queen's Grammar, with the Accidence.
The Small Catechism in Latin, publicly authorised.
Confabulationes Pueriles.

'Prose:
- Aesoppi Fabulae.
- M. T. Ciceronis: Epistolae Minores Selectae. Officiorum. De Amicitia. De Senectute. Tusculanarum Questionum. Orations, or any other of his works.
- Salustius.
- Justinus.
- Commentarii Caesaris.
- Q. Curtius.

'Verse:

Distica Catonis.	B. Mantuanus.
Terentiùs.	Palingenius.
Virgilius.	Buchanani Scripta.
Horatius.	Sedulius.
Ovidii Metamorphoses.	Prudentius.
Ovid: 'de Tristibus.'	

The second name is printed by Carlisle as Pallurgenius, but this is evidently a mistake for Palingenius whose 'Zodiac of Life' was a very popular book in the sixteenth century. For the rest, the authors enumerated both in prose and verse correspond substantially with the lists already given.

From these various sources, contemporary and quasi-contemporary, we may form a trustworthy general estimate of Shakespeare's course of instruction during his school days. At that time, as we have seen, boys usually went to the grammar school about six or at latest seven years of age, and entered at once upon the Accidence. In his first year, therefore, Shakespeare would be occupied with the Accidence and grammar. In his second year, with the elements of grammar, he would read some manual of short phrases and familiar dialogues, and these committed to memory would be colloquially employed in the work of the school; in his third year, if not before, he would take up Cato's Maxims and Aesop's Fables; in his fourth, while continuing the Fables, he would read the Eclogues of Mantuanus, parts of Ovid, some of Cicero's Epistles, and probably one of his shorter treatises; in his fifth year he would continue the reading of Ovid's Metamorphoses, with parts of Virgil and Terence; and in the sixth Horace, Plautus, and probably part of Juvenal and Persius, with some of Cicero's Orations and Seneca's Tragedies. In going through such a course, unless the teaching at Stratford was exceptionally inefficient, the boy must have made some progress in several of these authors, and acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to read fairly well at sight the more popular poets and prose writers such as Ovid and Cicero. The masters of the school during the time Shakespeare attended it would seem, however, to have been at least of average attainments and ability as they rapidly gained promotion. No fewer than three held the post during the decade from 1570 to 1580. In the first two years Walter Roche, for the next five, the most important in Shakespeare's school history, Thomas Hunt, and during the last three years Thomas Jenkins were head-masters in the school.

About the time that Shakespeare's parents would be thinking of sending their eldest boy to school there seems, moreover, to have been a good deal of local activity in relation to the building, the old school-house having been put into thorough repair, and changes made in the internal arrangement for the purpose of rendering it more airy and healthful. In the Chamberlain's accounts for the year 1568 mention is made of sums expended for 'repairing the scole,' 'dressing and sweeping the scole-house,' 'ground-sellynge the old scole, and taking down the sollar over the school,' expressions which warrant the conclusion that there was not only a school-house existing in the early years of our Poet, but that it had even then considerable pretensions to antiquity. We may reasonably infer that as it had been put into repair in the year 1568, it continued in a state available for use until it was repaired again about the year 1594 or

1595,'[6] when the chapel of the guild was temporarily used, as it probably had been more than once before, instead of the school-house. The 'sollar' referred to in this extract was a small story, in many cases a loft or garret, and taking away the sollar over the school-house would, I suppose, indicate that it was heightened and possibly newly roofed as well as partially refloored. Shakespeare's father had been chosen town bailiff during the year in which these improvements were made, and it would be part of his official duty to inspect them during their progress and see that the work was well done. As a prosperous burgess and magistrate, he would be proud of the resuscitated foundation connected with the Ancient Guild of the Holy Cross, and now known as the 'King's New School,' and would naturally regard with special interest the renovated building where his son was soon to feel the magical touch of that lettered awakening which in a thousand diversified forms was everywhere quickening the latent seeds of genius into fruitful life. The new school in the old school-house was, indeed, at once the symbol and meeting place not only of the two civilisations, the Classical and the Christian, which have determined the character of modern Europe, but of the two main currents of the latter, the Catholic and the Protestant, which are found united in the most brilliant and productive period of English literature. Associations connected with these great streams of influence were concentrated in the chapel and school-house of the Guild, and reflected from the most familiar objects and occupations of both, from the ancient doorway through which the boy passed out of the sunlight into the shadows and subdued hum of the school, from the rude oak forms and desks at which he sat, from the pater noster he pattered, and the catechism which by royal authority he was obliged to learn, from the well-thumbed books of his weather-stained satchel over which he pored, from the milder or more severe exhortations and 'lectures' of Thomas Hunt 'artsman' and head-master, and, perhaps most vividly of all, from the fine series of paintings on the chapel walls, depicting with archaic faith and power the 'Invention' of the Holy Cross, some of them already half-defaced by the pious vandalism of unsparing religious zeal. The whole round of school influences and associations—from the simple piety of the cris-cross row, and the elementary difficulties of the Primer to the harsh constructions of Persius and the pagan horrors of Seneca's 'Medea' and 'Thyestes'—must have melted as years went by, almost unconsciously perhaps, into the capacious and retentive mind of the marvellous boy, and helped with the life of nature in the fields and woods, and the civic stir and social movements of the town, to prepare and qualify him for his future work.

THOS. S. BAYNES.

(*To be continued.*)

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[6] Stratford-upon-Avon Grammar School by King Edward VI. Report of the Proceedings at the Tercentenary Meeting, June 30, 1853, pp. 39–40.

A Siding at a Railway Station.

I.

SOME years ago I was travelling by railway, no matter whence or whither. I was in a second-class carriage. We had been long on the road, and had still some distance before us, when one evening our journey was brought unexpectedly to an end by the train running into a siding. The guards opened the doors, we were told that we could proceed no further, and were required to alight. The passengers were numerous and of all ranks and sorts. There were third class, second, first, with saloon carriages for several great persons of high distinction. We had ministers of state, judges on circuit, directors, leading men of business, idle young men of family who were out amusing themselves, an archbishop, several ladies, and a duke and duchess with their suite. These favoured travellers had Pullman cars to themselves and occupied as much room as was allotted to scores of plebeians. I had amused myself for several days in observing the luxurious appurtenances by which they were protected against discomfort—the piles of cushions and cloaks, the baskets of dainties, the novels and magazines to pass away the time, and the profound attention which they met with from the conductors and station-masters on the line. The rest of us were a miscellaneous crowd—commercial people, lawyers, artists, men of letters, tourists moving about for pleasure or because they had nothing to do; and in the third-class carriages, artisans and labourers in search of work, women looking for husbands or for service, or beggars flying from starvation in one part of the world to find it follow them like their shadows, let them go where they pleased. All these were huddled together, feeding hardly on such poor provisions as they carried with them or could pick up at the stopping-places. No more consideration was shown them than if they had been so many cattle. But they were merry enough: songs and sounds of laughter came from their windows, and notwithstanding all their conveniences, the languid-looking fine people in the large compartments seemed to me to get through their journey with less enjoyment after all than their poor fellow travellers. These last appeared to be of tougher texture, to care less for being jolted and shaken, to be better-humoured and kinder to one another. They had found life go hard with them wherever they had been, and could be as happy in one place as in another.

The intimation that our journey was for the present at an end came on most of us as an unpleasant surprise. The grandees got out in a high state of indignation. They called for their servants, but their servants did not hear them, or laughed and passed on. The

conductors had forgotten to be obsequious. All classes on the platform were suddenly on a level. A beggar-woman hustled the duchess as she was standing astonished because her maid had left her to carry her own bag. The patricians were pushed about among the crowd with no more concern than if they had been common mortals. They demanded loudly to see the station-master. The minister complained angrily of the delay; an important negotiation would be imperilled by his detention, and he threatened the company with the displeasure of his department. A consequential youth who had just heard of the death of his elder brother was flying home to take his inheritance. A great lady had secured, as she had hoped, a brilliant match for her daughter; her work over, she had been at the baths to recover from the dissipation of the season. Difficulty had risen unlooked for, and unless she was at hand to remove it, the worst consequences might be feared. A banker declared that the credit of a leading commercial house might fail unless he could be at home on the day fixed for his return: he alone could save it. A solicitor had the evidence in his portmanteau which would determine the succession to the lands and title of an ancient family. An elderly gentleman was in despair about his young wife whom he had left at home; he had made a will by which she was to lose his fortune if she married again after his death, but the will was lying in his desk unsigned. The archbishop was on his way to a synod where the great question was to be discussed whether gas might be used at the altar instead of candles. The altar candles were blessed before they were used, and the doubt was whether gas could be blessed. The right reverend prelate conceived that if the gas tubes were made in the shape of candles the difficulty could be got over, but he feared that without his moderating influence the majority might come to a rash decision. All these persons were clamouring at their various anxieties with the most naïve frankness, the truth coming freely out, whatever it might be. One distinguished looking lady in deep mourning, with a sad gentle face, alone was resigned and hopeful. It seemed that her husband had been stopped not long before at the same station. She thought it possible that she might meet him again.

The station-master listened to the complaints with composed indifference. He told the loudest that they need not alarm themselves. The State would survive the absence of the minister. The minister, in fact, was not thinking of the State at all, but of the party triumph which he expected; and the peerage which was to be his reward, the station-master said would now be of no use to him. The youth had a second brother who would succeed instead of him, and the tenants would not be inconvenienced by the change. The fine lady's daughter would marry to her own liking instead of her mother's, and would be all the happier for it. The commercial house was already insolvent, and the longer it lasted the more innocent people would be ruined by it. The boy whom the lawyer intended to make into a rich baronet was now working industriously at school, and would grow up a useful man.

If a great estate fell in to him he would be idle and dissolute. The old man might congratulate himself that he had escaped so soon from the scrape into which he had fallen. His wife would marry an adventurer and would suffer worse from inheriting his fortune. The archbishop was commended for his anxiety. His solution of the candle problem was no doubt an excellent one; but his clergy were now provided with a harmless subject to quarrel over, and if it was adopted they might fall out over something else which might be seriously mischievous.

'Do you mean, then, that you are not going to send us forward at all?' the minister inquired sternly.

'You will see,' the station-master answered with a curious short laugh. I observed that he looked more gently at the lady in mourning. She had said nothing, but he knew what was in her mind, and though he held out no hope in words that her wish would be gratified, he smiled sadly, and the irony passed out of his face.

The crowd, meanwhile, were standing about the platform whistling tunes or amusing themselves, not ill-naturedly, at the distress of their grand companions. Something considerable was happening. But they had so long experienced the ups and downs of things that they were prepared for what fortune might send. They had not expected to find a Paradise where they were going, and one place might be as good as another. They had nothing belonging to them except the clothes they stood in and their bits of skill in their different trades. Wherever men were, there would be need of cobblers and tailors and smiths and carpenters. If not, they might fall on their feet somehow if there was work to be done of any sort.

Presently a bell rang, a door was flung open, and we were ordered into a waiting-room, where we were told that our luggage was to be examined. It was a large barely furnished apartment like the *salle d'attente* at the Northern Railway Station at Paris. A rail ran across, behind which we were all penned; opposite to us was the usual long table, on which were piled boxes, bags, and portmanteaus, and behind them stood a row of officials, in a plain uniform with gold bands round their caps, and the dry peremptory manner which passengers accustomed to deference so particularly dislike. At their backs was a screen extending across the room, reaching half way to the ceiling; in the rear of it there was apparently an office.

We each looked to see that our particular belongings were safe, but we were surprised to find that we could recognise none of them. Packages there were in plenty, alleged to be the property of the passengers who had come in by the train. They were arranged in the three classes—first, second, and third—but the proportions were inverted: most of it was labelled as the luggage of the travellers in fustian, who had brought nothing with them but what they carried in their hands; a moderate heap stood where the second-class luggage should have been, and some of superior quality, but none of us could

make out the shapes of our own trunks. As to the grand ladies and gentlemen, the innumerable articles which I had seen put as theirs into the van were nowhere to be found. A few shawls and cloaks lay upon the planks, and that was all. There was a loud outcry, but the officials were accustomed to it, and took no notice. The station-master, who was still in charge of us, said briefly that the saloon luggage would be sent forward in the next train. The late owners would have no more use for it, and it would be delivered to their friends.

The late owners! Were we no longer actual owners, then? My individual loss was not great, and, besides, it might be made up to me, for I saw my name on a strange box on the table, and being of curious disposition, the singularity of the adventure made it interesting to me. The consternation of the rest was indescribable. The minister supposed that he had fallen among Communists, who disbelieved in property, and was beginning a speech on the elementary conditions of society, when silence was called, and the third-class passengers were ordered to advance, that their boxes might be opened. Each man had his own carefully docketed. The lids flew off, and within, instead of clothes and shoes and dressing apparatus and money and jewels and such like, were simply samples of the work which he had done in his life. There was an account-book also, in which was entered the number of days which he had worked, the number and size of the fields, &c., which he had drained and enclosed and ploughed, the crops which he had reaped, the walls which he had built, the metal which he had dug out and smelted and fashioned into articles of use to mankind, the leather which he had tanned, the clothes which he had woven—all entered with punctual exactness; and on the opposite page, the wages which he had received, and the share which had been allotted to him of the good things which he had helped to create.

Besides his work, so specifically called, there were his actions—his affection for his parents, or his wife and children, his self-denials, his charities, his purity, his truth, his honesty, or, it might be, ugly catalogues of sins and oaths and drunkenness and brutality. But inquiry into action was reserved for a second investigation before a higher commissioner. The first examination was confined to the literal work done by each man for the general good—how much he had contributed, and how much society had done for him in return; and no one, it seemed, could be allowed to go any farther without a certificate of having passed this test satisfactorily. With these workmen, the balance in most instances was found enormously in their favour. The state of the case was so clear that the scrutiny was rapidly got over, and they and their luggage were passed in to the higher court. A few were found whose boxes were empty, who had done nothing useful all their lives, and had subsisted by begging and stealing. These were ordered to stand aside till the rest of us had been disposed of.

The saloon passengers were taken next. Most of them, who had

nothing at all to show, were called up together, and were asked what they had to say for themselves. A well-dressed gentleman, who spoke for the rest, said that the whole investigation was a mystery to him. He and his friends had been born to good fortunes, and had found themselves, on entering upon life, amply provided for. They had never been told that work was required of them, either work with their hands or work with their heads—in fact, work of any kind. It was right, of course, for the poor to work, because they could not honestly live otherwise. For themselves, they had spent their time in amusements, generally innocent. They had paid for everything which they had consumed. They had stolen nothing, taken nothing from any man by violence or fraud. They had kept the commandments, all ten of them, from the time when they were old enough to understand them. The speaker at least declared that he had no breach of them on his own conscience, and he believed he might say as much of his companions. They were superior people, who had been always looked up to and well spoken of, and to call upon them to show what they had done was against all reason and equity.

'Gentlemen,' said the chief official, 'we have heard this many times; yet as often as it is repeated we feel fresh astonishment. You have been in a world where work is the condition of life. Not a meal can be had by any man that some one has not worked to produce. Those who work deserve to eat; those who do not work deserve to starve. There are but three ways of living: by working, by stealing, or by begging. Those who have not lived by the first have lived by one of the other two. And no matter how superior you think yourselves, you will not pass here till you have something of your own to produce. You have had your wages beforehand—ample wages, as you acknowledge yourselves. What have you to show?'

'Wages!' the speaker said. 'We are not hired servants; we received no wages. What we spent was our own. All the orders we received were that we were not to do wrong. We have done no wrong. I appeal to the higher court.'

But the appeal could not be received. To all who presented themselves with empty boxes, no matter who they were or how excellent their characters appeared to one another, there was the irrevocable answer, 'No admittance, till you come better furnished.' All who were in this condition, the duke and duchess among them, were ordered to stand aside with the thieves. The duchess declared that she had given the finest parties in the season, and as it was universally agreed that they had been the most tedious, and that no one had found any pleasure there, a momentary doubt rose whether they might not have answered some useful purpose; but no evidence of this was forthcoming: people had attended them because they had nothing else to do. And she and her guests had been alike unprofitable. Thus the large majority of the saloon passengers was disposed of. The minister, the archbishop, the lawyer, the banker, and others, who, although they had no material work credited to them, had yet

been active and laborious in their different callings, were passed to the superior judges.

Our turn came next—ours of the second class—and a motley gathering we were. Busy we must all have been, from the multitude of articles which we found assigned to us. Manufacturers with their wares, solicitors with their lawsuits, doctors and clergymen with the bodies and souls which they had saved or lost, authors with their books, painters and sculptors with their pictures and statues. But the hard test was applied to all that we had produced—the wages which we had received on our side, and the value of our exertions to mankind on the other—and imposing as our performances looked when laid out to be examined, we had been paid, most of us, out of all proportion to what we were found to have deserved. I was reminded of a large compartment in the Paris Exhibition where an active gentleman, wishing to show the state of English literature, had collected copies of every book, review, pamphlet, or newspaper which had been published in a single year. The bulk was overwhelming, but the figures were only decimal points, and the worth of the whole was a fraction above zero. A few of us were turned back summarily among the thieves and the fine gentlemen and ladies—speculators who had done nothing but handle money which had clung to their fingers in passing through them, divines who had preached a morality which they did not practise, and fluent orators who had made speeches which they knew to be nonsense, philosophers who had spun out of moonshine systems of the universe, distinguished pleaders who had defeated justice while they established points of law, writers of books upon subjects of which they knew enough to mislead their readers, purveyors of luxuries which had added nothing to human health or strength, physicians and apothecaries who had pretended to knowledge which they knew that they did not possess,—these all, as the contents of their boxes bore witness against them, were thrust back into the rejected herd.

There were some whose account stood better as having at least produced something of real merit, but they were cast on the point of wages; modest excellence had come badly off; the plausible and unscrupulous had thriven and grown rich. It was tragical, and evidently a surprise to most of us, to see how mendacious we had been: how we had sanded our sugar, watered our milk, scamped our carpentering and mason's work, literally and metaphorically; how in all things we had been thinking less of producing good work than of the profit which we could make out of it; how we had sold ourselves to tell lies and act them, because the public found lies pleasant and truth expensive and troublesome. Some of us were manifest rogues who had bought cheap and sold dear, had used false measures and weights, had made cotton pass for wool, and hemp for silk, and tin for silver. The American pedlar happened to be in the party who had put a rind upon a grindstone and had sold it as a cheese. These were promptly sifted out and placed with their fellows; only persons whose services were on the whole greater than the pay which they

had received were allowed their certificates. When my own box was opened, I perceived that though the wages had been small the work done seemed smaller still, and I was surprised to find myself among those who had passed.

The whistle of a train was heard at this moment coming in upon the main line. It was to go on in half an hour, and those who had been turned back were told that they were to proceed by it to the place where they had been originally going. They looked infinitely relieved at the news; but, before they started, a few questions had to be put to them, and a few alterations made which were to affect their future. They were asked to explain how they had come to be such worthless creatures. They gave many answers, which came mainly to the same thing. Circumstances had been against them. It was all owing to circumstances. They had been badly brought up. They had been placed in situations where it had been impossible for them to do better. The rich people repeated that they had never been informed that any work was expected of them. Their wants had all been provided for, and it was unfair to expect that they should have exerted themselves of their own accord when they had no motive for working. If they had only been born poor all would have gone well with them. The cheating tradesman declared that the first duty of a shopkeeper, according to all received principles, was to make money and better his condition. It was the buyer's business to see to the quality of the articles which he purchased; the shopkeeper was entitled to sell his wares at the highest price which he could get for them. So, at least, it was believed and taught by the recognised authorities on the subject. The orators, preachers, newspaper writers, novel writers, &c. &c., of whom there were a great many, appealed to the crowds who came to listen to them or bought and read their productions. *Tout le monde*, it was said, was wiser than the wisest single sage. They had given the world what the world wished for and approved; they had worked at supplying it with all their might, and it was extremely hard to blame them for guiding themselves by the world's judgment. The thieves and vagabonds argued that they had been brought into existence without their consent being asked: they had not wished for it. Although they had not been without their pleasures, they regarded existence on the whole as a nuisance which they would gladly have been spared. Being alive, however, they had to keep alive; and for all that they could see, they had as full a right to the good things which the world contained as anybody else, provided they could get them. They were called thieves. Law and language were made by the property owners, who were their natural enemies. If society had given them the means of living honestly they would have found it easy to be honest. Society had done nothing for them—why should they do anything for society.

So, in their various ways, those who had been 'plucked' defended themselves. They were all delighted to hear that they were to have another chance; and I was amused to observe that though some of

them had pretended that they had not wished to be born, and had rather not have been born, not one of them protested against being sent back. All they asked was that they should be put in a new position, and that the adverse influences should be taken off. I expected that among these adverse influences they would have mentioned the faults of their own dispositions. My own opinion had been that half the misdoings of men came from congenital defects of character which they had brought with them into the world, and that constitutional courage, right-mindedness, and practical ability were as much gifts of nature or circumstance as the accidents of fortune. A change in this respect was of more consequence than in any other. But with themselves they were all apparently satisfied, and they required only an improvement in their surroundings. The alterations were rapidly made. The duchess was sent to begin her life again in a labourer's cottage. She was to attend the village school, and rise thence into a housemaid. The fine gentleman was made a ploughboy. The authors and preachers were to become mechanics, and bound apprentices to carpenters and blacksmiths. A philosopher who, having had a good fortune and unbroken health, had insisted that the world was as good as it could be made, was to be born blind and paralytic, and to find his way through life under the new conditions. The thieves and cheats, who pretended that their misdemeanours were due to poverty, were to find themselves, when they arrived in the world again, in palaces surrounded with luxury. The cup of Lethe was sent round. The past became a blank. They were hurried into the train; the engine screamed and flew away with them.

'They will be all here again in a few years,' the station-master said, 'and it will be the same story over again. I have had these very people in my hands a dozen times. They have been tried in all positions, and there is still nothing to show, and nothing but complaints of circumstances. For my part I would put them out altogether.' 'How long is it to last?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'it does not depend on me. No one passes here who cannot prove that he has lived to some purpose. Some of the worst I have known made at last into pigs and geese, to be fatted up and eaten, and made of use in that way. Others have been asses and mules. All animated creatures tend to take the shape at last which suits their character.'

The train was scarcely out of sight when again the bell rang. The scene changed as at a theatre. The screen was rolled back, and we who were left found ourselves in the presence of four grave-looking persons like the board of examiners whom we remembered at college. We were called up one by one. The work which had passed the first ordeal was again looked into, and the quality of it compared with the talent or faculty of the producer, to see how far he had done his best; whether anywhere he had done worse than he might have done and knew how to have done; while besides, in a

separate collection, were the vices, the sins, the selfishnesses and ill humours, with, in the other scale, the acts of personal duty, of love and kindness and charity, which had increased the happiness or lightened the sorrows of those connected with him. These last, I observed, had generally been forgotten by the owner, who saw them appear with surprise, and even repudiated them with protest. In the work, of course, both material and moral, there was every gradation both of kind and merit. But while nothing was absolutely worthless, everything, even the highest achievements of the greatest artist or the greatest saint, fell short of absolute perfection. Each of us saw our own performances, from our first ignorant beginnings to what we regarded as our greatest triumph; and it was easy to trace how much of our faults were due to natural deficiencies and the necessary failures of inexperience, and how much to self-will or vanity or idleness. Some taint of mean motives, too, some desire of reward, desire of praise or honour or wealth, some foolish self-satisfaction, when satisfaction ought not to have been felt, was to be seen infecting everything, even the very best which was presented for scrutiny.

So plain was this that one of us, an earnest, impressive-looking person, whose own work bore inspection better than that of most of us, exclaimed passionately that, so far as he was concerned, the examiners might spare their labour. From his earliest years he had known what he ought to do, and in no instance had he ever completely done it. He had struggled; he had conquered his grosser faults; but the farther he had gone, and the better he had been able to do, his knowledge had still grown faster than his power of acting upon it; and every additional day that he had lived, his shortcomings had become more miserably plain to him. Even if he could have reached perfection at last, he could not undo the past, and the faults of his youth would bear witness against him and call for his condemnation. Therefore, he said, he abhorred himself. He had no merit which could entitle him to look for favour. He had laboured on to the end, but he had laboured with a full knowledge that the best which he could offer would be unworthy of acceptance. He had been told, and he believed, that a high spirit, not subject to infirmity, had done his work for him, and done it perfectly, and that if he abandoned all claim on his own account, he might be accepted for the sake of what another had done. This, he trusted, was true, and it was his sole dependence. In the so-called good actions with which he seemed to be credited, there was nothing that was really good; there was not one which was altogether what it ought to have been.

He was evidently sincere, and what he said was undoubtedly true —true of him and true of everyone. Even in the vehemence of his self-abandonment a trace lingered of the taint which he was confessing, for he was a polemical divine; he had spent his life and gained a reputation in maintaining this particular doctrine. He believed it, but he had not forgotten that he had been himself its champion.

The examiner looked kindly at him; but answered, 'We do not expect impossibilities; and we do not blame you when you have not accomplished what is beyond your strength. Only those who are themselves perfect can do anything perfectly. Human beings are born ignorant and helpless. They bring into the world with them a disposition to seek what is pleasant to themselves, and what is pleasant is not always right. They learn to live as they learn everything else. At first they cannot do rightly at all. They improve under teaching and practice. The best only arrive at excellence. We do not find fault with the painter on account of his first bad copies if they were as good as could be looked for at his age. Every craftsman acquires his art by degrees. He begins badly; he cannot help it. . . . It is the same with life. You learn to walk by falling down. You learn to live by going wrong and experiencing the consequences of it. We do not record against a man "the sins of his youth" if he has been honestly trying to improve himself. We do not require the same self-control in a child as in a man. We do not require the same attainments from all. Some are well taught, some are ill taught, some are not taught at all. Some have naturally good dispositions, some have naturally bad dispositions. Not one has had power "to fulfil the law," as you call it, completely. Therefore, it is no crime in him if he fails. We reckon as faults those only which arise from idleness, wilfulness, selfishness, and deliberate preference of evil to good. Each is judged according to what he has received. To do otherwise would be unjust.

I was amused to observe how pleased the archbishop looked while the examiner was speaking. He had himself been engaged in controversy with this gentleman on the share of 'good works' in justifying a man, and if the examiner had not taken his side in the discussion he had at least demolished his adversary. The archbishop had been the more disinterested in the line which he had taken, as his own 'works,' though in several large folios, weighed extremely little; and, indeed, had it not been for passages in his early life—he had starved himself at college that he might not be a burden upon his widowed mother—I do not know but that he might have been sent back into the world to serve as a parish clerk.

For myself, there were questions which I was longing to ask, and I was trying to collect my courage to speak. I wanted chiefly to know what the examiner meant by 'natural disposition.' Was it that a man might be born with a natural capacity for becoming a saint, as another man with a capacity to become a great artist or musician, and that each of us could only grow to the limits of his natural powers? and, again, were idleness, wilfulness, selfishness, &c. &c., natural dispositions?—for in that case——

But at the moment the béll rang again, and my own name was called. There was no occasion to ask who I was. In every instance the identity of the person, his history, small or large, and all that he had said or done was placed before the court so clearly that there was no need

for extorting a confession. There stood the catalogue inexorably impartial, the bad actions in a schedule painfully large, the few good actions veined with personal motives which spoilt the best of them. In the way of work there was nothing to be shown but certain books and other writings, and these were spread out to be tested. A fluid was poured on the pages, the effect of which was to obliterate entirely every untrue proposition, and to make every partially true proposition grow faint in proportion to the false element which entered into it. Alas! chapter after chapter vanished away, leaving the paper clean as if no compositor had ever laboured in setting type for it. Pale and illegible became the fine-sounding paragraphs on which I had secretly prided myself. A few passages, however, survived here and there at long intervals. They were those, on which I had laboured least and had almost forgotten, or those, as I observed in one or two instances, which had been selected for special reprobation in the weekly journals. Something stood to my credit, and the worst charge of wilfully and intentionally setting down what I did not believe to be true was not alleged against me. Ignorance, prejudice, carelessness; sins of infirmity—culpable indeed, but not culpable in the last degree; the water in the ink, the common places, the ineffectual sentiments; these, to my unspeakable comfort, I perceived were my heaviest crimes. Had I been accused of absolute worthlessness, I should have pleaded guilty in the state of humiliation to which I was reduced; but things were better than they might have been. I was flattering myself that when it came to the wages question, the balance would be in my favour: so many years of labour—such and such cheques received from my publisher. Here at least I held myself safe, and I was in good hope that I might scrape through. The examiner was good-natured in his manner. A reviewer who had been listening for my condemnation was beginning to look disgusted, when suddenly one of the walls of the court became transparent, and there appeared an interminable vista of creatures—creatures of all kinds from land and water, reaching away into the extreme distance. They were those which in the course of my life I had devoured, either in part or whole, to sustain my unconscionable carcass. There they stood in lines with solemn and reproachful faces—oxen and calves, sheep and lambs, deer, hares, rabbits, turkeys, ducks, chickens, pheasants, grouse, and partridges, down to the larks and sparrows and blackbirds, which I had shot when a boy and made into puddings. Every one of them had come up to bear witness against their murderer; out of sea and river had come the trout and salmon, the soles and turbots, the ling and cod, the whiting and mackerel, the smelts and whitebait, the oysters, the crabs, the lobsters, the shrimps. They seemed literally to be in millions, and I had eaten them all. I talked of wages. These had been my wages. At this enormous cost had my existence been maintained. A large ox spoke for the rest. 'We all,' he said, 'were sacrificed to keep this cormorant in being, and to enable him to produce the miserable bits of printed paper which are all that he has to show for himself. Our lives were

dear to us. In meadow and wood, in air and water, we wandered harmless and innocent, enjoying the pleasant sunlight, the light of heaven and the sparkling waves; we were not worth much; we have no pretensions to high qualities. If the person who stands here to answer for himself can affirm that his value in the universe was equivalent to the value of all of us who were sacrificed to feed him, we have no more to say. Let it be so pronounced. We shall look at our numbers, and we shall wonder on the judgment, but we shall withdraw our complaint. But for ourselves we say freely that we have long watched him—him and his fellows—and we have failed to see in what the superiority of the human creature lies. We know him only as the most cunning, the most destructive, and, unhappily, the longest lived of all carnivorous beasts. His delight is in killing. Even when his hunger is satisfied he kills us for his mere amusement.'

The oxen lowed approval, the sheep bleated, the birds screamed, the fishes flapped their tails. I, for myself, stood mute and self-condemned. What answer but one was possible? Had I been myself on the bench I could not have hesitated. I heard my sentence:—

'You passed your first examination by mistake; you must go back to the place from which you came, and when you appear again before us may you have a better account to render of yourself. This only we can allow you. Though you have been unworthy you have not been wholly unworthy. Against this array of accusation a small fraction of good desert is standing to your credit. Therefore it shall be with you as if you had not been stopped at this station for the present. You shall not begin a new existence again in some other form to devour fresh hundreds of thousands of creatures like these that have come to witness against you; you shall take up your life where it was dropped and finish it to its natural end, and if you can find any better employment for your remaining years than that of book writing, I advise you to take to it.'

J. A. F.

The Land Question, and Report on Land Titles and Transfer.

A FEW months ago I was permitted to offer, in the pages of this Magazine, some comments upon the evidence submitted to the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed 'to inquire and report whether any and what steps ought to be taken to simplify the Title to Land, and to facilitate the Transfer thereof, and to prevent frauds on purchasers and mortgagees of Land.' That Committee has now issued its Report, upon which I should like to make a few observations. The public interest in the subject grows deeper and stronger, as it becomes more intelligent, every day; partly because of the rumoured intention of the Liberal leaders to place the reform of the laws relating to Land foremost in their programme should they obtain a majority in the House of Commons at the general election; and partly because, in a time of severe and widespread difficulty and distress, which has affected especially the middle and upper classes, there is an increasing conviction that defect in these laws may in part be the origin of this suffering, or, if not the origin, that it must form an impediment to our most advantageous competition in trade and commerce with other countries of the world.

In dealing with the evidence I showed a concurrence of opinion on the part of the most eminent witnesses, leaving no one in doubt as to their assurance that the custom of entail, and the practice of strict settlement, which it has been stated by Mr. H. R. Brand prevails over an area equal to three-fourths of the country, is a main cause of the difficulty which is found in simplifying the title to Land. I must say that the Select Committee, to do them justice, have observed this in the evidence, but they have not found in the scope of their instructions any reference to matters upon which the land-system of these islands is founded. I think the Committee had no desire to find themselves thus empowered; that they are liable to censure for this restraint; that they have been guilty of a too restricted ambition; that they have made little of a considerable opportunity; that those who were opposed to reform have been aided by others who, 'willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike' at the abuses of the land system, have framed and adopted a Report which is not destined to exercise any great or valuable result in legislation.

At the commencement of this article I have quoted the actual words of their appointment, and that appointment clearly includes the reference to their consideration of all the impediments to simplicity of title, and of all the means by which transfer might be facilitated. But rather than deal, even by a paragraph, with the

greatest of those impediments, the Committee have concluded their Report with the following apology: 'Various suggestions will be found in the evidence for alterations, more or less radical, in the general law of real property, such as the total or partial abolition of entails, the alteration of the law of descent, and of the laws of perpetuity. Such proposals, however, involving as they do important matters of public policy, though incidentally bearing upon the question of Land Titles and Transfer, seem to open out a wider field than that to which the inquiries of your Committee are limited, and they have, therefore, not thought it within their province to report thereon.'

It will, I fancy, be generally agreed that this is the verdict of an incompetent tribunal—incompetent in its collective, for I am not speaking of its individual, capacity—incompetent, perhaps, because of its numbers and of the mode of their selection. That apology contains, indeed, the vague expression of incontrovertible reasons why the Committee should have taken a more courageous and public-spirited view of their task. But, on the other hand, the difficulty, perhaps insuperable, may be found in the composition of the Committee. How, it may be said, is it possible for a Committee of nineteen gentlemen, chosen, not to accomplish, or even to contribute to, a great project of reform, but simply and solely to give representation to all parties, and sections of parties, in Parliament; how is it possible for such a body to discharge adequately a great public responsibility of this sort? There were, without question, members of that Committee well-informed upon the laws relating to Land and the wants of the people at large with regard to these laws, who would have desired to deal fully and clearly, and with the most liberal interpretation of the scope of their instructions, with the great subject referred to their consideration. But what were they among so many? Their only hope of obtaining the necessary support of a majority in such a motley association must be found in deferring largely to the opinions of certain sections of the Committee, with whom they had no precise agreement, a need which is well exhibited in the paragraph of Mr. Shaw Lefevre's rejected report corresponding with that which I have quoted from the adopted Report of the chairman, Mr. Osborne Morgan. There can be no doubt as to Mr. Shaw Lefevre's competence and willingness, then and at all times, to enter upon propositions connected with the Titles and the Transfer of Land. But association with his colleagues of the Committee had so tempered his zeal as a reformer with the considerations requisite to enable him even to hope to obtain a majority in favour of his report, that he himself was fain to let slip the weightier matters of the law in the following paragraph: 'Other improvements of the law have been urged upon your Committee, especially with reference to the limitation of entail and the Statute of Uses; as these changes, however, involve other considerations which are hardly within the scope of your Committee, they consider they are hardly

justified in saying more than that changes in this direction would undoubtedly tend to simplify and cheapen the Transfer and other dealings with Land, and would remove some of the difficulties which have been urged to the system of registration of Titles.' Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in this paragraph, candidly admits his desire for a bolder and more adequate report. But, upon reflection, he may acknowledge that the adoption of that paragraph would have involved stultification of the Committee. They would have admitted that those larger matters, which the majority desired and intended to ignore, were actually within the terms of their appointment, while, in the same sentence, they would have twice declared them to be 'hardly' within that boundary. In stating that an effective handling of the changes in the law which the Committee have in their adopted Report entirely and completely rejected, would tend to simplify and cheapen the processes to which their inquiry was directed, and to remove difficulties which they were specially engaged to investigate, their position would have been less consistent than it is rendered by the general acceptance of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Report.

It was necessary to say thus much before proceeding to deal with the exposition and recommendations of the Report, because the value and the reputation of that document are seriously affected by this limitation. Perhaps the most interesting expression in the Report is found in the unanimous agreement of the Committee with regard to Lord Cairns's Land Transfer Act of 1875, which is declared to be, 'for all practical purposes, a dead letter.' The Lord Chancellor, in the evidence which he gave before the Committee, said nothing to shake their settled conviction of the failure of this, his lordship's latest, attempt at reform. The Report deals, or affects to deal, with the causes which have been assigned for the reluctance of landowners and mortgagees to avail themselves of the provisions of the Act. I have good reason to believe that even of the forty-eight owners who have registered land under the powers of Lord Cairns's Act, not everyone is aware that there is no possibility of removing from the register a title which has once been placed upon it, and therefore I am not disposed to lay much stress on the absence of this power as a cause of the unpopularity of the Act. In spite of his lordship's admission that there could be no objection to an amendment of the Act by the provision of such a power, on payment of a fee, sufficient to deter people from acting upon mere caprice, it must be felt that a power of removing a title from the register is a flagrant contradiction to the arguments by which registration of titles has been advocated. It may be natural that Lord Cairns should have a feeling of sympathy for those forty-eight titles, which are all that have been found in three years and a half adhering to his scheme; but a healthier manfestation of regard for their isolation would be displayed by legislation which should lead—and I would say, with Lord Selborne, should compel—others to join them upon the registry of titles. Undoubtedly their position is by its loneliness somewhat

pitiful, but in order that they may reap the full and rich reward of their courage and promptitude, all that is necessary is that registration should be in a fair way of becoming general. Further, the Committee find that the failure of the Act has been ascribed '(*a*) to the disinclination of solicitors to recommend to their clients a course of dealing with their property which may tend eventually, if not immediately, to curtail their own profits; (*b*) to the general distrust of all projects of land registration inspired by the breakdown of Lord Westbury's Act; and (*c*) to the indisposition both of the public and the legal profession to familiarise themselves with a new system and to run the risk of an experiment which involves so great a departure from established usage.' That solicitors generally are averse from, or at all events are not trustworthy promoters of, all proposals to simplify titles and to facilitate transfer, must, I fear, be taken for granted. But much undoubtedly might be done, and therefore, looking to their power and influence, should be done, to mollify and conciliate their natural opposition. Solicitors can do pretty much as they please with the majority of their clients. But if Lord Cairns had laid before the public a real boon, and to all purchasers and possessors of land an undeniable advantage, in his Act, I will never believe that the solicitors could, with the utmost display of strength, have prevented all but forty-eight persons from availing themselves, during the space of three years and a half, of the provisions of his Act. There is not much in the remaining objections. One would like to have heard the former submitted to and argued against by Lord Westbury himself. But Lord Westbury never held largely of the public confidence as a legislator. The people have far more faith in Lord Cairns, who would manifest greater regard for his ultimate fame if he would show himself less ambitious of support from, and more earnest in educating, the Conservative party. Lord Cairns is named by some of the most thoughtful politicians as the political successor of Lord Beaconsfield in the leadership of the Conservative party, and that expectancy is not favourable to any hopes of great measures of reform from the very distinguished lawyer who now occupies the woolsack. As to the public and the legal profession not liking to adopt a new system, that again cannot reasonably be held to apply to all but forty-eight persons of those who have had dealings in land since the beginning of the year 1876. The Committee indeed dismiss these last two contentions with the very just remark, that they 'seem to be scarcely reconcilable with the fact that, so far from the Act becoming more popular in proportion as it was better known, the applications under it have been steadily diminishing, until at last they have dwindled down to *nil*.'

Mr. Osborne Morgan succeeded in obtaining the concurrence of the Committee in his own estimate of the causes of failure, which is admirable so far as it goes, but it does not go to the root of the matter. It is true, though few lawyers have put the matter so tersely, that the English people are deterred from any effective registration of titles

by the 'almost superstitious reverence for title deeds' which prevails in this country; by the more or less ignorant impatience concerning official scrutiny and surveillance which obtains as generally, as well as by a reasonable fear that their titles when examined on application may not prove to be without a flaw. The Committee could not but be aware—though they chose, as I have already pointed out, to make no recommendation on the subject—that the difficulty of having a clear and simple record of title is opposed, as their Report admits, by the notorious fact 'that not only large but small properties, both in England and Ireland, either already are, or at any time may be, settled on successive holders, either by way of trust or without any trusts at all,' and it cannot be forgotten that in exact proportion as the registered owner is left free and unfettered to deal with the land, the owners of unregistered interests are exposed to the risk of having their property dealt with behind their backs, and are left to protect themselves, as best they can, by a system of cautions and inhibitions. These considerations omit that which, in regard to registration, is of greatest importance. One of the titles registered under Lord Cairns's Act has been that of a considerable area of building land intended for sale in small lots; and there being a great number of lots, the shrewd Member of Parliament, who is the owner of the property, estimates, and no doubt rightly, that before many of the lots are disposed of, the reputation of the title for simplicity and cheapness in the case of purchasers upon this building estate will become renowned to his own advantage. The ultimate benefit of registration, of course, consists very largely in this value which the purchasing public attach to land the title to which has been registered. And this benefit can only accrue widely when registration has become generally, if not universally, adopted. Unless a rapid increase in the number of titles on the register can be insured, any system of registration must prove a failure. Voluntary adoption of registration is not to be expected from any large body of proprietors until their abstention from the register is likely to appear an exception to the general practice, and so to prove injurious in dealing with their property. They must therefore either be tempted by advantageous terms, or compelled in certain circumstances of sale, or other transfer, to come in to the register, of which it is as true as of anything else, that nothing succeeds like success. It is essential to the satisfactory establishment of a system of registration of titles that means should be taken to ensure the placing of a concourse of titles upon the register, and for this reason the machinery of a Landed Estates Court has been made available, as the Lord Chancellor proposed to make it subservient in England. The advantages of registration must not only be apparent; they must be in high repute, before those who register can reap the full benefits of the system.

The Select Committee, which had no spirit for dealing with the weightier questions in dispute, nevertheless recorded their deliberate opinion 'that to legislate for the registration of titles without, as a preliminary step, simplifying the titles to be registered, is to begin at

the wrong end.' In saying this, they utter their own condemnation, because while they in one place acknowledge the superiority of registration of titles over any other form of registration, they have taken no pains whatever to propound reforms for the simplification of titles. And there is so much that might be done in that direction. Take, for instance, the suggestion of the Committee, that registration is neglected because of fear on the part of reputed owners of property that application for an absolute title may result in the detection of a flaw in their title. That fear would be, we may say, practically removed if the limit of investigation were brought down from forty to twenty years. Such an abridgment would be a reasonable and valuable reform, and it would be acceptable if it were not for the difficulty and complication due to the English system of settlements and life-estates. In Australia the term is only twelve years; and here, till lately, it was not less than sixty years. Why can it not be reduced to twenty years? The Committee did bestow a feeble consideration upon this point, and of course immediately bowed before the fetish of entail and strict settlement. The result of their fearful thoughts on this matter, which is one of the greatest importance, is embodied in the penultimate paragraph of their Report, in which they say:—

> Your Committee have considered whether the period of commencement of a title which a purchaser under an open contract may require, at present fixed at forty years, might not, in view of the recent Statute of Limitations, be still further shortened. But, as the term in question depends not only upon the time during which claims against land may be kept alive, but upon the estimated duration of human life, during which such claims may remain in abeyance, they believe that such an abridgment cannot be made as long as the rights of reversioners and other persons having future interests, are, for the purposes of the statute, held only to arise when they fall into possession. Whether the latter rule might not advantageously be altered, they consider to be a matter for grave consideration.

In their criticism of the causes of failure of Lord Cairns's Act, I should have said that the Committee might with reason at least equal to their average, have included the absence of any provision in the Lord Chancellor's Act for the assurance of boundaries. Under the Act of 1875, an owner of land may acquire an indefeasible title to certain lands; but if there is no definition of the lands over which that title extends, the value of the registration may not be very evident. The essence of such registration is indefeasibility, and the value of indefeasibility is in the security of the boundaries of property. An object of registration is to do away with the necessity for the preservation of title deeds, a necessity which has led to that which Mr. Osborne Morgan has described as 'superstitious reverence.' This reverence may be exaggerated, but it is undoubtedly the consequence of the immense importance of the title deeds under our system of conveyancing. But Lord Cairns's Act does not enable a proprietor to be less anxious and careful concerning his parchments. He may have the certificate of the Land Registry Office as warrant for his title;

but in order to maintain his boundaries he must continue to be charged with the custody of title deeds. There is no real relief for him from the evils of the system of conveyance by deed. Mr. Shaw Lefevre has stated with reference to this matter in his draft report, that 'the importance of determining the question of boundaries is over-rated;' and he adds, 'the exclusion was deliberately adopted in 1875, with the object of lessening the expense of putting properties upon the register in the first instance.' There can, however, be no advantage in cheapening processes at the cost of depriving them of efficiency. There was, and still remains, in the mind of Parliament, an almost superstitious terror of the cost of maps, and the advice tendered upon this matter has not always been of the most practical and well-informed sort. There need be no considerable expense in the provision of boundary maps, nothing at all commensurate with the benefit and security conferred by the indefeasibility of the deposited boundary.

All through the first four pages of their Report the Committee are engaged in arguing against a mode of procedure, that of registration of titles, for which they have no mind, and against which the majority exhibited throughout the inquiry a fixed objection. In one place, they assume that such changes as the prohibition of the power of tying up land in settlement, or giving to the possessory proprietor the right of dealing with it as his own, 'would be so opposed to the general feeling of the country, that for the present, at least, it would be idle to consider them seriously.' This is the mode in which the Committee arrive at what they are pleased to call their 'conclusions.' But surely that is not a proper conclusion for a Select Committee. They are not embodied for the purpose of studying the general feeling of the country. The presumption is rather that what they call the general feeling of the country is made up of the self-interest of individuals, and that this self-interest may be led anywhere in the direction of generally advantageous alterations in the laws relating to the security and transfer of property. The position in which the Committee was placed may be thus described: They find that the most eminent living, and late, lawyers have shown themselves desirous of establishing a system of registration of titles; they find that nothing has occurred to impair the arguments by which the superiority of that system was vindicated at the time when those attempts were made. They find that those attempts have proved abortive. Then they make mention of changes in certain directions, the result of which they admit would be that 'the registration of titles would be as easy as the title itself would be simple.' The ordinary mind would naturally suppose that, as their efforts were specially to be directed to the subject of registration, the Committee would deem the investigation, and probably the recommendation, of these changes their first and nearest duty. It would never occur to anyone who knew nothing of the method and composition of a Select Committee, to suppose that they would shirk the consideration of these changes on

the ground that they were opposed to the general feeling of the country, that they would say that on that ground it would be idle to consider them seriously. Least of all would it be supposed that words of this sort would be dignified with the name of a 'conclusion,' and made use of as a sufficient preliminary to the virtual laying aside of the system of registration of titles.

The utility of giving instructions to such a Committee is not discernible, because it seems so very apparent that the majority of the Committee—to whom only I must be understood to refer when mentioning the Committee in relation to their Report—had a preconception of what the people do want in regard to the laws relative to the Titles and Transfer of Land. Their Report betrays a misunderstanding of their proper function. The Lord Chancellors who have laboured to establish registration of titles may be as good judges of what the people want as any members of this Committee. But the Committee were not appointed to consider what the people want; they were appointed to consider and report what is the best that can be given to the people in the way of legislation tending to secure and to simplify the Titles and Transfer of Land.

Let us take another example of their reasoning. They are informed in evidence 'that no system of registration of titles can be devised which will be voluntarily adopted; and, on the other hand, they are told by the Lord Chancellor that he has not yet seen any way in which the registration of titles could be made compulsory,' and then, 'without expressing any final opinion' upon the Lord Chancellor's observation, the Committee 'think it sufficient to observe that it would be very difficult to force upon every purchaser or mortgagee in this country a mode of dealing with his property which not one purchaser or mortgagee in twenty thousand at present adopts of his own accord.' But although the Committee have shown that they are informed of particular objections to the system of registration of titles established by the Act of 1875, and although they cannot be ignorant of the unequal advantages of a voluntary registration which they are informed next to nobody will adopt and a compulsory registration to which at least Lord Selborne saw his way, they report of their own proceeding as their arrival 'at a conclusion.' The Lord Chancellor, timid for obvious reasons in the direction of compulsion, was only bold in the proposal of a Landed Estates Court on the Irish model, to be presided over by a judge of the first importance. It would, of course, be unbecoming the dignity of the first judge in the land, and of the Speaker of the House of Peers, that he should offer a suggestion for legislation to a Committee of the House of Commons, and the Lord Chancellor accordingly put his proposal in the past tense and pointed out that if in the original instance the measure for the registration of titles had been preceded by the establishment of such a Court, it would have commanded a greater degree of confidence in the public mind. But this did not at all square with the preconceived idea of the Committee as to what the people want. They quickly arrived at

one of their 'conclusions' with respect to it, and their Report upon this matter of high importance in regard to the deliverance of the soil of England from the comparative sterility to which, because of the poverty of insolvent landlords, so much of it is doomed, is that 'your Committee are afraid that the time for carrying out such a proposal has gone by, and that it is now too late to resuscitate it.'

Before proceeding to the affirmative recommendations of their Report, the Committee take their stand and justify their 'conclusions' upon an axiom borrowed from the Royal Commissioners of 1868, which 'they believe to be perfectly sound.' It is that 'for an institution to flourish in a free country, it must offer to the people the thing that they want.' This Committee seem to have a notion that there is inspiration in that most unmeaning phrase. I suppose that in its original employment it was used by men who had no doubt whatever that the land system of England flourished in a free country. But would anyone have the hardihood to say that what the people want is to be found in that system? What the people want, in regard to matters in which, from inherent complexity, the people cannot and do not attempt to devise improvement, is the legislation which is the most clearly directed to certain ends, such, for instance, as this Committee were told off to accomplish when they were directed to have regard to the steps which ought to be taken to simplify the Title to Land and to facilitate the Transfer thereof. This high charge and grave duty the Committee resolved of their intrinsic mediocrity to abandon altogether; and having assigned for this remarkable neglect the reasons or 'conclusions' of which I have made mention, they preferred to write their own Commission, which is to be found in their Report in these words:—'Is the present system of English and Irish conveyancing in any, and what respects, capable of substantial improvement?' That is the question, and the only question to which this Report is an answer, and to that question, owing to the limitations too readily accepted by the Committee, it is obviously a very lame and imperfect answer. Still it must be admitted that by far the more interesting and—if the word may be applied to any part of the document, I would say valuable—portion of the Report is that which follows upon the ignominious misconstruction of the task which the Committee received and accepted from Parliament. From this point the tone of the Report acquires a greater resemblance to vigour, because the Committee then enter upon the ground of the preconception which had occupied their minds from the time of their first meeting. Here they brush aside with quite natural contempt the idea of radical reform. They have, indeed, no toleration for reformers. They tell such that, 'as they have already pointed out, simplicity of transfer presupposes simplicity of title, and simplicity of title in a country like England or Ireland is more or less unattainable.' But if we stoop to the view of the Committee that their function was properly confined to considering how the registration of assurances might be improved and extended, we shall

find at least something to applaud in the latter portion of this Report. It is hard, even in the moment of severest disappointment, to withhold sympathy from men who seem not unconscious of the inadequacy of their course. With aspect of apology, they indicate, and the remark has a certain merit, 'that if every assurance relating to land were registered, a basis would be laid which would make the registration of possessory titles a comparatively simple matter. In fact, each purchase deed would serve as a starting point in the title, at which the purchaser, if he wished it, might pass from one register to the other.' When difficulties appear to thwart their own conception of details, the Committee have a very short and simple way of dealing with them. In their own happy method they 'conclude' with a simple denial of their existence. Take, for example, their decision 'that local registries might be advantageously established in convenient centres.' They incline even to such minute subdivision as that of the County Court registries, and they say, 'the objection that such a proposal would involve more than one search where properties situated in different localities are comprised in the same instrument, does not seem to be entitled to much weight, as such cases, it is believed, are, in England at least, comparatively rare.' If this means that properties are, with very rare exceptions, conterminous with the areas of County Court registries, it is certainly the most hazardous opinion that was ever printed for Parliament at the expense of the country. Surely no one possessing the least claim to practical knowledge need hesitate in opposing even a solitary opinion to that of the Committee in this matter. The adoption of such small areas of registration must produce severe inconvenience. The Committee have generally ignored the question of cost; but there can be little doubt that the expense of a system of registration would be proportionately increased in the ratio of the number of offices of registration. It is moreover open to those who are in favour of larger areas of registration, to argue that with such minute division of the country, the buyer and seller would not seldom be residents in different registration districts, and that in such case it would be easier for both to transact their business by post with a more central office. The Committee lay much stress upon the superior advantages of small areas in regard to the difficulty of search, but in this matter also the cost would be greatly increased by their method, and they omit to say whether the certificate of search, which is to be accepted as evidence of the state of title up to its date, is to be indefeasible, and if the sufferer from any error in such a certificate will be entitled to compensation. In the Australian system, as the Committee were made aware, a compensation fund is provided by hypothecation of a trifling portion of the registration fees. The point is not unworthy the attention of the Committee, because, were the certificate not indefeasible, both solicitors and searchers might be disposed to promote unnecessary frequency of search. The final recommendations of the Committee are preceded by a paragraph, which by a special vote

was introduced *ab extrâ* into the Report, and which has, it must be confessed, a somewhat irrelevant and unnatural character. It ostentatiously records the obvious fact that the Committee do not recommend the repeal of the Lord Chancellor's Act of 1875, and neither, though they have emphatically declared it to be 'a dead letter,' do they recommend its amendment in any direction. They only think that 'the two systems of registration might be consolidated, or at all events that the registration of deeds and that of titles in England might be carried on upon the same premises or, at all events, under the same superintendence.' This lumbering paragraph may have been intended humorously. Perhaps it was introduced on the motion of Mr. Lowe, who may have meant nothing but a grim joke. Seeing that the Committee had already in their Report declared the Act 'a dead letter,' and that the applications under it 'have dwindled down to *nil*,' it is nothing but funny to record an opinion that the business of the Act might without difficulty be consolidated with any other business, under one roof or one superintendence.

Of the positive recommendations of the Committee, some of them are excellent. But so far as they are novel, so far as they differ from recommendations—such as the conversion of a mortgage from a conveyance upon conditions to a simple charge, defeasible in the event of repayment of principal and interest; and the immediate completion of the cadastral survey for England and Wales: both of which have been put forward by nearly every writer on the subject of reform—their recommendations are in strict harmony with the 'conclusions' of the Report. The first is 'the abolition of the present scale of conveyancing charges, and the substitution for it in all cases, where it is possible, of a graduated *ad valorem* scale of payment.' Well, all that need be said on this point is that it is a little wonderful to find a Committee including lawyers and solicitors in large practice believing that the public would gain much by the establishment of such a scale. The project moreover is not new. An *ad valorem* scale is now permitted; solicitors frequently offer it to their clients; and clients, knowing little or nothing of the matter, and craving only some sort of fixity, often accept it. I remember a case of this sort in which a solicitor told me he had prepared a conveyance upon an agreement for an *ad valorem* fee of 2 per cent., and he said he was glad his client had accepted the scale, for such was the simplicity of the title that his charges could not have much exceeded 1 per cent. Then we have the scale of charges promulgated by the Incorporated Law Society, a body which we may be quite sure would exercise very great influence in framing the suggested new scale of charges. The Committee heard in evidence, from an eminent solicitor, what was the character of the fixed scale of payment. Mr. Frere said the charges were so high that he could only use them in the case of foreigners, or of those who were so pressed to obtain money on mortgage that they were somewhat unusually indifferent as to what they paid for the advance. The Committee recommend in the second place the

compulsory use of short statutory forms. But just as in regard to their first recommendation they use the words 'where it is possible,' so in this matter they do the same, varying the formula, and prescribing the reform 'as far as practicable.' While the complexity of English titles is continued, that practicability will not be found to extend very far. There are fashions in the work of lawyers as in that of milliners, and while three-fourths of the soil of England are bound in settlement, defying the adoption of short statutory forms, the length of deeds will for some reason or other be found to be undiminished. The same circumstances will tend to vitiate, though they might not wholly obscure, the benefits to be obtained by the recommendation with regard to mortgages the character of which I have already indicated. The further recommendation, which is intended to ensure the presentation of a real representative as owner of land, 'having the same control over, and power to make, a title to freeholds which a personal representative now possesses in regard to chattels real,' implies mere homage to a policy which the Committee have shrunk from endorsing. Nothing is more to be desired for the national welfare than that every rood of land should have a representative and responsible owner, free to sell if that be desirable, and forced to sell if he is obliged to make a declaration of insolvency. But the recommendation, even if carried to its extremest limits, would give only a sham resemblance to that wholesome state of things. There would be names, but the persons they represent would be no more the free and responsible owners than the members of the House of Lords are landowners. The peers of England are not landowners; they are land-holders only; and not less fictitious would be the ownership of three-fourths of the land of Great Britain and Ireland as it would appear in the names of those appointed representatives under this or any other recommendation of the Committee. The fifth recommendation refers to the cadastral survey, and the sixth to the repeal of the Statute of Uses. The seventh deals with the establishment in local centres of district registers of assurances respecting land. This has been already discussed. The recommendation introduces the Ordnance map for the purposes of index, the need for which has been illustrated by an exhibition of the horrors of search in the business of the Middlesex Registry, owing to the very defective system of index which obtains in that establishment; but it says nothing about making the map serve for the identification of boundaries in connection with Lord Cairns' Act. The eighth recommendation, making registration virtually compulsory, is one which is indispensable to the success of every system of registration, whether of titles or of assurances,—'that (except in cases of actual fraud on the part of the party registering) every instrument shall rank in priority according to the date of its registration.' The ninth proposes the appointment, in connection with each registry, 'of an official searcher, or staff of searchers,' whose certificate is 'to form part of the title, and to be

evidence in the case of subsequent dealing with the property as to the previous title disclosed by the register.' Upon this, I have already asked who is to be liable, and is compensation to be provided for errors in the search? The tenth and last recommendation, containing the only reference to the registration of titles, proposes nothing by way of amendment of the Act, which has been pronounced to have no operation and to be 'dead,' but simply—and from what is said by the Committee, we may presume, idly—recommends the 'localisation of the registration of titles,' with the formula 'as far as practicable,' and 'concurrently with the establishment of district registries for the registration of assurances.'

Although this report is substantially the work of the chairman, Mr. Osborne Morgan, it would be unfair to charge upon him an equivalent responsibility for its shortcomings and defects. The chairman of a Select Committee is bound by an unwritten contract with Parliament to do his utmost to evolve the most definite expression of a majority of the Committee which he can succeed in obtaining, and probably nothing better than the Report which is now before Parliament could be expected from a majority of the nineteen gentlemen, of whom Mr. Osborne Morgan was one and the president. Besides two members of the Government, there were not fewer than four thoroughly Tory lawyers on the Committee—men who revere the principle and practice of entail and settlement, with all that is involved, as forming the basis of the most important political institutions of the country. But whatever be the cause, the result is matter for regret. Mr. Morgan was the instigator of the inquiry, and he, together with the majority, has failed to make the best use of the opportunity which was conceded. The revision of the laws relating to land will now surely and speedily be undertaken. To expedite this great and beneficial undertaking, the serious and widely extended depression of agriculture will have an important tendency. Nor will the people of the towns fail to be aroused to the importance of this matter as one which concerns the trade and commerce of the United Kingdom. While our trade is depressed, ships are preparing to carry away, in a new flow of emigration, those who at home might be permanent and beneficial customers. While our agriculture is depressed, and an unwonted growth of weeds is choking the soil; while the fields are pining for the labour, not so much of hirelings but rather of interested proprietors, Englishmen are carrying their little capital away from a country in which there is no security of tenure, no simplicity of title or of transfer, and where such economy of cultivation as is seen in that happiest part of the United Kingdom, called the Channel Islands, is practically unknown. There will be a great development of public opinion upon this most vital of social questions; and when the people of this country have considered, so far as it is possible for the population to consider, what it is they want, we may safely predict that their requirements will not be found within the paragraphs of this Report.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

Little to Shew.

AGAIN among Perthshire hills and lakes, Perthshire woods and rocks, the broom and the heather. And this after not thinking ever to see them more. It was partly a mistake when somebody said that to enjoy what is present you must have a long prospect ahead. To some people, in some moods, that is so. But you will find out that when you are coming slowly out of a severe illness, which brought you face to face with the great Change: when you take each day and are thankful for it, not thinking of another: when you know that present ease may be a brief reprieve before the iron grasp of pain again takes hold of you: you enjoy things as keenly as ever. I venture to differ from Mr. Ruskin. There is no human being who has not many times differed from Mr. Ruskin. No one can admire him more, or in many things more heartily accept his teaching. But it was a morbid and transient mood, it was the shadow of his great illness coming upon him, when he said that at fifty-three, he could no longer look with pleasure at the setting sun.

Now in this audible stillness of the beautiful summer evening, let us walk two miles towards the sunset, golden and red, glorious beyond remembering when it is gone. We have come up a wooded valley: and here you may sit down on a little bridge, where a quiet stream steals out from a beautiful loch. The steep and shaggy banks make its edges black, but the broad central sheet of water still brightly reflects the sky. Do not call the word *lock*, ignorant Saxon: you can easily say *loch* if you try. Still less, you affected whipper-snapper of a denationalized Scot, venture to forswear your birthright and talk of a *lock* to me. As sure as you do, I shall inflict appropriate and condign punishment. I will investigate how near you are in blood to the Eldership of the Scotch Kirk; and make the fact known to your Anglican acquaintances, to your deep mortification. For the fact would not mortify you, unless you were a very poor creature.

The summer has been cold and rainy: the season is late. All the pleasanter, pleasant beyond words, have come this glittering sunshine, this sapphire sky, these golden and crimson clouds, covering all the West. And beautiful things are still present with us, which in other years would have been past and gone. Though this be one of the first four days of August, the touch of Autumn might be here: it was here this day twelvemonths. But this evening, these quiet miles, a blaze of briar roses, red and white, has lightened up the hedges on either hand: and all the way the air has been sweet with the fragrance of the breathing clover. The broom, in patches, still keeps its yellow flowers. Though now it is near nine o'clock, the twilight is like daylight to one coming out from that dark avenue of thick trees: and the great moon, sailing above, yellow as is the summer moon,

adds no appreciable light because none is needed. Here is the first holiday: and it comes as welcome as in departed years.

Times come, leisure times in a busy life, times when unwonted illness enforces cessation of accustomed work, in which you look back over the way you have come: you turn over your diary (commonly a saddening and humbling experience): you think of much labour, of the full exertion of what little might you had: and ask yourself What is to Shew. What is the outcome of it all? What abiding result is there of all you have done, beyond the mere bearing of the burden of the day that was passing over you? Is there any? Yes, there is some. But it is very little.

Of course you remember that there are morbid views, which in a little will go. There are transient moods, not to be mistaken for the abiding mind. As in all matters of opinion the last appeal must lie to the average good sense of average mankind, so to discover your own resultant and permanent judgment you must eliminate exceptional and hasty judgments, formed under temporary pressure. Unless you be a fool, perennial and incurable, you are well aware that very often, for short spaces, you have thought and judged like an inexpressible fool. Sometimes, too, it may be that for periods which passed with lightning swiftness, you have been an immense deal wiser and farther-seeing than your average.

In these transient seasons when you form exceptional judgments, by and bye to go, you have known what it is to conclude that all your life has been a wretched failure, and all you have done beneath contempt. As for what you have written (if anything), you really think it is even worse than an amiable brother in the like vocation with yourself declared it to be in the Whistlebinkie halfpenny paper. The word *criticism* is not well applied to the poor outburst of spite from the man who has never forgiven your beating him at College: but it may be said that a writer of moderate sense is often surprised that the unfriendly critic fails to put his finger upon the weakest and worst points in the production of the human being whom (God knows why) he hates. Now, seeing how much better and more successfully you will do your work when you have confidence in yourself: not to mention how much happier you will be in doing it: you may occasionally have thought that he was a wise man, that Weaver of Kilwinning, proverbially known over the West of Scotland, concerning whom only this fact is recorded, that he earnestly entreated his Maker for a good opinion of himself. *A good conceit of himself*, was the expressive phrase of Ayrshire in the writer's boyhood.

One has often thought that there is something specially cheering about work which leaves something to shew. At College you pored a long evening over a knotty bit of Æschylus: at last you thought you had mastered it: but the acquisition was invisible and intangible. But when you had composed a few Greek Iambics, or written a page or two of an essay, here was something done concerning which there could be no question. What your work might be worth was a

different matter: but if it were your very best, the pleasantest smile in all this world (if Wordsworth be right) beamed quietly upon you: and here was something tangible accomplished. The Chorus of Æschylus, in after years, would be quite forgot. Yes, and when you looked then at your old prize essay, it would be as strange to its author as to any one else. But at least the fading pages are there, for what they are worth. And if intellectual labour (let us say head-work) often leave no apparent memorial or result, yet more imponderable is the result of moral struggle. You fight with a bad habit: you daff aside a temptation: you try to grow better-tempered, or at least to suppress the unworthy speech or act in which ill-temper would reveal itself: but not merely is there nothing to shew; you are very far from being sure that you have indeed attained even an invisible possession. As for the human beings (by many esteemed as holding an enviable place in life), who have nothing to do but to amuse themselves, their daily proceedings leave no trace at all. If, like Chatterton's hero, they 'sum the actions of the day at night before they sleep,' one would think they must feel very uncomfortable. But the enjoyment of the sense that something has been attempted and done in the day that has gone over is probably an acquired taste. And Southey's daily exercise with his pen came to be very much like some old gentleman's daily strokes at Golf. Only Southey's pen left its abiding traces, which oftentimes were indeed worth extremely little: while the old golfer's strokes are without apparent result. You may say, of course, that they brought him health and cheerfulness. But health and cheerfulness are not what I mean when I speak of something to shew. I mean a visible and abiding result of past work, which you can see and handle: the book written, the house built, the picture painted, the waving harvest-field, the money saved and invested. Sir Gilbert Scott, looking at the churches he had built and restored (and let grumblers say what they please, he was a very great Architect): Robert Stephenson, looking at the London and Birmingham Railway, and the Menai Bridge: Mr. Gladstone, regarding the enactments he has added to the Statute-book; and Mr. Disraeli thinking of a great Party which he had educated with a vengeance; have known the special sensation implied in having a vast deal to shew: For better or worse, such men have left their mark on their age. But with ordinary folk, living an ordinary life, even a busy one, pretty nearly all energy goes to bear the burden of the day that is passing over and to do the work it brings: and hardly any abiding result survives and endures.

When human beings are subjected to the process which used to be called being *brought to book*, the result is for the most part very humbling. For being brought to book means that, instead of one's being alluded to estimate himself and his work by vague impressions, you are brought to the accurate and searching test of arithmetical verity. Isaac Disraeli gives in one of his works a careful calculation of the number of volumes which it is possible for a man

to actually read in a lifetime: the number is startlingly small. If you count the number actually present at a large meeting of men and women, it will prove to be just about half what it would have been reckoned to be, even by those not unaccustomed to see large meetings. If the gathering be one of thousands, it will count up to about one-sixth or one-eighth of what an unexperienced person would call it. Many folk have an impression that in the winter sky they have seen at once many thousands of stars: some would say many millions. Not reckoning nebular gleams, the number of stars the human eyes can see is not two thousand. And when very laborious mortals are brought to book as to the time which can be habitually given to work in the twenty-four hours, the result is surprising and it is taking down. Large spaces must needs be given to sleep, and food, and raiment. A lengthened portion of each year goes to the dismal process of shaving. The morning tub, in a year, engages an appreciable amount of your conscious life. From the moment at which you rise in the morning till the moment when you take steadfastly to work, having had breakfast and glanced over the newspaper, and (if in the country) having had a little turn in the open air, have not two hours gone? I am not going into details. But, as a fact, the time in each day for which the machinery of mind and body can be driven at full pressure, is surprisingly brief: and of that time no small measure goes to the doing of work which must needs be done, but which leaves no trace. It would leave traces, and painful ones, were it neglected. The answering your letters, answer them as briefly as you may, exhausts time and energy daily. You mow down the worrying crop: but next morning there it is again. I speak of ordinary professional folk, with their moderate correspondence. Bishops, and the like, with thirty letters to write each day, every one requiring thought, and several demanding anxious consideration, can have little energy left for any writing else. It is no wonder that they preach extempore, or give old sermons or sermons written off at a sitting.

And yet, an immense deal of work can be done in not so many years by one whose vitality is not frittered away by the unceasing and worrying calls of professional and domestic life. Mr. Buckle died at forty, having acquired an amount of knowledge which seemed marvellous. Yet when near twenty, he could not read nor write. Twenty years sufficed to accumulate the stores of which we have startling glimpses in the *History of Civilization.* But Mr. Buckle was rich. And Mr. Buckle was unmarried.

If you, being a brain-driving man, and getting on through the years of middle age, should be struck down by serious illness, which gives you a very near view of the solemn End, it will probably be in your experience as you are gradually getting better that you will frequently think how many men who did good work in this world died no older than yourself. Several times in each day it will be impressed upon you how many these men are: and the upshot will be that you will

be brought to even a humbler view of the little you have yourself done in your life than you commonly suffer under. I do not think, saying this, of the great geniuses in Poetry, in Painting, in Music, who go at thirty-seven; Mozart and Mendelssohn, Raphael, Byron, Burns: nor of the wild crew of the earlier English dramatists, whose insane career told in such fashion on body and soul that it must needs be brief. It is very startling to think that Shakespeare learnt all he knew, and said it as he has done, and died at fifty-one. Thackeray died at fifty-two; Spenser at forty-nine; Arnold died at forty-eight. There was a man, of whom no reader of this page ever heard, who was a really great ecclesiastic in a small sphere; wielding for many years an influence which in such a sphere is not gained unless through lengthened time. His name was Andrew Thompson: and he died at fifty-two. There never was a greater advocate at the English Bar than Follett. He died at forty-six. Dickens had done the work on which his fame rests at a very early age; but, with his nervous system, the wonder is he surpassed thirty-seven. With that hysterical sensibility, it is marvellous that he reached fifty-seven. We must beware, however, of classifying ourselves with the immortals, even as concerns their years. For by simply classifying ourselves with such, we may subject ourselves to several mortifications. There was a decent man in recent days, who had published certain volumes of inexpressibly unreadable verse. On a certain occasion he was conversing with a friend, and (as was his wont) he led the talk to that which was with him the greatest of all subjects: to wit, Himself. With a sigh, he said that it behoved him to be diligent in making the most of the time which remained to him, forasmuch as his time was short. His friend asked, with awakened curiosity, what it was he meant. 'Ah,' he replied, mournfully, 'you know all great geniuses die at thirty-seven.' The friend, eager to comfort him, entreated him to discard the notion that he was to be prematurely cut off; assuring him that he did not run the smallest risk of dying at the age peculiar to great geniuses. But the friend informed me that instead of being cheered by the communication and grateful to him who conveyed it, the poet glowed with indignation. Another poet, who was in several respects the exact incarnation of a snob (in Mr. Thackeray's sense of the word) has assured us that he would rather be subjected to the very worst possible extremity in the company of a duke, than be admitted to what was far too good for him in what he termed *vulgar company.* Even so would that unreadable though estimable author much rather have been removed in the flower of his days, than have been spared to the good old age which he in fact attained, if he might die at the years of Mendelssohn, Raphael, and Byron. I do not mention Toplady, though he was similarly distinguished: save to say that if some good folk who ignorantly admire him, knew some facts as to what they would no doubt call his ritualistic ways, they would hasten to discern extreme High Churchism in *Rock of Ages.*

I see Follett yet, getting wearily out of his carriage at the door of the Guildhall Courts in the morning, to begin his day's work. It was a high, old-fashioned chariot; and he generally left his *Times*, opened up in untidy fashion, lying on its floor. I see the worn, pale face, not without a look of suffering; the short iron-grey hair; as the great advocate slowly and stiffly walked up the steps, eagerly eyed by divers young Templars who vainly thought they were some day to rival him. In a few minutes, arrayed now in his wig and gown, he would be opening a case in the Queen's Bench, with mellifluous flow of speech hardly ever rivalled, and with little peculiarities of expression long forgotten. He was fond of the unclassical word *colluding*: and though men in general speak of pounds, shillings, and pence, and Americans of dollars and cents, Follett always spoke of *a thousand pound*. Does any great American lawyer say that a man is worth (i.e. *has*, probably he *is worth* nothing) *a million dollar?* The old days come back, wherein the writer paced the classic shades of the Temple, and honestly studied the Law: days for which there is nothing earthly now to shew, and wherein his life was millions of miles away from that of these latter years. Not one in a thousand of the human beings among whom he lives knows what the Temple means, or has the faintest idea of what is meant by a Master in Chancery. And probably the writer alone among all living Scotch theologians has read and abstracted Blackstone's Commentaries and Chitty's Practice. It is too plain that most of his brethren are all abroad as to the functions of a Special Pleader; and that some of them fancy that to *join issue* means exactly the opposite of what it does. A minute before Follett drove up, a great rosy-faced man of above six feet, mounted on a huge high-trotting horse, had rode at a lumbering but rapid pace right round the little space which the Guildhall fronts, stopped at the side door leading to the Courts, clumsily thrown himself off, and bustled up the steps with a large pair of white macintosh leggings and a stern expression of countenance. He was a great man then, and one looked at him with all respect; but save a very ill-written memoir in one volume, there is nothing to shew for him now: his place has been twice emptied and twice filled since then: but many of the writer's standing must remember him well, and his deep voice, and his graceful dignity on the Bench, and his unfailing courtesy. He was the Chief Justice of England, Lord Denman; and his earlier career had been a strange one. The days were in which betting men would have laid any odds that he never would hold that office; or any other from which unscrupulous malignity, mindful of the deserved lash laid upon it, could keep him back: unscrupulous malignity in what by courtesy must be called high places. Lower places, if there be such things as right and wrong, could not be. Doubtless Lord Denman's old office is now far more brilliantly filled: neither as Advocate nor as Judge could you call it other than a far cry from Denman to Cockburn: but the present Chief Justice does not look the thing at all like his

majestic predecessor. *Par negotiis neque supra* was all one could say, in that old time, in the Queen's Bench. The patient, kindly, fully equipped Tindal, C.J., presided in the Common Pleas: and the incomparable Advocate in all trials by Jury, in such surpassing Follett, surpassing Wilde, surpassing all men, Scarlett, whom ill-luck and envy had held back for many years, was Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and not a very great Judge. I see him, sitting in his shabby and uncomfortable Court, with rubicund visage, and a black patch over one eye, taking notes diligently with a dirty old steel pen with a broken handle. It was second-class business that went to the Exchequer in those days: and second-class Counsel pleaded there. Wilde was supreme in the Common Pleas: Next, but a long way off, was Talfourd. Farther down, Bompas and Channell. A few Serjeants sat there wearily, with nothing earthly to do. I remember their names well, but I shall not record them: I see their faces, very sorrowful faces: as a boy, I pitied them heartily. Ah, years after I was told by a relation of the most briefless of all (the relation did not know that I knew the C.P. as now I know my parish church), how he was just going to be made a Judge when in fact he suddenly was not. He was just as near being made a Judge as I this day am to being made Pope: or, as some good folk put it, *Popp of Romm*. Let no relative of a briefless barrister ever make any statement concerning him to a member of the Honourable Society of the Outer Temple unless the statement be true. For the Templar will know the facts, exactly: though politeness (not to say pity) may hinder his stating them. In the Queen's Bench was the Attorney-General, the emaciated old Scotchman Sir Frederick Pollock: Senior Wrangler in his day: a good lawyer and a courteous gentleman. Then Follett, Solicitor-General; of whom no more need be said. Hardly behind Follett in practice, the closely-shaven, thin-faced, tall and graceful Thesiger: for many a year as popular an advocate as the English Bar has known: an eminently successful getter of verdicts. Yet once, in cynical humour, disgusted by some specially idiotic Jury, he said in the writer's hearing that after a case had been tried, and the Judge had summed up, and the Jury retired, he would be quite content, instead of waiting for the verdict, that a half-crown should be tossed up, and heads or tails decide the matter. It was he who, coming out of the House of Commons, was addressed by a matter-of-fact Member, pointing to Canning's statue, with the sagacious remark, 'Canning was not so tall a man as that.' Thesiger, with cordial assent, replied, 'No, nor so green.' I wonder whether his sons, who have got on in life much earlier than their far cleverer father, ever saw him in his robes: at least till he became Lord Chancellor. One of Follett's nearest relations told me that he never had seen Follett in his wig. And though he saw Follett perpetually, the single remark of Follett's that he could remember was that lawyers do not generally succeed in the House of Commons because they speak too well. But if Follett's kindred failed to appreciate him duly, there were those who

did. Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of England, when asked in age what were the greatest pleasures in life, replied that the greatest he knew were a quiet game at whist, and to hear a young lawyer named Follett argue a point of law. And Helps told the writer, more than once, that it was one of his greatest enjoyments to hear Follett speak, no matter on what subject. But he died, being Attorney-General, at the age already named. Humbled to the earth, and below it, ought certain Attorney-Generals whom the writer has known to be when they think whose place they hold, but assuredly do not fill. What Curran meant by the words I do not in any way know, save that he meant something depreciatory, when he declared that a certain speech was more like an Attorney-Particular than an Attorney-General. But, taking the phrase to mean something very bad, anyone who has known the law for the last thirty years, has known several most awful Attorney-Particulars. Happily for them they were so awfully Particular, that they seemed quite pleased with themselves. But the greatest Attorney-General died before being made Lord Chancellor. All his career is a fading memory in a number of men which is year by year lessening. And save a statue of white marble in the North aisle of the Nave of Westminster Abbey, there is nothing to shew of Follett. No memoir of him was ever written: in any case none was ever published. Yet those who often saw and heard him will never forget him. My last remembrance of him is sitting on the bench which used to run along the side of Lincoln's Inn Hall, with his hands thrust very deeply into his pockets, with the black eyes gleaming out from under the white wig, listening with deep attention to a solicitor who was coaching him up for a Chancery case. For he went into the Court of Chancery sometimes, though mainly a common lawyer. In a minute more he was addressing Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, having mastered his brief without reading it by the solicitor's help. And the keen pale face of the Chancellor was earnestly watching the man in whom he knew he had met his match, and fancied he beheld his successor. It was a grievous thought, that Follett had sometimes to plead before decent old Lord Cottenham. That a man should be, in Lord Melbourne's words, 'the best of cooks' (the phrase is to be understood morally), may make him a pleasant colleague for an easy-going Premier thankful to be rid of Brougham: but is a poor reason for putting him where (if he were strong enough) he would be the head of the English Law. But, as a curious fact, the Whigs have had to put up with very weak Chancellors, till they came to Bethell and Roundell Palmer. And both of these had been Tories. The names of Cottenham, Cranworth, and Hatherley, look very small and pale in the grand succession. Lord Campbell was one of the best of Chief Justices, but he became Chancellor at eighty. He was master of his work; but it was too late. And you could not rank him, as an equity lawyer, beside Lyndhurst and Cairns.

The successful Advocate has his Peerage to show: his fortune

(which may be a large one, unless he has an extravagant and silly wife): his social place, much uplifted in most cases from the level at which he began: his family of sons and daughters, expensively educated, started in life with the idea that they are to do nothing, and sometimes idiots to that inexpressible degree that they are ashamed of the only thing they have to be proud of, that their father was a great lawyer. Even the kindly Sir Walter Scott was irritated for once when his eldest son, sent into a cavalry regiment to lead a life of amusement, wrote his father a letter in which he talked in contemptuous terms of *Edinburgh lawyers*. Let us hope that this was merely a transient phase of snobbish folly in Sir Walter the second. It brought back a well-deserved reminder that he was himself the son of one Edinburgh lawyer and the grandson of another, and owed everything he had and was to the fact that he was such: likewise a suggestion that, considering the premises, it was rather too much for him to talk with such airs. Besides these material traces of the successful lawyer's career, you have now and then his printed volumes. Of course Bacon is beyond speaking of. You have Brougham's unreadable pages, very many: you have Campbell's volumes of pleasant gossiping history; you have Jeffrey's Essays, specimens for the most part of a school of criticism which has passed away. But Lyndhurst, Follett, Thesiger, Wilde, Scarlett, Bethell, are wholly silent. They said very much, but they wrote nothing at all. There is nothing to shew. As for Lord Erskine, all that remains beyond the tradition of a marvellous eloquence, is the speech written for him by Mr. Hookham Frere. In that striking oration he states that he was of noble, perhaps of royal blood: he had a house at Hampstead: he had been called many times during the past season to the country on special retainers, travelling generally in a post-chaise and four: and he was compassed with the infirmities of human nature. These assurances he repeated three times over, finally (we are informed) in a strain of *agonising eloquence*. Still, remarkable though the speech be, one would say that there must have been something about Erskine's oratory beyond what is here represented. Either that; or it must have been easier in his days to be a great orator than in these days of Gladstone and Bright.

All this is quite true: but just look at this beech hedge which bounds the lane along which our devious steps are slowly bearing us. They say the hedge is a hundred feet high. It looks it all. And it is the external limit of a fair domain whose name the Saxon tourist in these parts would not readily pronounce if he saw it written, and would vainly think to spell it if he heard it said. Through the great hedge blazes at this moment a sunset which makes half the horizon glorious beyond all remembrance of sunsets past. This milestone bears the legend *Perth II.* We are these miles North of the dirty town which is sometimes called the *Fair City*: and hard by is the beautiful Tay. Surely if Sir Walter has

made the Tweed the river of Scotland for associations, the Tay abides the chief Scottish river for varied beauty. Deep purple against the Eastern sky stretches that range of hills. There is the round scalp of Dunsinane. And here is the roar of an express train tearing unseen over an iron bridge hidden among trees hard by. If Macbeth, from his height, had heard that sound, he would probably have concluded it was somebody coming for him. One has known folk whose antecedents would not bear examination frightened by as irrelevant a cause.

Let these discursive thoughts be concluded by the suggestion that a very uncomfortable view of the abiding resultant of a man's career in this life is gained when one thinks of the effect he may have left upon the character and career of some other people. A boyish recollection may here be permitted. In the writer's early youth a certain preacher, a Broad-Churchman coming before his day (or perhaps a High-Churchman), set forth in a rural parish certain advanced views which roused the disapproval of a local poet. The poet produced a composition in severe condemnation of the preacher's discourses, only two lines of which remain vividly in one's memory: startling in the sharpness and directness of the statement they contain, and indicating a simplicity of belief rarely met in these sophisticated days. Some apology is due for quoting them: but here they are. They speak concerning the preacher's parishioners, and hint at the vehemence of his elocution.

> And then they go to church and hear him yell,
> Not thinking that through him they'll go to Hell.

Something very grievous and abiding, doubtless (if true), as the result of quiet years in a quiet country parish. Let it be trusted that the declaration was as inaccurate as it was presumptuous. And let it be hoped that the inconspicuous upshot of the life of each reader of this page may be to make any who may remember such at all, somewhat truer, kinder, and more sympathetic.

A. K. H. B.

Mr. Gladstone as a Man of Letters.

OUR title expresses the exact purport of our paper. We wish to view Mr. Gladstone simply as a man of letters—a character which he may be said formally to have assumed by the republication in seven handy volumes of his contributions to periodical literature.[1] Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic value of these volumes, no one can doubt that such a collection not only belongs to contemporary literature, but that it forms a remarkable and significant addition to it. It has been always, at least, a part of Mr. Gladstone's ambition to take a place among the literary men of his time, and to guide the thoughts of his countrymen to worthy intellectual as well as practical results.

We feel all the same how difficult it is to preserve the mere literary view of Mr. Gladstone. As a writer even he is always more than the man of letters; he is moved by more than the mere literary instinct. In point of fact, there is only one of the seven volumes—the second of the series—to which he himself has ventured to give the title 'Personal and Literary.' The other volumes, like the first and fourth, are mainly political, or deal with subjects of constitutional or political interest; the third again treats of 'Historical and Speculative' questions; while two are entitled 'Ecclesiastical,' and deal exclusively with Church questions. The *ecclesiastical* element, more than any other, pervades all the seven volumes; and upon the whole there is nothing less allied to literature, or which less admits of pure literary treatment, than ecclesiastical topics. The Church has often protected and fostered literature—sometimes she has notably done the reverse; but whether she has been friendly or adverse to intellectual progress, the spirit of the Church is always something more and something less than a genuine literary inspiration. The two may have often gone hand in hand, but the genius of the one is radically different from the genius of the other. The one contemplates objects with which the other has nothing to do, and moves in an atmosphere of faith and service which may attract and influence the other, but which can never inspire it. The literary spirit springs from its own fountain-head, in a different side of human nature altogether than that which the Church addresses.

The predominance of the religious and ecclesiastical element, therefore, in Mr. Gladstone's Essays, constitutes a difficulty. It is impossible to ignore this element, for if we did so, we should ignore the

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[1] *Gleanings of Past Years*, 1843-79. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: John Murray, 1879.

greater part of these volumes. We should not have their author before us save in a very imperfect shape. In fact, we should not have him before us at all. For the subjects which are farthest away from religion in these volumes are yet impregnated by religious conceptions, and run back by many roots to the ecclesiastico-religious soil which lies so thick and deep in Mr. Gladstone's mind. In contemporary literature he is much more than a theological or political writer, otherwise we should not have set ourselves our present task; but it may be doubted, even when he ranges farthest afield, whether he does not drag behind him the ecclesiastical chain which was bound around all his intellectual impulses, in those years when he believed he was helping the public mind by such discussions as constitute 'The State in its relation with the Church' (1838–9).

The subjects discussed in these volumes admit of very imperfect classification, as any one may see from comparing, in the table of contents prefixed to the last volume, the titles with the list of subjects below. It could serve no useful purpose to endeavour any estimate of these contents in detail. We wish to estimate the writer rather than any of his special productions, and we will best accomplish our purpose by looking in succession at what appear to be the broad qualities impressed upon his writings generally. We shall try to seize these qualities in the first instance, at least, in their pure intellectual form.

Perhaps the first, and in some respects the highest intellectual quality which marks these essays, is their varied energy of thought. There is no sign of weariness, of languor, or even repose in them, but everywhere the throb of a fresh, powerful, and unsated intellectual impulse. A genuine life of thought moves in them all. It is impossible for any serious reader not to be touched by their depth and force of sentiment, and the frequent vigour and eloquence, if also the occasional clumsiness and complexity, of their language. Mr. Gladstone writes always as from a full mind, in this respect alone taking at once a higher position than that of many contemporary writers. It is no conventional or professional impulse that animates his pen; he has always something to say, and which he is eager to say; he is so moved by his thought, whatever it is, that he brings all the forces of his mind to bear upon it. He never dallies, seldom pauses over a subject, still less does he, after a prevalent modern fashion, touch it all round with satiric and half-real allusion, as if it were rather a bore to touch it at all, and not of much consequence what conclusion the writer or the reader came to after all. There is not a trace of *persiflage* in any of the essays. There is, in fact, far too little play of mind—too much of the Scotch quality of *weight*. It is well to be earnest. In this respect it is nothing less than a relief to turn from the silly and inconsecutive sentence-making of much of our present writing to Mr. Gladstone's moving and powerful pages. But they are frequently fatiguing from the very weight and

hurry of their energy. And if sentence-making in itself be but a poor business with which no man will occupy himself who has much to say, it is yet, so far, an indispensable element in all literature. And Mr. Gladstone, as we may have occasion to point out before we close, too often neglects it. He lacks the special instinct of style, or the repressive art which restricts the outflow of energy in all the highest writers, as indeed in every creation of genius—withdrawing the glowing conception within the 'mould of form.' But of this again. In the meantime it is not the negative but the positive aspect of his writings that we are noticing.

The quality of energy characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's essays is impressed on them from the first. It is perhaps their chief literary quality to the last—and the volumes before us cover a period of not less than thirty-five years. It would have been better in some respects if the author had contented himself with a chronological arrangement. But there are few writers who less stand in need of being estimated chronologically. In expounding 'The Evangelical Movement' in 1789, he is very much the same expositor as when he dealt at length with the 'Present Aspect of the Church' in 1843. If in the former paper his attitude is different, which it could hardly help being, considering the different medium he has found for his views,[2] he yet speaks in both from the same background of substantial conviction. His views are as fully formed in the one case as in the other. Nothing is more remarkable, in fact, in these essays than the immovable background of opinion which everywhere crops through them. Whatever may have been the vacillations of Mr. Gladstone's political career, there has been but little change in his more inward and higher thoughts. We do not know any other writer of the day who has remained more stedfast through a generation and a half to the same central principles.

Nor is it merely that there is little change or growth in his central thought; there is but little change in his manner as a writer. He writes with the same rhetorical fulness in the end as in the beginning—with the same energy and glow, and excessive, at times inelegant movement. If there is any difference in this respect, it is certainly not in favour of the papers of his more mature years. For with the same force and intensity of thought these papers are upon the whole less duly proportioned, less harmonised. More literary care, apparently, has been taken in the preparation of the remarkable series which fill the fruitful decade following 1843 than in some of his recent productions. We would notice for their literary characteristics, the articles on 'Blanco White' in 1845, and on 'Leopardi' in 1850; and we must add to these, although of later origin, the articles on 'Tennyson' and 'Macaulay.' If anyone wishes to see Mr.

[2] The paper on 'The Evangelical Movement: its parentage, progress, and issue, is reprinted from the *British Quarterly Review*, July 1879; that on the 'Present Aspect of the Church,' is from the *Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*, October 1843.

Gladstone at his best as a man of letters, let him read these articles, especially the two last-mentioned. They are intense and powerful, radiant with all his peculiar energy of conception; but they are also stamped by a special impress of literary form. The vivid and impetuous march of thought is held within bounds. The writer is less swept along by the force of his ideas; the rein is laid upon them, and they beat step to a more harmonious pace.

It would be difficult perhaps to select any of Mr. Gladstone's Essays more finished in its rhetorical fulness, and more felicitously composed after his manner, than the essay of 1843, on the position and prospects of the Church of England. His peculiar genius is here seen in full swing, and yet controlled throughout by a strong sense of form. The secret no doubt is, that he then wrote not only from a copious and inspired intelligence on a theme which stirred his whole heart; but also with comparative freedom, under no other impulse than a faith jubilant in its strength, and in the fresh light of the new morning which seemed rising on the Church of England. This is how he speaks of the revival of Catholic principles. The passage has the involved and long-drawn note of much of his later writing at its best; but it has also a sweetness and harmony, a graceful swell of tone, which this often lacks.

'And strange indeed it would have been—at least in the view of those who regard the Church visible and Catholic as the everlasting Spouse of Christ, dowered with the gifts which He purchased by His blood and tears—most strange to them it would have been if in a great religious revival that Spouse had not found herself a voice for the assertion of her prerogatives. It is not indeed for her to do battle with her foes like earthly potentates, for the sake of acquisition or possession, of admiration or renown; but her prerogatives are also her duties, and by them alone can she discharge any of the high trusts committed to her by her Lord. And so in an order which seems to us to bear every mark of the hand of Almighty wisdom, after that the embers of faith and love have been extensively rekindled in thousands upon thousands of individual breasts thoughout the land, there came next a powerful, a resistless impulse to combine and harmonise the elements thus called into activity, to shelter them beneath a mother's wings, that there they might grow into the maturity of their strength, and issue forth prepared for the work which might be ordained for them to perform. This was to be done by making men sensible that God's dispensation of love was not a dispensation to communicate His gifts by ten thousand separate channels, nor to establish with ten thousand elected souls as many distinct, independent relations. Nor again was it to leave them unaided to devise and set in motion for themselves a machinery for making sympathy available and co-operation practicable among the children of a common Father. But it was to call them all into one spacious fold, under one tender Shepherd; to place them all upon one level; to feed them all with one food; to surround them all with one defence; to impart to them all the deepest, the most inward and vital sentiment of community and brotherhood and identity, as in their fall so in their recovery, as in their perils so in their hopes, as in their sins so in their graces, and in the means and channels for receiving them.'

Two brief passages from the same essay especially rivet the

selves upon the mind by their vivid energy and compact swiftness —their strength, great as it is, being well contained within a highly-finished, if hardly graceful, vehicle of expression. We have the more pleasure in quoting them as they show definitely that however high may be Mr. Gladstone's conception of the position and prerogatives of the Church, he is as far as possible from any vulgar inclination to Romanism. His sentiments on this, as on cognate subjects, are presumably quite unaltered since 1843.

> Is our national history, bound up in great part with the grand protest and struggle that originated in their (the reformers') time, and resting upon it for much of its meaning and character, to be disowned and dishonoured by our return to crouch at the feet of the Roman bishop, to admit his impositions, and to implore his pardon for our long denial of his sovereign authority? 'Never, never, never,' said Lord Chatham would he, if he had been an American, have laid down his arms under oppression. 'Never, never, never'—would that we could add emphasis to his words—will this people so forego its duties and its rights as to receive back again into its bosom those deeply engrained mischiefs and corruptions which Rome and her rulers still seem so fondly—God grant it may not be inseparably—to cherish. . . . We firmly believe that in the day when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, it will appear that many and many an one has in these last years deeply pondered the subject of the bold claims of Rome on our allegiance as Christians. . . . In the chamber of many a heart has that matter been sifted and revolved; on the one hand, with varying force have marshalled themselves such inducements as have been described. Upon the other side men have reflected that the question is not of appearances, but of realities; not of delights, but of duties; not of private option, but of divine authority. And that solemn and imposing imagery which wins souls to Rome has, in the English mind, as we judge, been outshone by the splendours and overawed by the terrors of the Day of Judgment; of the strong sense of personal responsibility connected with that last account, and of the paramount obligation which it involves, conjuring us by the love of the Redeemer, no less than commanding us by the wrath of the Judge, to try and examine well the substances lying under those shows that surround our path, and to suspend upon His changeless laws alone the issues of life and death.

Next to the energy of Mr. Gladstone's writing in an ascending scale may be mentioned its constant elevation and frequent ideality of sentiment. On the descending scale his energy is apt to pass into sheer intensity and rhetoric. The 'Never, never, never' which he borrows from Lord Chatham, and would even emphasise in its repetition, is the note of a manner which rises naturally to vehemence, and the strong rush of words sometimes pass off into shrillness. He can realise for the time little or nothing but the idea which moves him, and it expands and glows till, like an illuminated cloud, it fills the whole heaven of his thought and casts on his page an intense shadow 'dark with excessive bright.' But his manner of thought, if rhetorical and vehement, is always elevated. It never sinks to frivolity, seldom to commonplace; it ranges at a high level. 'Whatsoever in

religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without or the wily subtleties and reflexes of men's thoughts from within,' [3]—such things are the main haunt of our author's literary spirit, and his pen aspires to describe them with 'a solid and treatable smoothness.' Even Milton had no higher conception of the business of literature than he has, and his example so far, no less than in the thoroughness and energy of his work, is of special value. For that we are 'moving downwards' in this respect, if not in others, can hardly be doubted. Lightness of touch, if it be also skilful and delicate, is a distinct merit. It saves trouble. It attracts casual readers who might otherwise not read at all. It soon passes indeed into a trick, and becomes the feeble if pointed weapon of every newspaper critic. But when to lightness of touch is added lightness of subject and frequent emptiness of all higher thought, the descent becomes marked indeed; and literature, from being the lofty pursuit imaged by the great Puritan, becomes a mere pastime in no degree higher than many others.

Mr. Gladstone never descends to the flippant facility to which the mere passions and gossip of the hour are an adequate theme. He not only deals in all his Essays with worthy subjects, but he always deals with them in a worthy manner, so far at least as his tastes and sympathies are concerned. If by no means always true or just in his judgments, it is yet always what is noble in character, and pure and lofty in sentiment, and dignified in feeling that engages his admiration. His pen fastens naturally on the higher attributes of mind and action in any figure that he draws; and this too, as in the sketches of Lord Macaulay, the Prince Consort, and Dr. Norman Macleod, where it is plain he has only an imperfect sympathy with the type of character as it comes from his pen. On this very account these portraits are the more interesting, and test more directly the genuineness of his high capacity of appreciation.

In such a sketch as that of Bishop Patteson it is comparatively easy for him to maintain a high level of applausive criticism. It is his own Anglican ideal of virtue that is everywhere reflected back upon him. Bishop Patteson is the hero at once of Oxford culture, of Catholic orthodoxy, and of self-sacrificing missionary enthusiasm. It seems to Mr. Gladstone and many others of his school a never-failing marvel that such heroism should have been in our time, and that such a man should have gone forth from his native country, where he might have spent his days in scholarly and parochial peace, to the wilds of Melanesia to labour among savages, and ultimately to fall a victim to their mistaken vengeance. The picture of self-sacrifice is beautiful and heroic, but it is hardly more so because Patteson was born a gentleman and reared at Oxford, and left behind him an affectionate and admiring home-circle. Such a career must

[3] Milton's 'Account of his own Studies.'

always involve sacrifice of this kind more or less. Mr. Gladstone's admiration, if slightly excessive here, is entirely natural. The very prejudices of Patteson, as in the matter of Colenso (one never hears somehow of the sacrifices of this outcast bishop, and yet they must often surely have been very real and bitter) and the 'Essays and Reviews,' are congenial to the writer. They meet at once a response in the same soil of culture from which they have sprung. In such a case there is no strain put upon the critic's sympathies. But in the article on Macaulay and in others the same genuine love of true greatness comes forth no less warmly and genially, notwithstanding many differences of taste and opinion.

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more exhaustive analysis of Macaulay's personal, intellectual, and literary character than in the essay in the second of these volumes. The marvellous range of Macaulay's powers, 'his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, united to a real and strong individuality,' are all exhibited with copious and felicitous analysis. His combination of intellectual splendour with ethical simplicity, and the charm of true and unsophisticated taste is particularly emphasised. 'Behind the mask of splendour,' says our essayist, 'lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening to sap, though never sapping, his manhood. He who as a speaker and writer seemed, above all others, to represent the age and the world, had the real centre of his being in the simplest domestic tastes and joys.' 'Was he envious?' he asks, and the passage deserves quotation at once as an appreciation of Macaulay and an illustration of Gladstone:

> Was he envious? Never. Was he servile? No. Was he insolent? No. Was he prodigal? No. Was he avaricious? No. Was he selfish? No. Was he idle? The question is ridiculous. Was he false? No; but true as steel and transparent as crystal. Was he vain? We hold that he was not. At every point in the ugly list, he stands the trial; and though in his history he judges mildly some sins of appetite or passion, there is no sign in his life or his remembered character that he was compounding for what he was inclined to.

There is no attempt to depreciate the level of Macaulay's greatness because the critic feels it necessary to point out with an unsparing hand his deficiencies. It is a poor criticism—of which the Whig historian, after his first popularity, had more than enough—which tries to take down the general power of a man because he is far from perfect, or even shows many imperfections. There is nothing of this. The characterisation is bold and manly, and generous without stint, but at the same time discriminating and upon the whole correct. Macaulay's mind is described as strong and rich and varied rather than deep:

> He belonged to that class of minds whose views of single objects are

singularly and almost preternaturally luminous. But nature sows her bounty wide; and those who possess this precious and fascinating gift as to things in themselves, are very commonly deficient in discerning and measuring their relations to one another. For them all things are either absolutely transparent, or else unapproachable from dense and utter darkness. Hence amidst a blaze of glory, there is a want of perspective, of balance, and of breadth.

This may be, although it is profundity and insight rather than breadth in which Macaulay's genius is lacking. But after all exceptions, his genius remains a great fact; after all inaccuracies, his history is among the prodigies of literature. His writings are as 'lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters; they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame.' There is no aspect of his character as a man or a writer which is dwelt upon invidiously. All is amply and warmly sketched. The only point in which the essayist at once marks his own leanings and points a prejudicial inference is where he often fails. He shows his customary tendency to judge a man's religion by the extent of his dogmatic creed; and a doubt is suggested whether the great Whig historian 'had completely wrought the Christian dogma, with all its lessons and all its consolations, into the texture of his mind, and whether he had opened for himself the springs of improvement and of delight which so many have found and will ever find in it!'

The 'Anglican position' of our essayist is marked off by still more distinct lines from the subject of the essay which follows that on Macaulay—the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. This is specially acknowledged, while much in Dr. Macleod's character, it is allowed, excites an entire and cordial sympathy. 'Even when differences and position intervene, there is still material from which we ought to draw some valuable lessons.' This note of narrowness is unhappily characteristic. It is allied to all that is least worthy and least true in these volumes. It is a blemish in itself; it is specially a blemish in the literary sphere in which we are now estimating Mr. Gladstone. As if such differences were vital on any broad view either of literature or humanity; and character was to be judged by the special Christian communion to which a man belonged. No one can yield to such sectarianism without distinct loss. It is impossible to shut out the light even with so good a substitute as an Anglican eye-glass without suffering in many respects from distortion or imperfection of vision.

We are bound to say, however, that after the opening apologies for taking up such a subject at all, our reviewer does full justice to Dr. Macleod, and some may think more than justice. We can only find room for the following comparison:

He (Dr. Macleod) stands out, we think, as having supplied, after Dr. Chalmers, one of the most distinguished names in the history of Presbyterianism. In some respects much after Chalmers; in others probably before him. He had not, so far as we see, the philosophic faculty of Chalmers,

nor his intensity, nor his gorgeous gift of eloquence, nor his commanding passion, nor his absolute simplicity, nor his profound, and, to others, sometimes his embarassing, humility. Chalmers, whose memory, at a period more than forty years back, is still fresh in the mind of the writer of these pages, was indeed a man greatly lifted out of the region of mere flesh and blood. He may be compared with those figures who, in Church history or legend, are represented as risen into the air under the influence of religious emotion. Macleod, on the other hand, had more shrewdness, more knowledge of the world, and far greater elasticity and variety of mind. Chalmers was rather a man of one idea, at least of one idea at a time; Macleod receptive on all hands and in all ways. Chalmers had a certain clumsiness, as of physical, so of mental gift; Macleod was brisk, ready, mobile. Both were men devoted to God; eminently able, earnest, energetic; with great gifts of oratory and large organizing power. A church that had them not may well envy them to a church that had them.

We have spoken of the ideality, no less than the elevation of sentiment which frequently marks Mr. Gladstone's 'Gleanings.' He is not merely attracted by what is noble and great in sentiment, and all the fairer traits of our higher nature, but there is an elevated and poetic glow at times in such criticisms as those on Leopardi and Tennyson which carry their author beyond the mere critical sphere, and show that he is capable of being touched to finer issues. As a student of Homer and Dante he is familiar with the loftiest and richest poetic ideals; and these ideals have evidently sunk deep into his mind. They have bred in him a kindred enthusiasm, and, what is more, an enthusiasm which is capable of being fired alike by the heroism of Hellenic and the humilities of Christian virtue. He is entirely free from the classical *furore* which has been rampant in many quarters of late, and whose craze is a return to mere Pagan ideals. Unlike Leopardi and the Pessimist school, which may be said to date from him, he has fed his genius 'on the Mount of Sion' not less than 'on the Mount of the Parthenon,' 'by the brook of Cedron' no less than 'by the waters of Ilissus.' While recognising the prophetic element in Homer, and enraptured by his exquisite creations—and no one has described them with a more vivid and brightly tinctured pencil—he yet bows before the higher prophetic genius of Isaiah, and sees in the marvellous ideals of Christian poets, from Dante to Tennyson, a more perfect bloom of the human mind and character. Achilles and Ulysses, Penelope and Helen, Hector and Diomed, are all 'immortal products.' But—

'the Gospel has given to the life of civilised man a real resurrection, and its second birth was followed by its second youth. Awakened to aspirations at once fresh and ancient, the mind of man took hold of the venerable ideals bequeathed to us by the Greeks as a precious part of its inheritance, and gave them again to the light, appropriated but also renewed. The old materials came forth, but not alone; for the types which human genius had formerly conceived were now submitted to the transfiguring action of a law from on high. Nature herself prompted the effort to bring the old patterns of wordly excellence and greatness—or rather the copies of these patterns, still legible, though depraved, and still rich with living

suggestion—into harmony with that higher Pattern once seen by the eyes, and handled by the hands of men, and faithfully delineated in the Gospels for the profit of all generations.'

In this great Example Mr. Gladstone recognises 'the true source of that new and noble cycle' of character which has been preserved to us in the two great systems of romance—the one associated with our own Arthur in England and the other with Charlemagne in France, which have come down to us from the imaginative storehouse of mediæval Europe. The connection between these 'twin systems,' and again their 'consanguinity to the primitive Homeric types,' are very happily expounded by him. Ingenuity never fails him in tracing analogies and contrasts; but there is here far more than ingenuity. There is a genuine, living, and richly thoughtful insight in the parallel which he draws between the typical forms of the Carlovingian Romance on the one hand, and the Romance of the Round Table on the other. The latter—

'if far less vivid and brilliant, far ruder as a work of skill and art, has more of the innocence, the emotion, the transparency, the inconsistency, of childhood. Its political action is less specifically Christian than that of the rival scheme; its individual portraits more so. It is more directly and seriously aimed at the perfection of man. It is more free from gloss and varnish; it tells its own tale with more entire simplicity. The ascetic element is more strongly, and at the same time more quaintly, developed. It has a higher conception of the nature of woman; and, like the Homeric poems, it appears to eschew exhibiting her perfections in alliance with warlike force and exploits. So also love, while largely infused into the story, is more subordinate to the exhibition of other qualities. Again, the Romance of the Round Table bears witness to a more distinct and keener sense of sin; and on the whole a deeper, broader, and more manly view of human character, life, and duty. It is in effect more like what the Carlovingian cycle might have been, had Dante moulded it.'

No higher subject, according to our author, could have been selected for poetical treatment,—and in Mr. Tennyson's hands it has assumed, if not the proportions, yet the essential dignity of a great epic. The title of Idylls is condemned as inadequate to the 'breadth, vigour, and majesty' of the theme, 'as well as to the execution of the volume.' But nothing can be finer than the criticism which follows of the four 'Books,' as the critic prefers to call them. It is at once elaborate, delicate, and profound. No criticism has ever placed Mr. Tennyson higher—none could well do so—but high-pitched as is the strain throughout, it rises naturally from the close analysis to which the poems are subjected, and the felicitous presentation of their tender or heroic types of character. The spirit of a true poet, which Mr. Tennyson has shown from the first, and all the characteristics of his genius, are seen here in ripened forms—

'the delicate insight into beauty, the refined perception of harmony, the faculty of suggestion, the eye, both in the physical and moral world,

for emotion, light, and colour, the sympathetic and close observation of nature, the dominance of the constructive faculty, and that rare gift, the thorough mastery and loving use of his native tongue. . . . . The music and the just and pure modulation of his verse carry us back not only to the fine ear of Shelley, but to Milton and to Shakespeare; and his powers of fancy and expression have produced passages which, if they are excelled by that one transcendent and ethereal poet of our nation whom we have last named, yet hardly could have been produced by any other minstrel.'

'Finally, the chastity and moral elevation' of the Idylls, their 'essential and profound, though not didactic Christianity, are such as perhaps cannot be matched throughout the circle of English literature in conjunction with an equal power.'

Here, as always, our Author's religious sentiments come out strongly, and it is necessary, before completing our notice, to advert more particularly to this marked feature of his writing. We cannot otherwise do full justice to its character or the genius that inspires it. Of all writers of our day none is more distinguished for the constant assertion of religious principles of the most definite kind. It is not merely that his pages are everywhere imbued with religious feeling, or that he always puts forth a Christian standard of judgment. He writes not merely as a Christian, but as an Anglo-Catholic; and it is startling to the lay reader to find himself so frequently in contact with the most definite types of theological and ecclesiastical opinion. Mr. Gladstone challenges the declaration of Mr. Trevelyan that his uncle had a strong and decided taste for theological speculation. He can see no evidence in Macaulay's writings that he knew much of theology. This cannot certainly be said of his critic. The most abstruse definitions of Christian doctrine, the distinctions of Augustinianism and Pelagianism, of Calvinism and Arminianism, of the sixteenth and seventeenth century theology, of the Anglican and Presbyterian codes, of the Evangelical and the Oxford schools, are all at his fingers' ends. It may be doubted whether the Church has not lost in him a great scholastic, whatever the State may have gained or lost by him. His mind, indeed, is rich beyond any mere power of scholastic dialectics. It has a native freshness and vigour unspoiled by the schools. Yet they have everywhere left their impress upon him, and their dogmatism crops out in the most unexpected manner in the midst of biographic analysis, and even the delightful fluencies of poetic description.

In this respect more than any other Mr. Gladstone's mind seems to have made little or no advance, or if the word *advance* be deemed inapplicable from his own point of view, seems to have undergone little or no change. During a period of the most profound religious disturbance, when so many have not only lost their early dogmatic creed, but lost all faith whatever in a spiritual order and a life beyond the present, the writer of these essays holds fast not only to religion, but apparently to every jot and tittle of Anglican orthodoxy. His mind remains embedded in the great forms of dogma on which it was

originally based, untouched not merely by the destructive, but by the historical spirit of his age. Christianity is with him, as with all his school, the Christianity of the creeds of the fourth or later centuries. It is bound up with the Nicene, or even the Athanasian dogma, and with a system of government, discipline and worship descending (as he supposes) from the Apostolic age to the present time. Nothing can be more emphatic than his repeated assertion that Christianity is only fully vital when thus conceived as a whole, both dogmatically and ecclesiastically, as 'a tradition firmly anchored in the Bible, and interpreted and sustained by the unvarying voices of believers from the first beginning of known records.'[4] Religion is little to him unless 'encased in the well-knit skeleton of a dogmatic and ecclesiastical system.' 'Christianity,' he specially says—

> is the religion of the Person of Christ; and the Creeds only tell us from whence He came, and how He came and went, by what agent we are to be incorporated with Him, and what is the manner of His appointed agency and the seal of its accomplishment. . . . The doctrinal part of the Revelation has a full and coequal share with the moral part. The Christian system neither enforces nor permits any severance of the two.

Again—

> Ministerial succession is, we apprehend, the only rational foundation of Church power. For unless Church power came by a definite intelligible charge capable of delivery from man to man, how did it come? . . . . And if the mission of the twelve, so solemnly conveyed by our Lord, and so authentically sealed by Him with the promise of perpetuity, is to be struck out of the scheme of His Gospel, His Holy Sacraments will not long survive (except as mere shows) that ministry to whose hands they were committed; and the loss of the true doctrine concerning them will naturally in its turn be followed by a general corruption and destruction of true Christian belief concerning the divine grace of which they were appointed to be the especial channels and depositories.

The meaning of these grave assertions are unmistakable; and it is certainly one of the most astonishing facts of our time that a mind so restless and subtle, so energetic and penetrating, and, moreover, so capable of moving with effect in the purely human atmosphere of literature, should have retained a dogmatic standpoint so little able to withstand critical analysis. To hold the dogmas of the fourth century as if they were delivered from heaven 'a divine gift,' and the ministry of the Church of England as if it were the perpetuity of the apostolic office, is a marvellous exercise of faith in a time like ours; but it is also a curious indication of that lack of genuine historic culture which, with all his other great endowments, is not found in Mr. Gladstone. The modern historical spirit is, indeed, a growth long subsequent to his Oxford career, and has never apparently touched him, a fact which many of his Homeric speculations conspicuously

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[4] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879, 'Olympian System versus Solar Theory,' the last production of Mr. Gladstone's pen in the periodical press.

illustrate. With large power of research, and of accumulating in graphic masses historical details, he has no higher insight into historic method, or the real genesis and growth of great ideas and institutions. This is a definite deficiency betrayed in many of these essays, and without regard to which we cannot estimate aright his intellectual, nor perhaps his political character. More than anything else, it is the source of his one-sided religious speculativeness—perhaps also of his one-sided, and sometimes headlong biases in public life. More than anything else, it explains his devotion to what he esteems principles rather than institutions.

There never was a more absurd accusation made against Mr. Gladstone than that of indifference to principle. Through all these productions of a long life he is a writer of singularly stedfast principle. From first to last he knows in what he believes, and is assured that it is true and right. He may abandon a principle once firmly held, as in the case of the Irish Church, elaborately explained by him in his chapter of autobiography in the last volume, but in all his writings, as, no doubt, in all his actions, he works forward from a strong and firm ground of conviction. He is never lacking in dogma, whether it be right or wrong. What he lacks is width and geniality of historic comprehension, love for the manifold and diverse in human life and human institutions—heartiness and tenderness of appreciation, (as, for example, in his judgment of Unitarianism),[5] for that with which he does not agree—the grounds of which he does not find in his own intellectual or moral nature. In many things, Scotch, he is in this respect thoroughly English, and of a narrow school. The incapacity of judging fairly what we do not like is unhappily a characteristic of human nature, whether Scotch or English, or any other nationality. But it will hardly be denied that there is a type of Anglican culture peculiarly insensible to a fair-minded appreciation of characteristics differing from its own. And although Mr. Gladstone rises far above any Philistinism of this kind, there is yet a certain harshness in many of his intellectual and religious judgments which savours of austerity. The crust of old prejudice clings sometimes to his freshest utterances. And prejudice of any kind, however venerable, is always a limiting power in the sphere of literature. It may pervade a College court; it may give emphasis and sharpness to a theological argument; but literature claims 'an ampler ether, a diviner air.' And Mr. Gladstone, as a man of letters, would have been a richer, and certainly a more commanding and original genius if he had risen more above its confining influence.

In close connection with this narrowness of thought is his tendency to paradox. He sees affinities which do not exist, and he is blind to resemblances which more open-minded students plainly recognise. He twits Macaulay with confounding the theology of the Seventeenth Article with the general Calvinism of the sixteenth century—the

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[5] Vol. ii., p. 18.

'portentous code' framed at Lambeth before its close. But Macaulay, although far less versed in technical theology, is here nearer the mark than his critic. The Seventeenth Article is Calvinistic beyond all doubt. It is more happily expressed, indeed, than the plain-spoken and ugly propositions of the Lambeth Articles; but its meaning is so far distinctly the same. And Macaulay was too much of an historical student—untinctured by any dogmatic prejudices—not to know that the theology of the Church of England in the sixteenth century, like that of all the Churches of the Reformation, was what is commonly called Calvinistic. The same great lines of thought, transmitted from Augustine, adopted by Luther, received it may be in more rigid form by Calvin, were accepted as of divine authority in the Reformed Church of England no less than in the Protestant Churches on the Continent, and in the Church of Scotland. It is the fashion, we know, to deny this, and to represent 'Calvinism' as an exceptional product of Geneva and Scotland. It is needless and very unhistorical to quarrel about a name. Geneva of course was intimately connected with Scotland, and the name of the Genevan divine was intimately stamped upon its theology. But Macaulay very well knew that it is not the name but the thing which is important, and that a system of thought embracing the same great principles as to the Divine Sovereignty and the operation of Divine Grace, is the same whether it be called Augustinian or Calvinian, or a portentous Lambeth Code. The 'Calvinistic formulæ' of Scotland, like its judaical Sabbatarianism, may be 'simply a form of Protestant tradition founded neither on the Word of God, nor on the general consent of Christendom';[6] but if so the Augustinian formulæ and the theology of the Seventeenth Article are no better. Whether well or ill-founded is no matter for the present purpose, save as showing how Mr. Gladstone's School theology has blinded him to those deeper affinities of thought and history which a mind like Macaulay's, with less depth but more openness and breadth, readily perceived.

Again, when our essayist recognises in the Evangelical movement not merely a precursor, but a cause of Tractarianism, he is misled by the same imperfect insight into the meaning of the phenomena before him. It is possibly true that some of the most ardent leaders of the new movement came from evangelical families, and had tasted of the excitements of evangelical teaching. But this is little to the point. It merely shows, as pointed out elsewhere,[7] 'that a religious movement naturally recruits itself from those who are interested in religious matters, and therefore specially susceptible to any fresh spiritual impulse.' Such minds most readily catch the contagious force of a new excitement. But this proves nothing of causal relation between the movements. The receding tide of evangelical

[6] Vol. ii., p. 360, Dr. Norman Macleod.
[7] *Nineteenth Century*, August 1879, p. 287.

fervour was caught by the rising tide of Anglo-Catholicism, and activities which might have gone in the one direction were turned in the other. But the two tides ran from wholly different sources, and have never coalesced save in this accidental manner. Both have their source in deep-seated principles which the Church of England has been comprehensive enough from the first to enclose within her bosom. The Calvinism which Mr. Gladstone cannot see in the Articles, but which has powerfully moved Anglican Christianity at more than one period of its history, is the natural congener of the one; the Catholicism so dear to him, and no less an inherited and active religious power in England, is the true parent of the other. They have each 'their standing points in the formularies, theology, and historical traditions' of the Church, but they are essentially and radically opposed in theory. The one aims to protestantise, the other to catholicise. The one looks upon Rome as the 'mother of abomination;' the other regards her as a true, if fallen, parent. The process by which in the one case the ancient mother becomes once more glorified, and the Anglo-Catholic passes from wistful longing into believing and hopeful embrace, is clearly intelligible and has been often exhibited in our time. It is not necessary on this account to say that Tractarian Catholicism has prepared the way for Rome. This is the language of controversial politics and not of historical induction. But to say that the Evangelical scheme must share the blame of any transition to Rome because the buddings of a religious life which may have ended there were 'in form and colour evangelical,' is the obvious language of paradox. Every system must be judged by its own natural fruits, and not by the accidents which may have attended it. And it remains beyond doubt, that the principles of the Evangelical theory are radically at variance with those of the Roman system, with which, on the contrary, the principles of Anglo-Catholicism have a certain affinity. Romanism is not an illogical development of the one. It is the antithesis of the other; and the Evangelical scheme, although it may have nursed for a time men who afterwards became Romanists, is no more responsible for such a result—even at second-hand—than Mr. Gladstone himself, according to Mr. Lecky's comparison, can be held responsible for the excesses of our present foreign policy, because his accentuated Liberalism may have produced by way of reaction the present Tory Government.[6]

But we must draw this paper to a close with a special glance at Mr. Gladstone's literary style. Such quotations as we have made give upon the whole a fair idea of it. It is powerful, flexible, and elaborately, if not gracefully, expressive. It has all the vigour and swell of the substance of his thought. But just as he often seems to be thinking on his legs and casting forth in an impetuous cataract the current of his ideas, so does his style move with uneasy, and

[6] *Nineteenth Century*, August 1879, p. 289.

swaying, and often too vehement force—a force always more or less rhetorical, often pictured and eloquent, but sometimes singularly clumsy and seldom facile or delicate. Yet he surprises the reader at times by a happy figure touched lightly and beautifully, as when he says of the confidential outpourings of Bishop Patteson in his letters to his sister at home, that they were 'like flowers caught in their freshness, and perfectly preserved in colour and in form.'

We confess to having formed a higher idea than we had of Mr. Gladstone's powers, as a mere writer, by an attentive perusal of these 'Gleanings.' The first impression one gets of his style is disappointing. It looks fatiguing. It does not invite, nor does it readily lead, the reader along even when he has yielded to the impulse and felt the fascination of a strong mind. But at last it lays hold of the attention. We are caught in its sweep and made to feel that we are in the hands of a master who knows his subject and will not let us go till he has brought us to some share of his own knowledge. We may feel not unfrequently that he is far more subtle than true, more ingenious in theory than penetrating in insight, more intent on making out a case than in going to the root of a difficulty; that he is conventional rather than critical, and traditional where he ought to be historical; still, there is the glow of an intense genius everywhere, and the splendour of a rhetoric which often rises into passion and never degenerates into meanness. Clumsy his style certainly can be at times in an extraordinary degree, as in such a sentence as the following, speaking of the Evangelical clergy and the estimate to be formed of their activity and moral influence: 'The vessels of zeal and fervour, taken man by man, far outweighed the heroes of the ball-room and the hunting-field, or the most half-convicted minds and perfunctory performers of a measure of stipulated duty, who supplied so considerable a number of the clerical host.'

But even if such sentences were more common, they are but blemishes in an intellectual feast; and if we are to estimate writing not merely by the momentary pleasure it gives, but by the elevation and moral, as well as mental, stimulus it imparts, we must attach a high value to many of Mr. Gladstone's Essays. It would be difficult to say how far they may survive as monuments of his literary genius. They are more likely to do so, we believe, than his Homeric speculations, labours of love and special knowledge as these are. But whatever may be their fate, they are remarkable and marvellously interesting as products of literary devotion and ambition in a mind of intense activity, amidst the pauses of a great public career.

How we got away from Naples:

A Story of the time of King Bomba.

A PRETTY little lodge, two miles from an English cathedral town. A neat pair of iron gates, through which you see the carriage-drive, bordered by a blaze of roses. The lodge itself covered with jessamine and tropæolum, which seem to wind all round the tiny dwelling. Within the gates, the drive turns abruptly towards the house, a white little villa, redeemed from the charge of being commonplace only by the profusion of flowers that border the terrace in front of it, climb its walls, overarch its entrance, and lean laughingly out of its windows. The turnpike road, after passing the lodge, plunges into a deep cutting, the top of which is crowned by the garden wall, so that the noise and dust of carts and carriages and market people pass by out of sight and almost out of hearing. But on the other side the view lies open over a wide expanse of fertile meadows, sloping down to the river, with corresponding meadows on the opposite bank, beyond which rises, tier above tier, a range of purple hills. Such was the spot at which I arrived on a hot summer afternoon more than twenty years ago.

I have sketched Valleyfield, not because it has much to do with my story, but because it always struck me as one of the most peaceful corners of the earth. Its tranquillity seemed to me even more striking, now that a great trouble had come upon its owner.

It was the home of Mr. Egerton, a modern hermit, a rare bird upon earth, a quiet man in the nineteenth century. There he lived alone with his flowers and his books, a good botanist, a good scholar, and a contented man. I do not know whether he considered himself a philosopher, but at any rate he lived like one. He seemed to have realised in practice that absurd assertion of the ancient sage, that happiness consists not in the gratification of desires, but in their moderation. We know better now. The more wants we can contrive for ourselves, the more people we can set to work to invent ways of satisfying those wants, the nearer we shall approach to happiness. It is true that our approach always remains in the future tense. We never *do* get any nearer. But this is owing partly to our stupidity in not having contrived wants enough, and partly to the slowness of our inventors in supplying those which we express. If we only had a bridge from England to America, and could travel by electric telegraph, and fire shells a hundred feet in diameter, so as to blow up a town at one shot, how very happy we should be!

Mr. Egerton never wanted to fire shells, or to bridge the Atlantic. He had a telegraph, by which he used to send messages from one side of his mantelpiece to the other, *viâ* the kitchen garden, for he was

a bit of a chemist, and liked experiments. But he never wanted to travel by it, nor, indeed, by anything else. He watched the trains fizzing and fuming along the other side of the valley, and leaving their soft white clouds lazily festooning about the elm trees, without the slightest desire to be whirled along with them. At the risk of awakening a feeling of incredulous disgust in the mind of the reader, veracity compels me to assert that he had given up travelling altogether. Almost equally strange was the fact that he never seemed to know what *ennui* is. His own pursuits occupied his time. He went on quietly enough, reading his Homer like Horace, working in his garden like Ariosto, committing his fancies to paper like Lucilius, employing a good many labourers in his gardens, giving away a good deal in charity, and living on the whole a life not much less happy, nor much more useless, than the rest of us.

It had not always been so. Old people, the walking chronicles of the county, could tell you of days when few men were more popular than the handsome Egerton, the rising barrister, the author of a brilliant book of Eastern travel, the charm of every society that he entered. But a crushing blow had fallen on him, and for a time had almost shattered his reason. His young wife had died after one short year of wedded happiness. And though time, the true consoler, had at last brought consolation to the mourner, the habits which grief had formed retained their influence, and he no longer looked for happiness in action or in society. The only tie that bound him to the world was the child that was left to him, and in his boy his whole powers of loving were concentrated. Though he had succeeded to a large estate in another part of the county, he valued wealth and position only for his son, and continued to live in his own little villa, having let the family mansion until the time should come for Harry to marry and settle there, and perhaps assume the place in Parliamentary life which had more than once been occupied by his ancestors.

It was through Harry that I became acquainted with Mr. Egerton. Harry was my greatest friend at Eton and Oxford, and I had been down once or twice to stay with him during the shooting season. The winter after we took our degree we went to Italy together, and enjoyed ourselves immensely at Florence and Rome. Harry was as amusing a fellow as you would meet in a long day's journey, clever, though not overburdened with book-learning, and endowed with that rare gift of good spirits against which the bluest devils are utterly impotent. His very appearance was irresistible, and ensured him popularity wherever he went. He had been an idle fellow enough at Oxford, and distinguished himself chiefly by the assiduity with which he attended the lectures of Mr. James Hill, Lord Redesdale's Professor of Alopecology. Yet even grave dons, deep in the digamma, and well assured of the vanity of all earthly pursuits except the study of Greek particles, could scarcely repress some natural sentiment of admiration when they saw young Egerton, on some clear winter

morning, his bright eyes and light brown curls peeping out under his hunting cap, his lithe figure set off to the best advantage by the single-breasted pink and snowy buckskins—not going to school, like Cowper, albeit, like him,

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,

but shaking his thoroughbred hack into a canter as he passed up the Corn Market, preparatory to the stretching gallop of sixteen miles to Heythrop, or it might be of five and twenty to Addlestrop.

At Rome Egerton was, if possible, more popular than even at Christ Church or Eton, and in a very short time we had met or made friends enough for a lifetime. We passed our days merrily enough, hunting antiquities in the city, and foxes in the Campagna, lionising museums in the morning, and going to two or three parties in the evening, after the usual manner of British residents in the capital of the Cæsars.

Among all our acquaintance, there was no one of whom we saw so much as Pulteney. He was a young captain in the navy, and had already distinguished himself in such work as there was to do in those piping times of peace, when there was nobody but the Chinese to quarrel with. Those who saw him in action said that there was no officer more careful of his men. But, however that might be, I can only say that when I knew him in Rome he was as wild a fellow as you would wish to see. He was always screwing unfortunate Roman hacks at impossible posts and rails, and, strange to say, he used somehow to get them over. I believe he required a certain amount of danger to steady him, and felt it necessary to hazard his neck two or three times a day. I remember we once went up to the top of St. Peter's together. When we were inside the ball, the conversation turned on the illumination, which was produced by sending up men to stick little iron saucers of pitch all over the building. They used to say that two or three men were killed every year by falling off it, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday,' and that the Pope benevolently ordered the sacrament to be administered to all of them before they went up. Upon this Pulteney took a sudden fancy to climb to the very top of the cross, and, in spite of all we could say, up he went. When at the top, he stood upright, folded his arms, and looked over Italy in general. He then took out an old envelope, with his address and a Queen's head upon it, stuck it into a chink of the cross, and formally took possession of the spot in the name of her Britannic Majesty. He then slid down again in safety, to our great relief. (If the Pope reads this, I sincerely hope he will not think it necessary to send anyone up to take down the humiliating document.)

The pleasantest season comes to an end, even at Rome. Easter was over. Pulteney had gone to Malta, and Egerton and I were thinking of starting for Naples, when I received a summons which obliged me to return to England. Egerton remained to finish his

tour. Since my return, I had had one letter from him, announcing his immediate departure from Rome. I wrote to him at Naples, as he requested, but got no reply. This did not strike me as anything extraordinary. He had sometimes talked of going on to the East, if he met any pleasant companions at Naples. But when I received a letter from Mr. Egerton, asking if I had heard anything about Harry, I felt at once a foreboding of evil. I knew how careful he was to avoid causing anxiety to his father, and his silence for a period of two months seemed inexplicable on any other supposition. Like myself, Mr. Egerton had heard nothing of him since he left Rome.

We wrote at once to the Embassy at Naples, and to the bankers, but without success. His passport had not been *visé*, and he had drawn no money at Naples. I immediately went down to Valleyfield, and offered to go to Italy to make inquiries about him.

Poor Mr. Egerton! He had little expected to be again stretched on the rack of this tough world, and his habits had little prepared him for the awful trial that had come upon him. He was in a state of mind such as I do not wish to describe, and hope never to see again. However, he had determined himself to start instantly for Italy, and gratefully accepted my offer to accompany him.

Our journey was a sad one, and all the sadder to me from the contrast it offered to the one I had taken along the same road in the previous year, when every part of the way had been lighted by the brilliant fancy and unflagging spirits of poor Harry. It must have been still sadder for Mr. Egerton, who had not travelled to Italy since his wedding tour. We took the steamer at Marseilles for Cività Vecchia, and at last reached the Eternal City.

It was the middle of August. The streets were deserted, and the whole aspect of the place as changed as the feelings with which I revisited it. I rushed to our old lodgings. The house was shut up. The people were away for their *villeggiatura*. The old woman who was left in charge was a stranger to me. She knew nothing about *Inglesi*, nor *Signori* either.

We went to the diligence office. I asked to see the books for the first week in May. Impossible. Why? What good reason could we have for such a search? I knew what this meant, so produced my reason in the shape of a crown-piece. The book was produced, and there we read that Egerton Enrico was a passenger from Rome to Naples on the 3rd of May. But did he get to Naples? *Sicuro*, without doubt he got to Naples. Where is the conductor of the diligence? Oh, the man that was conductor is gone. Where is he gone? Who knows? he bought a carriage and horses, and went for a *vetturino*. Can you tell if anything happened to the diligence on that day? Oh no, nothing ever happens to the Pontifical diligence. We look at the list of passengers. No English among them. Do you know the address of any of these passengers? Who knows? they were all *forestieri*, probably.

It is clear that there is nothing more to be learnt here, and the

official is anxious to shut up his shop. We go to the Consul's, ascertain that poor Harry's passport was duly *visé* for the Two Sicilies—return to our hotel—and early next morning take a post-carriage for Naples.

On the right track at last. Poor Mr. Egerton's anxiety was almost too great to bear. The fatal sun of an Italian August beat down upon us, and made us sick and faint. We asked all sorts of absurd questions of the postilions and innkeepers, which would have been considered symptoms of lunacy in an Italian, but passed as the normal habit of English travellers. We looked at every tree by the roadside as if it could perhaps tell us tidings of our lost one. We tried to comfort ourselves with all sorts of surmises. On the whole, we inclined to believe that he must have reached Naples. It seemed too improbable that he could have been murdered or carried away by brigands while travelling in a public conveyance. And so we went on all day through the poisonous marshes, and were fain to rest our fevered heads in the evening at fair Terracina.

Next morning we started early, and passed rapidly through the richest spot of Europe,—the jungle of maize, and vines, and olives, and figs, and oranges, and cork-trees, and caroubas, that formed the entrance to the kingdom of Naples. We had the usual attack on the frontier from the custom-house and passport officials, but soon appeased them by the usual distribution of pauls and scudi. However, this did not save us from a similar onset at Fondi, the metropolis of beggary and brigandage. Here we encountered a most dignified official, a worthy successor of Aufidius Luscus, who presided over the passport department at Fondi in the time of Horace, except that he had no pan of charcoal, the weather being warm, and no laticlave, except a stripe down his trousers. He too was pleased to condescend so far as to accept some slight gratification, and we should soon have got off again, had it not been discovered that one of our wheels was heated, and required examination. Impatient as we were, the delay was unavoidable. To pass the time, we strolled about the town. We were soon surrounded and jostled by a crowd of beggars, of both sexes, of all ages, and of all degrees of filthiness. In our endeavours to shake them off we turned into one of the narrowest streets, but had not gone far before a yet more piercing cry of 'Carità, signori, carità per l'amor di Dio!' saluted our ears, and a cap, fastened to the end of a sort of fishing-rod, was dangled close to our faces. Looking up, we saw a wall, built of rough blocks of volcanic stone, and pierced by two small and heavily grated windows. Between the bars of these windows, in the extremity of dirt and squalor, appeared some of the vilest and most satanic of human countenances, chattering like apes at the possibility of a *grano*. 'Carità,' they screamed again as we looked up, 'carità, signori Inglesi!' At the word another face appeared at the window, a pale thin face, with long fair curls hanging over it in matted confusion, and a feeble voice faintly gasped forth 'Father! father!'

There—in that den of thieves—in the common prison of the most

miserable town even of the Two Sicilies—among ruffians such as are produced only by extremest misgovernment acting upon extremest ignorance—fettered by the leg day and night to a bandit and murderer—we found him, the object of so many fears and hopes, the idol of his widowed father, the hero of Eton and Christ Church. I cannot, even now, dwell on such a subject. And why should I? The world knows, or ought to know, what a Neapolitan prison used to be. Suffice it to say that Harry had endured more than three months of that incessant torture, in the hottest season of the year, deprived almost entirely of food, and light, and air, and shut out from all possibility of communicating with his friends, or with any human beings except the beasts that surrounded him.

To poor Mr. Egerton the shock was almost as great as if the bleeding body of his son had been suddenly flung at his feet. It was only gradually that he came to see that our great difficulty was surmounted, and that there was hope, and good hope, of soon freeing Harry from his wretched position.

By large bribes we soon persuaded the keeper of the prison to let us have an interview with his captive, but only through a grating, and in the presence of two turnkeys. None of us could refrain from weeping. My poor friend's appearance was even more wan and haggard than we had at first thought it. Three months of imprisonment had left on him more traces of age and suffering than would have been produced by ten years of liberty.

He did not know precisely on what charge he had been arrested, except that he was supposed to be a revolutionary agent. A letter had been found in his portmanteau which our Italian master at Nice had begged him to convey to a relative at Naples. Harry had forgotten all about it, until it was discovered by one of the customs' officials, among whom it seemed to be considered a missive about as safe as a small bomb-shell. After that, everything belonging to him was ransacked. Papers and books of all kinds were seized, and his pockets were rifled. Strong confirmation of his dangerous character was found, in the shape of a small revolver. He had then been hurried before another official, and, after a few brief questions, had been thrown into the loathsome den in which we discovered him, and fettered to the wretch who stood scowling by his side even during our interview.

We strove hard with the gaoler to obtain some immediate alleviation of his misery, but without much success. Nothing that we could offer availed to obtain for him a separate cell, or even to remove that last unspeakable horror, the double chain. We were allowed, indeed, to supply him with some food and wine, but were obliged to bring enough also for the four or five and twenty prisoners who shared the same apartment, and who would otherwise have devoured everything. Poor creatures! we did not grudge it them. Their evil deeds could scarcely have been bad enough to deserve a Neapolitan prison.

Leaving Mr. Egerton at Fondi, to hold with his son such occasional communication as was permitted, I started for Naples. I scarcely

hoped to find our Minister there at that time of the year, and was relieved to find that he was no further off than Sorrento. To Sorrento I hastened, and was courteously received by Sir Thomas Dudley.

Sir Thomas was a member of that privileged caste which used (of course a long time ago) to enjoy a vested interest in the management of the foreign affairs of the British Empire. The founder of his family had been a distinguished diplomatist some two or three hundred years since, and concluded a treaty of alliance which led England into a war. That war, like all other wars, was extremely popular for a few months, and ended, like all other wars, in both parties being extremely disgusted, so that a 'just and necessary war' was followed by a no less just and considerably more necessary peace. Peace was made 'upon terms honourable to both nations,' a phrase which, being interpreted, means that both discovered that they could very well do without what they went to war for, and that thousands of brave men had died in agony, and provinces had been ravaged, and wives and maidens had suffered all that wives and maidens do suffer from infuriated soldiers, and money enough to feed and educate all the children in Europe had been worse than wasted, all for a name, a shadow, an impalpable something, the want of which would never trouble the sleep or the digestion of a single subject of either of the belligerent powers.

The distinguished diplomatist whose firmness and foresight had led to this righteous and glorious war was of course ennobled and pensioned, and his descendants to the remotest generation of course acquired an hereditary right to conduct the foreign relations of England. There was a great variety of places for them. There were quiet places. There were bustling places. There were even stormy places for those who liked them. There were places in warm climates, places in cold climates, places in temperate climates, and all tolerably well paid, so that each might choose the post best adapted, not only to his abilities and temper, but also to his habits and temperament, and thus be emphatically the right man in the right place, to his own comfort, and to the immense advantage of his grateful country. May competitive examination never disturb so excellent an arrangement!

Sir Thomas Dudley had now for some years adorned the court of Naples. He was a diplomatist of the old school. (One would like to know where that school was, at which so many excellent people were educated.) His manners were stately yet easy, that is, he was dignified himself, and yet put his guests quite at their ease. He was hospitable as became the representative of England, an epicure even among diplomatists, a connoisseur of art even among Italians. His conversation was attractive, his wit graceful and without effort, his French was the French of Louis XIV., untainted by the slang of the post-revolutionary era. He was scarcely known to fame, nor did he wish for her acquaintance. He was most popular among his friends, and for himself he found the world a pleasant world, and hated nothing in it except business.

However, he was so shocked at my description of poor Harry's sufferings, that he at once proceeded to Naples, had an interview with the Prime Minister, and afterwards with King Ferdinand himself. But I can fancy that his representations somewhat resembled the way in which Sir Plume pleaded for the restoration of Belinda's lock. At any rate nothing came of them. His Majesty was inexorable. He affected to believe that all the troubles in his dominions arose from the machinations of English agents, and, now that he had caught one of them, he professed his intention of making an example. He would not even grant any mitigation of the horrors of poor Harry's dungeon, nor fix a day for his trial.

It was clear that we must appeal to a higher tribunal. Parliament was not sitting, but I wrote to a political friend to bring the case to the attention of the Ministry, and to another friend to bring it before the public. A great statesman introduced it into a speech to his constituents. Every paper in the United Kingdom, and half the papers on the Continent, echoed his account of the outrage, and soon there burst forth a storm of public opinion such as even the impudence of the Neapolitan Government could scarcely bear without flinching. After some three weeks of agonising excitement, poor Harry's irons were struck off, he was removed to a solitary cell in the prison at Naples, was allowed to receive an occasional visit from his father and myself, and was informed that his trial would shortly commence.

It was indeed time that some change should be made. Egerton's reason was beginning to give way, and it seemed as if the King really desired such a termination to the affair. Even after the prisoner's removal to Naples, delays of all kinds were interposed. Days and weeks and months passed by, and our hearts were sickened with the bitter draught of hope deferred.

Christmas had passed, and another year had commenced, when the trial at last began. Our Consul had kindly made all needful preparations for the defence, and had engaged the best counsel. We were sanguine that a day or two would show what a mistake the whole thing had been, and that Harry would be at once restored to liberty.

We knew not the depth of Neapolitan injustice. Right or wrong, the King had determined to wreak on our poor friend his accumulated spite against the English nation. The Procurator-General united in his own person the functions of prosecutor, judge, and jury. Everything was conducted as he wished, and any judge who dared to show a symptom of independence was bullied almost as much as the prisoner and his advocates. The Crown witnesses were protected from cross-examination. Evidence for the defence was refused admittance. The prisoner's counsel were reminded of the probable consequences to themselves and their families if they uttered a word that could be construed into disapprobation of the conduct of the Government. Trifles light as air were brought forward as weighty proofs of the

guilt of the accused. The chief point relied on was the letter of the Italian master, who had been compromised in the events of May 1848. It was a harmless production enough, relating chiefly to family affairs, but hidden meanings were invented for every sentence, so that it appeared to portend a most diabolical conspiracy. Then there was the revolver, which was clearly revolutionary, a wide-awake of revolutionary cut, and various books and papers of revolutionary tendency. Among these figured an old number of 'Punch,' which had been wrapped round a pair of boots, and which depicted the Pope in the character of Guy Faux, and the King of Naples in an equally undignified attitude, plainly tending to the subversion of authority, and the dissemination of atheism and anarchy. Worst of all, there were found some unfinished lines in the prisoner's own handwriting, exciting odium and contempt of 'our adorable Lord the King,' the Emperor of Austria, 'the Holiness of our Lord the Pope,' and the most virtuous Cardinal Antonelli. They ran as follows:—

Wolves in the stately deer-park!
  Blight on the fruitful tree!
Swine in the blushing vineyard,
  The Huns in Italy!

A weak and senseless puppet,
  High on the Cæsars' throne!
A priestly brigand ruling
  Where once Mæcenas shone!

A new Tiberius holding
  The old despotic sway,
Where Capri's island citadel
  Looks o'er the purple bay!

As Egerton said afterwards, the verses were perhaps bad enough to deserve a short term of imprisonment. They undoubtedly savoured of the circumstances under which they had been composed—a sleepless night in the interior of a diligence.

In those days, however, such things were no laughing matter. It was evident that the trial was a mere mockery, and was intended to terminate in the condemnation of the prisoner. Our hearts sank within us as we thought of his probable fate. The British Government had admitted the right of the King to try him according to the laws of Naples, and had only urged the acceleration of the proceedings.

Still the trial dragged along its weary length. The King, with cat-like cruelty, took a pleasure in prolonging the sufferings of his victim. The press in England continued to thunder against him, and at last, Parliament being about to meet, the Admiral at Malta was ordered to send a small squadron into the Bay of Naples.

We knew, of course, that this meant 'moral influence,' and not active intervention, Yet it was not without a certain sensation of pleasure that we saw the ships in the offing, led by the 'Victoria,' a

splendid screw frigate of fifty-one guns. On she came, swift as a locomotive, graceful as a yacht, terrible as an army. Above her floated the flag of England, the proud emblem of the sovereignty of the seas, untarnished still as in the days when Blake bore it in triumph over the sinking corsairs, or as when, on the eve of Trafalgar, it streamed in Spanish breezes beside the majestic simplicity of Nelson's immortal signal.

We had not heard that Pulteney had recently been appointed to the command of the 'Victoria,' and it was a pleasing surprise when he appeared at our hotel. He accompanied us to the trial, our daily occupation, and his indignation passed all bounds. He had seen in China something of the tortures that human tyranny is capable of inflicting, and his blood boiled at the thought of his favourite Egerton, whom he had looked upon as a younger brother, being delivered over to similar barbarities.

Next day we were in court as usual by ten o'clock, but without Pulteney. The usual scene of perjury and browbeating was resumed. It was nearly eleven when an officer in an exceedingly smart uniform entered hastily, and spoke a few words in a low voice to the President. The latter conferred for a few minutes with his brother judges, and then, as the Procurator-General began to reiterate a demand that certain words used by the prisoner's counsel should be taken down as treasonable, he administered to that functionary a 'set down' such as Dr. Johnson might have bestowed upon James Boswell. Had an earthquake occurred, it would probably have occasioned less surprise. The Procurator-General remained with his mouth open, and not for some moments could he recover the power of speech sufficiently to mumble out his old remark about 'answering for it to our Lord the King.' 'Our Lord the King,' replied the President, 'has no wish except that justice may be done in this, as in every case which is brought before his royal tribunals. It is the unanimous decision of myself and of my fellow judges that the evidence for the prosecution has failed to establish any proof of complicity on the part of the prisoner with those wicked factions which have dared to trouble the serenity of our adorable monarch. I declare the prisoner acquitted.'

Here he stooped down and spoke to the chief of the police. Under the orders of the latter, Harry was surrounded by some dozen gendarmes, and marched out of court. Mr. Egerton and I followed as closely as we could. They took him at once down to the quay, placed him in a boat that was waiting, and made straight for Pulteney's frigate. We hired a boat, and followed them as fast as possible, and soon had the happiness of embracing our Harry, once more a free man, on a British deck.

We all thankfully accepted Pulteney's invitation to remain on board. I went back to Naples for an hour, got our traps together, paid the hotel bill, gave full powers to the Consul to satisfy all demands, and especially to remunerate our unfortunate advocates liberally, and soon returned to the ship.

The sea was calm as a mill-pond, and blue as the sky above us, as the 'Victoria' steamed rapidly out of the bay on her return to Malta. Pulteney, Mr. Egerton, Harry and I lounged lazily upon deck, and looked back with feelings too deep for words at the fair city, the scene of so much natural beauty, of so much artificial misery. Three of us had been suffering for months all the tortures of intense and protracted anxiety, and the sudden change made our present happiness seem almost incredible.

Mr. Egerton was the first to break silence. 'I cannot understand the conduct of the judges even now. To drag on the trial all these days, and then all of a sudden to acquit the prisoner, without pretending to finish it. It looked as if they really wanted to show what a mockery the whole thing was. It is certain they were dead for a conviction all along.'

'It was the appearance of that officer that changed everything,' said I. 'He must have brought a special message from Tiberius. But what made his Majesty turn round so suddenly, I cannot imagine.'

Here Pulteney, to our great amazement, said, with a quiet smile, 'The fact is, I thought it expedient to do a little diplomacy on my own account.'

'How was that?' we all exclaimed at once.

'Why, you see we in the navy have a sort of traditional way of dealing with these little Mediterranean potentates. It would not do to try it too often, but every now and then an emergency arises, and, from all I could hear, our friend here was in a parlous position. Now Dudley is a good fellow, a very good fellow, I may say, but just a little bit slow. He is like the interpreters in China, who have lived there so long that they really believe the Chinese to be the first people in the world, and all their humbugging etiquette and falsehood to be really necessary to the conduct of affairs. So it occurred to me to offer a little moral support, as they call it, to his representations. I asked him to present me to the King. He hummed and hawed, and told me that his Majesty was not half pleased at the presence of the ships, and rather wanted to ignore their existence. However, I persuaded him that civility required that I should wait upon his Majesty. So he sent to inquire about it, and was told that the King would receive me quietly that evening.

'I dined with Dudley, and got a lecture from him about cutting the shop, and especially about saying nothing that could be understood as alluding to this affair of yours. After dinner we went to the palace. There were very few people there, and the King received me pretty graciously, looking all the time as sulky as a bear with several sore heads. I watched my opportunity, and, when I saw him standing by himself, I went up to him with a most respectful bow.

'"Your Majesty has heard my name, perhaps?"

'He stared, but gave a nod, and said my father was a great man.

'"That is all the effect of your Majesty's goodness. Your Majesty may also perchance have heard that I am the commander of the British ships which have the honour of lying in your Majesty's bay?"

'He looked as black as thunder, but nodded again.

'"Then I solemnly assure your Majesty, on the honour of a British officer, that if my countryman, Henry Egerton, is not delivered over to me in safety on board the 'Victoria' by mid-day to-morrow, I will blow this palace of your Majesty into the air."

'This was rather a long speech for me to make in Italian, so it came out very deliberately. The King turned all sorts of colours, and laid hold of the back of a sofa to prevent himself falling. I did not give him time to say anything, but wished him a 'most happy night' with a bow of the deepest humility, and got back to my ship as fast as I possibly could.

'This morning early I got up steam on board the ships, and ran the "Victoria" in with her broadside lying "convenient" to the palace. About ten o'clock I had the decks cleared for action, and immediately afterwards two Neapolitan boats put off and came poking about round the ship. I ordered the guns to be slowly loaded. The men quite entered into the joke (they always do), and loaded very deliberately, and with the utmost ostentation. The boats went off in a hurry, and about half-past eleven one of them came back with our friend here in the stern-sheets. The officer in charge asked me for a receipt to be produced to his Majesty, so I wrote him a note which I don't think he'll show to many people, thanking him for sending off in one of his own royal boats my countryman who had been so honourably acquitted by his enlightened and impartial judges, and also for having so graciously condescended to admit the force of the arguments which I had the distinguished honour of submitting to his royal notice last evening at the palace.'

I need not repeat the expressions of amazement with which this little story was received.

'But after all, Pulteney, what would you have done if the good Bomba had not knocked under?'

'Oh, I must have done it, you know. I had given him my solemn word of honour that I would. But the consequences might have been awkward, I grant you. I suppose I should have been dismissed the service, and had to live ashore for the remainder of my days, unless I had got the command of one of the P. and O. steamers. Very good berths there are in the P. and O. service, I believe. But the fact is that there was not much chance of his holding out. I knew that he was undoubtedly the greatest coward in Europe. And his own people would have risen against him instantly. Besides, I calculated he would fancy that I had private instructions from our Government, quite independent of Dudley. I am half sorry though, after all, that the affair ended so peaceably. 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life—an hour's bombardment of Bomba.'

H.

Professor Clifford.

No name has been more often named of late in that section of society which considers itself, and is more or less considered, as the cultivated and intellectual portion *par excellence*, than the name of the young and gifted man of science whose short career gave rise to so many hopes, and whose early death has been lamented and deplored with something of the tone of a personal grievance, rather than with the chastened grief of mortal loss. No one can say that Clifford was left as so many hapless heirs of immortality have been left, to bear the bitterness of failing health and ending life in poverty and loneliness as well as in suffering. For months long that part of London which cultivates science and letters with more or less magnificence or simplicity, whose pleasure it is, between a dinner and a ball, to attend lectures at the Royal Institution and see experiments, or who find in these intellectual pursuits their chief recreation, assisted with endless murmurs of sympathy at the ending scenes of this poor student's life. His courage, his cheerfulness, his hopes, delusive or real, were discussed in circles much wider than those which usually with bated breath look on upon the sinking of an individual existence, too deeply affected by it to admire the pose of the friend they are losing, or to study him as a specimen case. But the circle was so wide around Clifford's sofa as to indulge freely in this too natural inclination. He was voluntarily or involuntarily a study and a spectacle to the cultured crowd who watched him, and who did their best, be it said to their honour, to smooth his path to the grave. To die young and in the exuberance of mental power is no uncommon fate; it is a fate always deeply pathetic, often tragical and terrible; but the world has suffered many a man of genius so to perish without much care for the incident. In this case, however, everybody cared; a great many people showed their interest by the practical proofs, and a still larger concourse of spectators followed all his last steps with anxious attention. There were circumstances which gave the end of his life a special interest. He was one of the leaders of what is called Thought, and a very uncompromising opponent of all that is ordinarily believed to be religion; and the crowd round him not only followed his words and looks with the curiosity natural to humanity in sight of the dying, but with a deeper awe still beheld one going into the darkness of the shadow of death who had no hope of ever coming out of that darkness again, yet who went down into the valley with gaiety and cheerfulness, undaunted by the chill conclusion which he believed to await him there. Most of us are aware, who have any experience, that of all the acts of life, dying is the one which is accomplished with most dignity, even by

the most ordinary people; and that the raptures on one side, and despair on the other, to which we are accustomed in books, are very rarely seen in actual life. But be this as it may be, we are always prepared for something in that scene which shall satisfy our profound sense of its importance; and we allow it to be perfectly human and natural that even Professor Clifford's biographer should call the attention of the world with some pride to the cheerful courage with which his friend met his end, asking us specially to remark that his demeanour will bear comparison with that of any believer in immortality. Now that he is dead, the same large and animated audience has dwelt upon all it could hear of him with the interest naturally belonging to a tragedy completed, and repeated to each other the bravado of the epitaph which he is said—we not know with what truth—to have composed for himself, with a mixture of admiration and alarm and wonder, very natural too, and simple enough. 'I was not. I lived, and loved. I am not,' is, it is said, the epitome of existence which he has made upon his tombstone with a dogmatism very unscientific, yet an appeal to human interest which is profoundly natural and pathetic. That at least the departing soul grasps at, with mortal eagerness, to hold on to something. It is not much of an immortality, but he did not look for nor wish, as it would appear, any more.

And we have now in two volumes, full of painful interest, the last gatherings of the mind, now, according to its own belief, extinguished, blown out like a farthing candle, to shed no light upon any spot of existence more. To die young, having got all the cream and flower of life, and none of its greater miseries, is, in its way, a kind of heroic fate. It would not be difficult to imagine it chosen as the best of human probabilities, were the choice deliberately offered to us. To live and love, without learning, by any mortal experiment, what it is to love and lose; to taste the first sweetness of success, and never the dreary dregs of disappointment which are so sure to follow. But, on the other hand, what waste so terrible as this throwing away of the vivid lamp which might have lighted a long stretch of our common road when it was little more than kindled! In no other economical system could such wanton prodigality be tolerated; and the possibility of it, the commonness of the incident, might well form a text for the moralist to whom life itself and the existence of a human race at all should seem as clumsy and stupid as those other failures of nature to do what she may be supposed to have intended—such as that of the eye, for instance, which we are assured, on the best authority, is the clumsiest of optical instruments, a construction of which the poorest optician might be ashamed. Rather than such waste and destruction as this, the age of the mastodon and megatherium, when the huge beasts had at least, it is to be supposed, fair play and a good fight for their lives, would convey a better sense of natural justice. If there is no second chapter to existence, as Professor Clifford believed, nay,

certainly settled there was not, the throwing away of such a life as his becomes one of the most deplorable and incomprehensible of events. But the thing has happened, howsoever it is to be taken; and here are left these two volumes to prove to the world that a man has lived. They are not all the outcome of his existence, but they are a great part of it. We will not ask the painful question whether these few essays are worth to the race as much as any honest living energy, were it employed on the simplest work, would be worth; for there is nobody and nothing to blame for the sudden end of thought and speculation which has taken place—no struggle for existence, no sudden onslaught of a rival or an enemy. And we do not pretend to judge of the scientific eminence to which Professor Clifford had attained. Real work of any description can be estimated only by those who understand it thoroughly, and we do not claim such an acquaintance with mathematical science as would justify any criticism of this kind. But a great part of the essays here published are not concerned with mathematics; they are given forth to the general world as the sum and sense of this man's existence in it, and the light he had for it. Even in that point of view we will not take them as a text for theological argument, but we may permit ourselves to point out—matters more within our sphere—not only the character of the man as here disclosed, but his attitude in respect to the greatest and most important of those influences which have shaped all our lives in England as elsewhere.

Mr. Pollock's biography is very brief and gives little detail. There were few events to record. The man he knew was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, so short time since as 1863, all the earlier events of his life being unknown, it would seem, to the friends of his maturity. He seems from the first to have been one of those men whom no waywardness of mind, no perversity of any kind, warped out of the way of success which his talent merited. He made his mark at once, and acquired the most satisfactory position which a young man of science could desire. If the rewards of that at present most popular sphere of research are not golden, they are at least of the most flattering description; and Clifford had, by common report, a character so amiable, and manners so attractive, that his social success was universal. He was Second Wrangler in the Tripos of 1867, though his biographer describes him as having 'omitted most of the things he ought to have read, and read everything he ought not to have read'—an encouraging example for future students. He got his fellowship a year after, and in a short time was appointed to a professorship at University College, London. In a few years more he became a Fellow of the Royal Society: all this before he was thirty. So that his success was complete and entirely according, one would suppose, to his own ideal of a desirable life. He was not rich, yet he was not so poor as to be kept from marrying; and he had the best of society and many friends. Thus 'life was worth living,' in the fullest sense of the words, to the young Professor. Of his

mental history in the same period his friend tells us little. He began at Cambridge as a High Churchman, but by the time he had come to be one of the oracles of society he was a Positivist (as we judge from many of his discourses), or an Agnostic, according to the fine phraseology of the day: an Atheist, to use a word which even to ourselves in using it sounds harsh, but which Clifford would not have found so. He had in himself more than the courage of his opinions; he had an audacity in them, a defiant and gay bumptiousness, to use a slang expression, in throwing them abroad, and pelting them in the faces of the otherwise-minded, which is very characteristic of his sect at the present day. Nothing has more changed in the contemporary world than the attitude of believers and non-believers to each other. Formerly it was we upon the other side who were defiant; now we recognise, with a smile, that it is we who have become tolerant, who are polite, who impute no motives; while the unbeliever waves his flag in the air, and denounces us all as fools and tyrants and traitors—enemies of the human race if sincere; pitiful sneaks if we take our belief for granted. The change is worth noting, whatever it may mean. And, among all these light-hearted assailants of the Christian side, Clifford was one of the most daring. He rang the challenge of his spear on every man's shield, and swaggered about the lists with shouts of defiance. Whatever he might be in other respects, here he was dogmatic, arrogant, full of large assertion. It may be said, perhaps, that it was on these points he felt most strongly; yet it entirely goes against the perfection of a man's character to express himself intemperately even on the points on which he feels most. And the more serious a question is, the more utterly out of place are the hot blasts of personal opinion, the sweeping assertions which break, here and there, into all his arguments. This is indeed the point on which we have most to say about Professor Clifford, not only in his own person, but as a member of a very much-heard, voluble, and occasionally eloquent class. In the meantime, however, before we make any further reference to this attitude, we may first make the reader, who does not already know Professor Clifford, acquainted with the affectionate enthusiasm of his friend's account of him. Nothing can be higher than the estimate of his character, of which the following sentences are the key-note:—

It is an open secret to the few who know it, but a mystery and a stumbling block to the many, that science and poetry are own sisters, inasmuch that in those branches of scientific inquiry which are most abstract, most formal, and most remote from the grasp of the ordinary sensible imagination, a higher power of imagination akin to that of the poet is most needed and most fruitful of lasting work. This living and constructive energy projects itself out into the world at the same time that it assimilates the surrounding world to itself. When it is joined with quick perceptions and delicate sympathies, it can work the miracle of piercing the barrier that separates one mind from another, and becomes a personal charm. It can be known only by its operation, and is by its very nature incommunicable and indescribable. Yet this faculty, when a man is gifted with it, seems to gather up the best of his life, so that the man

always transcends every work shapen and sent forth by him: his presence is full of it, and it lightens the air his friends breathe; it commands not vital assent to propositions or intellectual acquiescence in arguments, but the conviction of being in the sphere of a vital force for which nature must make room.

It would be impossible to speak of the most perfect of mortal minds in higher terms than these. That a man should have impressed such a conception of his character upon one who knew him well is of itself a kind of evidence in his favour which will affect all impartial hearers. Mr. Pollock, however, makes his friend's clearness of intellect more comprehensible in an illustration which follows than could be done by any panegyric. He had himself been, he tells us, 'not a little exercised' by a certain theorem which troubled him much.

> The chain of symbolic proof seemed artificial and dead; it compelled the understanding, but failed to satisfy the reason. After reading and learning the proposition one failed to see what it was all about. Being out for a walk with Clifford, I opened my perplexities to him. I think I can recall the very spot. What he said I do not remember in detail, which is not surprising, as I have had no occasion to remember anything about Ivory's Theorem these twelve years. But I know that as he spoke he appeared not to be working out a question but simply telling what he saw. Without any diagram or symbolic aid he described the geometrical conditions on which the solution depended, and they seemed to stand out visibly in space. There were no longer consequences to be deducted, but real and evident facts which only required to be seen.

This power of exposition cannot of course be transferred to the pages of a book. We do not think that any similar impression will be made upon the mind of the reader who turns from this glowing description to the essays and lectures that follow; but that is natural enough. While Mr. Pollock bears this testimony to the mind and intellectual powers of his friend, he makes us but little acquainted with his personal life. 'A soul eager for new mastery, and ever looking forward, cares little to dwell upon the past,' he says grandly, by way of explaining that Clifford did not speak of his earlier years; and we are left altogether in the dark as to the causes which transformed him from 'an ardent High Churchman' into an equally ardent antagonist not only of High Churchism but of Christianity. Perhaps it is easier to jump from one extreme to another than to make a change less radical, and the mind which in youthful haste and eagerness believes and accepts too much may be more likely in the conclusion, being still young, eager, and hasty, to believe too little, or indeed nothing at all. But we have no evidence on this point, nor any information—though it would have been interesting to know, considering how warmly theological questions are discussed in his productions, and how keen his feeling was in respect to them. What we learn besides about his college career was that he was a great athlete, though not in the ordinarily recognised ways.

He was a gymnast, not a cricketer or boating man, and as much more pleased with his reputation in this kind than with his intellectual reputation, as it is the fashion for a young Englishman to be. 'Few words will suffice to set down the remaining facts of Clifford's life, or what we are accustomed to call facts,' Mr. Pollock says, 'because they can be dated and made equally known to everybody, as if that made them more real than the passages and events which, in truth, decide the issues of life and fix the courses of a man's work.' We have no more faith in facts than Mr. Pollock has, yet it is hard to do without them when you are writing or reading biography, especially as we have no private knowledge of the 'passages and events' distinct from facts, which 'decided the issues' of this man's life. There were few enough of these facts unfortunately to record. His fellowship, his professorship, his election to the Royal Society, his marriage, a few details of his manner of working are all the meagre record holds. In the latter respect he was imprudent, as many others, perhaps most other men of similar pursuits, have been. Sometimes he would throw off an article or a lecture at a sitting, writing all through the night: not an unparalleled performance by any means, but one to which his constitution was not equal. And he was full of gaiety and cheerfulness, with 'an inexhaustible store of merriment at all times: not merely a keen perception of the ludicrous, but an ever fresh gaiety and gladness in the common pleasures of life.' 'It was scarcely possible to be depressed in his company,' Mr. Pollock adds, and he kept his cheerfulness to the end. When this happy and bright and strong life was overclouded with illness, no wonder that the young man refused to believe it, and would not take care, or give up his blameless irregularities and turning of night into day. When he got his six months' leave of absence to get himself mended and set to rights, as was hoped, he took advantage of it 'reluctantly and almost indignantly.' 'His repugnance was like that of a wounded soldier who thinks himself dishonoured if he quits the field while his limbs can bear him.' There is nothing in his life which recommends him more to our sympathies; but, nevertheless, he had to go, and was but little the better of it. Then for a year or two longer he kept up that heart-sickening struggle, sent from place to place by anxious friends and well-meaning doctors, as alas, so many others have been before him, and as so many others would be were the means of that forlorn quest for health possible to them. Whether it is ever of much efficacy, or if it would not be better and kinder to let the sufferer linger out the appointed time and die at home, those who have had experience of such cases may be permitted to question. Poor Clifford was taken to Madeira at last, when so ill that his friends hardly expected him to live out the voyage,—a questionable kindness; but though this could not save him, it at least 'enabled him to spend his last days in ease and comparative enjoyment.' In March last he died, aged only thirty-four, not having yet attained the mid-period of life, but brave and cheerful and in full command of himself and his faculties to the

last. It is evidently with a little natural awe, as also with some not unnatural bravado, that Mr. Pollock records this fact, not able altogether to put away a certain ache of wonder, as well as pride and satisfaction in the brave front which his friend showed to the last enemy. Strange problem that something in that dying man should be so strong while all the rest was so weak, one part of him so vigorous, manly, and alive, while all else was dying! yet all to die together, the mind which felt no sickness and knew no failing, as well as the body which was dropping to pieces. If they are right in their theory, what contradiction is so strange as this? Here is Mr. Pollock's tremulous yet exultant trumpet-note over this last feat of mortal courage:

> Far be it from me, as it was far from him, to grudge to any man or woman the hope or comfort that may be found in sincere expectation of a better life to come. But let this be set down and remembered, plainly and openly, for the instruction and rebuke of those who fancy their dogmas have a monopoly of happiness, and will not face the fact that there are true men, ay, and women, to whom the dignity of manhood and the fellowship of this life, undazzled by the magic of any revelation, unholpen of any promises holding out aught as higher or more enduring than the fruition of human love and the fulfilment of human duties, are sufficient to bear the weight of both life and death. Here was a man who utterly dismissed from his thoughts as being unprofitable or worse all speculations on a future or unseen world: a man to whom life was holy and precious, a thing not to be despised, but to be used with joyfulness: a soul full of life and light, ever longing for activity, ever counting what was achieved as not worthy to be reckoned in comparison of what was left to do. And this is the witness of his ending, that, as never man loved life more, so never man feared death less.

The end of a good and brave man is always a great spectacle, but we do not see the need for this solemn flourish. Did not every manly Greek of the classic times, from which more than from any period more recent, men of Clifford's kind in the present day hold their traditions, do the same? and every stout-hearted savage and with still more composure, the men of China and Japan? Is it only the conscious existence close by of that Christian hope in which Mr. Pollock strenuously does not believe, that makes him assert with such eagerness as a wonderful and startling thing his friend's independence of and superiority to it? It is very hard, no doubt, to shake off that consciousness: still, now that the separation from everything Christian has gone so far, it seems unnecessary to tell us that a man who within the same volume denounces Christianity as an agency destructive and corrupting, was able to die as bravely without it as he might have been expected to do with its aid. Here Nature has been a traitor to faith.

This curious mistake, however, is not to be laid to Clifford's charge; and the few details we have here preserved set him before us as a lovable and vigorous human creature, full of impetuosity and energy, and that desirable certainty of being right which is as good

as an estate to a man; but also not good as leading him to say and do many things which better judgment would wish unsaid and undone. We may note one or two instances before passing on to the examples in the Essays and Lectures, of the way in which Clifford's antipathy to Christianity impaired his own power of judging, and clipped off, so to speak, essential parts of his mind, narrowing and vulgarising the man even in the midst of his highest assumptions.

Mr. Pollock, however, we may say by way of a digression, has evidently not been happy in his selection of the letters which are quoted here. Of these he tells us that Clifford would now and then 'throw himself completely into his letters; and then his descriptions were so full of life and colour that they might well be taken as models by any one minded to study the art of correspondence, not uncommonly alleged to be lost since the introduction of cheap and rapid communications.' If this is so, it is a pity that some of these models should not have been chosen to be presented here instead of the entirely unremarkable performances which are given. Take this for an instance: it is an account of a tour while the writer was still in good health:

At Honfleur a surprising meal—*bouillon, côtelettes, vin*—till we were roaring drunk for sevenpence-halfpenny each. Then various towns in Normandy which I have hopelessly mixed up. 'Lisieux était—on ne peut plus s'imaginer—délicieux.' This is Crotch's abominable pun. There was a fair at Le Mans and we nearly broke the merry-go-round. At Tours we caused two mild priests *faire signe de croix* by suddenly flapping out 'La Rappel' and 'La Liberté' from our bag on the ramparts. But Angoulême! —everybody must go there at once and stay several years. It is too lovely. You walk under trees all round on the top of the walls and see miles of Garonne and vines. It was *fête-Dieu* about the time we got to Bordeaux and Bayonne, and all the little dears were in white for their first Communion. Then came troubles. There were no boats. We got by rail to San Sebastian, which indeed is sweetly pretty: so that I was moved even to try to sketch the Plaza Reale—such is the audacity of some. . . . Here we have hired a garret near the sky and live charmingly on five francs a day; this is accomplished chiefly by hiring a cheap bed and not eating anything. All day long we catch butterflies and sketch. Sometimes we go to a *table d'hôte*: where besides the ordinary fare Crotch finds, *sortie du flanc d'Adam côtelette funeste*—a young lady who won't speak to me when he is by. But our great adventure is the Pic du Midi, close by the top of which is an *hôtellerie* containing (in the guide book) ham and eggs and people to cook them, but (in fact and at this time of the year) not a living soul and three inches of candle.'

And so on—a pleasant enough schoolboy sort of letter, which might very well be read with indulgent laughter and shaking of the head by an easy mother who did not mind slang, but which, as a model of correspondence, is too absurd to be thought of.

This, however, is by the way. What we had intended to remark was one or two instances from these letters of the narrowing power of prejudice and antipathy which brings a select and fine mind like Clifford's down to the level of the contracted and ignorant. In one

of his more serious letters, beginning with the remark that 'this country (Spain) requires to be colonised by the white man,' the young Professor permits himself to speak of 'Spain, the middle and south of Italy, and Greece,' as 'countries where the population consists chiefly of habitual thieves and liars, who are willing opportunely to become assassins for a small sum.' Now had this been said—as it might very well be said, though probably not in such strong language—by a Cook's excursionist, it would depend upon the temper of the reader whether he would receive it with laughter as just the sort of thing to be expected from the prejudice and folly of Britannic self-conceit, or storm at the despicable cockneyism which was at once so impudent and so blind. We wonder whether such sweeping and foolish vituperation of a large portion of the human race becomes less objectionable and more dignified when it is inspired by a hatred of Christianity, as supposed to influence these nations, and not by mere ignorance of them, and insular prejudice against all development of character unlike our own? We have heard something like the same verdict (but, as we have already said, not so strong) given by hasty travellers, even above the excursionist level, whose sole knowledge of Italy, for instance, was summed up in the person of the *valet de place*, who had no doubt fleeced and laughed at them. But this is not the sort of judgment we expect from an accomplished and thoughtful mind. It may be said that it is unfair to take the flippant and hasty sentiment of a letter dashed off, perhaps, in some greasy inn, where bad cooking and bad smells had affected the writer's temper, as a real expression of the meaning which was in him; but as this is deliberately chosen as one of some dozen letters intended to convey a clear view of the writer's character, and perhaps to be accepted by us as models of correspondence, that objection cannot be entertained. To show on what ground it is that Professor Clifford thus sweeps out of all human respect and consideration the countrymen of Cervantes and Dante, of Murillo and Raphael, and those who tread the classic soil and inherit the classic names of Greece, we will quote the entire passage as it stands:—

I don't understand why one is expected to be polite and reticent about the distinction between the Hebrew piety and Roman universalism attributed to Jesus and Paul, and the ecclesiastical system which is only powerful over men's lives in Spain, the middle and south of Italy, and Greece—countries where the population consists chiefly of habitual thieves and liars, who are willing opportunely to become assassins for a small sum. I suppose it frightens people to be told that historical Christianity as a social system invariably makes men wicked when it has full swing. Then I think the sooner they are well frightened the better.

The object, we suppose, of the reproduction of the letter is to accomplish this frightening process to such degree as may be possible. It is a pity Mr. Pollock could not have done this without throwing the appearance of the pettiest Chauvinism which ever made a French épicier laughable over one whom we would willingly have accepted

as enlightened and generous and liberal-minded, notwithstanding our total difference with him in belief and opinion. The man who can go about the world, as to some extent Clifford did, meeting other men and women at every turn in all those natural charities which few of us who have done so can refrain from accepting at the hand of many a kindly simple Italian, or Spaniard, or even Greek —though in respect to this latter, knowledge fails us—and come back and libel them indiscriminately as 'thieves and liars, willing to become assassins for a small sum,' is either a prejudiced fool, incapable of reason, which Clifford certainly was not, or a traitor to humanity, which is the last thing he would have consented to be. We believe that he was neither of these, but a rash and immature young man, transported out of himself by hatred of a religion which perhaps he did not entirely understand, and thus made, without meaning it, a cruel and unjust judge of and false witness against his brother. We do not say anything about the reasonableness of entertaining, or the good taste of expressing, this mad and furious antipathy against the system more dear than anything else in the world to so many of the race; for our own part we are willing to pass it over; and it is the fashion of the day to take it rather as a proof of mental superiority than a breach of all the traditions of mutual tolerance; but when this blind rage is permitted to confuse the common rules of justice and charity, and to produce all the effects of ignorance and the narrowest prejudice on the minds of those who are affected by it, the spectator can scarcely be expected to acquiesce, however such acquiescence may be the fashion. It may be of no moment to anyone but himself whether a professor of mathematics and pet lecturer of fashionable audiences should be a Christian or not, but it is a pity to see him, by reason of his non-Christianity, placing himself on the same level as the travelling bagman or ignorant Cockney out upon a 'tower.'

But if this kind of inhuman generalisation is contrary to the higher spirit of the time, it is still more contrary to it to be ignorant of and unaffected by art. The art education of England has made immense strides, in words, at least, within recent generations. It is not permitted to a man of education nowadays, no, nor to a woman, as Mr. Pollock would say, to be ignorant of what is fine, or not to admire what is admirable. Here, however, is what Professor Clifford says about the architecture of which we are all so proud. He is speaking of the Alhambra, of which he tells us that 'it seems to me to want the touch of barbarism which hangs about all Gothic buildings.' 'One thinks in a cathedral,' he adds—and once more his friend has thought it well to separate this expression of opinion from all rash chance sayings, and preserve it as worthy remark, 'that since somebody has chosen to make it, it is no doubt a very fine thing in its way, but that, being a sane man, one would not make anything like it for any reasonable purpose.' Now this is an opinion which, if he could conscientiously entertain it, would be very convenient for a

nineteenth century architect, who has proved himself, by sore experiment, quite incapable of building 'anything like it.' But for a man of that culture, which in these days so largely embraces art, it is a rash statement. Those be 'the fanes of useless prayer' of which the Laureate speaks, but we did not know that anyone had ventured yet, out of dislike for their use, to scoff at these noblest monuments of northern antiquity. Few people for the last thousand years have thought much of the gods of Olympus, but the temples of Pæstum, for instance, have never been despised on that account, nor has the building of such wonderful and solemn edifices ever been considered a thing unlikely to fire the ambition of any sane man. Thus, once again, theological opinion is made to rob the mind of part of its inheritance, and place the observer, for whom all the centuries have toiled to instruct and train him, on the level of the uneducated and ignorant who have had no training as all.

These curious indications of fanaticism turning up in a sphere where we least expected to find them, are visible, it is scarcely needful to say, with still stronger emphasis in the formal teachings, the Lectures and Essays which follow this biography. This is reasonable, for the dogmas by which a man holds have the most natural place in his authoritative utterances; and Professor Clifford's subjects are almost all of a character which lead him, if not to questions of religion, at least to that debatable ground where every question which is brought under discussion may be so treated as to involve the principles of human thought, and all the origins of sentiment and feeling. We do not enter upon the consideration of these utterances with any intention of argument—this is not the place for controversy; nor is it the fact of his opposition to the teachings of Christianity which we find fault with; that is his own affair. It is the manner of treating these subjects, and the tone which is assumed in respect to them, to which we object. Time was when personal discussion was enlivened with calling of names and the imputing of every bad motive which can exist in the most depraved minds. The habit holds still in the lower levels of society, and there are traces of the revival of this among other literary methods in the new order of journals which are characteristic of our generation. 'Sir, you are a base, servile wretch,' says one of the lights of journalism to another; 'only a vain, vulgar snob, puffed up with the conceit of wealth like you, could,' &c. &c. 'I confess it is difficult to know what to do with a sneaking dastard of your description.' All these little elegances of phraseology are apparently creeping in again to the writing of the day; though they have been banished for a long time from anything that has a right to call itself literature. But we doubt whether it is an improvement upon this practice to be civil to a man's personality, and abusive to those great ideas which he believes in, and which are probably more dear and precious to him than anything belonging to his personal being. Thus, when Professor Clifford goes to the very source of all things, and denounces

'the doctrine of a destiny, or a Providence outside of us overruling human efforts, and guiding history to a foregone conclusion,' as an immoral doctrine, he is simply calling names like the culprits of the law of libel. 'I do think,' he says, with a sweeping force of assertion of which neither does he offer any proof, nor could he, without giving up the immediate subject of his discourse, attempt to verify, that, 'if it is right to call any doctrine immoral, it is right so to call this doctrine, when we remember how often it has paralysed the efforts of those who were climbing honestly up the hillside towards the light and right, and how often it has nerved the sacrilegious arm of the fanatic or the adventurer who was conspiring against society.' Now, if such a statement as this in respect to any other agency were made, in the House of Commons for example, the speaker would be stopped by shouts from every side of 'question' and 'name.' What man of all men has been stopped while climbing honestly up the hillside, by the doctrine of Providence? The 'sacrilegious arm of the fanatic' has so many meanings, that we do not ask what is intended by the expression—which to ourselves represents Professor Clifford as much or more than any one else we can think of—but who is the honest man who has been stopped in his career by the belief that

> There's a divinity doth shape our ends
> Rough hew them how we will?

Such an assertion has nothing to do with a scientific argument. It is as little capable of proof as the wildest of theological theories, nor is it in the least necessary to a sober discussion of the existence or non-existence of a power unseen and outside of man. 'It is the business of the seeker after truth to find out whether a proposition is true or not, and not what are the moral consequences which may be expected to follow,' he says; and in the next sentence, without stopping to draw breath, flings this handful of mud, caught up by the way, in the face of God, with a gratuitous insult and accusation, entirely beyond the reach of proof.

We are tempted to pause here, however, on our own account, to wonder what would be the effect upon the general mind if these opinions were adopted by humanity at large. Would all the literature of the past be superseded and superannuated like the sacred books and religious theories of worn-out Christianity? Those great literatures which are the most precious part of the inheritance our fathers have bequeathed to us, with what eyes would the generations who had advanced beyond all the principles expressed in them look upon those unchanging witnesses to another state of things? Even the words which have risen so naturally to our lips as describing the action of that which Professor Clifford denounces as an immoral doctrine, how do they sound to the ears of those who believe with him? These and a hundred more are so woven in and out of our lives and memories that few exercises of will could be more difficult than the effort to forget them. Yet they must have become foolish-

ness, and slavish wicked foolishness, to all who hold this opinion. How can they tolerate even the austere Muse of Greece with her grand but often terrible songs of Fate? and among all the long defile of great singers, which is there whom the enlightened reader will be able in his sublimest strains to listen to, with, at the best, anything more than an indulgent contempt? This thought occurs to us simply by the way, for no doubt, as we have quoted above, 'it is the business of the seeker after truth to find out whether a proposition is true or false, and not what are the consequences that will follow.' But the confusion that must arise in the world of imagination makes us giddy even to think of it. How listen even to the musings of Hamlet, that beloved impersonation of human thought and questioning; nay, how avoid compromising themselves by the familiar words which will steal even into a philosopher's mouth unawares, though his mind has gone so far beyond them, and haunt his ear in spite of himself? They must teach our English echoes other music—if they can. We observe that Professor Clifford quotes no poet except Mr. Swinburne and Walt Whitman. His preference was, as his biographer tells us, for modern poetry; but even modern poetry, save in a very few instances, is full of the immoral doctrine against which he makes so strenuous a protest. A man who walks about the world with the conviction that most of his fellow-creatures who believe in one particular creed are thieves, liars, and possible murderers, whose prejudices so blind his perceptions that he thinks no sane man would like to make anything like a Gothic cathedral, seems to us to narrow inconceivably the universe round him; and when, in addition to this cutting off of human charity and the beauty of art, we contemplate the superannuation of all literature which is involved in his sweeping intolerance and contempt of the old lines of thought and articles of faith, we are appalled by the scrap of standing ground which he leaves himself. All earth and heaven contracted into—let us say, to take the highest image possible—a Royal Society of everlasting discussion, research, and an enthusiastic well-dressed audience three times a week. It says a great deal for the comforting effects of enthusiasm and the thick-skinnedness of nature that the philosopher in question never seems to have felt this contraction. Perhaps, indeed, we are more acutely touched by the penalties involved in his view of human things, as he is by ours, than either of us is with those that belong to ourselves. Still the adoption of Professor Clifford's views by the world in general would have, there can be no doubt, an extraordinary effect upon all existing literature. To be thrown upon that literature, penetrated as it is with thoughts and feelings which are foolish if not criminal to the enlightened mind, and foreign to all its habits, for comfort and pleasure even, not to say for instruction, would be a curious experience. The end would necessarily be one of two things: either that this literature would drop altogether, yielding its place to a totally new development of genius of which no signs have

yet appeared; or that the new generation, trained from its cradle to non-belief, would re-discover and fervently throw itself with all the delight of novelty into the old Gospel, dimly shadowing a thing unexplainable by their principles through all the poets.

Professor Clifford's account of the origin of the idea of mind as distinct from body is not much more respectful than his sentiments in respect to Providence.

'If you eat too much,' he says, 'you will dream when you are asleep; if you eat too little you will dream when you are awake, or have visions; and those dreams of savages, whose food was very precarious, led them to a biological hypothesis. They saw in those dreams their fellows, other men, when it appeared from evidence furnished to them afterwards that those other men were not there when they were dreaming. Consequently they supposed that the actions of the organic body were caused by some other body which was not physical in the ordinary sense, which was not made of ordinary matter, and this other body was called the Soul. Animism, as Mr. Tylor calls this belief, was at first then a hypothesis in the domain of biology. It was a physical hypothesis to account for the peculiar way in which living things went about.'

We confess that the phraseology of this statement is very mysterious to us, and that we do not know what is meant by the 'peculiar way in which living things went about.' But this is quite a subsidiary matter, the chief thing being the very startling picture of the first philosophy thus presented to us. Fancy a sickly half-starved savage, lying perhaps in the sun, trying to cheat his aching stomach with the as yet uninvented and fallacious proverb *qui dort, dine*; seeing shapes flit before his filmy eyes, the revenge of that stomach for such ill-treatment, and having the genius to suppose that these hungry spectres meant something much more beautiful and elevated than himself, spirits and souls. That savage, we humbly venture to think, though Professor Clifford sneered at him, was worth having for an ancestor. If this was so, he was the first poet, and hunger the first inspiration. We have always thought that the hard pressure of need was the best persuasion that could be addressed to the creative intelligence, but we had not conceived so admirable a primary office for the stomach, of all organs. 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,' but then Shakspeare does not scorn the 'biological hypothesis' and Professor Clifford does.

We will not attempt to go further in this examination. Did we on our side venture to say that the curious abstraction of humanity which this able writer speaks of with a glow of enthusiasm, in words which are exactly like those which Deists employ in speaking of God, was an immoral doctrine or the half delirious dream of a hungry savage, with what torrents of noble indignation would our bigotry be denounced? Yet such are the terms which seem right and fitting to the sect to which Professor Clifford belonged, when they speak of our dearest faith and most cherished aspirations. We are very much more in number than they are, and not less men because we differ

with them, and we have an equal right to have our faith respected. The curious intolerance, arrogance, and insolent contempt with which our belief is treated by these few young men who thus set themselves up to instruct us are among the strangest phenomena of our time. It is as if the child at our knee should turn upon us and dash its puny fist in our faces and pour out torrents of vituperation. We are taken by surprise, and scarcely know for the moment whether to laugh or be indignant. But such a defiance of all the nobler courtesies of nature is no laughing matter. It has long ceased to be forbidden in England, that any man should think for himself, or express his sentiments freely; and toleration has gone so far among us on our side that we are ready to lend a polite and deferential ear to any argument however strongly against our own views. But insult is not argument, nor assertion proof; and nothing we should suppose can be more unscientific—if we understand the word—nothing more unhuman and unbrotherly than this bullying. If any man can prove that the first suggestion of a mind or soul originated in the qualms of starvation let him show his evidence; or if he can demonstrate that the idea of an overruling Providence, a divinity that shapes our ends, has paralysed any honest soul struggling towards the light, let him do so. Otherwise, let him not venture upon statements which certainly appear as much beyond the reach of proof, and consequently as unfitted for scientific assertion, as table-rapping or the vulgarest ghost story, and which all the prestige of science, to which it is the fashion of the moment to grant so much, cannot make less insolently unreasonable.

In all that we have said we have addressed ourselves only to the manner in which this young philosopher and his class consider themselves entitled to flout their opponents. We do not wish to interfere with their right of argument, or of believing or non-believing, as seems good in their own eyes. On the contrary, we cannot but feel touched and softened in any opposition of our own by the glowing addresses which Clifford now and then pauses to make, an act of devotion, perhaps inconsistent, but very natural, to the 'Father man,' who stands to him in the same relation apparently as the Father God stands to us. We are touched by this exhibition of the human need for something to worship, which is conspicuous in the still simpler pietism of that strange enthusiast, Mr. Congreve. It is not with contempt, but with a pathetic sympathy, that we try to make out what they mean by the mysterious abstraction which is to all intents and purposes the God they worship, though they call it Humanity. 'The voice of conscience is the voice of our father man within us,' Clifford says, bewildering the simple reader whom he has so lately instructed, that to serve man for the love of God is wickedness, and a belief in a power outside of ourselves an immoral doctrine. And in, perhaps, the only passage in which he permits himself to speak of the delusions of Christianity as respectable, he breaks forth into this peroration:

'The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness, the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depths of every soul, the face of our Father man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes and says, 'Before Jehovah was, I am.'

What, then, is this Father man if not God? The distinction is too fine for any ordinary understanding.

We may be permitted to note here, though it does not immediately belong to our subject, the curiously fictitious representation of the world which is to be found in these pages and in other works of the same description; for instance, in the able and temperate article deformed by no such intolerancies, in which Miss Bevington in a contemporary publication sets forth the modern atheist creed. One would imagine that in this world there was neither disappointment nor failure—that no old man's grey hairs were ever brought down with sorrow to the grave, no miserable mother found to look on while her son or daughter made dismal shipwreck, no fair career blighted, no family honour brought to the dust, but all going on after our beautiful rule of development, the good giving birth to the more good, the healthful to the healthfuller.

This is, of course, a very needful part of the argument by which life is made out to be worth living for itself alone; but is it true? Either our experience is very unusual and our eyes sadly perverted, or the world around us is a very different world from this.

We have entered but little into the literary merits of the volumes which apparently as yet embody the greater part of what Professor Clifford has left behind him, the justification of the considerable reputation he had acquired. They are full of vigorous writing, and of a forcible and honest dogmatism and certainty of being right, which used to be supposed to belong to the ignorant rather than to the deeply instructed. While we have thought to meet their case by being tolerant and caressing towards doubt, our young men have reasserted their privilege to be cocksure. This very word—which must have been invented by some elderly spectator of the whirligig of time and all its revolutions, to describe his own humorous appreciation of a state of mind so unlike his own—is completely applicable in the present case. The defiant trumpet-note which wakes up the world at least, if it does not shake all its systems, the flap of the vigorous wings, the sharp-armed determination to draw blood, the pluck invincible, are all embodied in these latest manifestoes of the scientific army. The concluding essay of all has a mixture of another sentiment which adds to its interest a touch of human character. It is the subtle and able paper upon Professor Virchow's address, in which the sensation of an unexpected check, which it is the writer's purpose to neutralise by acceptance and explanation, showing how it

is no check at all, is shown with a solemn unconscious humour which is very interesting. The gravity of the countenance with which the writer informs us that nothing could be more proper, and the savage but not unnatural burst of irritation with which he demands at the end that, if the development theory is not sufficiently certain to be taught in schools, neither should the biblical cosmogony be taught, has in it a revelation of nature and temper not to be found in any of the previous chapters. And when he adjures men to profit by Professor Virchow's caution with an intense solemnity which savours of suppressed rage, we feel it is almost cynical to give way to our sense of the grim humour involved.

> The second point to be considered [he cries] is the frightful loss and disappointment you prepare for your child if, as is most probable in these days, he becomes convinced that the doctrine (of evolution) is founded on insufficient evidence. It is not merely that you have brought him up as a prince to find himself a pauper at eighteen. He may have allowed this doctrine to get inextricably intertwined with his feelings of right and wrong. Thus the overthrow of one will at least for a time endanger the other. You leave him the sad task of gathering together the wrecks of a life broken by disappointment, and wondering whether honour itself is left to him among them.

We confess that we have turned back to the previous page, to see whether there was any indication that the tragic seriousness of this address was meant satirically; but it is not so. And Clifford was near the end of his life, and must have really believed that the youth who found himself tumbled by insufficient evidence from the heights of the development theory, would have nothing left but to gather together the wrecks of a life broken by disappointment, and wonder whether even honour was left. We were wrong to represent this strange spectacle as humorous, not having fully perceived how tremendous was the sincerity called forth by what seems to us so inadequate an occasion; but we do not know what other word to use to describe the amazing effect, though the humour is tragic and sombre, and less akin to smiles than to tears.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Cross in Lancashire.

THE month of October has been a month of party battle. Scotland has rung with its cry of attack upon Conservative policy. It is soon to ring still louder. The leader of the Government in the House of Commons has replied to the actual and to the anticipated onslaught from the unaccustomed capital of Ireland. In England, and especially in Lancashire, the attack and the defence have been equally vehement, if not equally successful. Sir William Harcourt ravaged Mr. Cross's own country in force; Mr. Cross flew to repel the aggression. Lord Salisbury next appeared to pour his accustomed oil of vitriol into the wounds the more tolerant Home Secretary had made. All this is precisely as it should be. The public, whether Liberal or Conservative, should hope that the chiefs of the two sides may put forth their strongest and most characteristic arguments. It is going through the process of making up its mind. The more vigorous its predilections on the one side, the more necessary is it that the opposite should be worthily represented. A cannon is tested to bursting in order to demonstrate its strength. Regiments are marched across a bridge, not to wreck it, but to prove its durability. That Liberals may follow their faith with knowledge, they are bound to be yet more anxious than Conservatives that the sturdiest champions should be selected to tilt in Conservative colours. For Conservatives the logic of their position is less a matter of importance. They are the Roman Catholics of the political world. They are content so long as the banner in front has tradition inscribed upon it. Their claim, according to Lord Salisbury at Manchester, is that they 'follow the tradition which has been handed down to them.' Liberals are political Protestants. Each must convince himself. But a Liberal cannot help crediting opponents with pursuing the same reasonable process. When he finds a multitude of Conservatives justifying an extraordinary policy by reliance upon authority, it is difficult for him to believe that they have not tried to test the adequacy of the authority upon which they depend. He has a shrewd suspicion that it is counterfeit and usurped. He will not be perfectly satisfied it is so until the fact be established out of its advocates' own mouths. He is, however, more careful of Conservative fair fame than Conservatives themselves. Many Conservative pleadings he recognises as not accepted by the respectable rank and file of the Conservative party itself. Lord Beaconsfield, when he propounds his shining sophisms, is commonly understood to be making merely a demonstration against his adversaries. What the Liberal wishes to learn is the process of reasoning by which genuine Conservatives have persuaded themselves to accept the foreign policy of the present Government. Probably he scarcely

expected to find a clue to the mystery in Sir Stafford Northcote's speech in the Dublin Mansion House. The locality, if not particularly Conservative, is as little Liberal. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer, accustomed to the implicit obedience of a mighty majority, has often of late shown he has forgotten that it is as necessary to convince supporters as to crush an adversary. Liberals might be apt to grow too self-confident if they supposed the Chancellor of the Exchequer's defence of his colleagues was the most plausible which could be offered. His discourse at Dublin even more than ordinarily testified either remarkable contempt for the political insight of his audience, or a sense of the utter hopelessness of any attempt to rebut Liberal charges.

Happily for a prospect of discovering the true Conservative point of view, the Home Secretary and Lord Salisbury have felt the necessity of counteracting the damaging effects of Sir William Harcourt's recent invasion of Lancashire. Lord Salisbury is a good hater, whether Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone be the object of his wrath. He does not waste his powers on the prosaic task of explaining how he has persuaded himself to take up any particular position. The use of his declamations to his antagonists, if not to his friends, is that he defines the extreme verge of Conservative pretensions and aims. He is always going back into the wilderness, or, as he calls it, 'traditional English policy,' and marking out 'scientific frontiers.' In his eagerness to express repulsion and aversion from his adversaries for the time being, he backs to the furthest corner of his yard. He would rather tumble into a coal-cellar than brush against the garment of a professor of contrary political views. Mr. Cross is candid after a different fashion to his fellow Secretary of State. He is a later convert than Lord Salisbury to the foreign policy of their common chief. Somewhat wistfully he keeps looking over the gate into the ground he himself once occupied. His speeches at Leigh on October 11, and at Clitheroe on the 14th, read as if he were continually protesting to his Liberal opponents that he was bred up in the principles of foreign policy they accept; as he has wandered to the spot he now stands on from that in which they still remain, there can be no such vast difference between them; he and they are only on different sides of the same hedge. Mr. Cross appeals, Lord Salisbury defies. The one endeavours to show how easy it would be for an honest Liberal to turn Conservative; the other how impossible for a genuine Conservative to tolerate Liberalism.

Mr. Cross professed his desire at Leigh to tell the electors of South West Lancashire 'a plain unvarnished tale.' He played the orthodox bluff countryman of fairs and race-courses. His discourse at any rate, however, has the virtue of covering all the principal acts of the Conservative Government, and may be taken, rather than Lord Salisbury's more inspiriting rhetoric, as an official answer to the charges brought against it by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Grant Duff, Mr. Childers, and Sir William Harcourt. He went

through the various counts of the indictment. Liberals cannot do better for their own enlightenment, as such, than to accompany him.

In the first place Mr. Cross expresses surprise at the Liberal complaint that Parliament is not to be dissolved till its natural course has been run. Apparently Liberals 'totally forget the fact that Parliaments in very recent times, when there have been great Liberal leaders, have sat exactly the same time without those leaders having a word to say against it.' Mr. Cross seems to suppose that the Opposition pretends to have discovered an unwritten Constitutional law that the Septennial Act is to be construed as if it were a Quinquennial or a Sextennial Act. The Opposition has never propounded any such transparent fallacy. It sees no reason why a Parliament should not be suffered to expire of old age when the country retains in the seventh year the temper of its first. But the present Parliament was elected partly on a cry for legislative repose, partly on a Conservative pledge to accomplish local and administrative rather than legislative reforms. No more 'meddling and muddling,' or 'plundering and blundering,' was the accusation against the Liberal Cabinet. 'Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas,' was the motto of Conservatism. Local and administrative reform has been left virtually untouched. The ratepayers have been bribed in their quality of ratepayers to the injury of themselves as represented by the State. It is the defectiveness of local government which makes the rates intolerable. Nothing has been done to cure that. Local government remains what it was when the Conservative Government took office on a promise to settle it. Defects, however, in positive performance might have been condoned or glossed over. The unpardonable offence is that a Parliament elected to give the kingdom tranquillity has seen British foreign policy turned upside down, yet is being maintained in existence to its very last gasp. Were the foreign policy of the present Government as sound and wise as we believe it to be all that is the reverse, yet the country had a right to be consulted upon it long before this. Liberals assert that the public sense of the country is against it. For answer Mr. Cross points to increasing majorities in the House of Commons. Lord Salisbury used the same inverted argument on October 17 at Manchester. The increasing majorities of Ministers are proof, on the contrary, that the House of Commons was elected on an issue which circumstances have antiquated. Members whom constituencies were likely to choose by way of protest against a policy of domestic legislative reform, are precisely the men who would surrender their consciences in matters of foreign policy into the keeping of a bold and ambitious Minister. Ministers and their supporters cannot deny that England stands in a very different relation now to the outside world from that she occupied at the general election. It is their boast that the present and that past are diametrically opposed. The nation has a clear title to be asked how it likes the change. Yet to Mr. Cross there appears no cause why the question should be put until 1880, unless it can be shown, as Liberals have never attempted

to show, that there resides a superior virtue in five years, or in six, to seven.

Mr. Cross has not much, and Lord Salisbury has nothing, to urge against the charge that the Government has neglected domestic legislation. Mr. Cross, as more nearly concerned, is hurt at the insinuation that a course of unostentatious reform would have been beyond Ministerial capacity. For facts, however, to repel the accusation, he was content to rely in his set oration at Leigh upon the Irish University Act. He triumphs greatly in the circumstance that Mr. Gladstone's University Bill estranged many of his supporters, and that Lord Cairns's Act has alienated no supporters of the Conservative Cabinet in the House. To ordinary minds it must seem a very extraordinary kind of testimony to the excellence of a measure which is to conciliate Catholic Ireland, that the whole Conservative following in Parliament has accepted it. If Mr. Cross could point to Irish seats won on that issue, boasting would be intelligible. To say that Conservatism has welcomed the measure, amounts, we fear, considering the nature of Conservatism, to proclaiming it a sham.

Mr. Cross, in fact, thinks neglect of home affairs scarcely worth the tribute of an apology. Like the rest of the Ministers, he has been fascinated by the splendid vision of a vaulting foreign policy. He took office with an apparent future before him as a pattern Home Secretary. His duties as deputy Foreign Secretary during Lord Salisbury's absence at Berlin have perverted his more sober instincts. He feels that the provision of pure water and wholesome dwellings for the population is a very humble position in comparison with countermining empires, and, Sancho Panza like, lording it over islands. Good sensible man that nature meant him to be, when he entered office he probably wasted not a thought on Russia. Now he perceives Russia at the end of every vista. He puts the difference between the Ministry to which he belongs and his opponents, as if the latter had forgotten the existence of such an element as Russia in the calculations of politics. A year and a half ago they saw in Russia a force England must reckon with as clearly as he by habit sees it in her now. But, by the side of Russia, they have always seen another different interest to be reckoned with, which he and his colleagues never appear to see at all. Russia fills so large a space in a Conservative Minister's vision that, provided Russia be thwarted, he is careless whether England gain. Russia made the Treaty of San Stefano, and Lord Salisbury replaced it by the Treaty of Berlin. It was a humiliation to Russia to be compelled to submit to have a peace she had drawn up torn up before her face. That was the Conservative triumph. Russia still rankles under the sense that she was coerced into accepting the judgment of the Congress in which British Ministers laid down the law instead of General Ignatieff. If it be a victory to have embittered the Russian mind against this country for many generations to come, that victory has been won. If the aim of a peace were to preserve the integrity of

the Ottoman Empire, the Treaty of Berlin has been as unsuccessful in its object as the Treaty of San Stefano. If its aim were to reform the administration of the territories still left under the Sultan's rule, the Treaty of Berlin has done directly no more than that it superseded. Indirectly, by relaxing the fear of external coercion, it has delivered those territories up to redoubled anarchy. If its aim were to enable the provinces the war had emancipated to start fair on their difficult courses as new nations, the Treaty of Berlin has done a great deal less. An united Bulgaria might have grown into a barrier for Europe between Russia and Turkey. Eastern Roumelia, the creature of the Congress, bears in its constitution seeds of strife and confusion which are already beginning to germinate.

The fatal habit of pitting England against Russia, upon which Mr. Cross prides himself and his fellow-ministers, has deluded him into believing that to checkmate Russia was to consult the interests of Great Britain and of Europe. Because Liberals think of what is good for England and the peace of the world rather than of what must displease the Czar and his advisers, Mr. Cross imagines they have left out of sight and mind the ambitious designs of Russia. Liberals, as Mr. Cross confesses with a leniency of judgment which Lord Salisbury at Manchester disdained to imitate, would no more than Conservatives have suffered Russia to seize Constantinople. The difference is that, had the Liberal policy been predominant, the acquiescence of England in the Berlin Memorandum would have secured Constantinople against even the covetousness of Russia by placing it under the protection of Europe. That would have been done with the consent of Russia. Russian humiliation, it is true, would have been wanting to the completeness of the victory. By so much the more durable might the result have been. Mr. Cross objects that an enforcement by united Europe of reforms in Turkey would have meant war with the Sultan. Mr. Cross will hardly induce us to believe that he can think the Sultan would have resisted Europe in arms. He appeals to 'the arbitration of the sensible body of thinking men in England' whether the Treaty of Berlin be not less favourable to Russia than the Treaty of San Stefano. The real issue is whether it, and the procedure of Great Britain which led to it, be more conducive to the general interests of England, and Europe, and Turkey. We will not appeal to a multitude; we will appeal to Mr. Cross himself, whether, if the whole matter could come over again, he would not give his voice in favour of bringing Turkey before the Areopagus of Europe. Compulsory reforms carried out in Turkey at the dictate of Europe would, Mr. Cross knows very well, as Lord Salisbury knew at Constantinople, have cut the ground for armed intervention from under the feet of Russia. Mr. Cross knows equally well, those same reforms which might have saved humanity from a shock will even yet have to be enforced by and at the cost of Great Britain, if not of Europe, in the lesser area of existing Ottoman dominion.

Lord Salisbury is not content like Mr. Cross with making an enemy of a single State. He flies at the more splendid game of ethnological ideas and abstractions. Panslavism is his special and particular scarecrow. The apparition of what he says is called 'the big Bulgaria' haunts him. But he exults that 'we have pushed this Bulgaria back from Salonica; we have pushed it back from Adrianople; we have pushed it behind the Balkans; and we have left the Balkans in the military possession of Turkey as a bulwark for the protection of Constantinople.' Lord Salisbury does not pretend to affirm that his 'big Bulgaria' would not have been more to the interests of the Bulgarians themselves. But he is persuaded that Russia would have ruled under the name of Bulgaria, that Bulgaria would have been a shadow of Russia. It does not seem to occur to him that, in taking credit for the rescue of the region near to Constantinople from possible Russian influence, he is bound to prove that it could not have been equally rescued without the division of Bulgaria into two. An undivided Bulgaria organised by Europe would have been a far better barrier between Russia and the Porte than Eastern Roumelia and the present Bulgaria ever can be. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues hardly deny that they have sacrificed the interests of a population to English fears of Russia. A manlier and less selfish policy of considering first the interests of the Balkan peninsula would have built a wall of stone instead of pebbles between the Czar and the Sultan. Lord Salisbury mixes an affectation of interest in the Balkan nationalities, which he has never shown by acts, with open contempt for their want of 'organisation, administrative traditions, and tried cohesion.' Yet these nationalities have shown that they could task the strength of a military empire to keep them down. The Foreign Minister sneers at their want of organisation, who, at the moment they were asserting their ability to stand alone, steps in with a policeman's truncheon and breaks their heads.

Lord Salisbury is very proud that he has crushed a rising nationality, which, we learn for the first time, he nevertheless admires cordially. He sympathises with its past and with its religion; he could not let it rise to such prosperity and happiness as to endanger the security of Constantinople. Should it be objected that the two Bulgarias may coalesce yet into one, Lord Salisbury has his answer. He glories that he has given the Porte the key of the gate, to keep them shut up each in its proper corner. If it be retorted that the Porte does not in effect occupy the Balkan passes, Lord Salisbury is impatient at so puerile an objection. The Porte, he replies, has a treaty title to occupy them. Had not Great Britain a treaty title to garrison Beloochistan, and did not she, after leaving the right in abeyance for twenty years, exercise it in the fortifying of Quettah? To compare the case of a British occupation of a town in Beloochistan with the march of an Ottoman army through hostile Eastern Roumelia into the Balkans is an exquisite piece of irony. Lord Salisbury, how-

ever, is aware that even Manchester Conservatism needs rather more solid nutriment than this. His and his leader's masterstroke of policy we discover to be, not that to relieve English jealousies they smothered the hopes of a nation, nor that they amused Europe and Turkey with the imposture of a treaty right over mountains as inaccessible practically to the Porte as Chimborazo. He admits there may be some possible mistrust of the competence of 'the Turk, who is on the rampart of the fortress.' The mistrust is indeed pardonable, in view of the fact that the Turk is only an abstract treaty Turk, and the rampart of the fortified Balkans an abstract treaty rampart. But, besides these treaty mirages, there is one 'you must trust.' This creature of trust is 'the Austrian sentinel who is at the door.' The longitudinal extension of Panslavism may be only doubtfully checked by the imaginary Turk amid his Balkans. Its latitudinal spread from sea to sea is vetoed once for all by 'a Power of a very different stamp from the Turk'—by the mighty Empire of Austria. If Austria be not enough to stamp the life out of an eager nationality, the British Foreign Secretary learns from 'the newspapers' that 'a defensive alliance has been established between Germany and Austria.' He does 'not know whether the newspapers say rightly'; if they do, this English statesman declares to 'all who value the independence of nations' that it is 'good tidings of great joy.' That Austria and Germany should be on terms of cordial friendship is a safeguard for the peace of Europe. That Austria should take over from the incapable hands of the Porte Bosnia and Herzegovina was the next best arrangement to launching them on the road of self-government as provinces in a principality of common origin with themselves. Lord Salisbury's exultation is based on none of these intelligible grounds. He triumphs in the foreign intelligence he reads in the newspapers; not because Berlin and Vienna are tranquil, not because Turkish anarchy is replaced at Novi Bazar by the orderly instincts of Austria. His joy is Austria has resumed her old character of policeman; that, should the military tyranny of Turkey break down, the heavy hand of Austria will remain laid on the Slav nationalities, and forbid them to satisfy their aspirations.

The Cabul massacre has not opened Lord Salisbury's eyes to the vices of the new Afghan policy. No one ever expected it would. If his secret mind could be read, it might possibly appear that, while lamenting the fate of the brave members of the Mission, he cannot help rejoicing that it opens his road to Herat. The abdication of the unfortunate Yakoob Khan, embarrassing as it is to England, will not embarrass Lord Salisbury. A Prince and ally whom a British Minister hesitates whether to accuse of 'incapacity or of some other worse quality,' could not have anticipated much consideration for his royal dignity at Whitehall. Yet a scandal might have been created had a sovereign whose sovereign rights had been acknowledged by Great Britain been suddenly treated like a Guicowar. The successor

of Yakoob will begin his crowned life without concealment as the mere lieutenant of the Indian Viceroy. To the relations between Great Britain and Afghanistan it probably matters very little who is selected to fill this unenviable place. The Afghan Ameer, whoever he may be, will be the puppet of Calcutta, and will be guarded by British cannon. In such circumstances, it will make equally little difference in the British and Indian burdens that it is 'defence, not dominion,' which Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet seeks. Between dominion and Lord Salisbury's sort of defence the distinction is like that between two and twice one. The inconsistency in Lord Salisbury's account of the condition of affairs in Afghanistan is that he professes to deplore the force England has had to exert. Had only Lord Northbrook, a man 'very able but not wholly sympathetic with us,' executed 'our orders,' and asked, as he was 'ordered' to ask, the churlish and sulky Shere Ali to receive a British envoy, the Ameer would, Lord Salisbury believes, have assented, 'and all the evils which subsequently followed would have been averted.' The lapse of a year and a half after 'our orders were issued' spread over Central Asia rumours of coming war between Russia and Great Britain. The Ameer thought it was possible to defy England; and thus that 'unfortunate delay' of Lord Northbrook's 'destroyed and ruined everything.' If, however, Shere Ali and his Afghans were always prepared to ally with Russia, and if such a disposition were, as Lord Salisbury assumes, fatal to the security of British India, Lord Salisbury ought not to mourn, but to rejoice, over Lord Northbrook's 'unfortunate delay' in obeying his orders. Except for that delay, Shere Ali might have received an English Envoy. But Lord Salisbury gives us no reason to believe that the presence of an English envoy in Cabul must have scared Russian intriguers from venturing to whisper their hostile suggestions in the Ameer's ears. With such a temper as Lord Salisbury imputes to the dead Ameer and to his subjects, a seething mass of hatred and suspicion would have enveloped Afghan and British relations a year and a half earlier. Had the ambassador led a charmed life in that fanatical city, the crisis might have been postponed indefinitely. It is allowable for adherents to the policy of Lord Mayo, Lord Lawrence, and Lord Northbrook to regret that the crisis was not so postponed. They believe that, inconvenient as Afghan ill-feeling must always have been, responsibility for the conquest and rule of Afghanistan is far worse. With Lord Salisbury's views, it is inconceivable he should be sorry for the termination of an intolerable period of veiled antipathy and enmity which, he appears to believe, held the passes of the Hindoo Koosh always at the disposal of an invader of India.

Mr. Cross, in dealing with the topic of Afghanistan, is, after his manner, more apologetic than comminatory. He defends Lord Salisbury and Lord Lytton in preference to assailing Lord Northbrook. In the first place, he expresses his naïve surprise that the massacre of

the British Mission in Cabul should have been seized upon by Sir William Harcourt as a point of accusation against Her Majesty's Government. Very enigmatically, as at the time it appeared, he complained at Leigh that Sir William Harcourt should not have waited till the circumstances were within his knowledge before he 'publicly stated the conclusions he had drawn from facts he could not by any possibility have known.' What all this signified, it was left for Lord Salisbury to explain. It seems that the Government, in negotiating the Treaty of Gandamak, had contemplated Candahar as the place of residence for the British Envoy. Yakoob Khan, however, says Lord Salisbury, 'insisted' that the envoy should be sent to Cabul, for that 'at Cabul he could fully protect himself.' There appears something comic in the notion of Yakoob Khan 'insisting' upon anything at Gandamak. His reason, moreover, for preferring Cabul, that there he could fully 'protect himself' was scarcely equivalent to a guarantee of protection to Sir Louis Cavagnari. At all events, the Government knew so much or so little of the resources of Yakoob Khan for the protection whether of himself or of a guest, as to be precluded from pleading in excuse for what is now admitted to have been recklessness, the request of a Prince naturally anxious not to have Candahar treated in any way as his capital. In despatching the Mission in hot haste to Cabul, the British Government trusted not merely precious lives, but the relations of Afghanistan and India, to the utterly unknown power of an Ameer not yet in the saddle to defend a foreign Legation in the midst of a nest of notorious bigots. But a Government which has erected mystification into an art always keeps in reserve some crime of a foreigner or blunder of an official to screen its own rashness. In any case Mr. Cross regards it as exceedingly inconvenient, and even ill-mannered, to impute to the Government the natural consequences of its own policy. The reasoning of his own mind will probably have been, that Ministers having taken a course could not but pursue that course to its logical conclusions. If they invaded Afghanistan to punish Shere Ali for refusing to admit a British Mission, they were compelled, on the submission of Shere Ali's successor, to send forward an equivalent for the Legation which had been before turned back. The Opposition, having had a field day during the Session on the question of the expediency of a resident Mission in Cabul, ought, in order to comply with Mr. Cross's expectations of Opposition politeness, to acquiesce once for all in the defeat it then sustained. Parliament, in affirming the expediency of a Mission, in Mr. Cross's view, indemnified the Government against all the necessary consequences.

Could anything be more singular than Mr. Cross's indignation with Liberals for holding the Government accountable for the Cabul massacre, it is his mode of handling the accusation brought against it of having set aside traditional English policy in Afghanistan. The true principle has been stated to be that everything should be

done to make Afghanistan 'strong, friendly, and independent.' Mr. Cross assents with all his heart. It is, he says, just what he and his colleagues desire. 'But Afghanistan must be every one of these three. It will not do simply to have one without the others, an Afghanistan strong without being friendly, or strong without being independent.' Accordingly, as Afghanistan had lost her friendliness through Russian machinations, the only course appears to Mr. Cross to have been to cudgel her back into kindness. Both he and Lord Salisbury take it for granted that, because of the three conditions Great Britain would wish to see fulfilled in Afghanistan one was wanting, the want could not but have been treated as permanent and incurable. The great majority of experts in Indian policy, whose counsels were at the service of the Government, were agreed that strength and friendliness and independence of the Afghan throne were the best barrier for British India. They were agreed also that to beat down Afghan strength and independence was not the way to recover Afghan friendliness. They were agreed that the friendliness was by no means beyond recovery by legitimate and peaceable means. They were agreed, lastly, that in spite of the temporary eclipse of the friendliness, an Afghanistan strong and independent continued more to be desired for Hindostan than an Afghanistan broken up and anarchical. Mr. Cross, on the contrary, because one quality of the three necessary for an Afghanistan perfect from the British point of view is absent, approves a course which ensures that the ideal combination shall by no possibility ever hereafter be attained.

On the Zulu war Lord Salisbury is silent. Perhaps the interests concerned were too microscopic for his sublime point of vision. Mr. Cross, on the other hand, is more explicit than his colleagues would probably have wished. He boasts that not only did the Government not order the war, but it absolutely and positively forbade it. Yet the Governor who defied his superiors at home is employed still. His disobedience is condoned, Mr. Cross explains, on account of the embarrassment his removal might have caused to the colony of Cape Town. The only real and ultimate scapegoats are Cetewayo and the taxpayers of this country. Some infinitesimal portion of the expenditure may possibly be recovered from the South African colonists, though the protests of the colonists hinder us from feeling sanguine on the point. But for Cetewayo there is no redress. Mr. Cross admits that Cetewayo was 'apparently peaceable.' His crime was that he kept his army on a footing which rendered an invasion of his country no holiday excursion. The temper of the Boers before the annexation of the Transvaal, and of Sir Bartle Frere after, might perhaps just excuse in a Zulu preparations which in an Englishman, German, or Frenchman, would have been extolled as the loftiest patriotism. In any case, the Government, by the mouth of Mr. Cross, allows that they did not constitute a sufficient pretext for war. Yet war was made; and the king has been deposed, and is kept in

captivity. Mr. Cross evidently is ashamed of an iniquitous outrage upon the principles of fair dealing with the inferiors of England in strength. His apology is that 'if anybody at all is glad of the result, it is the people of Zululand themselves, who have escaped from the tyranny to which they were subjected.' This self-satisfied statement rests upon the assertions of officers returned from the war. When reliance is thus reposed upon the testimony of soldiers reporting the terrified disclaimers by natives of the old system, the only wonder is that any discordant note should be heard. In truth the unbiassed evidence of civilians runs directly counter to Mr. Cross's information. The Zulus did not betray or repudiate their king when a fugitive. In spite, as charged by Bishop Colenso, of shameful flogging by order of Lord Gifford, they could not be forced to betray their trust. They do not allow the justice of his present treatment. We read in the 'Cape Times': 'The Zulus cannot understand why Cetewayo has been taken captive. Dabulamanzi may be taken to represent the Zulu nation in his question, as he saw the king carried into captivity, "What has he done that he should be punished? It is not he that has been beaten, but his soldiers."'

The Conservative Government has launched England upon the troubled sea of European politics. It has pledged the country to the solution of half-a-dozen difficult problems in Europe and in Asia Minor which it has done nothing to elucidate. It has enlarged the frontier of India so as to make Hindostan liable for the good behaviour to itself and to its neighbours of the most intractable and rapacious population in the East. It has replaced the strong arm of a single sovereign in Zululand by the weak rule of a round dozen. It has threatened to stir up new foreign questions in other regions of the earth. Its most patient supporters are wearying of perpetual calls to arms. The senior member for West Surrey is not prone to sarcasms. Yet even he indulged ten days ago in a fine burst of unconscious irony. He pledged his brother legislators to a cheerful vote of the cost of recent wars, 'if only the Ministers of the Crown would assure them that the British Empire was at last at peace.' As if the Ministers of the Crown could be certain at any moment that none of their many powder trains was exploding! Yet these gentlemen, having turned the foreign system of Great Britain upside down, appeal to the constituencies by the mouths of three Cabinet Ministers on the stump in Lancashire, whether they will not leave this tangled skein of present and future troubles for the hands to untwine which twined it. Mr. Cross remarks that 'the country has still its mind much set upon foreign affairs.' The Conservative Government has taken good care of that. Mr. Cross and his colleagues seem to think it has earned by its meddlesomeness a prescriptive right to go on meddling for ever. The incendiary who has set a house on fire might as well ask to be let see to the extinction of the fire, on the ground that, but for him, the family would never have interested itself for the salvage of its

goods. When the time comes for the country to choose between Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, and Sir Stafford Northcote on the one side, and Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, and Lord Hartington on the other, it is very true that it will expect from the one set of politicians, as from the other, a profession of political faith. But these ministerial canvassers of Lancashire votes are the slaves of a strange delusion when they assume that the constituencies will imitate them in discovering the Russian bugbear in everything and everywhere. Any statesmen who aspire to administer the British Empire must be prepared with Mr. Cross to 'uphold the dignity of this country, and to protect its interests;' to go on to promise, 'that Russia should not get her way,' would be to narrow a general duty. No Liberal Prime Minister would suffer any foreign power in any quarter of the globe to trample upon the rights of Great Britain. But Liberals have eyes for other possible enemies besides Russia. They do not dread Russia enough to make their terror of her an article of their creed. Great Britain will maintain her rights because they are her rights, not out of any spirit of rivalry with a foreign state, whatever its strength and its ambition. The national mind is too well balanced and self-respecting to follow Mr. Cross's advice to cultivate a habit of constant suspicion of the hostile designs of one European power in particular. It instincts will tell it that such a foreign policy would soon make England an armed camp, as similar and better-founded alarms have made other countries.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Cross unite in challenging the Liberal party to publish its programme of foreign policy. At any rate, it is abundantly manifest what the Conservative programme is to be. The passions of international envy and suspicion are to be played upon, that Lord Beaconsfield may keep his parliamentary majority. The moth-eaten standard Conservatism unfurled eighty years ago against Fox and the friends of constitutional reform, is to wave once more in defence of a policy of legislative inertness. The only difference is that, as France was then, so Russia is to be now, the name of dread with which to conjure against party rivals. So that Lord Beaconsfield's Government can have its way, it does not care that nation is hounded against nation. This religion of international fear and dislike is what Lord Salisbury really preaches under cover of his magnanimous injunction to electors to 'hold high the standard of English traditions and English honour.' When he talks of 'the co-operation of worthy allies,' he is thinking of their use for checkmating states he hates, and for trampling upon nationalities he distrusts. His 'maintenance of peace and right abroad' has for its end and object the diversion of the public mind from the measures of legislative reform his temperament abhors at home. He and the Prime Minister believe, and Mr. Cross, with other worthy members of this Conservative ministry, has taken it on trust from them, that the spell of international jealousy is potent yet. They

will discover that they have been deceiving themselves. The British public has grown weary and ashamed of supposing its tranquillity to be dependent upon the mood of Russia. Its policy must rest on deeper and wider foundations than the gusts and caprices of Russian castle-building. The outline of British policy will be framed with reference to the wants of the British Empire, and not to the supposed schemings of this or that foreign statesman. Were Prince Gortschakoff and General Kaufmann to be replaced by the least restless officials to be found in or out of Russia, British policy ought to be so constituted as to need no essential change. If the efforts of British Ministers were directed to the strengthening of Great Britain, and not to the contemning of another power, it would be discovered that the noisy cannonade with which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury has been so long deafening Europe, had been wasted upon a scarecrow.

The British nation is imagined by Mr. Cross and Lord Salisbury to have developed of late years a love for a spirited foreign policy. But a spirited foreign policy is compatible with accurate measurement of the value of objects. Regard to proportion between the hazard and the stakes is equally compatible with a courage which shuns no effort for the attainment of ends which are worth the risk. Lord Beaconsfield and his fellow-ministers have never appeared to possess a standard for guaging the materiality of the risks they undertake. They were ready to embark upon a tremendous war to save for Turkey the military line of the Balkans, which Lord Salisbury himself admits to have been relegated now into the number of dormant rights. They threatened an European conflagration to compel a division of Bulgaria, which will not survive the next convulsion in Europe. They have forced a war upon Afghanistan to compel the Ameer to receive a Legation Shere Ali himself could not have protected. The success of their enterprise has had for its natural result the imposition upon England of the task of administering the affairs of a nation, described by Lord Salisbury as 'the most perfidious which has ever existed on the earth.'

If the Liberal party be restored by the coming elections to power, it may be expected to care more for the objects of diplomacy than for its etiquette. A Liberal Minister might not be so determined as Lord Salisbury to cancel a treaty because he had not signed it. He would be more determined that the treaty, new or old, when become operative, should settle the rights of the belligerents and of Europe on a basis affording some prospect of permanency. A Liberal Minister would have insisted at St. Petersburg on the recall of the Russian Mission to Cabul. He would not have regarded the temporary presence of that Mission as an indignity inexpiable, except by the parade in the Afghan capital of a counter British Mission. He would have struck at Russia had the security of India demanded it. He would not have resented in a prince, whom he desired above

all things to keep independent, a moroseness which showed at least that quality to have been developed. A Liberal Minister, if Lord Salisbury will pardon us for the prediction, would incur any danger to guard Constantinople. But his efforts would take the form of guarding it for Europe rather than the invidious shape of guarding it against Russia. Taking office, and with it a bequest from his predecessors of a number of undischarged responsibilities, he would consider, and accept or repudiate each, on its merits. Mr. Cross does not offer to defend the Asiatic protectorate. Lord Salisbury alludes to it remotely as an excuse for extorting Cyprus. Lord Beaconsfield assumed it to obtain a second-hand title to fight a duel with Russia. Lord Beaconsfield's Liberal successor, if he accept the prerogative, will accept it in order to authorise his coercion of Ottoman misdoers. He would have avenged, as the Conservative Government is attempting to do, the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari. He would not fear to run the gauntlet of Conservative charges of faint-heartedness through abandoning a suzerainty over a territory he could control only by spasms of terrorism. If the country desire to use the Porte as a stick with which to beat Russia; if it be bent upon annexing Afghanistan, and making the Indian frontier march with the Russian; if it count a year lost, which passes without a threat of war given or returned; if it accept Lord Salisbury's shameless definition of 'the traditional policy of the English Government,' and mark its sympathy with each fresh concentration of European interest, by pouncing on some new fortress whence it can best scent the carcase—then it had better retain Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury in office. If it prefer diplomacy which obviates the necessity of force to that which cannot believe the cart is moving unless the wheels creak; if it love better to be prepared for war than to tempt war, to keep its resources in hand against a day of want rather than to mortgage them twice over to unjust and dubious enterprises—it will do well to vote into power statesmen like Lord Granville and Lord Hartington.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Cross appear to think they have caught their antagonists on the horns of a dilemma when they inquire what the Liberal leaders will do with the engagements of the present Government should they return to power. They have bitterly attacked those engagements, and are therefore logically bound, it is inferred, to repudiate them. In Lord Salisbury's opinion, if an opinion can be discerned in an atmosphere of sneers, that is what would be done by Lord Granville and Lord Hartington. Once more there would be 'an abdication of the proper position of England'; there would be 'more trusting to isolation'; more 'masterly inactivity'; the passes of the Hindoo Koosh would be evacuated for 'somebody to walk in.' In Mr. Cross's judgment a Liberal Government would eat its words, and take up the Conservative policy against which it has always protested. In fact, it would do neither the one thing nor the other. It would

not repudiate the burdens incident to its inheritance; but it would claim the right to discharge them after its own fashion. An Opposition about to succeed to office may indeed be subjected to a cruel perplexity by predecessors who have unsettled everything. If, indeed, it only desired to evade responsibility for the contracts of the Conservative Government, that Government, by the way in which it has treated its own protectorate over Turkey in Asia, has shown how possible it is to contract an obligation without any thought of fulfilling it. But Liberals may be trusted to look their encumbrances more courageously in the face, should the duty ever devolve upon them. To the Porte they would offer the choice between being cast off by England and reform. If the Porte regenerate itself the Asiatic protectorate will cease to be an odious incubus on the British conscience. If it continue to wallow in its foul sty of bureaucratic jobbery and indolence, the protection even of England could not save it from destruction. Lord Salisbury is compelled to allow this as fully as any Liberal could desire. He 'fears that Turkey may be entering upon a path of resolute resistance to reform, which can only ultimately end in her ruin.' The difference between him and Mr. Gladstone is that his policy has accelerated the ruin which Mr. Gladstone's might have cured or atoned for. For the Afghan difficulty no better solution is available than recourse to the old precedent. A shameful crime is being now punished; the Cabul outrage upon the law of nations and hospitality is being now avenged; Great Britain will soon be free to start afresh, and wash her hands once more of liability for Afghan affairs. The Afghan nation is not of that order of developed organisms which will have suffered an irremediable collapse even from a double invasion and conquest. The old condition will be easily resumed when the invaders have retired victorious from a position it would take many years and an incalculable treasure to make good. A resumption of the ancient relations can alone make possible the attainment of the end which the triumphant failures of the last twelve months were designed to accomplish.

England will be known well enough to have withdrawn of her own will from ground she could have continued to occupy, but which she did not think worth the pains. Conservatives are fond of talking as if Liberal Ministers would not have the courage to pursue such a policy as that into which Conservative Ministers have leaped or drifted. Liberals themselves sometimes deprecate the undertakings to which Conservative recklessness has committed England on the mistaken ground that she is attempting tasks beyond her power. One result of this distrust of English prowess is that, whenever a first stage in some blind alley of an enterprise has been reached, the note of Conservative jubilation is raised. Weak-kneed Liberals begin to ask themselves whether Conservative policy be not justifying itself. They may be sure the arm of England is strong enough to accomplish whatever work it sets itself to do. There can never have been a

serious doubt that England could check the advance of Russia in Roumelia, as she might, had she been foolishly minded, have checked the career of Germany in France. There could never have been a question of her power to crush Afghan resistance. She can if she pleases annex the Afghan kingdom for purposes of what it pleases Lord Salisbury to describe as 'defence.' Russian power could not stop her march on Herat, were she bent on plumbing the Afghan dominion to its furthest depths. No sober critics of Sir Bartle Frere and the Colonial Office ever disputed that England could annihilate the dynasty of Cetewayo, and even the Zulu nationality. If the Government choose to pursue to the end its African policy of might and force, the fastnesses of Secocoeni will not stop it. The real question has always been, not whether England have the strength to baffle a rival, or to perpetrate an injustice, but whether she will have the will. The very immensity of the resources she commands is, on grounds of simple self-interest, a reason the more for economising them. Innumerable fields wait her good pleasure to yield their increase, when she shall have decided which it will profit her most to till. France staked little in watering Algerian deserts or Cochin-China wildernesses with blood and treasure. That too may have been a waste; but it was a waste of wealth which could not have been spent very remuneratively within her proper boundaries. British energies lavished on anti-Russian rivalries, on victories of might over right in Zululand, and efforts to flog Afghans into veracity, charity, and loving-kindness, are so much capital withdrawn from an area in which they might have grown up and borne a hundredfold. Apologists for the ministerial policy, like Mr. Cross, do not allege that the British Empire is richer, more powerful, or happier for that policy. Lord Salisbury himself is modest enough to be satisfied with the assertion that but for it the empire would have been in the way to grow poorer, and weaker, and less secure. In proof, all they can point to is a Turkey threatening, by Lord Salisbury's own testimony, to fall in ruins about its protectress, an unfathomable quicksand defying consolidation on the borders of Hindostan, and the Cape Colony and Natal uttering wrathful protests against the indefinite liabilities which are the sole result of a prodigal expenditure at their instance, if not for their benefit.

The lines of British duty to England, to the British Empire, and to the world outside, have become blurred and indistinct under the influence of Lord Beaconsfield's and Lord Salisbury's Imperialism. A Liberal administration would have to trace them again. The task is not an enviable one. Usurping interests which have benefited, or may hope to benefit, by the general confusion will be loud in their outcries and remonstrances. These Conservative Ministers have outdone Robin Hood. In finance as well as in their foreign policy they have robbed from rich and poor, distributing each man's goods among his neighbours. Mr. Cross, at Clitheroe, explained with great solemnity

the profit the country has made by having to pay more in Imperial taxes in return for paying less in rates. The total exacted from the subject is probably by so much the higher as the supervision of the payer is relaxed. But there is always a pleasant possibility that the process of aggregating liabilities which have been hitherto separate and several, may result in shuffling part of the individual burden on a neighbour's shoulders. Not a single one of the many recent speculations in foreign intermeddling has satisfied its backers; but each has been sufficient to excite cupidity. African colonists are indignant at the Zulu arrangement. But they hope to extort the cancelling of the articles they dislike as they extorted the Zulu war. Anglo-Indians are conscious of the impotence of the new Afghan policy to compass the objects they assigned for it. But beyond Cabul there is Herat. If Afghanistan must be conceded to be a bad business, there is still Burmah to be reckoned with. Conservative intervention in Egypt has had the obvious but dangerous effect of clouding the Anglo-French alliance. But Conservative ingenuity in inventing new diplomatic complications continues to fascinate the troop of political map-makers. They love failures, if brilliant, better by far than the successes of statesmen too prosaic and temperate to buy in the dark millions of Suez Canal stock at something over the market price. A Liberal Government, from its nature, cannot be a government of surprises. Its principles bind it to take the sense of the nation on the measures it contemplates. The Liberal party, according to the taunt thrown out against it at Manchester by Lord Salisbury, when it has to select a policy, 'has to select, not a policy which unites it most, but the policy which divides it least.' The Liberal party does not, like the great Conservative party, put its hands behind its back, shut its eyes, and open its mouth, and swallow whatever its contemptuous captains choose to give it, whether a fever-stricken island or humble pie. The sobriety in Liberal foreign policy which comes of full discussion before a decision is taken, will fall like a shower of cold water on the excitable and excited portion of the community. That section of the nation may have lost the power of receiving pleasure from the strong doses recently administered to it; the defect will not cause it to miss the less potions which it has ceased to enjoy.

Any successors to the present Ministers, be they Liberals like Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, or even Conservatives like Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon, must console themselves for the vituperations in store for them by the satisfaction of the wiser part of the nation in a sense of recovered security. Prudent Ministers, however, for their administration to compensate for its disinclination to play the knight-errant in search of perilous adventures, must have more than a negative foreign policy. They are bound to take warning from the troubles into which Conservative experimentalists have plunged the kingdom. It will be their duty to guard by anticipation

against the recurrence of similar opportunities of mischief. No ragged ends must be left for politicians of the stamp of the present Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary to snatch hold of, and develope into ugly rents. When a newly-married couple occupy a house, they may feel inclined to take down the bars with which previous tenants have fitted the bedroom windows. They feel there is no likelihood of sane adults throwing themselves out. But the years bring children, and the bars are found to be no longer a superfluous precaution. Future Liberal Ministers had better see that the State windows are accommodated with all proper impediments to spirited infants overbalancing themselves on to the area railings.

Europe should be taken into council more effectively and seriously than at Berlin. The Powers should be invited to combine in placing the affairs of Turkey on a solid foundation. At Berlin, as Prince Bismarck has lately with his cynical candour disclosed, the other Powers of Europe were merely a body of witnesses assembled to attest the execution of a deed of compromise by Great Britain and Russia. The Porte is at present a hot bed in which enough fanged feuds are hatched to set the whole world by the ears. The last state since the cleansing of the house by the Congress is worse than the first. It cannot be suffered to go on breeding venom for the hurt of the neighbourhood. The internal administration of the Sultan's dominions requires to be purified. His relations with the Hellenic kingdom must be arranged on equitable terms. In India the historical and accepted position has to be so strengthened and defined as to remove the occasion of another such discreditable panic as seized upon Calcutta and Whitehall at the news that a few Russians were being entertained at a semi-barbarous Court. Afghanistan must be rendered at once powerless for offence, and superfluous for defence, by the constitution of the old boundaries of India into an impregnable bulwark accessible by railways and bridges to the whole combined military strength of British India. South African colonists, whether of Dutch or English extraction, should be made to believe that England, for their sakes more than for her own, wishes them to cultivate sympathy with each other, and a habit of self-reliance. It would be a first duty of a Liberal Government to settle amicably the Transvaal difficulty, to press on African Confederation, and to hold aloof from Caffre wars. In Egypt Great Britain must either persuade France that the interests of French creditors will be best promoted by thinking of the Egyptians first and their creditors secondly, or she must restore to M. Waddington independence of action and resume it for herself.

We have spoken of the course a Liberal Government should take or abstain from taking. In that we have only been following the example of the Conservative Government. A Liberal Government is declared by Conservatives to be very far off for the present; yet prominent Conservative Ministers have begun to discuss its probable

future elements as if the Opposition had already returned to power. It is the recognised privilege of Her Majesty's Opposition to employ a tone more negative than positive. An Opposition enjoys a prescriptive right, of which Conservatives in Opposition have always availed themselves, to attack rather than to propose. A hundred distinct statements by Mr. Disraeli of an Opposition leader's claim to such a position might be quoted. The great body of the Parliamentary eloquence of Lord Salisbury might be adduced in testimony of the propriety of an Opposition's 'policy of criticism.' Yet there appears to Conservatives to be no inconsistency in Mr. Cross at Leigh, Lord Salisbury in the Manchester Free Trade Hall, and the Secretary for War in the Pomona Gardens charging this very policy of criticism as a crime upon the Liberal party. The truth is that Ministers and their adversaries might be supposed to have changed places, to judge by the curiosity the former evince respecting the programme of the latter, and by the horror and dismay they display at being required to justify their own acts. The Opposition need not, on its side, shrink from accepting the challenge, however unusual. It possesses a policy, and should not fear to propound it. When it will have an opportunity for putting it in operation may be uncertain. Before Liberal statesmen can accept office with any satisfaction, the Liberal party must take certain good advice of Mr. Cross and Lord Salisbury to heart. There could not be a more experienced witness to the beauty of party discipline and docility than the Foreign Secretary. Liberals should speedily make up their minds whether the tail or the head is to lead. The worry of divided councils cannot be safely added to the load otherwise very hard to bear, which it will strain the highest energies and devotion to support.

It is abundantly clear that the Liberal chiefs have no reason to hope that the date of their accession to power may be very near. If Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet has done little else effectually, it has at all events rendered the task of administration infinitely arduous for its successors. Whatever interval may elapse before its successors succeed may be profitably employed by them in endeavouring to unteach the nation the extraordinary lessons which have been imparted to it during the past two years. The policy of surprises may not yet be exhausted. Anything is possible, for instance, on the shores of the Nile, with a Government like Lord Beaconsfield's seated on the shores of the Thames. Things might suddenly be done in Egypt which would sow a crop of immeasurable international bitterness and ill-will for future generations of Englishmen and Frenchmen to reap. In Burmah the instant peril may be conjectured to have been dissipated, or at least postponed. But correspondence from Rangoon and Prome shows that influences are still being exerted on the Burmese frontier to obtain the use of English troops in a character intermediate between pioneers of commerce and vindicators of humanity. King Thebaw very likely may be as

ruthless a tyrant as an eastern palace ever reared. A vehement Liberal like Mr. Chamberlain must have thought so when he indulged on the 14th of October in what we must deem an ill-judged outburst at Glasgow against the pusillanimity of Government for 'swallowing,' as he terms it, 'the affront' offered to the British envoy at Mandalay. Yet, on the other hand, it seems strange that other European residents in Mandalay neither fear for their lives in continuing within the power of this supposed brutal butcher, nor even admit the spontaneous hatred of the King for England. They deny, according to a correspondent in British Burmah of one of the firmest journalistic friends of the Conservative Government, that the Burmese wish or ever wished for war with this country. 'Where the Burmese appeared menacing or discourteous they have been influenced by our warlike preparations.' How this may be cannot be well determined with the present materials. Though the Burmese throne would be easily overthrown, its authority, such as it is, over the wild tribes of the kingdom could ill be replaced. The most bitter opponent of Lord Beaconsfield's and Lord Salisbury's harassing foreign policy would not expect England to wait the pleasure of an enemy to attack her. But then the reality of the intention to make the suspected aggression must be certified by witnesses less interested than the merchants of Rangoon. There are always persons like these gentlemen, more eager to resent a supposed affront than to examine the evidence on which the charge rests. They strike first and hear afterwards. It is a habit which the Conservative Government, by precept and example, has exalted into a special British virtue. Yet some way has already been made towards inducing a more equitable temper. A very few months back it would have been a matter of course to condemn King Thebaw unheard. King Thebaw does not owe his reprieve solely to more absorbing occupations for British arms. If Burmah be not annexed it is due in part to Liberal remonstrances against the Afghan and Zulu wars. Liberal leaders, by compelling the country and its Conservative rulers to look at the relations between foreign states and England with other than exclusively British eyes, may thus do as good work as if they were themselves governing the nation instead merely of advising it.

Lord Salisbury has warned both them and the nation that there is not merely a past to be repented of, but a future to be guarded against. In his speech at the Free Trade Hall the country has recent Conservative practice condensed into a Conservative principle packed ready for immediate use in any circumstances. No sudden emotion of greediness, it appears, tempted the Government to appropriate Cyprus. The act was but a natural result of the manner in which Great Britain keeps her diary of European progress. Tourists bring back a stick, a penknife, a photograph, or, it may be, only a toothpick, to mark each new spot of interest they have visited. So Lord Salisbury holds an English Minister should be

punctilious to bring back his stick or his toothpick, in the shape of an island or a cape, from each fresh centre of European interest. It is not the value of the acquisition the tourist regards. Probably as soon as he returns he throws his hoards unopened into a corner or a drawer. In the same way Lord Salisbury waives discussion of the intrinsic worth of Cyprus to England. The sentiment is what an elevated soul like his cares for. Had Great Britain intervened, as the Conservative party hoped, in the Schleswig-Holstein War, she would, we suppose, have been expected by Lord Salisbury to come home with a new Danish islet in her portmanteau, if not Heligoland out of it. The Franco-German War might have yielded a rock off St. Malo, or a coast village in Cayenne. Anything, however trifling, suffices to maintain the practice and tradition. The one essential point, according to this Conservative theory, is to remind the nations that England is prudent in her generosity—that she does nothing for nothing. It is a beautiful theory, and accounts to perfection, as such a theory should, for the facts from which it was formed. If it have a defect, it perhaps is that it needs for future applications at once a British Minister not too proud to plunder an ally, and an ally not too courageous to resist.

October 23.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

Uninvited MSS. can only be considered and returned at the convenience of the Editor.

// FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1879.

MARY ANERLEY: A YORKSHIRE TALE.

CHAPTER XX.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

NOW Mr. Jellicorse had been taking a careful view of everything. He wished to be certain of placing himself both on the righteous side and the right one; and in such a case this was not to be done without much circumspection. He felt himself bound to his present clients, and could not even dream of deserting them; but still there are many things that may be done to conciliate the adversary of one's friend without being false to the friend himself. And some of these already were occurring to the lawyer.

It was true that no adversary had as yet appeared, nor even shown token of existence; but some little sign of complication had arisen, and one serious fact was come to light. The solicitors of Sir Ulphus de Roos (the grandson of Sir Fursan, whose daughter had married Richard Yordas) had pretty strong evidence in some old letters that a deed of appointment had been made by the said Richard, and Eleanor his wife, under the powers of their settlement. Luckily they had not been employed in the matter, and possessed not so much as a draft or a letter of instructions; and now it was no concern of theirs to make, or meddle, or even move. Neither did they know that any question could arise about it; for they were a highly antiquated firm, of most rigid respectability, being legal advisers to the Chapter of York and clerks of the Prerogative Court, and able to charge twice as much as almost any other firm, and nearly three times as much as poor Jellicorse.

Mr. Jellicorse had been most skilful and wary in sounding these deep and silent people; for he wanted to find out how much they knew without letting them suspect that there was anything to know. And he proved an old woman's will gratis, or at least put it down to those who could afford it—because nobody meant to have it proved—simply for the sake of getting golden contact with Messrs.

Akeborum, Micklegate, and Brigant. Right craftily then did he fetch a young member of the firm, who delighted in angling, to take his holiday at Middleton and fish the goodly Tees; and by gentle and casual discourse of gossip, in hours of hospitality, out of him he hooked and landed all that his firm knew of the Yordas race. Young Brigant thought it natural enough that his host, as the lawyer of that family, and their trusted adviser for five-and-twenty years, should like to talk over things of an elder date, which now could be little more than trifles of genealogical history. He got some fine fishing and good dinners, and found himself pleased with the river and the town, and his very kind host and hostess; and it came into his head that if Miss Emily grew up as pretty and lively as she promised to be, he might do worse than marry her, and open a connection with such a fishing station. At any rate he left her as a 'chose in action,' which might be reduced into possession some fine day.

Such was the state of affairs when Jordas, after a long and muddy ride, sent word that he would like to see the master for a minute or two, if convenient. The days were grown short, and the candles lit, and Mr. Jellicorse was fast asleep, having had a good deal to get through that day, including an excellent supper. The lawyer's wife said, 'Let him call in the morning. Business is over, and the office is closed. Susanna, your master must not be disturbed.' But the master awoke, and declared that he would see him.

Candles were set in the study, while Jordas was having a trifle of refreshment; and when he came in, Mr. Jellicorse was there, with his spectacles on, and full of business.

'Asking of your pardon, sir, for disturbing of you now,' said the dogman, with the rain upon his tarred coat shining, in a little course of drainage from his great brown beard, 'my orders wur to lay this in your own hand, and seek answer to-morrow by dinner-time, if may be.'

'Master Jordas, you shall have it, if it can be. Do you know anybody who can promise more than that?'

'Plenty, sir, to promise it, as you must know by this time; but never a body to perform so much as half. But craving of your pardon again, and separate, I wud foin spake a word or two of myself.'

'Certainly, Jordas; I shall listen with great pleasure. A fine-looking fellow like you must have affairs. And the lady ought to make some settlement. It shall all be done for you at half-price.'

'No, sir, it is none o' that kind of thing,' the dogman answered, with a smile, as if he might have had such opportunities, but would trouble no lawyer about them; 'and I get too much of half-price at home. It is about my ladies I desire to make speech. They keep their business too tight, master.'

'Jordas, you have been well taught and trained; and you are a man of sagacity. Tell me faithfully what you mean. It shall go no further. And it may be of great service to your ladies.'

'It is not much, Master Jellicoose; and you may make less than that of it. But a lie shud be met and knocked doon, sir, according to my opinion.'

Certainly, Jordas, when an action will not lie; and sometimes even where it does, it is wise to commit a defensible assault, and so to become the defendant. Jordas, you are big enough to do that.'

'Master Jellicoose, you are a pleasant man; but you twist my maning, as a lawyer must. They all does it to keep their hand in. I am speaking of the stories, sir, that is so much about. And I think that my ladies should be told of them right out, and come forward, and lay their hands on them. The Yordases always did wrong, of old time; but they never was afraid to jump on it.'

'My friend, you speak in parables. What stories have arisen to be jumped upon?'

'Well, sir, for one thing, they do tell that the proper owner of the property is Sir Duncan, now away in India. A man hath come home who knows him well, and sayeth that he is like a Prince out there, with command of a country twice as big as Great Britain, and they up and make "Sir Duncan" of him, by his duty to the King. And if he cometh home, all must fall before him.'

'Even the law of the land, I suppose, and the will of his own father. Pretty well, so far, Jordas! And what next?'

'Nought, sir, nought. But I thought I wur duty-bound to tell you that. What is women before a man Yordas?'

'My good friend, we will not despair. But you are keeping back something; I know it by your feet. You are duty-bound to tell me every word now, Jordas.'

'The lawyers is the devil,' said the dogman to himself; and being quite used to this reflection, Mr. Jellicorse smiled and nodded; 'but if you must have it all, sir, it is no more than this. Jack o' the Smithies, as is to marry Sally o' Will o' the Wallhead, is to have the lease of Shipboro' farm, and he is the man as hath told it all.'

'Very well. We will wish him good luck with his farm,' Mr. Jellicorse answered cheerfully; 'and what is even rarer now-a-days, I fear, good luck of his wife, Master Jordas.'

But as soon as the sturdy retainer was gone, and the sound of his heavy boots had died away, Mr. Jellicorse shook his head very gravely, and said, as he opened and looked through his packet, which confirmed the words of Jordas, 'Sad indiscretion—want of legal knowledge—headstrong women—the very way to spoil it all! My troubles are beginning; and I had better go to bed.'

His good wife seconded this wise resolve; and without further parley it was put into effect, and proclaimed to be successful by a symphony of snores. For this is the excellence of having other people's cares to carry (with the carriage well paid), that they sit very lightly on the springs of sleep. That well-balanced vehicle rolls on smoothly, without jerk, or jar, or kick, so long as it travels over alien land.

In the morning, Mr. Jellicorse was up to anything, legitimate, legal, and likely to be paid for. Not that he would stir half the breadth of one wheat-corn, even for the sake of his daily bread, from the straight and strict line of integrity. He had made up his mind about that long ago, not only from natural virtue, strong and dominant as that was, but also by dwelling on his high repute, and the solid foundations of his character. He scarcely knew anybody, when he came to think of it, capable of taking such a lofty course; but that simply confirmed him in his stern resolve to do what was right and expedient.

It was quite one o'clock before Jack o' the Smithies rang the bell to see about his lease. He ought to have done it two hours sooner, if he meant to become a humble tenant; and the lawyer, although he had plenty to do of other people's business, looked upon this as a very bad sign. Then he read his letter of instructions once more, and could not but admire the nice brevity of these, and the skilful style of hinting much, and declaring very little.

For after giving full particulars about the farm, and the rent, and the covenants required, Mistress Yordas proceeded thus,—

'The new tenant is the son of a former occupant, who proved to be a remarkably honest man in a case of strong temptation. As happens too often with men of probity, he was misled and made bankrupt, and died about twelve years ago, I think. Please to verify this by reference. The late tenant was his nephew, and has never perceived the necessity of paying rent. We have been obliged to distrain, as you know; and I wish John Smithies to buy in what he pleases. He has saved some capital in India, where I am told he fought most gallantly. Singular to say, he has met with, and perhaps served under, our lamented and lost brother Duncan, of whom and his family he may give us interesting particulars. You know how this neighbourhood excels in idle talk, and if John Smithies becomes our tenant, his discourse must be confined to his own business. But he must not hesitate to impart to you any facts you may think it right to ask about. Jordas will bring us your answer, under seal.'

'Skilfully put, up to that last word, which savours too much of teaching me my own business. Aberthaw, are you quite ready with that lease? It is wanted rather in a hurry.'

As Mr. Jellicorse thought the former and uttered the latter part of these words, it was plain to see that he was fidgety. He had put on superior clothes to get up with; and the clerks had whispered to one another that it must be his wedding-day, and ought to end in a half-holiday all round, and be chalked thenceforth on the calendar; but instead of being joyful and jocular, like a man who feels a saving Providence over him, the lawyer was as dismal, and unsettled, and splenetic, as a prophet on the brink of wedlock. But the very last thing that he ever dreamed of doubting was his power to turn this old soldier inside out.

Jack o' the Smithies was announced at last; and the lawyer, being vexed with him for taking such a time, resolved to let him take a little longer; and kept him waiting, without any bread and cheese, for nearly half an hour. The wisdom of doing this depended on the character of the man, and the state of his finances. And both of these being strong enough to stand, to keep him so long on his legs was unwise. At last he came in, a very sturdy sort of fellow, thinking no atom the less of himself because some of his anatomy was honourably gone.

'Servant, sir,' he said, making a salute; 'I had orders to come to you about a little lease.'

'Right, my man; I remember now. You are thinking of taking to your father's farm, after knocking about for some years in foreign parts. Ah, nothing like old England after all! And to tread the ancestral soil, and cherish the old associations, and to nurture a virtuous family in the fear of the Lord, and to be ready with the rent——'

'Rent is too high, sir; I must have five pounds off. It ought to be ten, by right. Cousin Joe has taken all out, and put nought in.'

'John o' the Smithies, you astonish me. I have strong reason for believing that the rent is far too low. I have no instructions to reduce it.'

'Then I must try for another farm, sir. I can have one of better land, under Sir Walter; only I seemed to hold on to the old place; and my Sally like to be under the old ladies.'

'Old ladies! Jack, what are you come to? Beautiful ladies in the prime of life—but perhaps they would be old in India. I fear that you have not learned much behaviour. But at any rate you ought to know your own mind. Is it your intention to refuse so kind an offer (which was only made for your father's sake, and to please your faithful Sally), simply because another of your family has not been honest in his farming?'

'I never have took it in that way before,' the steady old soldier answered, showing that rare phenomenon, the dawn of a new opinion upon a stubborn face. 'Give me a bit to turn it over in my mind, sir. Lawyers be so quick, and so nimble, and all-corner'd.'

'Turn it over fifty times, Master Smithies. We have no wish to force the farm upon you. Take a pinch of snuff, to help your sense of justice. Or if you would like a pipe, go and have it in my kitchen. And if you are hungry, cook will give you eggs and bacon.'

'No, sir; I am very much obliged to you. I never make much o' my thinking. I go by what the Lord sends right inside o' me, whenever I have decent folk to deal with. And spite of your cloth, sir, you have a honest look.'

'You deserve another pinch of snuff for that. Master Smithies, you have a gift of putting hard things softly. But this is not business. Is your mind made up?'

'Yes, sir. I will take the farm at full rent, if the covenants are to my liking. They must be on both sides—both sides, mind you.'

Mr. Jellicorse smiled, as he began to read the draft prepared from a very ancient form which was firmly established on the Scargate Hall estates. The covenants, as usual, were all upon one side, the lessee being bound to a multitude of things, and the lessor to little more than the acceptance of the rent. But such a result is in the nature of the case. Yet Jack o' the Smithies was not well content. In him the true Yorkshire stubbornness was multiplied by the dogged tenacity of a British soldier; and the aggregate raised to an unknown power by the efforts of shrewd ignorance; and at last the lawyer took occasion to say,—

'Master John Smithies, you are worthy to serve under the colours of a Yordas.'

'That I have, sir, that I have!' cried the veteran, taken unawares, and shaking the stump of his arm in proof; 'I have served under Sir Duncan Yordas, who will come home some day and claim his own; and he won't want no covenants of me.'

'You cannot have served under Duncan Yordas,' Mr. Jellicorse answered, with a smile of disbelief, craftily rousing the pugnacity of the man; 'because he was not even in the army of the Company, or any other army. I mean, of course, unless there was some other Duncan Yordas.'

'Tell me!' Jack o' the Smithies almost shouted; 'tell me about Duncan Yordas, indeed! Who he was, and what he wasn't! And what do lawyers know of such things? Why, *you* might have to command a regiment, and read covenants to them out there! Sir Duncan was not our colonel, nor our captain; but we were under his orders, all the more; and well he knew how to give them. Not one in fifty of us was white; but he made us all as good as white men; and the enemy never saw the colour of our backs. I wish I was out there again, I do, and would have stayed, but for being hoarse of combat; though the fault was never in my throat, but in my arm.'

'There is no fault in your throat, John Smithies, except that it is a great deal too loud. I am sorry for Sally, with a temper such as yours.'

'That shows how much you know about it. I never lose my temper, without I hearken lies. And for you to go and say that I never saw Sir Duncan——'

'I said nothing of the kind, my friend. But you did not come here to talk about Duncan, captain, or colonel, or nabob, or rajah, or whatever potentate he may be—of him we desire to know nothing more—a man who ran away, and disgraced his family, and killed his poor father, knows better than ever to set his foot on Scargate land again. You talk about having a lease from him, a man with fifty wives, I dare say, and a hundred children! We all know what they are, out there.'

There are very few tricks of the human face divine more forcibly expressive of contempt than the lowering of the eyelids, so that only a narrow streak of eye is exposed to the fellow-mortal, and that streak

fixed upon him steadfastly; and the contumely is intensified when (as in the present instance) the man who does it is gifted with yellow lashes on the under lid. Jack o' the Smithies treated Mr. Jellicorse to a gaze of this sort; and the lawyer, whose wrath had been feigned, to rouse the other's, and so extract full information, began to feel his own temper rise. And if Jack had known when to hold his tongue, he must have had the best of it. But the lawyer knew this, and the soldier did not.

'Master Jellicorse,' said the latter, with his forehead deeply wrinkled, and his eyes now opened to their widest; 'in saying of that you make a liar of yourself. Lease, or no lease—that you do. Leasing stands for lying in the Bible, and a' seemeth to do the same thing in Yorkshire. Fifty wives, and a hundred children! Sir Duncan hath had one wife, and lost her, through the Neljan fever and her worry; and a Yorkshire lady, as you might know—and never hath he cared to look at any woman since. There now, what you make of that—you lawyers that make out every man a rake, and every woman a light o' love? Get along! I hate the lot o' you.'

'What a strange character you are! You must have had jungle fever, I should think. No, Diana, there is no danger'—for Jack o' the Smithies had made such a noise that Mrs. Jellicorse got frightened, and ran in; 'this poor man has only one arm; and if he had two, he could not hurt me, even if he wished it. Be pleased to withdraw, Diana. John Smithies, you have simply made a fool of yourself. I have not said a word against Sir Duncan Yordas, or his wife, or his son——'

'He hath no son, I tell you; and that was partly how he lost his wife.'

'Well, then, his daughters; I have said no harm of them.'

'And very good reason—because he hath none. You lawyers think you are so clever; and you never know anything rightly. Sir Duncan hath himself alone to see to, and hundreds of thousands of darkies to manage, with a score of British bayonets. But he never heedeth the bayonets, not he.'

'I have read of such men, but I never saw them,' Mr. Jellicorse said, as if thinking to himself; 'I always feel doubt about the possibility of them.'

'He hath ten elephants,' continued Soldier Smithies, resolved to crown the pillar of his wonders, while about it; 'ten great elephants, that come and kneel before him, and a thousand men ready to run to his thumb; and his word is law, better law than is in England, for scores and scores of miles on the top of hundreds.'

'Why did you come away, John Smithies? Why did you leave such a great prince, and come home?'

'Because it was home, sir. And for sake of Sally.'

'There is some sense in that, my friend. And now if you wish to make a happy life for Sally, you will do as I advise you. Will you take my advice? My time is of value; and I am not accustomed to waste words.'

'Well, sir, I will hearken to you. No man that meaneth it, can say more than that.'

'Jack o' the Smithies, you are acute. You have not been all over the world for nothing. But if you have made up your mind to settle, and be happy in your native parts, one thing must be attended to. It is a maxim of law, time-honoured and of the highest authority, that the tenant must never call in question the title of his landlord. Before attorning, you may do so; after that you are estopped. Now is it, or is it not, your wish to become the tenant of the Smithies farm, which your father held so honourably? Farm-produce is fetching great prices now; and if you refuse this offer, we have a man, the day after to-morrow, who will give my ladies 10*l.* more, and who has not been a soldier, but a farmer all his life.'

'Lawyer Jellicorse, I will take it; for Sally hath set her heart on it; and I know every crumple of the ground, better than the wisest farmer doth. Sir, I will sign the articles.'

'The lease will be engrossed by next market-day; and the sale will be stopped, until you have taken whatever you wish at a valuation. But remember what I said—you are not to go prating about this wonderful Sir Duncan, who is never likely to come home, if he lives in such grand state out there, and who is forbidden by his father's will from taking an acre of the property. And as he has no heirs, and is so wealthy, it cannot matter much to him.'

'That is true,' said the soldier; 'but he might love to come home, as all our folk in India do; and if he doth, I will not deny him. I tell you fairly, Master Jellicorse.'

'I like you for being an out spoken man, and true to those who have used you well. You could do him no good, and you might do harm to others, and unsettle simple minds, by going on about him among the tenants.'

'His name hath never crossed my lips till now, and shall not again, without good cause. Here is my hand upon it, Master Lawyer.'

The lawyer shook hands with him heartily, for he could not but respect the man for his sturdiness and sincerity. And when Jack was gone, Mr. Jellicorse played with his spectacles and his snuff-box for several minutes, before he could make up his mind how to deal with the matter. Then hearing the solid knock of Jordas, who was bound to take horse for Scargate House pretty early at this time of year (with the weakening of the day among the mountains), he lost a few moments in confusion. The dogman could not go without any answer; and how was any good answer to be given in half an hour at the utmost? A time had been when the lawyer studied curtness and precision under minds of abridgment in London. But the more he had laboured to introduce rash brevity into Yorkshire, and to cut away nine words out of ten, when all the ten meant one thing only—the more of contempt for his ignorance he won, and the less money he made out of it. And no sooner did he marry than he was forced to give up that, and, like a respectable butcher, put in every penny-

weight of fat that could be charged for. Thus had he thriven, and grown, like a goodly deed of fine amplification; and if he had made Squire Philip's will now, it would scarcely have gone into any breast-pocket. Unluckily it is an easier thing to make a man's will than to carry it out, even though fortune be favourable.

In the present case, obstacles seemed to be arising, which might at any moment require great skill and tact to surmount them; and the lawyer, hearing Jordas striding to and fro impatiently in the waiting-room, was fain to win time for consideration by writing a short note to say that he proposed to wait upon the ladies the very next day. For he had important news which it seemed expedient to discuss with them. In the meantime he begged them not to be at all uneasy; for his news upon the whole was propitious.

Chapter XXI.

JACK AND JILL GO DOWN THE GILL.

Upon a little beck that runs away into the Lune, which is a tributary of the Tees, there stood at this time a small square house of gray stone, partly greened with moss, or patched with drip, and opening to the sun with small dark windows. It looked as if it never could be warm inside, by sunshine or by fire-glow; and cared not, although it was the only house for miles, whether it were peopled, or stood empty. But this cold hard-looking place just now was the home of some hot and passionate hearts.

The people were poor; and how they made their living would have been a mystery to their neighbours, if there had been any. They rented no land, and they followed no trade, and they took no alms by hand or post; for the begging-letter system was not yet invented. For the house itself they paid a small rent, which Jordas received on behalf of his ladies, and always found it ready; and that being so, he had nothing more to ask, and never meddled with them. They had been there before he came into office, and it was not his place to seek into their history; and if it had been, he would not have done it. For his sympathies were (as was natural and native to a man so placed) with all outsiders, and the people who compress into one or two generations that ignorance of lineage which some few families strive to defer for centuries; showing thereby unwise insistence, if latter-day theories are correct.

But if Master Jordas knew little of these people, somebody else knew more about them, and perhaps too much about one of them. Lancelot Carnaby, still called 'Pet,' in one of those rushes after random change which the wildness of his nature drove upon him, had ridden his pony to a standstill on the moor, one sultry day of that August. No pity or care for the pony had he; but plenty of both for his own dear self. The pony might be left for the crows to

pick his bones, so far as mattered to Pet Carnaby; but it mattered very greatly to a boy like him to have to go home upon his own legs. Long exertion was hateful to him, though he loved quick difficulty; for he was one of the many who combine activity with laziness. And while he was wondering what he should do, and worrying the fine little animal, a wave of the wind carried into his ear the brawling of a beck, like the humming of a hive. The boy had forgotten that the moor just here was broken by a narrow glen, engrooved with sliding water.

Now with all his strength, which was not much, he tugged the panting and limping little horse to the flat breach, and then down the steep of the gill, and let him walk into the water and begin to slake off a little of the crust of thirst. But no sooner did he see him preparing to rejoice in large crystal draughts (which his sobs had first forbidden) than he jerked him with the bit, and made a bad kick at him; because he could bear to see nothing happy. The pony had sense enough to reply, weary as he was, with a stronger kick, which took Master Lancelot in the knee, and discouraged him for any further contest. Bully as he was, the boy had too much of ancient Yordas pith in him to howl, or cry, or even whimper, but sat down on a little ridge, to nurse his poor knee, and meditate revenge against the animal with hoofs. Presently pain and wrath combined became too much for the weakness of his frame; and he fell back and lay upon the hard ground, in a fainting fit.

At such times, as everybody said (especially those whom he knocked about in his lively moments), this boy looked wonderfully lovely. His features were almost perfect; and he had long eyelashes like an Andalusian girl, and cheeks more exquisite than almost any doll's, a mouth of fine curve, and a chin of pert roundness, a neck of the mould that once was called 'Byronic,' and curly dark hair flowing all around, as fine as the very best perruque. In a word, he was just what a boy ought not to be, who means to become an Englishman.

Such, however, was not the opinion of a creature even more beautiful than he, in the truer points of beauty. Coming with a pitcher for some water from the beck, Insie of the Gill (the daughter of Bat and Zilpie of the Gill) was quite amazed as she chanced round a niche of the bank upon this image. An image fallen from the sun, she thought it, or at any rate from some part of heaven; until she saw the pony, who was testing the geology of the district by the flavour of its herbage. Then Insie knew that here was a mortal boy, not dead, but sadly wounded; and she drew her short striped kirtle down, because her shapely legs were bare.

Lancelot Carnaby coming to himself (which was a poor return for him), opened his large brown eyes, and saw a beautiful girl looking at him. As their eyes met, his insolent languor fell—for he generally awoke from these weak lapses into a slow persistent rage—and wonder and unknown admiration moved something in his nature that had

never moved before. His words, however, were scarcely up to the high mark of the moment. 'Who are you?' was all he said.

'I am called "Insie of the Gill." My father is Bat of the Gill, and my mother Zilpie of the Gill. You must be a stranger, not to know us.'

'I never heard of you in all my life; although you seem to be living on my land. All the land about here belongs to me; though my mother has it for a little time.'

'I did not know,' she answered softly, and scarcely thinking what she said, 'that the land belonged to anybody, besides the birds and animals. And is the water yours as well?'

'Yes; every drop of it, of course. But you are quite welcome to a pitcherful.' This was the rarest affability of Pet; and he expected extraordinary thanks.

But Insie looked at him with surprise: 'I am very much obliged to you,' she said; 'but I never asked anyone to give it me, unless it is the beck itself; and the beck never seems to grudge it.'

'You are not like anybody I ever saw. You speak very different from the people about here; and you look very different ten times over.'

Insie reddened at his steadfast gaze, and turned her sweet soft face away. And yet she wanted to know more. 'Different means a great many things. Do you mean that I look better, or worse?'

'Better, of course; fifty thousand times better! Why, you look like a beautiful lady! I tell you, I have seen hundreds of ladies; perhaps you haven't, but I have. And you look better than all of them.'

'You say a great deal that you do not think,' Insie answered quietly, yet turning round to show her face again; 'I have heard that gentlemen always do; and I suppose that you are a young gentleman.'

'I should hope so indeed. Don't you know who I am? I am Lancelot Yordas Carnaby.'

'Why, you look quite as if you could stop the river,' she answered with a laugh, though she felt his grandeur. 'I suppose you consider me nobody at all. But I must get my water.'

'You shall not carry water. You are much too pretty. I will carry it for you.'

Pet was not 'introspective;' otherwise he must have been astonished at himself. His mother and aunt would have doubted their own eyes, if they had beheld this most dainty of the dainty, and mischievous of the mischievous (with pain and passion for the moment vanquished), carefully carrying an old brown pitcher. Yet this he did, and wonderfully well, as he believed; though Insie only laughed to see him. For he had on the loveliest gaiters in the world, of thin white buckskin with agate buttons, and breeches of silk, and a long brocaded waistcoat, and a short coat of rich purple velvet, also a riding hat, with a grey ostrich plume. And though he had very little

calf inside his gaiters, and not much chest to fill out his waistcoat, and narrower shoulders than a velvet coat deserved, it would have been manifest, even to a tailor, that the boy had lineal, if not lateral, right to his rich habiliments.

Insie of the Gill (who seemed not to be of peasant birth, though so plainly dressed) came gently down the steep brookside, to see what was going to be done for her.

She admired Lancelot, both for bravery of apparel and of action; and she longed to know how he would get a good pitcher of water, without any splash upon his clothes. So she stood behind a little bush, pretending not to be at all concerned, but amused at having her work done for her. But Pet was too sharp to play cat's-paw for nothing.

'Smile, and say "thank you,"' he cried; 'or I won't do it. I am not going up to my middle for nothing; I know that you want to laugh at me.'

'You must have a very low middle,' said Insie; 'why, it never comes half way to my knees.'

'You have got no stockings, and no new gaiters,' Lancelot answered reasonably; and then, like two children, they set to and laughed, till the gill almost echoed with them.

'Why, you're holding the mouth of the pitcher down stream!' Insie could hardly speak for laughing. 'Is that how you go to fill a pitcher?'

'Yes, and the right way too,' he answered; 'the best water always comes up the eddies. You ought to be old enough to know that.'

'I don't know anything at all; except that you are ruining your best clothes.'

'I don't care twopence for such rubbish. You ought to see me on a Sunday, Insie, if you want to know what is good. There, you never drew such a pitcher as that. And I believe there is a fish in the bottom of it.'

'Oh, if there is a fish, let me have him in my hands! I can nurse a fish on dry land, until he gets quite used to it. Are you sure that there is a little fish?'

'No, there is no fish; and I am soaking wet. But I never care what anybody thinks of me. If they say what I don't like, I kick them.'

'Ah, you are accustomed to have your own way! That anyone might know by looking at you. But I have got a quantity of work to do. You can see that by my fingers.'

The girl made a curtsey, and took the pitcher from him, because he was knocking it against his legs; but he could not be angry when he looked into her eyes; though the habit of his temper made him try to fume.

'Do you know what I think?' she said, fixing bright hazel eyes upon him; 'I think that you are very passionate sometimes.'

'Well, if I am, it is my own business. Who told you anything about it? Whoever it was shall pay out for it.'

'Nobody told me, sir. You must remember that I never even heard of your name before.'

'Oh, come, I can't quite take down that! Everybody knows me for fifty miles or more, and I don't care what they think of me.'

'You may please yourself about believing me,' she answered, without concern about it. 'No one who knows me doubts my word; though I am not known for even five miles away.'

'What an extraordinary girl you are! You say things on purpose to provoke me. Nobody ever does that; they are only too glad to keep me in a good temper.'

'If you are like that, sir, I had better run away. My father will be home in about an hour; and he might think that you had no business here.'

'I! No business upon my own land! This place must be bewitched, I think. There is a witch upon the moors, I know, who can take almost any shape; but—but they say that she is three hundred years of age, or more.'

'Perhaps, then, I am bewitched,' said Insie; 'or why should I stop to talk with you; who are only a rude boy after all, even according to your own account?'

'Well, you can go if you like. I suppose you live in that queer little place down there.'

'The house is quite good enough for me, and my father, and mother, and brother Maunder. Good-bye; and please never to come here again.'

'You don't understand me. I have made you cry. Oh, Insie, let me have hold of your hand! I would rather make anybody cry than you. I never liked anybody so before.'

'Cry, indeed! Whoever heard me cry? It was the way you splashed the water up. I am not in the habit of crying for a stranger. Good-bye, now; and go to your great people. You say that you are bad; and I fear it is too true.'

'I am not bad at all. It is only what everybody says; because I never want to please them. But I want to please you! I would give anything to do it; if you would only tell me how.'

The girl having cleverly dried her eyes, poured all their bright beauty upon him; and the heart of the youth was enlarged with a new, very sweet, and most timorous feeling. Then his dark eyes dropped, and he touched her gently; and only said, 'Don't go away.'

'But I must go away,' Insie answered, with a blush, and a look as of more tears lurking in her eyes. 'I have stopped too long; I must go away at once.'

'But when may I come again? I will hold you, and fight for you with everybody in the world; unless you tell me when to come again.'

'Hush! I am quite ashamed to hear you talk so. I am a poor girl, and you a great young gentleman.'

'Never mind that. That has nothing to do with it. Would you like to make me miserable, and a great deal more wicked than I ever was before? Do you hate me so much as all that, Insie?'

'No. You have been very kind to me. Only my father would be angry, I am sure; and my brother Maunder is dreadful. They all go away every other Friday, and that is the only free time I have.'

'Every other Friday! What a long time, to be sure! Won't you come again for water till this day fortnight?'

'Yes; I come for water three or four times every day. But if they were to see you, they would kill you first, and then lock me up for ever. The only wise plan is, for you to come no more.'

'You cannot be thinking for a moment what you say. I will tell you what; if you don't come, I will march up to the house, and beat the door in. The landlord can do that, according to law.'

'If you care at all for me,' said Insie, looking as if she had known him for ten years, 'you will do exactly what I tell you. You will think no more about me for a fortnight; and then if you fancy that I can do you good, by advice about your bad temper, or by teaching you how to plait reeds for a hat, and how to fill a pitcher—perhaps I might be able to come down the gill again.'

'I wish it was to-morrow. I shall count the days. But be sure to come early, if they go away all day. I shall bring my dinner with me; and you shall have the first help; and I will carve. But I should like one thing before I go; and it is the first time I ever asked anybody; though they ask me often enough, I can tell you.'

'What would you like? You seem to me to be always wanting something.'

'I should like very much—very much, indeed—just to give you one kiss, Insie.'

'It cannot be thought of, for a moment,' she replied; 'and the first time of my ever seeing you, sir!'

Before he could reason in favour of a privilege which goes proverbially by favour, the young maid was gone upon the winding path, with the pitcher truly balanced on her well-tressed head. Then Pet sat down and watched her; and she turned round in the distance, and waved him a kiss at decorous interval.

Not more than three days after this, Mrs. Carnaby came into the drawing-room, with a hasty step, and a web of wrinkles upon her generally smooth, white forehead.

'Eliza,' asked her sister; 'what has put you out so? That chair is not very strong, and you are rather heavy. Do you call that gracefully sinking on a seat, as we used to learn the way to do at school?'

'No, I do not call it anything of the kind. And if I am heavy, I only keep my heart in countenance, Philippa. You know not the anxieties of a mother.'

'I am thankful to say that I do not. I have plenty of larger cares

to attend to, as well as the anxieties of aunt and sister. But what is this new maternal care?'

'Poor Pet's illness—his serious illness. I am surprised that you have not noticed it, Philippa; it seems so unkind of you.'

'There cannot be anything much amiss with him. I never saw anyone eat a better breakfast. What makes you fancy that the boy must be unwell?'

'It is no fancy. He must be very ill. Poor dear! I cannot bear to think of it. He has done no mischief for quite three days!'

'Then he must indeed be at the point of death. Oh, if we could only keep him always so, Eliza!'

'My dear sister, you will never understand him. He must have his little playful ways. Would you like him to be a milksop?'

'Certainly not. But I should like him first to be a manly boy, and then a boyish man. The Yordases always have been manly boys; instead of puling, and puking, and picking this, that, and the other.'

'The poor child cannot help his health, Philippa. He never had the Yordas constitution. He inherits his delicate system from his poor dear gallant father.'

Mrs. Carnaby wiped away a tear; and her sister (who never was hard to her) spoke gently, and said there were many worse boys than he, and she liked him for many good and brave points of character, and especially for hating medicine.

'Philippa, you are right; for he does hate medicine,' the good mother answered, with a soft, sad sigh; 'and he kicked the last apothecary in the stomach, when he made certain of its going down. But such things are trifles, dear, in comparison with now. If he would only kick Jordas, or Welldrum, or almost anyone who would take it nicely, I should have some hope that he was coming to himself. But to see him sit quiet is so truly sad. He gets up a tree with his vast activity, and there he sits moping by the hour, and gazing in one fixed direction. I am almost sure he has knocked his leg; but he flew into a fury when I wanted to examine it; and when I made a poultice, there was Saracen devouring it; and the nasty dog swallowed one of my lace handkerchiefs.'

'Then surely you are unjust, Eliza, in lamenting all lack of mischief. But I have noticed things as well as you. And yesterday, I saw something more portentous than anything you have told me. I came upon Lancelot suddenly, in the last place where I should have looked for him. He was positively in the library, and reading—reading a real book.'

'A book, Philippa! Oh, that settles everything! He must have gone altogether out of his sane mind.'

'Not only was it a book, but even a book of what people call poetry. You have heard of the bold young man over the mountains, who is trying to turn poetry upside down, by making it out of every single thing he sees; and who despises all the pieces that we used to learn at school. I cannot remember his name; but never mind. I

thought that we ought to encourage him, because he might know some people in this neighbourhood; and so I ordered a book of his. Perhaps I told you; and this is the very book your learned boy was reading.'

'Philippa, it seems to me impossible almost. He must have been looking at the pictures. I do hope he was only looking at the pictures.'

'There is not a picture in the book of any sort. He was reading it, and saying it quite softly to himself; I felt that if you saw him, you would send for Dr. Spraggs.'

'Ring the bell at once, dear, if you will be kind enough. I hope there is a fresh horse in the stable. Or the best way would be to send for the jumping car; then he would be certain to come back at once.'

'Do as you like. I begin to think that we ought to take proper precautions. But when that is done, I will tell you what I think he may be up the tree for.'

A man with the jumping car was soon despatched, by urgency of Jordas, for Dr. Spraggs, who lived several miles away, in a hamlet to the westward, inaccessible to anything that could not jump right nimbly. But the ladies made a slight mistake: they caught the doctor, but no patient.

For Pet being well up in his favourite tree, poring with great wonder over 'Lyrical Ballads,' which took his fancy somehow—thence descried the hateful form of Dr. Spraggs, too surely approaching in the seat of honour in the jumping car. Was ever any poesy of such power as to elevate the soul above the smell of physic! The lofty poet of the lakes and fells, fell into Pet's pocket anyhow, and down the off-side of the tree came he, with even his bad leg ready to be foremost in giving leg-bail to the medical man. The driver of the jumping car espied this action; but knowing that he would have done the like, grinned softly, and said nothing. And long after Dr. Spraggs was gone, leaving behind him sage advice, and a vast benevolence of bottles, Pet returned very dirty, and hungry, and cross, and most unpoetical.

CHAPTER XXII.

YOUNG GILLY FLOWERS.

'Drum,' said Pet, in his free and easy style, about ten days after that escape, to a highly respected individual, Mr. Welldrum, the butler 'Drum, you have heard perhaps about my being poorly.'

'Ay, that I have, and too much of it,' replied the portly butler, busy in his office with inferior work, which he never should have had to do, if rightly estimated. 'What you wants, Master Lancelot, is a little more of this here sort of thing—sleeves up—elbow grease—scrub away at hold ancient plate, and be blowed up if you puts a scratch on it; and the more you sweats, the less thanks you gets.'

'Drum, when you come to be my butler, you shall have all the keys allowed you, and walk about with them on a great gold ring, with a gold chain down to your breeches pocket. You shall dine when you like, and have it cooked on purpose, and order it directly after breakfast; and you shall have the very best hot-water plates; because you hate grease, don't you, Drum?'

'That I do; especial from young chaps as wants to get something out of me.'

'I am always as good as my word; come now.'

'That you are, sir; and nothing very grand to say, considering the hepithets you applies to me sometimes. But you han't insulted me for three days now; and that proves to my mind that you can't be quite right.'

'But you would like to see me better. I am sure you would. There is nobody so good to you as I am, Drum; and you are very crusty at times, you know. Your daughter shall be the head-cook; and then everything must be to your liking.'

'Master Lancelot, you speaks fair. What can I have the honour of doing for you, sir, to set you up again in your poor dear 'ealth?'

'Well, you hate physic; don't you, Drum? And you make a strict point of never taking it.'

'I never knew no good to come out of no bottle, without it were a bottle of old crusted port wine. Ah! you likes that, Master Lancelot.'

'I'll tell you what it is, Drum; I am obliged to be very careful. The reason why I don't get on, is from taking my meals too much in-doors. There is no fresh air in these old rooms. I have got a man who says—I could read it to you; but perhaps you don't care to hear poetry, Drum?' The butler made a face, and put the leather to his ears. 'Very well, then; I am only just beginning; and it's like claret, you must learn to come to it. But from what he says, and from my own stomach, I intend to go and dine out of doors to-day.'

'Lord! Master Lancelot, you must be gone clean daft. How ever could you have hot gravy, sir? And all the Yordases hates cold meat. Your poor dear grandfather—ah! he was a man.'

'So am I. And I have got half-a-guinea. Now, Drum, you do just what I tell you; and mind, not a word to anyone. It will be the last coin you will ever see of mine, either now, or in all my life, remember, if you let my mamma ever hear of it. You slip down to the larder and get me a cold grouse, and a cold partridge, and two of the hearthstone cakes, and a pat of butter, and a pinch of salt, and put them in my army-knapsack Aunt Philippa gave me; also a knife and fork and plate; and let me see—what had I better have to drink?'

'Well, sir, if I might offer an opinion, a pint bottle of dry port, or your grandfather's Madeira.'

'Young ladies—young gentlemen I mean, of course—never take

strong wines in the middle of the day. Bucellas, Drum—Bucellas is the proper thing. And when you have got it all together, turn the old cat into the larder, and get away cleverly by your little door, and put my knapsack in the old oak tree, the one that was struck by lightning. Now, do you understand all about it? It must be all ready in half an hour. And if I make a good dinner out on the moor, why, you might get another half-guinea before long.' And with these words away strode Pet.

'Well, well!' the butler began muttering to himself; 'what wickedness are you up to next? A lassie in his head, and his dear mammy thought he was sickening over his wisdom-teeth! He is beginning airly, and no mistake. But the gals are a coarse, ugly lot about here'—Master Welldrum was not a Yorkshireman—'and the lad hath good taste in the matter of wine; although he is that contrairy, Solomon's self could not be upsides with him. Fall fair, fall foul, I must humour the boy; or out of this place I go neck and crop.'

Accordingly, Pet found all that he had ordered, and several little things which he had not thought of, especially a corkscrew and a glass; and, forgetting half his laziness, he set off briskly, keeping through the trees where no window could espy him, and down a little side-glen, all a-foot: for it seemed to him safer to forego his pony.

The gill (or 'ghyll,' as the poet writes it), from which the lonely family that dwelt there took their name, was not upon the bridle road from Scargate Hall towards Middleton, nor even within eye or reach of any road at all; but overlooked by kites alone, and tracked with thoroughfare of nothing but the mountain streamlet. The four who lived there—'Bat and Zilpie, Maunder, and Insie of the Gill'—had nothing to do with, and little to say to, any of the scatterling folk about them, across the blue distance of the moor. They ploughed no land, they kept no cattle, they scarcely put spade in the ground; except for about a fortnight in April, when they broke up a strip of alluvial soil new every season, and abutting on the brook; and there sowed or planted their vegetable crop, and left it to the clemency of heaven. Yet twice every year they were ready with their rent when it suited Master Jordas to come for it; since audits at the hall and tenants' dinners were not to their liking. The rent was a trifle; but Jordas respected them highly for handing it done up in white paper, without even making him leave the saddle. How many paid less, or paid nothing at all, yet came to the dinners under rent reservation of perhaps one mark; then strictly reserved their rent, but failed not to make the most punctual and liberal marks upon roast beef and plum pudding!

But while the worthy dogman got his little bit of money, sealed up and so correct that (careful as he was) he never stopped now to count it, even his keen eyes could make nothing of these people, except that they stood upon their dignity. To him they appeared

to be of gipsy race; or partly of wild, and partly perhaps of Lancastrian, origin; for they rather 'featured' the Lancashire than the Yorkshire type of countenance, yet without any rustic coarseness, whether of aspect, voice, or manners. The story of their settlement in this glen had flagged out of memory of gossip, by reason of their calm obscurity; and all that survived was the belief that they were queer, and the certainty that they would not be meddled with.

Lancelot Yordas Carnaby was brave, both in the outward and the inward boy, when he struck into the gill from a trackless spread of moor, not far from the source of the beck that had shaped, or been shaped by, this fissure. He had made up his mind to learn all about the water that filled sweet Insie's pitcher; and although the great poet of nature as yet was only in early utterance, some of his words had already touched Pet as he had never been touched before; but perhaps that fine effect was due to the sapping power of first love.

Yet first love, however it may soften and enlarge a petulant and wayward nature, instead of increasing, cuts short and crisp the patience of the patient. When Lancelot was as near, as manners and prudence allowed, to that lonesome house, he sat down quietly for a little while, in a little niche of a scrubby bush, whence he could spy the door. For a short time this was very well; also it was well to be furnishing his mind with a form for the beautiful expressions in it, and prepare it for the order of their coming out. And when he was sure that these were well arranged, and could not fail at any crisis, he found further pastime in considering his boots, then his gaiters, and small clothes (which were of lofty type), and his waistcoat elegant for anybody's bosom. But after a bit, even this began to pall; and when one of his feet went fast asleep, in spite of its beautiful surroundings, he jumped up and stamped, and was not so very far from hot words as he should have been. For his habit was not so much to want a thing, as to get it before he wanted it; which is very poor training for the trials of the love-time.

But just as he was beginning to resolve to be wise, and eat his victuals, now or never, and be sorry for anyone who came too late—there came somebody by another track, whose step made the heart rise, and the stomach fall. Lancelot's mind began to fail him all at once; and the spirit, that was ready with a host of words, fluttered away into a quaking depth of silence. Yet Insie tripped along as if the world held no one to cast a pretty shadow from the sun beside her own.

Even the youngest girls are full of little tricks far beyond the oldest boy's comprehension. But the wonder of all wonders is, they have so pure a conscience as never to be thinking of themselves at all, far less of anyone who thinks too much of them. 'I declare, she has forgotten that she ever saw me!' Lancelot muttered to the

bush in which he trembled. 'It would serve her right, if I walked straight away.' But he looked again, and could not help looking more than many times again, so piercing (as an ancient poet puts it) is the shaft from the eyes of the female women. And Insie was especially a female girl—which has now ceased to be tautology—so feminine were her walk and way, and sudden variety of unreasonable charm.

'Dear me! I never thought to see you any more, sir,' said she, with a bright blush, perhaps at such a story, as Pet jumped out eagerly, with hands stretched forth. 'It is the most surprising thing. And we might have done very well with rain-water.'

'Oh, Insie! don't be so cold-hearted. Who can drink rain-water? I have got something very good for you indeed. I have carried it all the way myself; and only a strong man could have done it. Why, you have got stockings on, I declare; but I like you much better without them.'

'Then, Master Lancelot Yordas Carnaby, you had better go home with all your good things.'

'You are totally mistaken about that. I could never get these things into the house again, without being caught out to a certainty. It shows how little girls know of anything.'

'A girl cannot be expected,' she answered, looking most innocently at him, 'to understand anything sly or cunning. Why should anything of that sort be?'

'Well, if it comes to that,' cried Pet, who (like all unreasonable people) had large rudiments of reasoning; 'why should not I come up to your door, and knock, and say, "I want to see Miss Insie; I am fond of Miss Insie, and have got something good for her"? That is what I shall do next time.'

'If you do, my brother Maunder will beat you dreadfully—so dreadfully that you will never walk home. But don't let us talk of such terrible things. You must never come here, if you think of such things. I would not have you hurt for all the world; for sometimes I think that I like you very much.'

The lovely girl looked at the handsome boy, as if they were at school together, learning something difficult; which must be repeated to the other's eyes, with a nod, or a shake of the head, as may be. A kind, and pure, and soft gaze she gave him; as if she would love his thoughts, if he could explain them. And Pet turned away, because he could not do so.

'I'll tell you what it is,' he said bravely, while his heart was thrilling with desire to speak well; 'we will set to at once, and have a jolly good spread. I told my man to put up something very good; because I was certain that you would be very hungry.'

'Surely you were not so foolish as to speak of me?'

'No, no, no; I know a trick worth two of that. I was not such a fool as to speak of you, of course. But——'

'But, I would never condescend to touch one bit. You were ashamed to say a word about me, then, were you?'

'Insie, now Insie, too bad of you it is. You can have no idea what those butlers and footmen are, if ever you tell them anything. They are worse than the maids; they go down stairs, and they get all the tit-bits out of the cook, and sit by the girl they like best; on the strength of having a secret about their master.'

'Well, you are cunning!' cried the maiden with a sigh. 'I thought that your nature was loftier than that. No, I do not know anything of butlers and footmen; and I think that the less I know of you the better.'

'Oh, Insie, darling Insie, if you run away like that!—I have got both your hands, and you shall not run away. Do you want to kill me, Insie? They have had the doctor for me.'

'Oh, how very dreadful! that does sound dreadful. I am not at all crying; and you need not look. But what did he say? Please do tell me what he said.'

'He said, "salts and senna." But I got up a high tree. Let us think of nicer things. It is enough to spoil one's dinner. Oh, Insie, what is anything to eat or drink, compared with looking at you, when you are good? If I could only tell you the things that I have felt, all day and all night, since this day fortnight, how sorry you would be for having evil thoughts of me!'

'I have no evil thoughts; I have no thoughts at all. But it puzzles me to think what on earth you have been thinking. There, I will sit down, and listen for a moment.'

'And I may hold one of your hands? I must, or you would never understand me. Why, your hands are much smaller than mine, I declare! And mine are very small, because of thinking about you. Now, you need not laugh—it does spoil everything, to laugh so. It is more than a fortnight since I laughed at all. You make me feel so miserable. But would you like to know how I felt? Mind, I would rather cut my head off, than tell it to anyone in the world but you.'

'Now, I call that very kind of you; if you please, I should like to know how you have been feeling.' With these words Insie came quite close up to his side; and looked at him so that he could hardly speak. 'You may say it in a whisper, if you like,' she said; 'there is nobody coming for at least three hours; and so you may say it in a whisper.'

'Then I will tell you; it was just like this. You know that I began to think how beautiful you were, at the very first time I looked at you. But you could not expect me so to love you all at once as I love you now, dear Insie.'

'I cannot understand any meaning in such things.' But she took a little distance; quite as if she did.

'Well, I went away without thinking very much; because I had a bad place in my knee—a blue place bigger than the new half-crown, where you saw that the pony kicked me. I had him up, and thrashed him when I got home; but that has got nothing to do with it—only

that I made him know who was his master. And then I tried to go on with a lot of things as usual; but somehow I did not care at all. There was a great rat-hunt, that I had been thinking of more than three weeks, when they got the straddles down, to be ready for the new ricks to come instead. But I could not go near it; and it made them think that the whole of my inside was out of order. And it must have been. I can see by looking back; it must have been so, without my knowing it. I hit several people with my holly on their shins, because they knew more than I did. But that was no good; nor was anything else. I only got more and more out of sorts, and could not stay quiet anywhere; and yet it was no good to me to try to make a noise. All day I went about, as if I did not care whether people contradicted me or not, or where I was, or what time I should get back, or whether there would be any dinner. And I tucked up my feet in my night-gown every night; but instead of stopping there, as they always used to do, they were down in cold places immediately; and instead of any sleep, I bit holes by the hundred in the sheets, with thinking. I hated to be spoken to, and I hated everybody; and so I do now, whenever I come to think about them.'

'Including even poor me, I suppose?' Insie had wonderfully pretty eyebrows, and a pretty way of raising them, and letting more light into her bright hazel eyes.

'No, I never seemed to hate you; though I often was put out, because I could never make your face come well. I was thinking of you always; but I could not see you. Now, tell me whether you have been like that.'

'Not at all; but I have thought of you once or twice, and wondered what could make you want to come and see me. If I were a boy, perhaps I could understand it!'

'I hate boys; I am a man all over now. I am old enough to have a wife; and I mean to have you. How much do you suppose my waistcoat cost? Well, never mind, because you are not rich. But I have got money enough for both of us to live well, and nobody can keep me out of it. You know what a road is, I suppose—a good road leading to a town. Have you ever seen one? A brown place, with hedges on each side, made hard and smooth for horses to go upon, and wheels that make a rumble. Well, if you will have me, and behave well to me, you shall sit up by yourself in a velvet dress, with a man before you and a man behind, and believe that you are flying.'

'But what would become of my father, and my mother, and my brother Maunder?'

'Oh, they must stop here, of course! We shouldn't want them. But I would give them all their house rent-free, and a fat pig every Christmas. Now, you sit there, and spread your lap, that I may help you properly. I want to see you eat; you must learn to eat like a lady of the highest quality; for that you are going to be, I can tell you.'

The beautiful maid of the gill smiled sweetly, sitting on the low bank with the grace of simple nature, and the playfulness of girlhood. She looked up at Lancelot, the self-appointed man, with a bright glance of curious contemplation; and contemplation (of any other subject than self) is dangerously near contempt. She thought very little of his large, free brag, of his patronising manner, and fine self-content, reference of everything to his own standard, beauty too feminine, and, instead of female gentleness, highly cultivated waywardness. But in spite of all that she could not help liking, and sometimes admiring him, when he looked away. And now he was very busy with the feast he had brought.

'To begin with,' he said, when his good things were displayed, 'you must remember that nothing is more vulgar than to be hungry. A gentleman may have a tremendous appetite, but a lady never.'

'But why, but why? That does seem foolish. I have read that the ladies are always helped first. That must be because of their appetites.'

'Insie, I tell you things; not the reasons of them. Things are learned by seeing other people; and not by arguing about them.'

'Then you had better eat your dinner first, and let me sit and watch you. And then I can eat mine by imitation; that is to say, if there is any left.'

'You are one of the oddest people I have ever seen. You go round the corner of all that I say, instead of following properly. When we are married, you will always make me laugh. At one time they kept a boy to make me laugh; but I got tired of him. Now I help you first; although I am myself so hungry. I do it from a lofty feeling, which my Aunt Philippa calls "chivalry." Ladies talk about it, when they want to get the best of us. I have given you all the best part, you see; and I only keep the worst of it for myself.'

If Pet had any hope that his self-denial would promptly be denied to him, he made a great mistake; for the damsel of the gill had a healthy moorland appetite, and did justice to all that was put before her; and presently he began, for the first time in his life, to find pleasure in seeing another person pleased. But the wine she would not even taste, in spite of persuasion and example; the water from the brook was all she drank, and she drank as prettily as a pigeon. Whatever she did was done gracefully and well.

'I am very particular,' he said at last; 'but you are fit to dine with anybody. How have you managed to learn it all? You take the best of everything, without a word about it, as gently as great ladies do. I thought that you would want me to eat the nicest pieces; but, instead of that, you have left me bones and drumsticks!'

He gave such a melancholy look at these, that Insie laughed quite merrily. 'I wanted to see you practise chivalry,' she said.

'Well, never mind; I shall know another time. Instead of two

birds I shall order four; and other things in proportion. But now I want to know about your father and your mother. They must be respectable people, to judge by you. What is their proper name, and how much have they got to live upon?'

'More than you; a great deal more than you,' she answered, with such a roguish smile, that he forgot his grievances, or began to lose them in the mist of beauty.

'More than me! And they live in such a hole, where only the crows come near them?'

'Yes, more than you, sir. They have their wits to live upon, and industry, and honesty.'

Pet was not old enough yet in the world to say, 'What is the use of all those? All their income is starvation.' He was young enough to think that those who owned them had advantage of him; for he knew that he was very lazy. Moreover, he had heard of such people getting on—through the striking power of exception, so much more brilliant than the rule—when all the blind virtues found luck to lead them. Industry, honesty, and ability always get on in story-books: and nothing is nicer than to hear a pretty story. But in some ways, Pet was sharp enough.

'Then they never will want that house rent-free, nor the fat pig, nor any other presents. Oh, Insie, how very much better that will be! I find it so much nicer always to get things, than to give them. And people are so good-natured, when they have done it, and can talk of it. Insie, they shall give me something when I marry you; and as often as they like afterwards.'

'They will give you something you will not like,' she answered, with a laugh and a look along the moor, 'if you stay here too long, chattering with me. Do you know what o'clock it is? I know always, whether the sun is out or in. You need show no gold watch to me!'

'Oh, that comes of living in a draught all day! The out-door people grow too wise. What do you see about ten miles off? It must be ten miles to that hill.'

'That hill is scarcely five miles off; and what I see is not half of that. I brought you up here, to be quite safe. Maunder's eyes are better than mine. But he will not see us for another mile, if you cover your grand waistcoat, because we are in the shadows. Slip down into the gill again, and keep below the edge of it; and go home as fast as possible.'

Lancelot felt inclined to do as he was told, and keep to safe obscurity. The long uncomfortable loneliness of prospect, and dim airy distance of the sinking sun and deeply silent emptiness of hollows, where great shadows began to crawl—in the waning of the day, and so far away from home—all these united to impress upon a boy a spiritual influence, whose bodily expression would be the appearance of a clean pair of heels. But, to meet this sensible impulse, there arose the stubborn nature of his race, which hated to

be told to do anything, and the dignity of his new-born love—such as it was—and the thought of looking small.

'Why should I go?' he said; 'I will meet them, and tell them that I am their landlord, and have a right to know all about them. My grandfather never ran away from anybody. And they have got a donkey with them.'

'They will have two, if you stop,' cried Insie; although she admired his spirit. 'My father is a very quiet man. But Maunder would take you by the throat, and cast you down into the beck.'

'I should like to see him try to do it. I am not so very strong; but I am active as a cat. I have no idea of being threatened.'

'Then will you be coaxed? I do implore you, for my sake, to go; or it will be too late. Never, never, will you see me again, unless you do what I beseech of you.'

'I will not stir one peg, unless you put your arms round my neck and kiss me, and say that you will never have anybody else.'

Insie blushed deeply, and her bright eyes flashed with passion, not of loving kind. But it went to her heart that he was brave, and that he loved her truly. She flung her comely arms around his neck and touched her rosy lips with his; and before he could clasp her she was gone, with no more comfort than these words:—

'Now, if you are a gentleman you must go; and never come near this place again.'

Not a moment too soon he plunged into the gill, and hurried up its winding course; but turning back at the corner, saw a sweet smile in the distance, and a wave of the hand, that warmed his heart.

(*To be continued.*)

First Impressions of the New World.

I.

A FINE passage in the good ship 'Scythia,' of the Cunard Line, with most agreeable fellow-passengers, both English and American, landed me at New York on June 3, 1879. Such a ship under such a hospitable and pleasant commander as Captain Hains, is a sort of ark to which every bird would willingly return, and so, by the same vessel I re-embarked for Liverpool on July 16. A visit of only six weeks to the continent of America can give nothing more than first impressions, and these, too, of only a very small portion of the country. My visit was purely personal and private. I saw little of men and nothing of institutions. From politics of all kinds, whether Eastern or Western, it was my great object to escape. But to the forests, to the hills, to the rivers, to the birds, to the general aspects of Nature in the New World I went with a fresh eye, and in these I found much of which no description had given me any accurate idea. Of a few of these first and fresh impressions I desire to give some account in the pages which follow.

In one great feature of landscape the States and the Provinces of North America differ very much from any expectation I had formed. That feature is the nature and disposition of the woods. They are not the woods that stand round the 'stately homes of England'; neither is there any hedgerow timber such as, from every elevation in the midland counties, gives to the whole country, even to the verge of a distant horizon, the appearance of one rich and continuous forest. Still less are they woods of France or of Germany, where arboriculture is a regular branch of study, where the maximum of produce to the acre is carefully considered, and where every scrap, even the 'lop and top,' is neatly collected and piled in 'cords.' In America, with the exception of the trees which are planted with admirable effect in the streets of cities and towns, there is hardly any indication of the cultivation of trees being attended to at all. I saw nothing that could be called fine timber, and no woods which showed any care in thinning, with a view to the production of such timber in the future. And yet the woods of North America are very varied in form, and very beautiful in composition. They are by no means mere patches of original forest left in the midst of 'clearings,' nor is the cultivated country generally bare, with the remains of that forest standing in ragged edges round it. There are, indeed, some districts where this is the aspect of the land, and a very dreary aspect it is; but the general character of all the country which has been long settled is very different. It is not a land of 'brown heath,' but it is emphatically a

land of 'shaggy wood'; a land in which clumps, and thickets, and lines, and irregular masses of the most beautiful foliage vary and adorn the surface. This is what I had not expected, and what it delighted me much to see. The secret of it lies in one circumstance, which is the secret also of much else that is characteristic of the American Continent—the over-abundance of land as compared with the cultivating and occupying power of the settled population. It is not worth while to cultivate any land but the best. Every acre which is of inferior quality, or in an inconvenient situation, every rocky knoll too hard, every bank and brae too steep to plough, the sides of every stream, the banks of every dell, and frequent tracts on every hill side, are left in a state of nature. But throughout the Eastern States and Provinces, the soil being full of the seeds of trees, the state of nature is a state of woodedness. Even where the whole face of the country has been burnt by forest fires, and the settler has appropriated whatever portion of it was best and most easily worked, the after-growth which has sprung up is a beautiful tangle of Birch and Oak, and Elm and Maple; and these tangles, wholly uncared for, are left to flourish as they may. To a large extent these woods are of no value for any economical purpose, except firewood and fencing. The fine trees have disappeared with the original forest, and there has been no time, so young are even the oldest settled countries of America, for the new growth to attain any size. The struggle for existence is allowed to go on among the contending species, and it requires a long time under such conditions to develope even fair-sized timber. It astonished me to see, even in the close neighbourhood of the oldest cities of New England, the extent of land which is abandoned to what may be called 'bush.' Cockney travellers and cockney economists are accustomed to talk of the 'waste lands' of England and Scotland—a phrase under which they designate all land which is not under the plough, or divided into fields capable of arable cultivation. The truth is that in our Island there is, properly speaking, no waste land at all. The roughest pastures are all utilised. Even the rugged mountains are the support of great flocks of sheep, which may or may not be seen by the tourist from Cheapside. There is, indeed, abundance of land which, under other conditions of demand, might be, and some day will be, capable of a higher cultivation. This, however, is as true of the land which now yields the finest crops of wheat, or turnips, or potatoes, as it is of the hillside which yields only grass and heather. It is conceivable that the whole soil may at some future time be under the conditions of a market garden, when abundance of manure, cheapness of labour, and great demand for produce by vast consuming populations combine to render such cultivation possible and remunerative. But in the middle of the oldest States of North America there are immense areas of country which in the strictest sense may be said to be waste. On the line of railway between Boston and Fall River, a line which connects the most renowned city with one of the most fashionable watering places of

New England, Newport, I was not a little surprised to see the great extent of land occupied by the wildest jungle of shaggy wood, in some places not unlike the lovely clothing which covers the rocks of Loch Katrine or Loch Lomond. Marshy ground, carpeted with a plant which, in general effect, reproduces our own 'Bog Myrtle,' abounded also. The scenery of the Hudson—the beauty of which far exceeded my expectations—depends largely on the beauty of the woods. Everywhere, even in the midst of the villas which are the retreat of the citizens of New York, there are the most beautiful thickets of wood, climbing the steep banks, hanging over the swampy hollows, and fringing the rocky promontories which form the margin of that magnificent estuary. In truth the woodedness of the landscape is in excess. A mountain range loses in picturesque effect when it is covered to the top with wood, when no rocks appear upon the surface, and no bald top rises above the vegetation of the base; yet this is the uniform character of all the mountains and hills which I happened to see on the American Continent. The Catskill Mountains, which are a conspicuous feature in the scenery of the Hudson, seem to be everywhere covered to the very summits by trees, which, though larger than those which we should call copsewood, are yet not large enough to have the aspect of fine timber. The hills round and above West Point, the great military seminary of the United States, are one vast wood. And there is another feature of these woods which surprised me, and that is the very small proportion of the Pine tribe as compared with deciduous trees. In the valley of the Hudson there are hardly enough to give variety; and even farther north, and throughout the settled parts of Canada, where portions of the original forests survive on the plains or on the hills, nowhere do we meet with the monotonous aspect of a purely Pine vegetation. The woods and forests are all largely composed of Elm, Ash, and Maple, with frequent tracts of Birch and Aspen.[1]

It was with much regret that I passed through Albany without stopping to see it in detail. The charming picture given by Mrs. Grant of Laggan[2] of the life led by the early settlers there, about a hundred years ago, is the picture of a condition of society which has passed away. But some features remain, and amongst these there is one which especially strikes a stranger in all the towns and villages of New England. Where trees are rare in Europe, they are most striking in America. Planting, superfluous, and therefore neglected elsewhere in the New World, has been carefully attended to in the cities. Their streets are almost all avenues of handsome trees, the boughs meeting over the ample roadway, their foliage everywhere conspicuous among

[1] Might I suggest to my friends in America the possibility of limiting the nuisance of advertisements on the lovely banks of the Hudson. Every available surface of rock is covered with the hideous letters of some pill, or some potion, or some embrocation, or of some application still more offensive, for the ills of humanity. To such an extent is this nuisance carried, that it seemed to me to interfere seriously with the beauty of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world.

[2] *Memoirs of an American Lady.* New York.

the houses, and often giving a comfortable rural aspect even to the most crowded seats of industry. The view of Albany from a distance on the railway is very striking; the State House, like most of the public buildings in America, being large and handsome, and seen rising out of a most picturesque intermixture of tiles and leaves. This peculiar feature of American towns is, like so many other things in that country, a consequence of its wealth of land. No economy of its surface is ever needed, and none is attended to. Mrs. Grant's description of Albany, as it existed in her day, is the description, more or less accurate, of all the towns and villages of New England:—

> The town (she says), in proportion to its population, occupied a great space of ground. The city, in short, was a kind of semi-rural establishment: every house had its own garden, well, and a little green behind: before every door a tree was planted, rendered interesting by being coeval with some beloved member of the family. Many of these trees were of prodigious size and extraordinary beauty, but without regularity, everyone planting the kind that best pleased him, or which he thought would afford the most agreeable shade to the open portico at his door, which was surrounded by seats, and ascended by a few steps. It was in these that each domestic group was seated in summer evenings to enjoy the balmy twilight, or serenely clear moonlight.

The valley of the Mohawk, into which the railway passes to the north of Albany, has a character and a beauty of its own, very different from that of the valley of the Hudson. In the first place, the Mohawk is a true river, and not an estuary; in the second place, it is a small river as compared with the mighty streams of the American Continent; a river not like a lake, or an inland sea, but a river that the eye can take in, and understand as such—a river like the Thames, only greatly more rapid; winding among green meadows, round pleasant islets, under willowy banks, with here and there a few stately elms. The breadth of the valley, too, is comparatively small, not unlike some parts of the valley of the Thames above Maidenhead, but with sides rising in longer slopes and to far greater elevations. These slopes are occupied by farms, in which grass seemed to predominate over crops, and they are adorned by ample remains of the ancient forests, beautifully disposed in irregular clumps, and lines, and masses of every conceivable size and form; the skyline being generally a line of unbroken wood, with an increasing proportion of Pine. Nowhere did I observe a more favourable specimen of the woodiness of American landscape—the mixture of evergreen with deciduous trees was perfect. There are, of course, in America no stiff plantations such as too frequently mar the landscapes of the Old World. All had the appearance of natural wood, and not even the most skilful planting in the great Places of England or of Scotland could show a more beautiful variety of foliage, or a more picturesque intermixture of field and wood.

It is impossible to pass through the beautiful valley of the Mohawk without having one's mind turned to the many curious and interesting questions on the history and fate of the Indian tribes of

North America. It is but as yesterday that it was the home of one of the most remarkable of those tribes. Hardly a vestige of them now remains. Within the compass almost of a single human life there has disappeared from the world a people who, though savage in some respects, had nevertheless either the vestiges or the germs of an ample civilisation. It is very difficult in America to recollect how young everything there is, and how rapidly the culture of the Old World has overflowed and submerged all that remained of, or all that might have come from, the culture of the native races. This youth of America as we now see it was forcibly impressed upon me by an accidental circumstance. On entering the harbour of New York, I was very kindly presented, by General Wilson of that city, with a copy of a new edition of the work already quoted, the 'Memoirs of an American Lady,' by Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Mrs. Grant was my mother's friend and teacher, and few names were more familiar to me in early years. She did not die till 1838; yet her girlhood was spent in Albany when that city was one of the advanced posts of European settlement in America, and when it was still so weak that it was not altogether indifferent to the friendship and protection of the Indians of the Mohawk. In the long and bitter contest for supremacy in North America between France and England both nations had need of native allies. It was mainly by Indian auxiliaries that only three years before Mrs. Grant's arrival in America, a small body of Frenchmen had defeated and destroyed a well-appointed British army commanded by a veteran in the wars of Europe. The tribes of the great Algonkin family were those whose friendship was cultivated by the French; whilst the Iroquois, or Five Nations, were the special allies of the English colonists. In this division we had the best of it, for the Iroquois, of whom the Mohawks were the most powerful tribe, were the great warriors of that portion of the American Continent. It is curious to observe the very different estimate formed of those people by scientific writers of the present day, and by such writers as Mrs. Grant, who represents the feeling of the colonists in immediate contact with the Mohawks. 'In regard to their internal condition and progress in the Arts,' says Mr. Dawson, 'notwithstanding the gloss with which time may to some extent cover these aborigines, we cannot disguise from ourselves that they were for the most part the veriest savages.'[3]

Were they savages (on the other hand, asks Mrs. Grant) who had fixed habitations, who cultivated rich fields, who built castles (for so they called their not incommodious houses surrounded with palisades), who planted maize, beans, and showed considerable ingenuity in constructing and adorning their canoes, arms and clothing? They who had wise, though unwritten, laws, and conducted their wars, treaties and alliances with deep and sound policy; they whose eloquence was bold, nervous and animated, whose language was sonorous, musical and expressive; who possessed generous and elevated sentiments, heroic fortitude and unstained probity: were these, indeed, savages?

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[3] *Sketches of the Past and Present Condition of the Indians of Canada.* By Geo. M. Dawson. Reprinted from the *Canadian Naturalist.*

Making every allowance for a woman's enthusiastic admiration of the picturesque in Indian life and character, there can be no doubt that there was a substantial foundation for this representation of them. On the assumption that the law of development has always worked in one direction, it is hard, indeed, to account for the total decay of races who had advanced so far. But if that assumption be a false one—if the development of evil is as certain and even more rapid in its work than the development of good—then the phenomenon is not incapable of explanation. It is now well ascertained that the disappearance of the North American tribes is not a result of contact and collision with the higher civilisation of the European settlers. Even if it had been due to this contact, the result would not have been the less one requiring explanation. The uncivilised races of India and of Africa do not wither or melt away in the 'fierce light' of European culture. In general they not only survive but multiply and flourish. Something else must have been at work in the case of the aboriginal population of North America. The truth is that their decay is only the consummation of a process which had begun long before Europeans had come into contact with them, and that it has been consummated from the operation of causes purely internal. And one of these causes is inseparably connected with the very name of the Mohawks. In them there was a wonderful development of the passion and the power of fighting. It became an insatiable thirst for blood. Their very name was a terror in all the vast and fair regions of America which stretch between the ocean and the great lakes. Whole tracts of country in which the first Jesuit missionaries had seen flourishing villages with a settled population, and a prosperous agricultural industry, were devastated by the fierce Mohawks. The population was extirpated, the few survivors driven into the marshes and the forests, to live thenceforward solely by the chase, and to be quoted thenceforward by modern anthropologists as the type of Primæval Man. The evolution of savagery has thus, on an extended scale, been seen and described by eye-witnesses, not only in historic, but in very recent times. And then the conquerors themselves became the victims of the vices and of the unnatural habits which had been developed along with their sole addiction to war and with their thirst of blood. One of these vices was the cruel treatment of women—on whom the whole burden of work was laid, and whose wretched condition has been described by many writers. Was this primæval? If so, man was born into the world with lower habits and poorer instincts than the brutes. All the analogies of nature, and all the presumptions of reason are in favour of the conclusion that these destructive and suicidal habits and vices are the results of development, the end of small beginnings of evil, and of departures, at first slight, from the order of nature. The American Continent is covered with the remains of an ancient civilisation which has passed away, and which for the most part had already passed away long before it suffered any violence from external enemies. The history of its destruction is to a great extent unknown. But such indications of that

history as can be derived from what we know of the aboriginal races point directly to American savagery as the result of vices evolving their own natural consequences through a long lapse of time.

As we passed, in the course of a few hours, through an extent of country which it took Mrs. Grant, with her father's detachment of the 55th Regiment, nearly three weeks to traverse, it was difficult to realise the change which had been brought about during an interval of time so short in the life of nations. The peaceful homesteads of the Mohawk valley, and its thriving towns, presented a contrast with its past even more absolute than that which is presented by the scenes of our own old Border warfare; and the beautiful lines in which this contrast has been presented by the great Border Minstrel come involuntarily to one's mind:—

> Sweet Teviot, on thy silver tide
> The flaring bale-fires blaze no more;
> No longer steel-clad warriors ride
> Along thy wild and willowed shore:
> Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
> All, all is peaceful, all is still,
> As if thy waves since Time was born,
> Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
> Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
> Nor started at the bugle horn.[4]

As we emerged from the valley of the Mohawk into the open rolling country whose streams fall into Lake Ontario, I was struck with the vast extent of pasture land, apparently of the finest quality. The number of cattle visible on its surface seemed strangely below its capabilities of feeding. It gave me the impression of a country very much understocked, and cultivated, when cultivated at all, in the most careless manner. It was here I first saw an American forest clearing—and nothing more dreary can well be imagined. The stumps of the trees, some eight or ten feet high, are left in the ground; some charred quite black, others bleached quite white—all looking the picture of decay. The edges of the surrounding woods are of course ragged—the trees shabby and unhealthy, as trees always are which have grown up in thickets, and are then left to stand in the open.

This is the aspect of country of which I had expected to see a great deal—and no doubt in many districts large tracts must be in this condition. But it is the condition only of the country where the processes of settlement are in their first stage. In a few years the soil, pregnant with seeds of all kinds, soon sends up a rich and tangled arboreal vegetation on every spot which is not kept in continual cultivation.

The shades of night had blotted out the landscape long before we reached Niagara. The north-western horizon, however, had been for some time illuminated by summer lightning, which soon became

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[4] *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto iv.

forked and very brilliant. As we crossed the Suspension Bridge, seeing nothing but a dim whiteness in the distance, a flash unusually long and vivid lit up the whole splendour of the Falls with its pallid and ghastly light.

There is perhaps no natural object in any part of the world which when seen answers so accurately to expectation as the Falls of Niagara. Pictures and photographs without end have made them familiar in every aspect in which they can be represented. Those in what they cannot be represented are the last to be seen, and the last to be appreciated. The first approach to them is perhaps the least imposing view of all. They are seen at the distance of about a mile. They are seen, too, from an elevation above the level of the top of the Falls, and the great breadth of the river, as compared with the height of the precipice, makes that height look comparatively small. Nevertheless, the effect of the whole, with the two great columns of spray from the 'Horse-shoe,' suddenly revealed by a flash of lightning, is an effect which can never be forgotten. The power and beauty of Niagara are best seen from the point on the Canadian bank whence the 'Table Rock' once projected. This arises from the fact that the deepest convexity of the 'Horse-shoe' is only well seen from that point, and it is along the edges of that convexity that the greatest mass of water falls, with an unbroken rush, which is only to be seen here, and in the heaviest billows of the Atlantic when their crests rise transparent against the light. The greens and blues of that rush are among the most exquisite colours in nature, and the lines upon it, which express irresistible weight and force, are as impressive as they are delicate and indefinable. The awfulness of the scene is much increased when the wind carries the spray-cloud over the spectator and envelopes him in its mists; because, whilst these are often thick enough wholly to conceal the foaming water at the bottom of the falls, they are rarely thick enough to conceal the mighty leap of the torrent at the top. The consequence is that the water seems to be tumbling into a bottomless abyss—with a deafening roar, intensified by the same currents of air which carry the drenching spray.

I am inclined to think, however, that the most impressive of all the scenes at Niagara is one of which comparatively little is said. The river Niagara above the Falls runs in a channel very broad, and very little depressed below the general level of the country. But there is a steep declivity in the bed of the stream for a considerable distance above the precipice, and this constitutes what are called the Rapids. The consequence is that when we stand at any point near the edge of the Falls, and look up the course of the stream, the foaming waters of the Rapids constitute the skyline. No indication of land is visible—nothing to express the fact that we are looking at a river. The crests of the breakers, the leaping and the rushing of the waters, are all seen against the clouds, as they are seen in the ocean when the ship from which we look is in the 'trough of the sea.' It is impossible to resist the effect on the imagination. It is as if the

fountains of the great deep were being broken up, and as if a new Deluge were coming on the world. The impression is rather increased than diminished by the perspective of the low wooded banks on either shore, running down to a vanishing point and seeming to be lost in the advancing waters. An apparently shoreless sea tumbling towards one is a very grand and a very awful sight. Forgetting there what one knows, and giving oneself up to what one only sees, I do not know that there is anything in nature more majestic than the view of the Rapids above the Falls of Niagara.

A very curious question, and one of great scientific interest, arises out of this great difference between the course of the Niagara river above and below the Falls. It has, in my opinion, been much too readily assumed by geologists that rivers have excavated the valleys in which they run. In innumerable cases the work thus attributed to rivers is a work wholly beyond their power. Under certain conditions, no doubt, the cutting power of running water is very great. When the declivity is steep, and when the stream is liable to floods carrying stones and gravel along with it, the work of excavation may be rapid. On the other hand, when the declivity is gentle, when the quantity of water is not liable to sudden increase, and when it carries little foreign matter, it may run for unnumbered ages without producing more than the most insignificant effect. Much also depends on the disposition of the rocks over which a river runs. If these from their texture or from their stratification present edges which are easily attacked or undermined, even a gentle stream may cut rapidly for itself a deeper bed. On the other hand, when the rocks do not expose any surfaces which are easily assailable, a very large body of water may be powerless to attack them, and may run over them for ages without being able to scoop out more than a few feet or even a few inches. Accordingly, such is actually the case of the Niagara river in the upper part of its course from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. In all the ages during which it has run in that course for fifteen miles it has not been able to remove more than a few feet of soil or rock. The country is level and the banks are very low, so low that in looking up the bed of the river the more distant trees on either bank seem to rise out of the water. But suddenly in the middle of the comparatively level country the river encounters a precipice of 165 feet deep, and thenceforward for seven miles runs through a profound cleft or ravine, the bottom of which is not less than 300 feet below the general level of the country. Now the question arises how that precipice came to be there? This would be no puzzle at all if the precipice were coincident with a sudden declivity in the general level of the country on either side of the river. And there is such a declivity —but it is not at Niagara. It is seven miles farther on. At the Falls there is no depression in the general level of the banks. Indeed, on the Canadian shore the land rises very considerably just above the Falls. On the American shore it continues at the same

elevation. The whole country here, however, is a table-land, and that table-land has a termination—an edge—over which the river must fall before it can reach Lake Ontario. But that edge does not run across the country at Niagara, but along a line much nearer to Lake Ontario, where it is a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and is called the Queenstown Heights. The natural place therefore, so to speak, for the Falls would have been where the river came to that edge, and from that point the river has all the appearance of having cut its way backwards, in the course of time. The process is still going on, and arises from a cause which fully explains the powerful action of the river in its lower course, and its very feeble action in its upper course. The bed of rock over which the water flows from Lake Erie is a hard limestone, and it lies nearly flat. This is precisely the kind and the position of rock in which water acts most slowly. But, underneath this bed of limestone there is another bed of a soft incoherent shale. At the edge of the table-land, of course, this bed becomes exposed when the vegetation of the declivity is washed away by a river falling over it. In a climate so severe as that of Canada, even in our own time, the annual freezing of the spray, and of the dripping water, and the annual thawing of it again in spring, have the effect of making the bed of shale crumble away very rapidly; consequently the upper bed of limestone becomes constantly more or less undermined. Its own hardness and tenacity enable it to stand a good deal of this undermining, and it stands out and projects as a 'table rock.' But at last too much of its support is eaten away, the weight of water passing over it exerts a leverage upon its outer edge: it tumbles down, and the edge of the water-fall thus retreats to the point where the underlying shale is still able to support the limestone ledges. The rate at which this cutting back of the Falls of Niagara is still going on is sufficiently rapid to be observable in the memory of man; and it is obvious that, assuming this rate to have been constant, it is possible to calculate the number of years which have elapsed since the river began to tumble over the precipice at Queenstown. Sir Charles Lyell came to the conclusion that the rate of cutting back is about one foot in each year. At that rate the river would have taken 35,000 years to effect its retreat from Queenstown to the present position of the Falls. This is a very short fathom-line to throw out into the abysmal depths of geological Time. But it is one of the very few cases in which something like a solid datum can be got for calculating even approximately the date at which the present configuration of the terrestrial surface was determined, and the time occupied in effecting one of the very last, and one of the very least, of the changes which that surface has undergone. Of course, it is quite possible that the rate of cutting may not have been at all uniform, that a greater severity of climate, some ten thousand or twenty thousand years ago, may have produced as much effect in one of those years as is produced in ten or twenty years under existing conditions. But making every allowance for this possibility, the principle of the calculation seems to be a sound one. The deep groove in which the

Niagara river runs from the Falls to the Queenstown Heights does seem to be a clear case of a ravine produced by a known cause which can be seen now in actual operation. As far as I could see, there is nothing to indicate that the ravine is due to a 'fault' or a crack arising from subterranean disturbance. And even if some such cause did commence the hollow, it seems nearly certain that by far the greater part of the work has been done by the process which has been described. The result as to years is, after all, by no means a very startling one. Thirty-five thousand years is an insignificant fraction of the time which has certainly been occupied in some of the most recent operations of geological time.

If the Cataract of Niagara had continued to be where it once was, it would have given additional splendour to one of the most beautiful landscapes of the world. Instead of falling, as it does now, into a narrow chasm, where it cannot be seen a few yards from either bank, it would have poured its magnificent torrent over a higher range of cliff, and would have shone for hundreds of miles over land and sea. Of this landscape I confess I had never heard, and I saw it by the merest accident. In the war of 1812 the Americans invaded Canada at Queenstown and seized the steep line of heights above that town, which form the termination or escarpment of the comparatively high table-land of the upper Lakes. The American forces were attacked and speedily dislodged by the British troops under the command of General Brock. This brave officer, however, fell early in the action, and a very handsome monument, consisting of a lofty column, has been erected to his memory on the summit of the ridge. Being told at the hotel that 'Brock's monument' was an object of interest, and that from it there was a 'good view,' we drove there from Niagara. We found a 'good view' indeed. No scene we met with in America has left such an impression on my mind. It is altogether peculiar, unlike anything in the Old World, and such as few spots so accessible can command even in the New. One great glory of the American Continent is its lakes and rivers. But they are generally too large to make much impression on the eye. The rivers are often so broad as to look like lakes without their picturesqueness, and the lakes are so large as to look like the sea without its grandeur. Another great glory of America is its vast breadth of habitable surface. But these again are so vast that there are few spots indeed whence they can be seen and estimated. But from the heights of Queenstown both these great features are spread out before the eye after a manner in which they can be taken in. The steep bank below us is covered with fine specimens of the *Thuja occidentalis*, commonly called the Cedar in America. Looking to the north-east, the horizon is occupied by the blue waters of Lake Ontario, which form the sky-line. But on either side the shores can be seen bending round the lake to an illimitable distance and losing themselves in fading tints of blue. To the left, turning towards the north-west, the fair province of Ontario stretches in immense plains and in escarpments of the same table-

land. The whole of this immense extent of country has the aspect of a land comfortably settled, widely cultivated, and beautifully clothed with trees. Towns and villages are indicated by little spots of gleaming white, by smoke, and a few spires. To the left, on the Canadian shore, and seen over a deep bay, the city of Toronto is distinctly visible when the atmosphere is clear. At our feet the magnificent river of the Niagara emerges from its ravine into the open sunlight of the plains, and winds slowly in long reaches of a lovely green, and round a succession of low-wooded capes, into the vast waters of Ontario. The contrast is very striking between the perfect restfulness of its current here and the tormented violence of its course at the Falls, at the Rapids, and at the Whirlpool.

The six or seven miles of road between Niagara and the heights of Queenstown afforded me my first opportunity of seeing a bit of Canadian country in detail. The farms seemed to be of very considerable size—the cultivation careless, so far as neatness is concerned, and manifesting that complete contempt of economy of surface which is conspicuous over the whole of North America. Straggling fences, wide spaces of land along the roads left unappropriated, irregular clumps, and masses of natural wood—odd corners left rough and wild—all these features proclaimed a country where economy in culture was wholly needless and never attended to. The vast landscape from Brock's monument, along both shores of Lake Ontario, as far as the eye could reach, exhibited the same characteristic features. They are features eminently picturesque, combining the aspects of wildness with the impression of exuberant fertility and of boundless wealth.

Of the country between Niagara and Kingston—that is to say, of the whole northern shores of Lake Ontario—I saw nothing except what could be seen from a railway train. It had evidently a great uniformity of character, except at the north-western corner of the lake, round the head of the deep Bay, between Hamilton and Toronto. Here one gets a glimpse of a considerable extent of land which is still 'uncleared,' and covered with a forest vegetation which is predominantly Pine—with margins, however, everywhere, and with watery creeks occasionally, rich in the lovely foliage of tangled Birch and Oak and Aspen. In striking contrast with these indications of a land not yet redeemed from a state of nature, we dashed past, near Toronto, the most elaborate and admirable preparations for a great agricultural exhibition on the most advanced type of European civilisation.

Of the scenery of the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Montreal I can only say that its sole attraction is in the majesty of the river, and that where that majesty is lost by the river becoming merely a series of lakes, the view is irredeemably monotonous. The banks are very low; the houses visible upon them are too often like wooden boxes; and it is only at a few spots that the trees exhibit any effective masses of foliage. A labyrinth of little rocky islets, rising out of tranquil water, and divided from each other by intricate

channels, and creeks and bays, with changing vistas of lights and shadows and reflections, must always be beautiful in its own way. But the famous 'thousand islands' of the St. Lawrence cannot be compared with the analogous scenery in many of the lakes of Europe, and especially of Scotland. The general uniformity of elevation in the islands themselves, and the utter flatness of the banks on either side, give a tameness and monotony to the scene which contrasts unfavourably indeed with the lovely islets which break the surfaces of Loch Lomond and Loch Awe. But, on the other hand, wherever the St. Lawrence reveals itself to the eye, not as a series of lakes, but as a rushing river—then, indeed, its course becomes wonderfully impressive. It is worth crossing the Atlantic to see the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. Such volumes of water rushing and foaming in billows of glorious green and white can be seen nowhere in the Old World. They speak to the eye of the distances from which they come; of the Rocky Mountains which are their far-off watershed in the west; of the vast intervening continent which they have drained; of the great inland seas in which they have been stored and gathered. These Rapids are the final leaps and bounds by which they gain at last the level of the Ocean, and the history of their triumphant course seems as if it were written on their face.

Few cities in the world are more finely situated than Montreal. For many miles above it the monotony of the banks of the St. Lawrence is relieved by distant views of the Adirondak Hills—a remarkable isolated group rising out of the great plains which stretch far southward into the State of New York. In front also, that is, in the direction of the river, but also on its right bank, a long mountain range appears. These are the mountains in the hollows of which lie the Lakes Champlain and George. The Canadian shore likewise presents distant elevations which break the horizon, and give it interest. As we approach Montreal the steep hill from which it derives its name rises finely above the river, which rushes swiftly round pleasant islands, and past the handsome quays and public buildings of the city. Built along the slope of the hill, and rising along that slope to a very considerable elevation, the houses much mixed with trees, and the top of the hill richly clothed with wood, full of the towers and spires of handsome churches, the city of Montreal occupies a position of conspicuous beauty; nor do its attractions diminish on a closer inspection. Long lines of handsome streets, with comfortable and substantial houses or villas, and generally shaded by double rows of trees, lead us up to the higher levels, where gardens and shrubberies are pleasantly intermixed. Under the hospitable guidance of Dr. Campbell, an old and hereditary friend, we were driven round 'the mountain,' which has been secured by the municipality as a public park. From the whole of this fine hill the prospect is magnificent. For many miles above, and for many miles below, the course of the noble river is to be seen, which is here more than a mile wide, and which up to Montreal is navigable for vessels of a large size. The

vast extent of country over which the eye ranges in every direction has the same general character as that seen from the heights of Queenstown. It is everywhere richly wooded, and although the mountains which vary this landscape are not broken or picturesque in surface, they have fine and flowing outlines, with long and habitable slopes.

It was with no small pleasure that I made the acquaintance of that distinguished man, Principal Dawson, of McGill College, with whose writings on Canadian geology I had been long familiar, and over whose most interesting collections I had time only to cast a very hasty glance.

Of Quebec I need not speak. Its peculiar situation is so well known, and the beauty of the view from its citadel has been so often described, that one's expectations are in very close correspondence with what one finds. The St. Lawrence, however, at Quebec is no longer a river, but an estuary—a very fine estuary certainly, but in point of picturesqueness by no means so beautiful as the estuary of the Clyde, or even of the Forth. Like all the other fine prospects which I saw in the New World, its loveliness is in the vastness of the surfaces over which the view extends—in its immense vanishing distances of water and of land. The peculiar steeples of the French Canadian churches alone remind one of the Old World. In everything else the view has all the characteristic features of the American Continent. The great range of the Lawrentian Hills, which rise below Quebec on the Canadian shore, are by no means impressive. In that immense horizon, and in that clear atmosphere, they have not the effect of mountains, but of a series of low rounded swelling hills, without any broken outlines or rocky surfaces, and wholly covered with wood, very uniform in size and colour. They fall towards the St. Lawrence in long and gentle slopes, dotted with farms and villages, except when in the farthest distance the view is bounded by a somewhat steeper headland. The surface over which one looks is more beautiful on the opposite side of the river—to the south and southwest, that is, towards the distant boundary of the United States. In that direction the eye ranges over a great extent of country rising to very distant uplands, and with the intervening spaces well marked by the perspective of low-wooded points, knolls, and ridges. To look from the height of some three hundred feet down on such an estuary, covered with ships and boats of all sorts and sizes, and with such a prospect beyond, all bathed in sunlight, shining through the fine clear air of Canada, must always be exhilarating. But at Quebec this great pleasure is heightened by the inseparable associations of the place—the memory of Wolfe and of Montcalm.

The hollows and recesses of the Lawrentian Hills in the neighbourhood of Quebec are often occupied by small lakes. An expedition to one of these—the lake of Beauport—enabled me to see in detail the character of the range and of the forests which clothe it. The drive led us through an open country full of comfortable farms and villas. As we approached the lower slopes of the hills, I was

delighted to see the characteristic rocks of that oldest of all the sedimentary deposits of the globe, which from this range of hills has been called the Lawrentian gneiss. The mineral aspect of rocks is by no means always a safe guide to their geological position. There are sandstones, and limestones, and slates, and quartzites of all ages, and one of these is often so very like another as to be hardly distinguishable even by a practised eye. But the mineral aspect of the Lawrentian gneiss is an aspect which, to those who are familiar with it, can never be mistaken. In the loose blocks which lay scattered in profusion upon the ground on either side of the road, and in all the walls and dikes which had been built for fences near it, I recognised in a moment the fine crystals of hornblende and of felspar, with which I was familiar in the Island of Tyree, one of the Hebrides, and on the west coast of Sutherland. The rock, wherever it was visible *in situ*, presented surfaces rounded and smoothed by the passage of floating ice. It was pleasant, too, to pass a real little 'burn,' a fast-running little stream, making its way in trouty pools and ripples over stones and gravel. Presently we were among the woods—such delicious woods of Aspen, and White Birch, and Maple, with only just a little mixture of Spruce and Balsam fir. The Aspen in Canada is very often the exclusive growth which comes up after the Pine forests have been burnt. The bark is of a rich creamy white, and its leaves have a very soft and tender green. Mosses of great beauty attracted my attention, as handsomer than any of the same family with which I was acquainted at home. A few grassy clearings in a rolling country, otherwise entirely covered with thin shaggy wood, led us gradually into a glen with the sound of waterfalls, and this glen opened into an amphitheatre of hills, from five hundred to eight hundred feet high, very steep, and entirely covered with heavier timber, both evergreen and deciduous. Pines predominated towards the top, although even here they by no means stood alone. But the sides of the hills, often so steep as to be almost precipitous, were covered with Elm, and Ash, and the Black Birch, a very handsome tree, not unlike the Wych Elm in habit of growth. Embosomed in these lovely woods and hills lay the little lake of Beauport, with its gleaming waters of azure blue, the tall forest trees rising from the edges of the lake in every variety of size and foliage. The fish were shy, and if we had depended on the success of my fly fishing, our means of refreshment would have been but scanty. But in the pleasant little Inn, log-built and verandahed, we found an excellent supply of the finest trout, and methods of cooking them which left nothing to be desired.

A very pleasant cruise in the steamer 'Druid' began with a run for some thirty miles up the Saganay river. This enabled me still more perfectly to appreciate the general appearance of the forests of the Lawrentian Hills. The Saganay is a very remarkable feature in the scenes and in the geology of Canada. It is a deep cleft or crack cutting through the range—probably due originally to some

great 'fault' in the stratification, but no doubt subsequently deepened by that agent of erosion which was at its maximum of power during the glacial period. So profound is this cleft that for the distance of about fifty or sixty miles the soundings are upwards of one hundred fathoms, so that, except in a few bays where small streams have brought down deposits, and round the shores of a few islands, there are no anchorages for vessels. The scenery is undoubtedly very peculiar and very pretty, but it is far less impressive than I expected. The hills are too uniformly covered with forest, there are very few fine precipices or rock surfaces exposed to view, there are no peaks rising high above the general level, and the outlines are rounded and monotonous. There is, however, great beauty of detail, both in some portions of the forest scenery, and in features still more minute. On one of the few bare rocky points which lay in our way we landed, and I was much struck by the lovely vegetation which was growing among the rounded surfaces of stone. Besides a profusion of Bilberry and Cranberry plants in full flower, there was a perfect garden of the most lovely Lichens and Mosses. Some of these presented the most exquisite dendritic forms in diverse tints of silver-grey, of a delicate green, and of efflorescent white, which it would be very difficult to paint, and which it is impossible to describe. Any attempt to preserve them was futile. On being handled, they immediately crumbled into fine powder. But that rocky point was a very paradise of Cryptogamic botany.

I cannot pass from the lower St. Lawrence and the Saganay without mentioning one very great peculiarity of its scenery, and that is the population of white Porpoises which inhabit these waters. These curious creatures are as pure white as a kid glove, and when seen opposite to the light and against the blue water, they are as beautiful as they are peculiar. They seemed to be very numerous—tumbling about on all sides of the vessel, especially towards the mouth of the Saganay, where we spent a delicious evening amidst the glories of a Canadian sunset in the height of summer.

A fishing excursion to the Restigouche river, which is the boundary stream between the Provinces of Canada and New Brunswick, took us by the Intercolonial Line of railway across the broad belt of land which lies between the shores of the St. Lawrence and those of the Bay of Chaleur. It was in passing through this belt of country, between Rivière de Loup, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, and Metapediac, at the head of the Chaleur Bay, that I first gained what I supposed to be a fairly adequate idea of the primæval forests of North America. Strictly speaking, it is not in its primæval condition, because throughout the whole, or nearly the whole, of this great extent of country the one most valuable Pine for purposes of commerce has been 'lumbered out.' That pine is the White Pine of the markets—the *Pinus Strobus*—commonly called in England the Weymouth or New England Pine. But all the other trees have been allowed to remain, and where the White Pine did not grow

abundantly, the forests are in a state of nature. For some miles from the St. Lawrence the country is settled, and clearings which we saw in progress show that even soil which is so heavily encumbered, and which looked by no means rich, is nevertheless capable of rewarding agricultural industry. But the interior is one vast and continuous forest, in part of which a great fire was raging, and in another part of which it had done its work in leaving a large area covered with nothing but the scorched and blackened stems. Huge volumes of yellow smoke were rolling over the large Metapediac Lake, the waters of which, with their islands covered with Pine and Cedar, seen through the thick and stifling air, had a most weird effect. As the train rushed through these forests, I saw only one specimen of the White Pine, of great size, to show what the tree can be in its native habitat. In England and in Scotland it is seldom a handsome tree, though I have in my own woods some favourable examples. But the one specimen I saw in this forest was a splendid 'stick,' growing clean and straight to a great height, without, however, having any very fine head.

Of the Restigouche as a salmon river it is impossible to say too much. It is a noble and at the same time a lovely stream. The breadth of its channel, the sweep of its current, the perfect crystal of its water, are all enchanting to an angler's eye. It winds among steep hills covered with forest, but with forest which has been more or less renewed by the various after-growths which follow conflagrations. There are very few rocks, and no rapids which cannot be successfully breasted by horses towing boats or barges along the shore. The current is quick without being violent, seldom 'gurgling in foaming waterstreak,' but often 'loitering in glassy pool.' Almost everywhere there is a gentle slope of slaty gravel between the water and the edge of the forest, which is so even in its width, and so smooth on its surface, that at first it looks as if it had been made artificially as a towing path. It is very difficult in a hot day in June to realise the true cause of this peculiar feature of the scene. But in winter the whole of this great stream is deeply frozen, so that horses can travel upon it, and it is the action of the ice every year, in breaking up, which cuts and keeps clean this most convenient road on both banks. When it fails on one side, it is almost always perfect on the other; and if the stream at any such point is too deep to be waded, the horses employed to tow get on board the barge, which is punted over to the other side, and there the labour is resumed. It is needless to say that a river of this character is nearly perfect as a breeding ground for salmon. The fine streams of Norway are generally, if not always, much more rocky, and many of them, from the nature of the watershed from which they came, have necessarily a very short course before they are interrupted by impassable water-falls. But the Restigouche, and almost all the rivers of our North American Provinces, are gathered on the slopes of hills of comparatively small elevation. Their course is long, and generally uninterrupted by any

impassable barriers. The Restigouche and some of its tributary streams, such as the Patapediac river, is one vast and continuous spawning bed, which if carefully protected and attended to is capable of affording an inexhaustible supply of the finest salmon. I was glad to find that the Government of the Dominion has become awake to the importance of attending closely to this very important matter. The rivers in the adjacent States of the American Union have been almost, if not altogether, completely destroyed as salmon rivers by the neglect of the necessary laws and regulations to keep the streams free from pollution by mills and other works, and from impassable barriers in the way of the ascent of the fish. But most of the rivers in the British Provinces of North America are still running as pure as ever through forests which are either wholly unoccupied or have been only cleared in a few spots for the purposes of agriculture. The richer lands of the far West are attracting those who now migrate from the Old World, and, in all probability, it will be centuries before the steep, and poor, and heavily wooded lands through which these rivers flow are occupied for the purposes of settlement. Although the forests to the south of the St. Lawrence have been generally denuded of the White Pine, there is still an almost inexhaustible supply of the Spruce fir, and of the Black Birch, which is a very beautiful wood for the purpose of making furniture. Saw mills will, no doubt, be erected in course of time, to cut up this timber; but care should be taken that this be done under such regulations as to keep the rivers clear of sawdust, which is most destructive to salmon. Under the care which has within a few years been bestowed upon the protection of the river during the spawning season, and upon the artificial breeding of the fish, a great effect has already been produced in the returns of salmon caught in the estuary and in the Bay of Chaleur. The rod-fishing alone might be made an important source of revenue to the Dominion. It has hitherto been let at rents which are almost nominal; and considering that no salmon fishing to be compared with that of the Canadian rivers can now be got in any part of the world, they would undoubtedly, if judiciously divided and allotted, command a very high price indeed. In the first half-hour of my fishing in the Restigouche, I killed two salmon of 23 lbs. and 24 lbs. respectively, and some of our party, with no previous experience of fishing, killed salmon of larger size and weight, up to 31 lbs. On the Cascapediac river, another magnificent stream, which falls farther down into the same Bay of Chaleur, I saw a salmon of 40 lbs., which had been caught the previous day; and I learnt that many such had rewarded the labours of the party of Englishmen who had the fishing of that river for the season.

I must not omit to notice the pleasure of *canoeing* on these rivers. In no other kind of boat is one so conscious of the delightful sensation of *floating*. In larger and heavier boats the very solidity of the structure takes off from the sensation; but sitting in a canoe with a very slight basket-like frame, with nothing but Birch bark

between one and the water, the mobility, and the liquidity, and the instability, and the delicate balancings of the supporting medium, are all transmitted directly to the nerves of sensation. At first the feeling of instability is rather alarming; but the admirable skill with which these beautiful little 'barks' are managed by the half-breed Indians very soon gives one confidence. Up the stream they are propelled by 'poling' along the banks—and wonderful it is to see and feel the way in which they are 'shoved up' the sharper rapids. On the other hand, there is no more delicious motion in the world than that of a canoe descending such rivers as the Restigouche, gliding swiftly and silently with the glancing water through reaches of liquid crystal, winding among steep hills of the most varied forest. Some of the banks are mainly Pine—others Birch and Aspen—others Black Birch and Maple. Everywhere there is the impression of boundless spaces of natural woods, and the air is laden with aromatic odours from the Balsam Pine and the Balsam Poplar. On the sides of one of the hills a Bear was seen feeding almost every day, and I picked up on the bank a branch of a tree bearing the marks of the chisel-teeth of the Beaver.

The Indians of this part of Canada belong to the Micmac tribe, and, although now dressed and educated like Europeans, are very often almost purely Indian in feature and in countenance. My first impression of those who exhibited this type in a marked degree was that it bore a striking affinity to the Mongolian races. The very high cheek-bone and the tendency to the oblique eye are prominent characteristics. All those I saw on the Restigouche seemed very intelligent and very obliging and good-natured men, with whom it was often a real pleasure to converse on the natural features of their native country.

ARGYLL.

(*To be concluded.*)

Strikes: their Cost and Results.

A GREAT deal has been written about the folly of strikes, and much more will have to be written before they will disappear from the world, and thereby cease to vex society, cause trouble to capitalists, torment employers, hamper trade speculations, expose workmen and their families to suffering, and exercise the pens of political economists and all other writers to whom they are such a bugbear. There are plenty of people who are ever ready with advice and remonstrances whenever a labour dispute arises, but as a rule both parties resent any interference, and even offers of mediation are treated with scant courtesy. The value of the old adage, 'Prevention is better than cure,' is scarcely recognised as being applicable to this form of industrial disease; generally the evil is wrought before a remedy is sought; it is then extremely difficult to deal with the complications which meanwhile have arisen. Fortunately indications are perceptible of a growing desire to avoid those conflicts which are so much deplored; as yet, however, its manifestation is limited, and the results are not in all cases encouraging. All facts tending to throw a light on this question cannot but be useful, and the phase here presented has not up to the present time been sufficiently taken into account.

Few persons are hardy enough to declare that all strikes are in themselves wrong, or that they should never, under any circumstances, be resorted to. If even such an opinion were really entertained, and were held far more generally than it is by the more thoughtful portion of the community, it would certainly fail to effect that total suppression of the evil and its consequences which most people earnestly desire to see accomplished. The right to strike is not, however, seriously disputed; the expediency of this or that strike often is; indeed, almost every strike that has happened, no matter how justifiable it has appeared to be in the eyes of those chiefly concerned in it, has found its censors in the press, on the platform, and elsewhere; but apologists only seldom, and defenders, outside the ranks of the men themselves, are still more rare. Exceptions, conspicuous for their ability, do but prove the rule. Even if strikes were universally condemned by all classes, the workmen who take part in them excepted, it is to be feared that they would continue occasionally to take place; this fatuity, as many will call it, is by some attributed to the stubbornness of the men mainly interested in the ultimate results to be gained by them personally from the contest, and by others to the wrongful influence, if not positive dictation, of their leaders. The more generous minded of their critics are not quite so severe; they do admit that in many instances some of the matters in dispute

are surrounded by great difficulties which render a settlement by no means easy, and in some cases the interests involved are so conflicting that any solution of them is extremely perplexing, except by an appeal to those material forces generated by combination, and employed as a last resort in determining the questions at issue.

That strikes are not always regarded as wrong, and denounced as such, whatever their object, by all men alike, can be proven by overwhelming evidence collected from the writings and speeches of those who have investigated the subject. The following extracts, taken from the speeches of two public men, both of whom have been largely engaged in productive industries, employing a large number of men, and who cannot be considered as very favourable to trades unions, will be sufficient for our present purpose. Mr. John Bright, in a speech delivered at Manchester on April 12, 1860, said: 'Now it has never been proved that strikes are bad; a strike is the reserved power in the hands of the working man. I would tell working men never to surrender their right to combine with their fellow-men in support of their interests.' Earl Granville, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords on August 2, 1859, said: 'It is impossible to put an end to strikes, even though it were desirable to do so. They are the last resource of workmen—just as a chancery suit is among litigants, and as war is the *ultima ratio* of nations. The fear of them unquestionably exercises a wholesome influence on masters.' Quotations similar to the above might be made from a host of other authorities, but the two given will suffice.

The arguments urged against strikes on the grounds of expediency are numerous and powerful, but they have never carried that weight which those who use them think they ought to carry; that they altogether fail to convince those for whom they are intended, because directly and deeply concerned, is self-evident. Various reasons are assigned for this failure to reach the class to whom they are addressed; some say that the men are too ignorant to see clearly the evil effects of their own conduct, and too prejudiced to profit by the advice tendered; others allege that they are led away by self-seeking demagogues and paid agitators whose interest lies in quite another direction than that of a peaceful arrangement; others, again, assert that the minds of the workmen are so perverted by socialistic and communistic theories that they are completely blinded to the subsequent consequences inevitably resulting from their own acts. Whatever the cause, or causes, it is certain that the men do not look upon these labour struggles in the same light as those who criticise their conduct, and condemn their tactics, in relation to these matters.

Some few writers here and there when dealing with this question have surmised that there may be more cogent reasons for the apparent perversity of the workmen than appear on the surface, but they have not been able at all times to grasp them in all their fulness, or to discover the hidden motives which actuate the men, or to discern the actual facts which tell so strongly with them whenever the crucial test is applied. That many of those who so readily undertake to

pronounce judgment, and are so unsparing in their censures upon the workmen for the course they think proper to pursue, do not know the whole of the circumstances will not be denied; and of those who inquire the most diligently hardly one in a thousand appreciates to their full extent the numerous delicate points which are often involved in a labour dispute. This is not always the fault of the writers; for it must be admitted that it is extremely difficult at times to get at all the facts, proximate and remote, and still more so to put the case in such a way as to convey their full force and meaning, and to appraise the influence which they exercise on the minds of the men in coming to a decision.

The reasons inadequately put forth by the men chiefly affected, and those that appear in the manifesto of the executive of the union, are not always those that are the most potent in ultimately deciding the vote when a strike has to be determined on,—not that anything is purposely kept back that can well be explained, but there are some things which cannot be defined on paper; in this instance it is the unseen and the eventual,—the contingencies which may follow from doing, or abstaining from doing, a certain act. This of course does not apply to all strikes; in some cases the objects sought are obvious, and the motives which prompt the men are as capable of being gauged as those which actuate men in political and other movements connected with questions affecting the body politic, and which from time to time disturb its tranquil repose. But there is always one difficulty attending disputes of an industrial character, and it is one from which they seldom if ever escape, namely, the actors and the critics occupy almost exclusively totally different ground; they each view the matter from a standpoint so essentially distinct and wide apart, that the objects assume just the shapes presented to the beholder and none other. The fable of the chameleon is an apt illustration of the entanglements into which people get when discussing the subject of strikes. If those who usually write upon these questions could only manage to look at them from the workmen's point of view, the several matters would become more easy of treatment; but even then they must have some sort of common agreement with reference to the principles which underlie the whole problem of labour in its relation to capital, in all its multifarious phases, and be able to take cognisance of the hidden elements which enter into and constitute the primary conditions of industrial life. Then and then only can they hope to arrive at any general conclusion likely to be acceptable to the men, satisfactory to the masters, and of use to the public, as regards the 'striking policy' so long followed by the trades unions of the country. As it is, the very basis upon which the arguments rest is disputed: how then can there be any agreement as to the deductions legitimately to be drawn therefrom?

It is not here proposed to enter into a discussion of the general policy of strikes; neither is it intended to attempt any justification of them even as an expedient; the writer is not enamoured of them, and would not do or say anything likely to promote them. On the

contrary, he would only be too glad if some plan could be adopted whereby the many contentions which now arise could be adjusted without resorting to a state of internecine war. The purpose of this paper is mainly to examine into facts and test figures, with the view of ascertaining if possible the *raison d'être* of the existence of strikes, and the causes which have led to their continuance. The examination will be of a financial rather than of an economical character—in the sense in which the latter term is vaguely employed by economical writers as applied to this class of questions. The inquiry will be conducted with no desire to dogmatise, or of dictating to either of the parties to these disputes, as to their relative rights and duties. But it is very necessary that the whole question should be subjected to a searching investigation in order to see, if possible, why it is that, in spite of adverse criticism, of entreaty, of denunciation, and of losses, real and supposed, incurred, the men still resort to so costly a method as the best means at their command for insisting upon a settlement of their claims, wise and otherwise, in accordance with their notions of what is just and right. It will be granted by the most superficial of observers that there must be some very strong reasons in favour of such a policy, or it would not be persevered in to the extent that it is. A few of them will be discovered as we proceed.

Strikes cannot be so disastrous in their consequences as they are generally supposed to be, or they would cease of the men's own accord. They occur and recur periodically, and with such frequency that one is led to believe that in the political and social economy of production they are the natural outcome of the normal condition of trade in this and other countries of the world. They may be essentially wrong in principle, altogether inexpedient in practice, always inopportune in point of time, and absolutely ruinous, even when successful, to those who take part in them—but if so, why do they continue to exist? The men who constitute the vast army of trades unionists may not be very clever, or, as a rule, far-seeing, but they are hard-headed practical men, and they have a rough-and-ready way of calculating the advantages and disadvantages of any step which they are about to take, and of the line of conduct which they pursue with so much vigour and effect. They weigh the pros and cons, and balance the probabilities, more closely than many give them credit for doing, and one at least of their deductions has never been really shaken. They have an impression that strikes, in the long run, pay. If they had not this impression they would not risk defeat, spend their hard-earned money on them, and endure that privation and suffering which almost always follow in their train. The object of this inquiry is to try and find out whether, and how far, their conclusions are based on facts, and also whether the results compensate them for the large expenditure of time and money for such purposes, and especially when success is, at the best, but problematical. A few of the causes of strikes may be briefly noted.

There is one fact which stands out prominently among the rest, and deserves to be taken into account, although it is often overlooked —namely, that 'masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform, combination, not to raise the wages of labour above their actual rate' (Adam Smith, book i. chap. vii.). Again: 'Masters, too, sometimes enter into particular combinations to sink the wages of labour even below this rate. These are always conducted with the utmost silence and secrecy till the moment of execution.' What was true when Adam Smith penned these sentences is even more true now, for the simple reason that capital is concentrated in fewer hands, and each industry has its special combination, however silent it may be in its mode of working. Adam Smith further says: 'To violate this combination is everywhere a most unpopular action, and a sort of reproach to a master among his neighbours and equals.' This, also, is as true to-day as ever it was.

Moreover, in a great majority of cases employers regard the workpeople as being little better than 'mere machines adapted for guiding machinery.' This fact did not escape the observant eye of M. Taine, from whose book—'Notes on England'—the words in inverted commas are taken. The acute Frenchman saw at a glance this tendency in our modern industrial system. Manufacturers especially estimate labour, just as they would a complicated machine, at so many revolutions per minute. They may not be to blame for this, perhaps it is inevitable, but the 'revolt of the bees' is a kind of protest against this materialistic method of computation. Even some of those who take a higher view of labour look upon the worker in much the same light as they do upon their cattle and horses, and it is to be feared a little lower even than that; for in the one case the human agents of production are dismissed with their weekly stipend without further thought, in the other the most scrupulous care is taken to secure the health of the animal by a plentiful supply of fodder, and other things necessary for its maintenance.

Another phase of this intricate question deserves more than a mere passing notice; is is this. The vast manufacturing establishments in this country necessitate a division of labour in the management department, as well as in elementary production; the consequence is that the direction is relegated to overlookers, the principal being scarcely ever approachable, and not unfrequently absolutely unknown to the workpeople. The high salaries of those officials absorb a considerable percentage of the prime cost, and correspondingly reduce the margin of profits. To compensate for this they are ever on the alert to discover where, and to what extent, a proportionate reduction can be effected either in time, wages, or materials. When it falls upon wages complaints arise, often followed by resistance. Hence we find that some of the very best employers are accused of being miserly payers for the work done, although netting thousands of pounds annually out of the produce of labour. The men are not always in a position to discriminate between the actual cost of labour,

and intermediate charges before a profit is realised; the consequence is that erroneous ideas as to profits take possession of the minds of the workpeople and help to increase their discontent. How in the present state of things is it possible to be otherwise? A great number of employers are most kindly disposed towards those in their employ, and are incapable, knowingly, of doing them an injustice; and yet even these are liable to misrepresentation, through some act of an overlooker or manager, for something done, or left undone, of which the master had no cognisance.

A narrow view of their duty towards the men in their employ, and to society, where it is entertained, is not chargeable to any lack of sympathy on the part of the masters, but to the system of trading which has grown up in our midst. It is one of the results of an unwritten but well understood compact, the nature of which is not comprehended, and indeed scarcely known, and yet it is all-pervading. Adam Smith clearly saw this in his day, as shown by the sentence before quoted; since then it has developed amazingly. The misfortune is, that instead of the good masters ruling the bad ones, it is exactly the reverse; the more kindly are absolutely obliged, in self-protection, to adopt tactics which they condemn, and to make up, as it were, any little deficiency in wages, or what not, in other ways so as not to offend their competitors in the same field of industrial enterprise. Trades unions, properly conducted, ought to be able to check the wrong-doing of unscrupulous masters, but not hamper those who, in conducting their business, seek to do what is right and just to all men.

There is, however, another side to this question: many of the men are so impetuous, dogged, self-willed, and headstrong, that the best rules of the best unions cannot restrain them if once they have made up their minds to strike. To quote an old saw: 'No sooner the word than the blow;' and in some cases the blow comes first. A well-regulated union tempers all this; calmer judgments are brought to bear upon the points at issue; and the votes of those not directly interested have to determine what steps shall be taken. Still the restraints are not always effectual. There is a natural sympathy on the part of the members of the union with any section engaged in a dispute, so that they are predisposed to accord support when appealed to. And too often trivial matters are magnified into undue importance, and considered quite sufficient grounds for a strike. In point of fact the inconsiderateness of the two antagonistic parties one towards the other is absolutely appalling, and nothing can be said in extenuation of the want of common courtesy so often exhibited whenever the slightest disagreement arises, not only as to wages and hours of labour, but as to modes of hiring and of service which ought to be left to individual contract.

Can we wonder if these things, and others not mentioned combined, render what ought to be the reciprocal relationships of masters and men extremely precarious, and tend to complicate all the dealings they must have one with the other? The alliance between

capitalists and labourers, at its best, is but transitory, and their mutual duties are ill-defined. The thread which binds them together is so exceedingly delicate and fine that there is a perpetual danger of its being snapped asunder at the slightest touch. At no period in the history of labour has its tenuity been so excessive, or so little capable of bearing the strain to which it is subjected, as now; whilst the chances of a rupture are greatly increased, and the number of persons liable to the disastrous consequences resulting therefrom are immensely augmented. The friction, instead of diminishing, increases year by year, so that with less capacity for resistance the stress is more than ever severe. There is a total absence of that sympathy and good feeling which ought to characterise those who are placed in a position of mutual dependence, and without which national prosperity must wither and die. And yet there never was a time when there was so much need for forbearance and concession as at the present moment.

In the olden times trade was carried on by small masters, the number of men employed being very limited; then a dispute affected a few individuals only; now thousands are made the participators in a single upward or downward movement in prices and the wages of labour. It is no longer a question of persons but of masses; the aggregate forces of the workmen, both in numbers and money, are pitted against the vast resources of the masters in the shape of capital and stock; the consequences of a collision are therefore widespread and serious. The objects sought by strikes are manifold, but in their essential features they are pretty much alike whatever their immediate purpose. Adam Smith has put the whole case with his usual pungent brevity thus: 'What are the common wages of labour depends everywhere upon the contract usually made between those two parties, whose interests are by no means the same. The workmen desire to get as much, the masters to give as little, as possible. The former are disposed to combine in order to raise, the latter to lower, the wages of labour.' The contests which eventuate from this condition of things are called strikes; their cost and results we will endeavour to trace by such light as past experience can give us.

It is very difficult accurately to estimate the cost of strikes, except in cases where the numbers engaged in them are few, the time they are out on strike limited, and all the facts and circumstances are well known. The cost in cash to the society can be gauged very closely, although in most instances the amount in the society's books does not represent the total sum spent, inasmuch as local levies and shop subscriptions are not usually included in the accounts; these, however, in a separate form, are rendered afterwards by the strike committee. In calculating the cost and results of a strike it is necessary that the personal losses of the men, in the shape of wages, should be placed side by side with their probable net gains in the shape of accruing wages through the advance, or what-

ever else it may happen to be. For example, if a strike lasted three weeks, the number of men out were 300, the current wages 30*s.* per week, the strike pay 10*s.* per week, and the amount in dispute 2*s.* per week, the account would stand thus:—

	£		£
300 men on strike for three weeks: loss in wages each man, 30*s.* per week	1,350	300 men on strike pay, at 10*s.* per week each man for three weeks . . .	450
		Accruing wages, at the rate of 2*s.* per week each man, 300 men for seven months and a fortnight . . .	900
		Total, as per contra	1,350

But supposing that 300 men only were actually on strike, and that 500 men participated in the rise of 2*s.* per week, and that this advance continued to be received for five years, instead of seven months and a fortnight, the account would then stand as follows:—

	£		£
300 men at 30*s.* per week for three weeks . . .	1,350	Strike pay, 300 men at 10*s.* per week, three weeks .	450
		Accruing rise at 2*s.* per week for 500 men for five years	13,000
		Total	13,450
		Net gain	11,650

The above example represents an actual case, and could be multiplied a thousand times if necessary. As a rule, the proportion of those who have to do the fighting, to those who receive the benefits, is much smaller than three-fifths; so that the relative gain is much larger than is shown above, and the losses much less. It is no uncommon thing for forty or fifty men to test a question by a strike, the success of which will in the end affect some hundreds. Even in 'great strikes,' as they are called, it is seldom that more than one-third are engaged. There are instances, however, in which nearly the whole of the men working at a particular trade, in a given district, have to stand shoulder to shoulder in the event of a dispute; but these vast struggles are generally confined to a few special industries, such as the coal and iron trades.

But there is another view of the question, and not an unimportant one from the workmen's standpoint; namely, that one rise becomes the starting-point for another; similarly, a reduction is generally regarded as one of a series, and a concession is looked upon as the first only of a number, so that, to use the language of the men, they seem to say, 'we must stop beginnings.' This is the reason why so many strikes are undertaken when 'markets are falling;' they often see the hopelessness of the struggle, but having got the idea into

their heads that a contest *must* take place, they accept the challenge when it is first thrown down, trusting to the chapter of accidents, and to the accumulated funds at their disposal, to see them through the difficulty. It is a hazardous game perhaps, but not always a losing one, for fortune sometimes favours the desperate.

Generally speaking, working men are not at all partial to statistics; hence it is that no elaborate statistical tables of a reliable character have ever yet been compiled showing the gross cost and net gains of any considerable number of strikes, and ranging over several years. The few that have been collected together, and carefully compared, are necessarily incomplete, for the simple reason that a single strike is scarcely ever complete in itself; it is not like a business transaction, where the outlay on the one hand, and the receipts on the other, can be easily adjusted, so that a profit and loss account can be rendered, and a balance struck at the end of the bargain. On the contrary, in a certain sense, the act itself is to a great extent continuous; the results, therefore, can only be approximately estimated a long time after the event. It is possible, however, to take stock occasionally, and thereupon to compute the probable losses or gains of particular strikes, spread over a series of years.

The first attempt of this kind, of which any record can be found, was made by the writer some years since, and the results of his investigations were so far curious that several newspapers called attention to them at the time, and commented upon them in their leading columns. The substance of the three papers then published, briefly stated, was as follows. There were thirty-four towns in different parts of England in which there had been no rise of wages, or decrease of working hours, in a particular trade for many years. And it was found that whenever a strike took place in London, or in any of the other great centres of industry where the wages were comparatively high, large contingents of men from those underpaid districts migrated to the towns where men were out, and filled their places. This caused serious inconvenience to the society by protracting the strike, and enormously increasing its expenses. It was thereupon resolved to make a determined effort to effect an advance of wages, and in some cases a reduction of working hours, in the towns from whence these men came. This decision having been arrived at, and the necessary arrangements being made for carrying it to a successful issue, notices were sent to the masters in those districts to the effect that on the dates severally given the men would cease work unless their demands were complied with. As no dispute had arisen in the places selected for some years, this combined action on the part of the men caused no little perturbation amongst the employers, and led them to take concerted measures with a view to resist the demands made upon them by the men. As the time approached for the expiration of the notices, both parties seemed determined to fight the matter out to the bitter end, but in some instances a contest was avoided.

In 9 out of the 34 towns the masters at the last moment acceded to the requests of their men, conceding all that had been asked for; in 7 towns strikes took place, but lasted only a few days in each case, the terms demanded being granted all round: in 18 towns the strikes lasted from a few weeks to, in one instance, ten months, the men being again victorious in every case. The net results of the whole of these contests may be summarised thus: The total number of men working at the particular trade, resident in the 34 towns, was 2,517; the total number who went out on strike was only 264; the average time lost per man was three weeks; the average current wages of the men, before the strikes took place, was 21*s.* 4*d.* per week; the strike pay given to those out was 14*s.* per week; the loss to the men in wages was therefore 7*s.* 4*d.* per week for the three weeks that the strikes lasted. The profit and loss account would consequently stand thus:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*		£	*s.*	*d.*
34 towns, resident workmen in the trade, 2,517; number out on strike, 264; number of weeks 3; loss in wages at 21*s.* 4*d.* per week each man	844	16	0	264 men, strike pay 14*s.* per week for three weeks . .	554	8	0
				Accruing weekly wages, averaging 3*s.* 6*d.* per week, net gain each man for 2,517 men, 440*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* per week for 44 weeks (date of computation)	19,385	18	0
				Gain in time, 2 hours each man, at 6*d.* per hour . . .	5,537	8	0
					25,477	14	0

This shows a net gain, after deducting the cost, of 24,078*l.* in 44 weeks, that is, up to the date when the calculation was first made. But in reality the advance in wages then obtained lasted over three years, and became the starting point for a further advance at the end of that time, so that the actual gain in wages amounted to 68,710*l.*, without taking into account the subsequent accruing benefits, direct and indirect, beyond the period at which the second rise in wages took place, and the value of the shorter hours of labour, which have never yet been disturbed.

The next set of returns are still more extraordinary in their results. They cover a period of five years, and embrace 40 towns, including the metropolis; the resident craftsmen belonging to the trade in those towns numbered at least 6,000; the total number of those who went out on strike was about 1,000; the average time lost per man was four weeks; the average current wages of the men 30*s.* per week; the strike pay accorded to those on strike 15*s.* per

week for the month during which they were out of employment. The profit and loss account in this case would therefore be as follows:—

	£		£
40 towns; number of resident workers at the trade, 6,000; number out on strike, 1,000; time lost, one month each man; loss in wages, 30*s*. per week each man for four weeks . . .	6,000	1,000 men on strike pay at 15*s*. per week for four weeks	3,000
		Accruing weekly wages gained, averaging 5*s*. 5*d*. per man; net gain for 6,000 men per week, 1,625*l*. for five years .	422,500
		Gain in time, 3 hours per week at 7*d*. per hour, 525*l*. per week for five years	136,500
		Total	562,000

This shows a net gain of 553,000*l*., after deducting the money spent, loss in time, &c., to the men. These strikes were spread over a period of six years, but the averages above given are pretty near the mark, as most of them occurred in the early part of the term; and in many cases subsequent advances in wages were obtained, although no further decrease has been made in the hours of labour since the date given. These were all successful strikes, and in one case only have the wages been since reduced; in that instance the loss was one halfpenny per hour, or 5*d*. per day; and 40 men only were affected by the reduction. And even this was more than counterbalanced by a rise in other places.

The following figures relating to a series of strikes have been culled from reports spreading over the last six years, 1873 to 1878 inclusive. The number of resident workmen belonging to the trade in each town are not given in the returns, but in every case they are understated in this estimate. On the other hand, the number of men who took part in the strikes is fully stated, so that the net gains are rather under than over those given below. The total number of towns in which an advance of wages, and a reduction of working hours, took place, was 473; but in some instances a second advance took place in the same town; this, however, does not affect the argument, or derange the figures; the same remark applies to the number of men who were connected with the disputes, and also to those who were benefited by the result. The total number of men engaged in these contests was 5,625; the number of those who participated in the advance was 47,300. The approximate results of the 473 strikes were as follows:—

1873.	£	1873.	£
89 towns, 8,900 men. On strike 1,000. Loss in wages at 36*s*. per week for four weeks	7,200	1,000 men on strike pay, 15*s*. per week, four weeks	3,000
		Net gain in wages and time, 2*s*. 6*d*. per man, 8,900 men, one year	53,000

	£
1874.	
107 towns, 10,700 men. On strike 1,100. Loss in wages at 36*s*. per week for four weeks	7,920
1875.	
94 towns, 9,400 men. On strike 1050. Loss in wages at 36*s*. per week for four weeks	7,560
1876.	
105 towns, 10,500 men. 1,075 on strike. Loss in wages at 36*s*. per week each man for four weeks	7,337
1877.	
66 towns, 6,500 men. On strike 900 men. Loss in wages at 36*s*. per week per man, four weeks . .	6,480
1878.	
13 towns, 1,300 men. On strike 500. Loss in wages at 36*s*. per week, four weeks	3,600
The total cost to the men, in the shape of losses in time and wages . . .	30,017
Compensation repaid in the shape of strike pay . .	16,883
Net losses to the men	13,134

	£
1874.	
1,100 men on strike pay, 15*s*. per week for four weeks	3,300
Net gain in wages and time, 10,700 men 2*s*. 6*d*. each for one year	64,200
1875.	
1,050 men on strike pay, 15*s*. per week, four weeks	3,150
Gain in wages and time, 9,400 men 2*s*. 6*d*. each for one year	56,400
1876.	
1,075 men on strike pay, at 15*s* per week, four weeks	3,233
Gain in wages and time, 2*s*. 8*d*. each, 10,500 men, for one year	66,192
1877.	
900 men on strike pay, at 15*s*. per week for four weeks	2,700
Gain in wages and time, 2*s*. 4*d*. each man, 6,500 men for one year . . .	36,400
1878.	
500 men on strike pay, at 15*s*. per week for four weeks.	1,500
Gain in wages and time, 2*s*. 3*d*. each man, 1,300 men, for one year. . .	7,020
Total gains in wages and time, exclusive of strike pay while out, reckoning the gains at one year only	283,212

But, as a set-off to the above, 21 towns suffered a reduction in 1878, this affected 2,100 men; their resistance cost as loss in wages 14,700*l*.; less strike pay at 15*s*. per week, 6,300*l*.; total loss in money 8,400*l*. Deducting this amount from the gross gains leaves a net sum of 274,812*l*. to the credit of the men. But, as a matter of fact, the advanced rates averaged over three years, so that the total sum netted, in the shape of higher wages and reduced working hours, was 849,636*l*., less the losses sustained, 21,534*l*.

Care has been taken in this computation to fix the averages at

the lowest point so far as the gains are concerned, and at the highest when estimating the losses, in order to make them apply to cases where the strikes have been the most costly. If the full number of those who shared in the enhanced price could be accurately ascertained, it would be found that the figures on the profit side would have to be augmented considerably. It is astonishing how few the men are that take part in strikes as compared with those who reap the benefit when the object is attained; the proportion of the former to the latter is seldom more than ten per cent. This circumstance will to a large extent account for the fact that the men do not regard strikes as being so utterly ruinous as some people imagine them to be; their frequent occurrence may also be traced to the same cause.

What was called the 'Engineers' Strike,' in the early part of the present year, affords an excellent example of the way in which a small number of men do the necessary fighting for the entire number belonging to a particular trade in a given locality. In reality this strike affected the whole class of artisans in the iron trades working in the metropolitan district, extending as far down the Thames as Erith. The strike began during the first week in February, and was against a reduction of 7½ per cent.—equal to about 3*s.* a man, on an average, per week. Originally 22 shops, out of a total of 300, gave notice of such reduction, but in consequence of the attitude of the men one half of that number withdrew the notice within a fortnight of its being given, and two others subsequently followed suit. About 1,000, all told, went out on strike, out of a total number in all grades and branches of at least 8,300 men. Later on, two large firms opened their shops and took back their workmen at the old rate of wages, so that the strike was thereafter limited to seven shops only. The number on the strike roll rapidly diminished until it reached about 300; and gradually the places of those who left work became filled up, at the reduction, in the seven remaining shops. The strike lasted about eight months, and, indeed, in a certain sense, still continues. The average number of men out may be taken approximately at 500, at an average of 35*s.* per week; this would give a total loss in wages, supposing all would have been employed if no strike had taken place, of £28,875 for 33 weeks. But the men received during this time, in the shape of strike pay from the funds of their several societies, ranging from 11*s.* to 15*s.* a week for single men, and higher for married men with families, and as donation from the Central Committee, contributed by shops, and grants from other sources, from 5*s.* to 8*s.* per week, making a total, amounting on an average to 18*s.* per week each man for the whole time—33 weeks, of £14,850; thus reducing their personal loss to about £14,025. This may be reckoned as the cost of the strike. On the other hand, though seven shops are working at the reduction, 293 pay the old rates; the defeat therefore was only very partial, and the men regard it as a victory. In round numbers, 1 in 16 had to bear the brunt of the battle, and to

some extent these suffered pecuniary loss, but the remaining 15 incurred no losses beyond the voluntary subscriptions given from week to week, while their wages have been maintained intact. It is evident that under such circumstances the men employed in the whole of the trades involved in the contest look upon the money spent as a profitable investment, the gains more than counterbalancing the expenditure in all respects.

But there is another side to the picture, and a sadder one to the workmen and their families. Strikes are not always successful, and some of those that are do not show such a favourable balance in their favour as the examples above given. In many instances the proportion of men engaged in the contest is far larger, and the cost and losses are enormously greater, and the privations endured by the men, and the sufferings entailed on those dependent upon them, are of longer duration than in those before cited as illustrative specimens of their operation and results. Usually the questions involved in those conflicts between capital and labour in which large numbers of men are engaged, are those relating mainly to working hours, overtime, piecework, or against a reduction in wages; it is seldom that the mere question of a rise in wages provokes sufficient hostility, on the part of the majority of the employers, to cause them to enter on a prolonged resistance to the demands of the men. The then existing state of the 'labour market' will doubtless explain the chief reasons why this should be so; it is enough here to state the fact. Sometimes, as in the case of lock-out, many men not in any way responsible for the strike, nor connected personally with the dispute, are made the unwilling participators in the losses which result from the action taken by those who are directly answerable for its origin and consequences. This, however, is inevitable, much as it is to be deplored.

It has been previously stated that in most of the great strikes the questions at stake were with reference to overtime, working hours, piece-work, and other matters of that kind, and against reductions in wages; a few examples may be quoted in proof of that assertion. The great engineers' strike in 1851–2 was against overtime and piecework; the builders' strike and lock-out in London was for the nine hours; the engineers' strike in Newcastle was for the nine hours; the masons' strike in London, in 1877, was for a reduction in time and a rise in wages; but the real fight was over the time question, rather than about the price to be paid. The late strikes of the mill hands in Lancashire were against a reduction, and so similarly were those of the miners in various parts of the North. Even the great Preston strike and lock-out in 1853, the greatest perhaps upon record, although nominally for a ten per cent. rise, was fought out mainly on the question as to whether the men should, or should not, subscribe to the funds of a union.

Various estimates have been hazarded with regard to the actual cost in money, and losses sustained in wages, in these gigantic struggles. Supposing that the very highest of such estimates are

not exaggerations, have not the men some kind of set-off for all this expenditure? In a very few cases they may not, but in the majority they have. Take, for example, the builders' strike and lock-out in London, in 1859. It is said that about 24,000 men were thrown out of work in the first instance; of these certainly not one-half ever applied for any relief; the highest number ever paid strike pay was 9,812; and these diminished so rapidly, that at the end of the seventh week 5,779 only were on the funds. The whole of the other men must therefore have obtained employment elsewhere. At that time the total number of artisans and labourers interested in the result of the contest was between 40,000 and 50,000 men. So that while from 10,000 to 6,000 were engaged in the struggle, at least five times that number expected to be recipients of the benefit, if a victory was scored. After spending upwards of 50,000*l.*, besides the loss in wages, the men were compelled to yield; but in reality they won the Saturday half-holiday, and have enjoyed it ever since. At this moment not fewer than 100,000 workmen cease work at twelve o'clock on Saturdays who but for that prolonged contest might still be working until four o'clock, at even less pay than they now receive. The value in money of three hours per week for eighteen years, by the whole of the building operatives of London, is almost incalculable. At the lowest computation it represents a net gain to them of 562,500*l.* a year, if not in money, at least in money's worth. In addition to which the vantage ground then attained subsequently became the starting point for securing further concessions.

Indeed the number of strikes from which the men reap no advantage whatever are extremely few, as compared with those from which they derive some benefit, proximate or remote. If it were otherwise, the power which sustains them would dwindle into insignificance, and no longer cause disquietude to the capitalist, or shock society by its 'aggressive tendency.' It may afford some comfort to those who, while deprecating generally the policy of strikes, do not always condemn them, if some substantial reasons can be assigned in their favour, to know that those are the greatest failures which least deserve to succeed, judging them by the standard of morality and common sense. Great differences of opinion will always exist as to the reasonableness of the demands made, the mode and mood in which they are urged, and their opportuneness; but apart from this diversity, or rather making due allowance for it, it is satisfactory to find that defeat does assuredly attend unjust exactions, under whatever name they may be attempted, and however they may be backed up by monetary or other force. Nevertheless it does not follow that a particular strike was bad in itself, because of its non-success. Very conclusive reasons of quite another complexion might have entailed the absolute failure of the undertaking, apart from the nature of the demands.

Some very important defeats have been sustained by the men during the last two years, into a discussion of the rights or wrongs

of which it is not proposed to enter. Of these the most noteworthy are the masons' strike in London, the carpenters and joiners' strike in Manchester, the boiler makers' and iron shipbuilders' strike and lock-out on the Clyde, the cotton operatives' strike in Blackburn and elsewhere, and the miners' strikes in Durham and numerous other places. That of the masons cost in money 26,206*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*; it lasted 33 weeks, and 1,700 men took part in it. The carpenters' cost nearly as much, through the two societies engaged in it, and about the same number of men were involved. The strike and lock-out on the Clyde cost the society over 13,000*l.*, the estimated losses being 300,000*l.* The losses of the miners in the Durham strike are put down at 240,000*l.* In the latter case it is said that the men spent on the average 6*l.* per man, to gain 1¼ per cent., and that it will take 9½ years to recoup them for their losses. Accepting this estimate as being absolutely accurate in every respect, and also all the others relating to the above-mentioned strikes, what is the legitimate deduction to be drawn from the facts? Simply this—that in the chances of war the men have sometimes suffered defeat. Nothing more. And they will not be deterred from entering the lists again any more than a litigant will because he has lost his suit in a court of law. Nay, the very fact of failure sometimes acts as a spur to still greater exertions in the future.

Men are more apt to remember successes than defeats; they estimate their chances in the future by their victories in the past; a dozen failures pale before one single triumphant stroke of good fortune; and men will not be daunted because of this or that abortive effort to gain their ends. This feature in industrial warfare is often lost sight of—hence the importance of directing special attention to it. Another phase of the question is too frequently forgotten, and it is this—the men get over their losses much more speedily than the masters do. With the former it is a matter of temporary inconvenience, or at most of present suffering only; with the latter it means not merely a derangement of their business for the time being, but future embarrassments, if not positive failure in trade, in a great number of cases. The men for the most part endure their privations with comparative equanimity, whereas the dread of losing caste and position operates most powerfully on the mind of the employer, and superinduces an amount of anxiety not felt, or even properly understood, by those in his employ. These considerations, though not openly expressed, exercise a potent influence upon the actions of both parties; it is desirable therefore that they should be clearly stated, and their import fully weighed, in any and every discussion of the strike question. To make known the facts connected with these labour struggles is not to increase the desire to engage in them, but may tend to diminish their number: uncertainty is provocative of strife.

The moral code which governs the conduct of men in a state of war is still far from humane; the old saw, 'All is fair in love and

war,' seems to be acted upon, if not exactly recognised, as just law by those engaged in armed hostility one against the other. The tendency of modern thought and feeling is towards a mitigation of the horrors which ever attend the force of arms, even in its mildest form. The progress, however, in this direction is extremely slow, as is evidenced by the experience of the past ten years, not only in the wars which have been waged in South-eastern Europe, but in those also which have taken place much nearer to our own shores. And, it is to be feared, the code which is applied to contests between masters and men is almost equally lax, if not quite as cruel. Here, too, an improvement is gradually taking place, still the rancour excited in the breasts of the combatants leads them into excesses which can scarcely be excused, and which, if calmer judgments prevailed, would no doubt be avoided. It is within the province of the outside public, and of the press, to moderate the tone and restrain the conduct of those who are in the thick of the fight, and to see that no injustice is done to the helpless sufferers who, by the force of circumstances, are compelled to be the innocent victims of the strife, although not parties to the conflict. This power, it is true, is circumscribed, and can only be used to a limited extent; but it is right that such influence should be exercised, wherever practicable, for the purpose of preventing wrong or undue severity in any case. The opposing forces ought to reflect long and anxiously before they enter into a struggle, and seriously consider the probable consequences to others besides themselves. This duty, so obvious in a civilised community, is seldom sufficiently recognised; nevertheless, it is incumbent upon all concerned to take cognisance of so important an element in industrial strife.

In the preceding pages no estimate has been formed or attempted of the losses sustained by the masters in trade disputes; nor have the general effects of strikes upon commerce and trade been taken into account. These matters are above and beyond the scope of this article; their purport and bearing upon the economical conditions of society are distinct, definite, and significant; but inasmuch as they do not, in their broader sense and meaning, weigh with the majority of the men, or if they do, not sufficiently to determine their policy, this phase of the question has been purposely omitted. The omission, however, is not to be regarded as in any way depreciatory of the value and importance of such considerations, or their rightful claims on the more thoughtful of the workmen. In this paper the subject has been designedly narrowed down to this one point: Do strikes compensate the working classes for the costs incurred? The answer, so far as the facts can be ascertained, appears to be in the affirmative. To shut one's eyes to so plain a truth, or to seek to ignore it, will not alter its verity, destroy its vitality, or lessen the potential power which lies behind it, and imparts to it an enduring influence, the force of which is at all times felt whenever a proposal to strike is made and entertained.

George Howell.

My Life in Paris during and following the Commune.

By Count Orsi.

TO a keen observer, Paris in 1869 was daily falling off from the brilliancy and gaiety of former years. The Emperor's health was visibly on the decline, and the general feeling of the community was one of unaccountable despondency and anxiety for the future. There was something more than change in the political and social atmosphere; there was a taint in the air, so to speak. Mortality was increasing in the capital, and the minds of the generality of people seemed diseased, as if the power of self-possession had come to nought. Reports of an alarming nature were circulated daily in the Faubourgs, as well as in the fashionable parts of Paris, respecting the magnitude and efficiency of the Prussian army; yet these reports, whether they proceeded from the correspondents of the press, or were forwarded by the French officials residing at Berlin, remained unheeded or disbelieved. The idea of the Emperor, of strengthening his power by a plébiscite, failed to secure the object he wished to attain; for, although it proved a great success, numerically speaking, it created the suspicion that he felt his power was losing ground, and had resorted to a bold step, with the view of gauging the degree of his popularity, before attempting some great stroke of policy. It was evident, from the alacrity and unanimity with which the plébiscite was carried, that the French nation, witness of the incessant attacks of the enemies of the Empire, had hastened to rally eagerly, almost feverishly, round the Emperor, in the hope of averting calamities looming in the distance, of which it could neither define the nature nor foresee the intensity.

Things went from bad to worse. The sudden candidature of Prince Hohenzollern to the Spanish throne was followed by a serious misunderstanding between the Prussian and French courts, which ended in the declaration of war on July 15, 1870. It is needless to narrate the well-known course, and the disastrous close for France, of the war so inconsiderately begun. In less than a six weeks' campaign, the Emperor and the whole of the French army had been made prisoners at Sedan by the Prussians.

I was then residing in Paris, 23 rue Royale: a spot especially favourable for observing the course of events. The first attack made against the Imperial authority was effected by some four or five hundred ragged and shoeless ruffians led by a few better dressed men, who marched past my house in column of six abreast, in the direction of the Place de la Concorde, and actually crossed the bridge between two lines of soldiers. These, having no orders to oppose this inroad,

allowed them to pass, and to enter the Chamber of Deputies, which at the sight of the populace declared the *déchéance* of the Emperor, and dispersed, never to meet again.

The events which followed in rapid succession are matters of history—the proclamation of the third Republic, the formation of a Government of National Defence, the investment and siege of Paris, and its capitulation on January 28, 1871. The National Assembly, elected at Bordeaux in the following month, continued the government of National Defence, with M. Thiers as chief of the executive power. It was decided that the Assembly should sit at Versailles, and Paris was left to take care of itself. The result was the insurrection of the Paris populace, and the establishment of the Commune on March 18, 1871.

On the 21st I was crossing the Place of the Grand Opera, when I saw several groups of respectable looking National Guards holding a flag on which was written, 'Friends of Order.' I followed them as they entered the rue Richelieu and the Place de la Bourse, and I saw that they were received with enthusiasm by everyone shouting, 'Vive l'ordre!' 'Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!' 'Down with the Commune!' The number of National Guards increased to nearly four thousand. They were all armed. As they were passing by the different spots occupied by the *fédérés*, no resistance was made to them. On the contrary, the insurgents seemed pleased with the manifestation. It seemed a good omen. But on the following day all was changed. The real power was concentrated in the hands of an executive called 'Comité Central;' and when, on the 22nd, the 'Friends of Order,' unarmed, repeated their manifestation on which they relied to influence the greater portion of the National Guards (Fédérés), and tried to go through the Place Vendôme, they were checked by a violent volley of musketry. The Fédérés of the Central Committee strewed the pavement with the dead and wounded, not only the 'Amis de l'Ordre,' but also of innocent people, women and children who happened to pass that way. I had barely time to lay flat on the ground and to crawl into a *porte cochère*, from whence I got out safely at dusk. But suddenly Paris was, as by magic, again joyful and hopeful. What was the cause of this change?—a proclamation from Admiral Saisset as follows:—

My dear fellow-citizens,—I hasten to inform you, that with the concurrence of the Deputies of the Seine and the Maires of Paris, we have obtained from the Government of the National Assembly:—1. The complete acknowledgment of your municipal franchises. 2. The right of electing all the officers of the National Guards, the general chief included. 3. A modification of the law respecting bills. 4. A law on the rents favourable to the tenants, up to 1,200 francs rent. Until you rectify my appointment, or elect another in my stead, I will continue to fill my post of honour, with a view of watching the carrying out of the laws of conciliation we have succeeded in procuring, and to contribute to the strengthening of the Republic.—ADMIRAL SAISSET.

This proclamation was hailed in Paris with the greatest satisfaction. It seemed to show that the Government at Versailles was

prepared to take all due measures for the rightful government and protection of Paris. But this joy was not of long duration. The day following the proclamation was one of complete discouragement and dismay, it having been made known that the National Assembly had positively refused to grant what had been applied for by the Paris deputies and *maires*. Admiral Saisset's proclamation was therefore either a most unaccountable deception on his part, or the Government of Versailles had reversed their decision on some other ground. The character of Admiral Saisset being above suspicion, the blame was left to rest upon the National Assembly.

The consequences of this most injudicious step were: 1. The resignation of Admiral Saisset, who left Paris at once, and was followed by most of the well-intentioned and respectable part of the community, whose flight left the population unprotected, to do what they thought best for their own safety. 2. The election of the Municipal Councillors under the auspices of the Central Committee and of the Commune, instead of under the direction of the Paris deputies and *maires*, supported by the National Assembly. On the 26th of March the election of the members of the Municipal Council was a *fait accompli*. Out of eighty members, seventy at least were quite unknown to the population. Paris was in their hands; daily life was as it were suspended, paralysed; no more tribunals, no more courts kept their sittings, no judges: 38,000 cases were in abeyance. The reign of terror, which was increasing at every defeat of the Federalists, was at its height. On the following Monday Marshal MacMahon was instructed to reduce the insurgent capital, and a night of frightful anxiety ensued. The troops of the National Assembly began the cannonades. Mont Valérien opened a murderous fire against the Courbevoie barracks occupied by the *fédérés*: Paris became a desert. Men, women, and children were running in every direction in frantic bewilderment—loads of wounded men were brought in. Meanwhile, the city was covered with barricades, by order of the Central Committee. The Place de la Concorde, the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, and the Place Vendôme were formidable defences.

During the night of the 4th the 'générale' was drummed to call everybody under arms. Sixty thousand men collected in defence of the Commune—Cluseret acting as their General. At five o'clock in the morning he took possession of the crossing at Courbevoie, which had been evacuated by the Versailles troops. The plan of Cluseret was to march against Mont Valérien, and, after taking the fortress, to go to Versailles through Rueil and Nanterre. The vanguard was stopped by a most terrific fire from the fortress. The army of the Commune was thus cut in two. One took the direction of Versailles, the other came back to Paris. Between Sèvres and Meudon the battle raged fearfully. While the carnage went on, the Commune issued decrees by which Thiers, Favre, Picard, Simon, and Pothuau, the Ministers of the Assembly, were to be tried, and their properties confiscated.

Fighting was going on also at Clamart and Meudon. General

Duval, having been made prisoner by General Vinoy, was shot dead. The foaming rage with which the fighting was carried on is indescribable! Two combatants, one of the regular army and a *fédéré*, had met at a bath establishment on the Avenue Neuilly. They began fighting, until by successive attacks, made on one another, they reached the roof of the house. When both there, they threw away their rifles and began a hand-to-hand struggle, the trooper trying to free himself from the grasp of his enemy, and to make his escape. Seeing this, the *fédéré* drew a knife from his pocket, and as he was going to stab him, the trooper laid flat on the roof, and by a rapid movement got hold of one of his enemy's legs, and both fell on the pavement, a height of twenty-five yards! Neither of them were killed, but the trooper had his face besmeared with blood and dust. The *fédéré* having fallen on the trooper's body had the best of it, and killed him by stabbing him in the head.

One could not help being struck with the contrasts presented in the city itself, destruction and death raging in some of its quarters, intersected by barricades, while cannonade was levelling to the ground its beautiful environs; and at the same time its fashionable boulevards crowded with elegant folks loitering and smiling as if nothing was going on. The theatres were open. Light-hearted people were heard saying, 'Well! they fight there, let us enjoy ourselves here!' The *cafés* were ordered to be shut at midnight: useless precaution—you could see the lights through the interstices of the shutters, and men and women chatting, smoking, playing, and drinking, while the cannon was roaring in the distance, the mitrailleuses rattling incessantly, and the musketry crackling without intermittence. That was not all: after spending part of the night in these dens of infamy, it was considered a good joke to spend the rest in hiring a cab, and, the weather being fine, to drive to the Arc de Triomphe to see how the fight was 'progressing'!

The troops of the National Assembly, reinforced by the arrival of the prisoners made by the Prussians at Sedan, grew in strength, and their assaults against the forts occupied by the *fédérés*, and the walls of the city, became more successful. Confusion and despair began to reign in the camp of the Commune. They tried to check the advance of the regular army by deeds of violence and cruel retaliation. They arrested, during the night of the 5th, Monsieur Duguerry, the curé of the Madeleine, the Archbishop of Paris, and several other dignitaries of the Church and political men of high standing. The same night the Archbishop's residence was pillaged.

A man named Raoul Rigault had been appointed Préfet de Police: unprincipled, daring, and unfeeling, this official issued a decree by which any person suspected of being a partisan of the National Assembly should be immediately arrested and tried. He might as well have stated, 'Shot without trial.' The delivery of letters was interrupted; gas was cut off: Paris was in the dark—with the exception of a few lamp-posts supplied with mineral oil lamps.

To make good the deficiency by death or wounds in the ranks of

the army of the Commune, groups of armed men were ordered to enter the houses at night, and to seize in their beds every man fit to carry a rifle. Men above sixty were exempt. Finding, however, that this method of recruiting did not answer their expectations, owing to many avoiding to sleep in their own houses, they had recourse to the following stratagem, which I saw myself from a window carried into effect with the utmost brutality. Ten men were posted at each side of the two ends of a street with their backs close to the wall. The street had no other issue except by the two extremities. As soon as the street was seen to contain a sufficient number of passers-by worth catching, the soldiers coming from both sides formed a barrier at both ends, and arrested everybody. Women, children, and elderly men were set at liberty; all the others were armed and sent to the front to fight against the regular army. Terror and distraction were at the highest pitch. The inhabitants of Neuilly, Courbevoie, and those who were still in the military zone, had been left houseless. With whatever they could get hold of, they took refuge in Paris. Hundreds of small vehicles were seen coming in loaded with mattresses, blankets, kitchen utensils, &c., to take shelter wherever they could find it.

The Commune having issued a decree that women and children and aged persons could leave Paris by paying two francs a head, the Préfecture de Police was actually taken by storm by thousands and thousands of people eager to secure a pass to get away. Both the Paris and Lyons, and the Orleans railway terminuses were the natural outlets for this wholesale exodus. The sight of the quays near these two terminuses baffles description. Their immense length and breadth was crammed with all sorts of vehicles, loaded with luggage and household articles. As it was impossible for the trains, however numerous, to meet the requirements, people were obliged to bivouac in the streets for several days and nights to await their turn.

It was then that I resolved to take a step which, however dangerous, seemed to me to be the wisest. On reaching my house at midnight I found the large iron gates open, and saw inside the court a carriage with two bright lights. I crawled between the carriage and the *loge* of the *concierge* to ask what it meant. The wife of the *concierge* came out, and, almost breathless from fear, begged me not to enter my apartment, as six *fédérés* were at that very moment arresting the Countess de Léon, who then occupied the second floor. She added that the officer commanding the detachment had taken the names of the other inmates, and that a mark was made on his book when they wrote my name in it. I told the *concierge* that I would remain in the street to watch their departure, and that I would go in on the carriage leaving the court. The countess was effectively arrested, and taken that night to the Préfecture de Police. The carriage having left the house, and the gates being locked, I went to bed, not without some anxiety as to what would take place the following day. Early in the morning I went to the Champs Elysées, where there was not a soul to be seen. I was wavering as to what I should do.

If I go home, I said to myself, I am sure to be arrested sooner or later; and as for my going elsewhere, it is out of the question, as my wife, who was very ill at the time, would have been left without protection. After considering the *pros* and *cons* of my resolve, I made up my mind to face the danger at once. To that effect I took the direction of the Préfecture de Police, determined to speak to the terrible Raoul Rigault. I had not imagined that the crowd, eager to get a pass for two francs, could be such as to prevent any approach to the Préfecture. I was nearly three hours before I could get near it. On my reaching the bridge, I tried to make my way a little nearer, but a cordon of *fédérés* intercepted all communication with the Préfecture, that part excepted where the passes were sold. A mounted officer was standing in the middle of his troops, who seemed to be under his orders. I pushed through the crowd to get at the officer, but in vain! My scrambling attracted his attention at last. He looked at me, and as my voice could not reach him, I put a finger to my lips, to show that I wanted to speak to him.

'What do you want?' said he, after making me come near him.

'I want to speak to the Citizen Préfet.'

'I cannot allow you to pass.'

'I must——'

'I shall have you shot if you do not go away.'

'If you knew how important it is for the Commune that I should see him, you would——'

'What do you mean?'

'The salvation of the Commune requires——'

Scarcely had I uttered these words, when he ordered a man to see me safe to the door of the Citizen Préfet.

When there, I sent in my card.

'The Citizen Préfet cannot see you now,' said the orderly, 'but you may see his secretary, Citizen Ferey. I will take your card in, if you wish to speak to him.'

'Do.'

I waited five minutes—at last the bell rang: I was ushered in.

Ferey was a mechanic: bodily, he was emaciated and looked sickly. Though remarkably ugly, his looks and the contracted muscles of his face, furrowed with deep wrinkles, testified the havoc worked on him by his thoughts, his passions, and the agitated life he was leading. It was he who, despairing of his cause at the last moment, sent the famous message '*Flambez Finances!*' (Set fire to the Ministry of Finance!) He was seated with his back to the door, writing. Hearing someone coming in, he stretched in my direction his right hand holding a pen, keeping all the while his eyes on the papers before him, and by a circuitous movement of his arm seemed to intimate that I should step forward, which I did. He held up his head, and staring at me for a second or two, said, 'What is it?'

'Citizen Ferey, last night the Countess Leon was arrested by your order in her apartment, 23 rue Royale, and it came to my

knowledge that I should most likely have been served in the same way, had I been at home at that time. I thought that by putting myself voluntarily in your hands at once, there would be no reason for you to take compulsory steps against me. My opinions——'

'Your opinions are known to us—but we also know that you have taken no active part against us. We fight for what we believe to be fair and just. We do not kill for the pleasure of killing, but we must attain our object, and we shall, at any cost. As you are an Italian, I recommend you to keep quiet—you shall not be molested. However, I must tell you, that you have taken a very bold step in calling on me on such an errand. It might have taken a different turn. Your frank declaration has served you. You may go.'

On May 12, the Commune issued the most unpatriotic and impolitic decree that could have been devised for its own destruction—the overthrow of the Colonne Vendôme. A crowd collected at the two barricades, one of which stood in the rue de la Paix, on the side of the Grand Opera, and the other in the rue Castiglione on the side of the Tuileries, while in the Place Vendôme only a few had been admitted with tickets. At the four corners of the square was placed a military band, waiting for orders. At last the ropes which were fastened to the upper end of the column were worked upon by the capstans, and the monument fell with a tremendous crash, causing the square to disappear for a few minutes in an enormous and blinding cloud of dust. To complete the disgrace of this savage act, the Commune invited tenders for the purchase of the 'Colonne' which was to be sold in four separate lots. This injudicious and anti-national measure inspired the regular army of Versailles with such a spirit of revengeful rage, that on their entering Paris they lost all self-possession, and dealt with the insurrection brutally, and without any discrimination. The time for retribution was fast approaching.

Discord and recriminations were in the camp of the insurgents. A split in the Commune had already taken place, by which twenty of the most respectable members had sent in their resignation. The army of Versailles had the upper hand everywhere. The Fort of Vanves was taken, that of Montreux dismantled; breaches were open at the Point-du-jour, at Porte Maillot, at St. Ouen. There seemed no option left to the insurgents but an ignominious flight or deeds of monstrous atrocity. The leaders of the insurrection lost their senses, and gave way to every species of madness and folly.

Fancy a *Concert at the Tuileries* under such circumstances! Who would believe this to have been possible?—and yet so it was. On the evening of May 16, as I was crossing the Place du Carrousel to go to the Faubourg St. Germain, I saw the Tuileries illuminated, and what seemed to me to be a large attendance in the 'Salle des Maréchaux.' I thought I was dreaming. On my asking at the gate what it was, I was told that it was a 'concert,' to do honour to the recent success of the army of the Commune!

'Is admission free?'

'No; five francs for the ticket.'

I paid five francs, and got in. I shall never forget the sight!

The staircase was swarming with a few decently dressed people, elbowing ragamuffins of every description, clad in uniforms, with three or four stripes of gold lace on their sleeves and képis, and as they went upstairs were smoking and singing. There were many women, some of whom were pretty, neatly and modestly dressed, and well behaved. The concert had been managed on an estrade in the Salle des Maréchaux. The chairs, sofas, and window curtains, all in red velvet, with golden bees, were not, as might have been expected, the object of much attention. The company were seated, and enjoyed it as if the property was their own. Flirtation was a matter of course, but I must say that it was indulged in with perfect decorum. The audience appeared to be pleased with the performance, and gave unmistakable signs of approval, followed in many instances by the roaring noise of the batteries, both of the regular army and of the Commune, which were busy at work under the very walls of Paris, wherein the people were singing!

Although I had made up my mind to see all I could of what occurred in Paris, I could stand no longer the distressing agitation I experienced at the sight of the old palace of the Tuileries being doomed to such a disgraceful desecration. The contrast between what the palace was under the Empire and what it became under the Commune was too great, for me not to be made most miserable by it. I therefore walked into the garden, which, despite a few Venetian lights, was dark and gloomy, and I hurried out of it by the gate of the rue de Rivoli, where a crowd was collected to see the 'swells' coming out from the 'concert'!

Paris was speedily entering on the last stage of its agony. The army of Versailles had entered it from different points. The fight was desperate and frightful. Barricades were erected in almost every street. Prisoners on both sides were shot in scores at once. The Communists had set fire to the Tuileries, to the Ministry of Finance, the Légion d'Honneur, the Hôtel de Ville, and many other buildings. Three of the largest houses in the rue Royale were also on fire; the one next to mine was reduced to ashes. Soldiers of the regular army began to make their appearance in the Faubourg St. Honoré. They soon reached the markets d'Aguesseau and of the Madeleine.

On May 23 I heard the bell of my apartment ring hurriedly. I opened the door, and found myself face to face with twelve Voltigeurs of the regular army, commanded by a lieutenant. The officer ordered the soldiers to search the apartment, and to shoot anyone wearing a uniform. He intimated to me that he must occupy the drawing-room looking into the rue Royale for the purpose of firing on the insurgents holding the barricade of the Faubourg St. Honoré. My wife was seated on her sofa. He ordered her out of the room; she resisted. The officer had her removed by force.

The soldiers then began firing on the insurgents from the win-

dows. The latter, seeing this, took possession of the upper floors of the houses facing mine, and fired on the soldiers, who were driven from their post. The officer withdrew his men from the drawing-room, and asked for a map of Paris, not knowing exactly where he was. I made a friend of him by pointing to my pictures, every one of which bore the sign of my being a partisan of the Emperor. He asked me whether I had any wine to give his soldiers, who had had nothing to eat or drink since the previous night. I ordered a distribution to them of bread and wine in the kitchen. Just as I was talking with the officer in the dining-room, separated by a thin wall from the drawing-room, a shot fired from the opposite side of the street traversed the drawing-room, and, penetrating through the lightly built partition of the dining-room, struck the officer in the temple. The officer fell as if shot dead. The soldiers, hearing the fall of the body, rushed into the room, and at the sight of their commander seemingly dead, seized me to have me shot at once; whereupon my servant, with great presence of mind, mixed some vinegar and water, and by bathing with it the temple of the officer, brought him to recover sufficiently to enable him to raise his hand and make a sign to the soldiers, who had seized me by both arms, to keep quiet. By God's mercy the officer had only been stunned, not by the bullet, but by a piece of brick which had been forced out of the wall. On the explanation given by their officer, I was released, but not without some hesitation, as the soldiers persisted in thinking the officer meant to palliate the fact with a view to save my life.

The party of soldiers left my house in the evening; and after that the firing from the insurgents against my windows increased to such a degree, that everything I had in the apartment was smashed and destroyed beyond hope of recovery. The front of the house had been so much pulled down by the incessant firing, that my bed could be seen from the street.

On the morning of May 25, as I was searching for some valuable papers amid the wreck of the apartment, two men in plain clothes arrived, and ordered me to follow them to the Préfecture de Police, which was now temporarily located at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs on the Quai d'Orsay. As we were then completely under military rule, I was examined by an officer, who asked me who and what I was, and whether I had any papers. I answered I had, but not knowing for what purpose I was called there, I had left them at home. Thereupon the two men were ordered to take me back in a cab, and, having taken possession of many letters from the Emperor and several others from different people, gave me to understand, that as it was possible I should be detained for a few days, I had better make some provision for my wife. I saw at once that my life was not worth much, whether shot or transported, as many people quite as innocent as myself had been shot on a simple suspicion or on a word imprudently uttered. It was a reign of terror of a new kind, of which I did not expect to become a victim.

As I was crossing the Place de la Concorde in returning to the Préfecture I happened to witness a most heartrending scene. Half a dozen soldiers had seized four *fédérés* on the barricade close by. The struggle between the former and the latter was evidently for life or death. The soldiers having at last overcome the resistance of their prisoners, tried to drag them to the wall of the Ministry of Marine to be shot. The poor wretches were imploring for life, and in the hope of some unexpected incident likely to come to their rescue, they lay down on the pavement and refused to stand erect. Seeing this, the soldiers shot them one after another, while they were on the ground.

Overwhelmed by the distressing sight and my own situation, I was hurried into a large yard occupied by soldiers, gendarmes, and marines. There were stables and coach-houses on the right and left crammed with prisoners, some in plain clothes and some in uniform. Sentinels were placed at the doors to prevent escape. We were all packed together, without the possibility of even lying down on the bare stones. Bread and water were our only meal. On the approach of night we were shut in like cattle, with the intimation that any attempt to revolt or otherwise would be followed by peremptory execution. On the 26th, about 6 o'clock P.M. ten soldiers of the Garde Républicaine, with an officer at their head, began calling by name eight or ten prisoners at the time from one of these places, and dragged them, God knows where! Utter dejectedness and despair were depicted on everybody's face, especially of those who had been seized on the barricades, or wearing a uniform.

I formed part of a batch of nine prisoners, mostly in plain clothes. On that day rain had fallen incessantly. As we were following the 'Quai' which leads to the Champ de Mars, we thought we were going to be shot *en masse* without any further delay; but, on arriving there, the escort was ordered to take us to the Caserne Dupleix, which is near to it. On entering the barrack we met an officer, who first took our names, and then had us locked up in a room where seven more prisoners had already been brought in. It would be too horrible and revolting to narrate the filth and stench of such a place, which would have been barely large enough for seven or eight people—we were sixteen! The room was fitted with a board stretching between two walls, on which seven people only could lie. This was occupied by the seven prisoners we found there. The consequence was, we were compelled either to stand erect or to lie on the stones, which were damp and dirty. We remained in this state for two full days.

On the 29th the scene changed. At seven in the morning the door of the cell was opened. Eight soldiers were drawn up outside, in two lines of four each on both sides of the entrance. The sergeant called out one of the prisoners named Lefevre, who wore the uniform of the National Guard. The poor fellow stepped out between the two lines of the soldiers, and the door closed upon him. He was taken before the colonel, who was instructed to examine the prisoners,

and had the discretionary power of ordering them to be shot on the spot if they had been made prisoners during the fight, or of sending them to Versailles to appear before the Superior Commission, by which tribunal they were either set at liberty or sentenced to transportation.

Poor Lefevre was not heard of again.

We thought we heard a brisk volley of musketry in the large square of the barracks, but we had been so accustomed to that sort of noise for the last few months, that we paid no great attention to it. Later in the day another prisoner was called in the same way as the first, and he never came back again! This time the noise of the discharge was more distinct, which made us alive to the imminence of our fate. On the third prisoner being called out, he refused to go. Two soldiers had to take him out by force. He struggled for his life desperately. At last he was overpowered and carried away. The door was shut again. We all kept our breath, the better to hear what was going to take place outside. We had not long to wait. The discharge of the musketry re-echoed in our cell, which caused within it such a scene of despondency and despair as baffles description. We felt that it was all over with us. Next day four more were taken out and executed, which reduced our number to nine. By that time we had recovered from the first shock, and heeded little what was going to take place, as every one of us had bid adieu to the world and made our peace with God.

On May 31 the door was opened again, and twelve soldiers were drawn up before it. We were all ordered out. We thought we were going to be shot *en masse*, to make quicker work of us. To our amazement we saw a large column of about four hundred prisoners, four abreast, between two lines of grenadiers. Evidently, we were intended to form the last contingent to it. The soldiers having been drawn in two long lines on both sides of the column, an officer drew his sword, and having lifted himself up on a large wine hogshead to make himself well heard and understood by all, cried in a loud voice: 'Soldiers! load arms!' This being done, he added, 'Fire on any prisoner who attempts to revolt or escape!' We then took the direction of the Western Railway (*rive gauche*) on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, and having been crammed into goods vans and cattle trucks with scarcely room to breathe, we reached Versailles at about 3 o'clock P.M., where we found a fresh detachment of soldiers, who escorted the column to the Artillery depôt at Satory. The column marched in and halted. The gates were immediately shut upon us. I happened to be the first of the last four prisoners of the column, and to have been by this circumstance within three or four yards only of the commander of the place, who stood looking at the prisoners with his arms folded, and with two officers beside him. I saw him staring at me, which I attributed to my being the better dressed man of the lot. Presently he walked slowly up to me, and, measuring me from head to foot with what I took to be a diabolical sneer, said: 'Oh! oh! the Legion of Honour! You got it on the barricade, I suppose!' As I did not

know what he meant, I made no answer, when of a sudden I felt a pull at my coat. As quick as thought I brought my hand on it and got hold of his firmly, as he was trying to snatch the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour from my breast, which, in my agitated state of mind, I was not aware I had on.

'You may shoot me at once, captain,' said I, 'but you shall not wrest the ribbon from me.'

'Where did you get it?'

'The President of the Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon, gave it to me.'

'When?'

'On September 23, 1853.'

'How is it then that you were arrested? Was it on a barricade?'

'No, captain—in my own apartment—it is not likely that I should fight for the Commune after being a devoted friend of the Emperor for forty years.'

'Your name?'

The captain looked at me again, and having joined the two officers, to whom he seemed to relate what had passed, turned round, and in a loud voice said to me, 'Come out of the ranks!' Then, seeing a gendarme close by, said, 'Do not lose sight of this prisoner.'

The officer who was in command of the escort was sent for, and I saw distinctly a mark being made on a large sheet of paper which he produced, containing the names of all the prisoners under his guard. The column was divided into several batches of twelve, fourteen, and twenty-four men, which were confined in different parts of the place.

On the column being dispersed, the captain requested me to follow him to a small building close by the entrance-door, which I found to be his office. Hearing that I had not tasted any food for several days save bread and water, he ordered some refreshment to be brought at once, and with great kindness questioned me on my past and present position.

He inquired whether I knew anyone at Versailles to whom I could write and refer to. I named Mons. Grévy (the present President of the Republic), who had been my legal adviser for several years, as the only man whom I was sure was at Versailles. He made me write to half a dozen old friends on bits of paper, which had little or no chance of being delivered, as there was no post at that time. I spent two days in a little room of the office, with a guard at my door. I had a good bed of straw and tolerably good food. The hope of being set at liberty flashed through my mind, but it was of short duration. An order came to send to Versailles all the prisoners who had arrived two days before. The captain came to me and expressed his deep regret at being unable to do more for me. I joined the column such as it was before, and we walked to Versailles, where we were shut up in the 'Caves du Roi,' forty-five steps below the level of the ground, to share the fate of two hundred more prisoners who happened to be the scum of the insurrection.

The place was damp and dark, as all cellars are. The only light that came in was through a sort of vent hole, some eight or ten feet from the ground and on a level with the street. The cellars had packed straw, six inches deep, spread all over. It was the same straw which had served the Prussians during their stay at Versailles, and it had been so long trampled upon, that it was more like dung than anything else. One may easily imagine what this horrible place looked like with six hundred men in it, whose state of cleanliness was not of the first description! Every morning we were obliged to go into a yard close by, six or seven at a time, to wash in a stone trough, and fetch our loaf of bread and jug of water sufficient for our daily meals. We were packed so close together, that the torture we went through, in the night especially, was beyond endurance.

This state of things had already lasted ten days. No news had as yet reached me from the different persons to whom I had written the few scraps of paper from Satory. It was evident that not one of them had been delivered. Transportation was the only mild form of the *finale* I saw looming in the distance for me.

On June 9, as I was lying down in the fourth cellar at some distance from the entrance-door, I heard my name flashing from one prisoner to another, as if I was asked for. I got up. 'You are wanted,' said my companion (I had already made a *friend* in that horrible place). I went to the stairs to inquire. A non-commissioned officer asked my name, and requested me to follow him. I was brought before a superior officer, Colonel Gaillard, who questioned me with the greatest kindness, and expressed great surprise at my having been arrested without any reason whatever. 'Besides,' said he, 'the papers seized in your apartment are sufficient evidence of your political bent of mind, to discard any idea of your ever being a Communist. You shall be set at liberty in a day or two. Meanwhile you will be escorted by two guards to Satory, to enter the infirmary, while the formalities are completed for your prompt release.'

On June 15 I was set at liberty, by an order signed by Colonel Gaillard. I could not account for this change in my position, which, considering the thousands of prisoners they had to deal with, appeared to me to be rather exceptional, from the readiness with which it was effected. It must have been, I concluded, that one of the scraps of paper on which I wrote from the Artillery Depôt to several friends at Versailles, has reached its destination; and so it was. One of these on which I had written 'Je suis prisonnier dans les Caves du Roi' had been handed to a soldier. The paper was addressed to Mrs. W., an English lady, with whom I had been acquainted for many years when I was in England with my wife, and who was at that time residing with her family at Versailles.

Mrs. W. had been a providence to all the poor people who had had their homes pillaged and burned by the Prussians, and who received from her all she could dispose of to alleviate their misery. Blankets, clothes, food, and money were generously distributed by this really

charitable lady to a large number of the victims of the war. At last the demands for assistance became so numerous, that Mrs. W. found it impossible to meet them any longer. Her charity was taxed to the utmost, and, wishing to put a check to it, she ordered the entrance-gate of the house to be kept closed. The boy, bearer of my note, rang the bell, and showed the paper he held in his hand. The servant who answered the bell, thinking it was to ask assistance, refused to take the paper, and sent him away. Undaunted by this cold reception, he came the day following, but with no better result. He ventured a third time to come to the gate, when another servant having followed the first, had the presence of mind to take the paper through the rails of the gate, and, having read it, ran to the house, and gave it to Mrs. W., who immediately called on the Italian Ambassador, his Excellency the Chevalier Nigra, who took the necessary steps to obtain my release. Mrs. W., on her side, was indefatigable in her exertions, and, thanks to her and to the Chevalier Nigra, to whom I shall ever feel grateful for the sympathy and great interest he took in my position, I recovered my liberty.

I was completely in the dark with reference to what had taken place during my imprisonment. I came to the knowledge of it only the day before I left the infirmary, by receiving a letter from Mrs. W. conveying to me the glad news, and forwarding, at the same time, clothes, linen, and other necessaries. I was also indebted to her for the care she took of me during my illness. Low fever was the consequence of the foul air I had breathed so long in the cellars, and which, from the exhausted state I was in, made me an invalid for some weeks.

Anyone perusing these pages will wonder at my having been arrested in such a manner and without apparent reason. There was, however, a special reason for my arrest, connected with private circumstances no longer now of any consequence, and which it is therefore unnecessary to explain. It is enough for me to have given an unvarnished account of the sufferings I endured during those terrible days, and to have enabled the reader, I hope, to catch a glimpse of what Paris really was during the Commune.

Homeric Mythology and Religion.

A Reply to Mr. Gladstone.

In his recent paper on 'The Olympian System *versus* the Solar Theory,'[1] Mr. Gladstone has again started some serious and most important questions, which he had treated elaborately in his 'Homeric Studies,' and at less length in his 'Juventus Mundi.' In this paper he contends that the Olympian hierarchy, as exhibited in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' is the result of a deliberate revolt against an elemental or nature-worship, which had prevailed in ages probably long preceding the times in which those poems took shape; that the gods of this hierarchy are strictly anthropomorphic, or, as he prefers to call them, theanthropic; that elemental or nature-worship, consequently, did not prevail amongst the Achaian Greeks, and that the Olympian scheme of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' 'seems to bear the marks of careful provision for its exclusion,' or, in other words, that the poets refused persistently to allow 'the vital association of deity with matter in any other form than that of a human body.' The Vedic Agni, who is the child of two sticks rubbed together, who comes into the world puny and deformed, amidst wreaths of smoke, but soon acquires a terrible power by devouring all that lies in his path, and dies when his food fails him, is an elemental deity. The Zeus who sits enthroned on Olympus surrounded by his celestial council, and sharing the mirth and jollity of their feasts, is an anthropomorphic god, whose character may therefore be easily understood by men, and with whom they may readily hold communion. Such at least would seem to be Mr. Gladstone's meaning, for he adds, 'that under the scheme of nature-worship the personality is weak, and deity is a thing far off; under the influence of anthropomorphism, both for good and for evil, it is near, and personal relations may readily be constituted between God and man.'

This anthropomorphic character of the gods of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' completely puts out of court, in Mr. Gladstone's judgment, the theory which asserts that the conceptions of all these deities were at the outset obtained from impressions left on the mind by the phenomena of the outward world, this theory being called (not very fairly or justly, perhaps) the Solar Theory. If we confine ourselves to what has been said thus far, it is not easy to see why this should be so. It is not even easy to perceive that between this theory and that of Mr. Gladstone there is any real or necessary

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879.

antagonism. The Apollo and Athênê of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' are undoubtedly beings with human bodies, who speak and act in some sort like human beings, and exhibit the working of human feelings and passions. But if the essence of the anthropomorphic idea lies in the power of appealing to or exciting human sympathy, then this anthropomorphic or humanitarian character belongs to many other deities or beings whose claim to it is rejected by Mr. Gladstone. Among these is Dêmêtêr, who, we are told, 'is but a sleeping partner in the thearchy, and has no practical share whatever in the conduct of affairs.' This remark applies to her only as she is spoken of in the 'Iliad,' or the 'Odyssey;' and those who may not be acquainted with the further conclusions maintained by Mr. Gladstone might be tempted to ask why the Achaian conception of Dêmêtêr should be gathered from those two poems only. If in these we read little about it, we have an exquisite picture of the mourning mother and her beautiful child in the so-called Homeric hymn—a picture in which the relation of marvels and wonders nowhere interferes with the current of genuine human feeling, and of human feeling for the most part in its tenderest and most attractive forms. From the moment when the bright maiden is dragged away by the chariot of Hades from the plains of Enna to the hour when the bitter grief of the mother is changed into radiant joy by the sight of her child at the trysting-place Eleusis, the whole hymn appeals to our common human feeling with a force altogether beyond that of the ordinary records of Olympian doings in the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey.' The story exhibits, it is true, a chain of cause and effect which lies beyond the range of ordinary human experience. The sun and moon are actors or speakers in the great drama; the grieving mother is a being who can appear before Zeus in Olympus as a peer of his celestial hierarchy; and of her sorrow all living things are partakers. But while, even for Achaians, the tale must have been transparent, although even for them the goddess must have been the image of the earth refusing to yield its fruits while her summer-child is in the deadly abode of winter, there was nothing in it to check the warm current of purely human feeling in them, there is nothing to chill it in us. The form bowed down in sorrow by the side of the fountain, the gentle tenderness of the daughters of Keleos, the matronly dignity of Metaneira, are not rendered less human, and excite our sympathy none the less, because we see the child Demophoôn plunged daily into his bath of fire, or because the eating of the pomegranate by the maiden must be followed by her return to the land of shadows. Hermes, again, in the 'Odyssey,' is a purely anthropomorphic god, whose acts and words are marked by great gravity and decorum; but Hermes is also the hero of the hymn, and it may fairly be asked on what grounds we are justified in asserting that the poet of the 'Odyssey' knew nothing of the story embodied in that hymn. There, too, the interest is human throughout; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that the

hymn-writer had not some consciousness of the materials with which he was dealing. His birth in the morning, his soft harping at mid-day, the huge strides with which in the evening he hurries after the cattle of Phœbus, the grinding of the forest branches until they burst into flame, the sacrifice which Hermes prepares, but of which he cannot taste, though sorely pressed by hunger, the wearied steps with which he returns to his cradle, passing through the opening of the bolt 'like the sigh of a summer breeze or mist on a hillside,' must, with all the other incidents of the tradition, have taught the poet that the mysterious being who was to bear for ever the title of the master-thief was the wind which drives the clouds of Phœbus across the heaven, which takes counsel with the Thriai in the coverts of the mountain glens, and who receives from the sun-god the solemn charge which makes him the guide of human souls to Hades. Of this wonderful story, which has delighted the East and the West for hundreds or thousands of years, we hear nothing in the 'Odyssey,' for the simple reason that the poet had no motive for introducing it. Like the 'Iliad,' the 'Odyssey' is a poem dealing with only a few of the incidents connected with or arising out of the war of Troy. Scant references or allusions attest his knowledge of a vast number of other incidents or traditions which did not fall within the scope of *his* plan, nor have we, seemingly, anything in the poem to show that he wished to assign a different origin to the messenger of Zeus. Whether before he put on his human form Hermes was ever worshipped by the forefathers of the Achaians as the wind, is a distinct question, which it is, perhaps, not very necessary to answer, for we may fairly doubt whether any worship was ever offered to any elemental god unless some idea of the bodily form of that deity was present to the mind of the worshipper. In most cases the two thoughts would probably be blended in a way which would almost defy analysis; and such a blending we may notice especially in the idea of Ushas as we have it in the hymns of the Rig Veda. Nothing is more certain than that for the writers of those hymns Ushas was the dawn which each morning spread her rosy flush across the heaven, which revealed the bright cows which feed in the pastures of the sky, and which, in the long series of her visits, brings to all living things old age, decay, and death. But the warm and genuine feeling of human affection with which she was regarded is not less beyond all doubt.

'She shines upon us like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. She rose up, spreading far and wide: moving towards everyone, she grew in brightness, wearing the brilliant garment. The mother of the cows, the leader of the dogs, she shone gold-coloured, lovely to behold. Thou, who art a blessing when thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly. Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn. Thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all.'

Ushas, in short, is Urvasî, the wide-spreading, the beautiful maiden, who is the forerunner, the mother, the sister or the wife, of the

brilliant sun-god, whom, nevertheless, she must not look upon in his unclothed splendour, or who can tarry with his bride only during the time of twilight. It is the simple framework of the touching story of Eros and Psyche, and the framework also of the tale, perhaps even more touching, of Urvasî and Purûravas in the beautiful drama of Kalidasa. If it be said that the story of their loves is to the later poet a story simply of human joy and sorrow, of the origin of which he had not the faintest suspicion, the position is one which we need not greatly care to disturb, although much of the language of Kalidasa, like that of the poets of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' would seem to warrant a different conclusion. It seems well nigh impossible to suppose that the author of the Hymn to Hermes was wholly unaware of the nature of the god whose story he was telling. Leave out all names, and put the tale before a child in the form of a riddle, asking him who it is that sings sweetly when he is born, that stalks with giant strides when only a few hours old over mountain and moor, dashing the trees of the forest together till their branches burst into flame, roasting meat which he cannot eat though he longs to do so, and when tired of doing mischief steals back wearily to his cave and lies down to sleep like an infant in his cradle. The child will readily answer, 'It is the wind;' and with this key he will be able to unlock the legend of Orpheus, who could by his voice charm the Argo into the water when the efforts of the heroes were powerless to stir it, and whose harping stirred trees and rocks into motion. He will see the same legend in another form in the soft whisperings of Pan, whose gentle pipings wake the slumbering echoes at the same moment on the mountain top and in the hidden glen; and in the song of Hermes, which sounded sweeter in the ears of Phœbus than any strain ever heard in the halls of Olympus, he will recognise the magic melody of the piper of Hameln, which drew the happy troop of children to the paradise which they saw far down in the depths of the blue river. Of these beings some might be the objects of a greater or a lesser worship, and they might be so to a people who had acquired a marked dislike for deities of a nakedly elemental character, and whose object it was to invest them, so far as might be possible, with an exclusively human personality; but this would not make the origin of the idea from which these beings had taken shape to be anything but what it was. Their anthropomorphic or humanitarian character had arisen from conceptions suggested by the sights or sounds of the outward world; and the evidence of the change, although it might be placed in the background, could not be obliterated.

If it be asserted that this remark applies to all the members of the Olympian hierarchy, this is scarcely equivalent to the allegation that they are only 'nature-powers in disguise.' A disguise is a pretence or veil, assumed for the purpose of deceiving by hiding or altering features which would betray the true facts. Here the transformation was real, and by the tradition of generations the poet had learnt to think of the Olympian, not less and perhaps not more than

of other, deities, as of beings in human form and swayed by human appetites and passions. But the old ideas had not been rooted out, and could sometimes show clear signs of their presence. Even in the 'Iliad' pieces of meat may be roasted over Hephaistos, who is here the elemental fire as strictly as is Agni in any of the hymns of the Rig Veda. The influence of these ideas in the descriptions given of Zeus himself in the 'Iliad' is manifest enough. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, admits that Zeus is 'the ruler of a nature-sphere, the great air-region;' but he contends that his relation to it is that of a ruler only, adding that 'if the original meaning of his name be the material heaven, we are no more justified in determining herefrom that the Achaian Greeks worshipped that material heaven than we should be justified in holding that because a divine object is worshipped under the name *spiritus* in Latin and *pneuma* in Greek, therefore the material thing we call breath was ever the object of adoration.' We need make no such assertion with reference to the worship of the Achaian Greeks; but we may note that Pan and Favonius are, if such phrases must be used, humanised embodiments of the air which breathes through the sky. Whether the embodiment thus obtained becomes an object of adoration is quite a secondary question. The result might or might not be such; the main point to be determined is the originating idea. But when we say that the relation of Zeus to the material heaven is that of a ruler, we say of him only what may be said with not less truth of the Vedic Dyaus. His character is still so far in harmony with the old conception, that he must remain in the region of which he is the king. The other gods can visit the earth and take part in the quarrels of mortal men; he alone descends not from the clear heaven, whence he looks down on all that is being done beneath him; and when the last hour of Sarpedon is come, his grief takes the form of rain, which falls in blood-red drops upon the earth. In the multiplying of his loves, we have the fertilising power of the heaven, and in legends like that of Danaë the mode by which his will is accomplished points to the action of light upon the outward world. As in the Vedic hymn Aditi is praised as at once 'father, mother, and son,' so is Zeus both the brother and the husband, and his own daughters through many generations become the mothers of his children. This is the language, not of a poet who is determined to keep out of sight, or to get rid of, the elemental origin and characteristics of his gods, but of one whose expressions are influenced, perhaps without his knowing it, by the thoughts and ideas of earlier ages which had not learnt to draw a distinction between the visible heaven and the deity who dwelt within it.

Still less equivocal is the parentage of Phœbus Apollo, the glorious god, whose locks are never shorn, who is born in Delos, the land of light, and rules in Lykia, another land of light, through which flows the golden stream of Xanthos. Unscathed himself, he is the destroyer of the dragon, the rotting of whose body in the sun is said to have

suggested the name of his Pythian sanctuary; but as the dragon-slayer, he is simply one of a large band of gods and heroes. He does no more than what is done by Cadmus or Herakles, Theseus or Œdipus; nor is the battle described with the wealth of incident which is lavished on the great conflict between Indra and the throttling snake Ahi. These dragons, which cannot harm their conquerors, are all, it must be remembered, beings who shut up the waters needed to refresh the thirsting earth, and their death is followed at once by the outpouring of the life-giving flood. Even in the case of the Hydra, slain by Herakles, the connexion of the monster with water is manifest. Until the main source which feeds the multitude of springs in marshy or swampy land is dried up, the attempt to cut off these lesser rivulets is vain. But for the general character of Apollo, the appeal must lie to the hymns which embody the traditions of the Delian and Delphian god; and as in the case of Hermes, we may ask why this appeal should not be allowed? Unquestionably, its meaning would even to a child be not less obvious than that of the hymn to Hermes. If his mother Leto is, in Mr. Gladstone's words, 'wholly functionless, wholly inactive,' and 'without a purpose,' except in so far as she is the mother of Phœbus, so also is the Night which is the parent of the day or of the god who banishes the darkness. It was, in fact, impossible that the original idea could be developed into a much more definite personality.

It may, therefore, be fairly questioned whether an Olympian system, to be found in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' exclusively, has any existence. Regarding these poems without any pre-conceived theories as to the time or the mode in which they grew up, we have in them the narrative of certain incidents in a well-known struggle in which certain superhuman beings take their part. These beings are, in their general character, anthropomorphic, or theanthropic, or humanitarian, for all these words may be needed to express the desired meaning; but in each of them there are features which point unmistakably to the ideas of earlier times, when men were content to express the feelings awakened in them by the objects or phenomena of the outward world. This is a change which was not confined to the mythology of the Achaian people; we find it carried out to a large extent in that of the Rig Veda; nor is it easy to discern any radical difference between the Olympian gods as portrayed in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' and the same gods as they appear in the works of the great lyric and dramatic poets of ancient Greece, unless, indeed, it be in certain features which would seem to indicate that priority in point of time belongs to the latter rather than to the former. In his 'Homeric Studies,' Mr. Gladstone laid great stress on the degradation of certain actors in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' as they appear in Greek lyric poems and dramas. Thus, the wisdom and prudence of Odysseus become mere selfish cunning and trickiness, and the Helen who is more sinned against than sinning, and is restored to her home pardoned, and even glorified, appears as the bane of all amongst whom

she is thrown. There is no doubt that the pictures of these actors are in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' more graceful, refined and attractive; but in the order of thought these are always of later than of earlier growth, and the arguments based on their greater antiquity may easily be reversed. The question then is whether we have any grounds for drawing a distinction between what is called Homeric and post-Homeric mythology. Mr. Gladstone draws this distinction 'broad and deep,' and deduces from it some very momentous conclusions; but before our submission to these conclusions can be fairly demanded, we must first ask what is meant by Homer, and why, if this title is to be restricted to the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' this limitation should be made. It is unnecessary to enter here into the Homeric controversy, because the characteristics of the Olympian or Homeric hierarchy are, as we have seen, far more easily explained by referring them to the forms of thought and speech prevalent in the mythopœic ages than to any other causes. But we may fairly demur to speculations which take it for granted that our 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' constitute the Homer of Solon and Peisistratos, of the lyric and tragic poets, of Herodotus and Thucydides. The evidence at our command seems all to point in another direction, and this evidence is derived from the whole character of the Greek lyric and tragic poetry, and of the illustrations of Greek myths to be seen on the vase paintings. In a still higher degree, perhaps, it is furnished by the poems themselves, which from beginning to end assume in their heaven a familiar knowledge with a multitude of incidents and mythical traditions, to which they make merely a passing reference or allusion. By Herodotus and Thucydides again we are referred to passages or narratives in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' which are not to be found in the poems as we now have them; and lastly, the text of these poems exhibits a multitude of words and phrases which clearly do not belong to an early period of Greek literature. Of these words some are formed on false analogies, and some are downright blunders, while many prove, beyond all doubt, that the lines in which they are found were put together after the letter known as the Digamma had fallen into disuse. In saying this, I am expressing, not my own opinion, which I have no right to put forward, but the judgment of a writer who has gone into the question with a patience equal to his great learning. I need only add that the extremest conclusions which may be reached from Mr. Paley's premisses do not call into question the antiquity of the materials used by the poets of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.' They do but assert that the Homer of Plato was not identical with the Homer of Herodotus and Thucydides, and therefore could not have been the Homer of the lyric and tragic poets; and the inferences forced upon us are simply those which may be reached by a comparison of the dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles with the same subjects as treated in our Homer, which seems to be the Homer of Plato.

It is obvious that these are questions which must be settled before we can enter on the examination of arguments which assume the

vastly higher antiquity of our 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' and assign to them a place wholly different from that of all other products of Greek literature. In the poems themselves it is not easy to discern a form of religious thought radically different from that which we meet with elsewhere; nor, if we confine ourselves to internal evidence, can we shake off the suspicion that their mythology had very little to do with the religion of the Achaian or Greek people. The facts with which we have to deal seem to be these: we have on the one side a mass of mythical conceptions, ideas, and traditions, which have crystallised themselves into the forms of anthropomorphic or theanthropic deities, some or all of whom are objects of worship, varying greatly in degree. These conceptions and traditions, if not absolutely and designedly immoral, certainly cannot be regarded as moral. Many of them are repulsive, some are revolting and foul; and, as time goes on, these become more and more sensuous, coarse, and gross. On the other side, we have a society which, however terrible its shortcomings and faults may be, is vastly better than that of the Olympian hierarchy; and in the lyric, didactic, and dramatic literature of the Greeks we find expressions of feeling which may far more strictly be termed religious, and which seem to have no reference whatever to the mythical history or actions of the Homeric deities. Yet more, the course of the people generally is from the lower to the higher, while those myths which when translated into the conditions of human existence were at the outset startling and shocking, become mere sources of corruption and impurity. The 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' exhibited to the people a sensual and lying Zeus; the people themselves prayed to Zeus; but it is a mere arbitrary and groundless assumption that the Zeus of the people was the Zeus of the epic poems. The poems themselves answer the question in the negative:—

> 'What,' asks Professor Max Müller, 'did the swineherd Eumaios know of the intricate Olympian theogony? Had he ever heard the name of the Charites or the Harpyias? Could he have told who was the father of Aphrodite, who were her husbands and her children? I doubt it; and when Homer introduces him to us, speaking of this life and of the higher powers that rule it, Eumaios knows only of just gods, who hate cruel deeds, but honour justice and the righteous works of men.'

In short, as the mythology grew more complicated, and in some parts more degrading, the ideas of morality and religion became more reasonable and more pure. If we turn to the Hesiodic 'Works and Days,' we find the poet bidding his friend to deal with all men according to the rule of righteousness which comes from Zeus, and telling him that justice and truth shall in the end prevail, that they who do evil to others inflict evil on themselves, that the eyes of God are in every place, that the way of evil is broad and smooth, and the path of good rough and narrow at first. But in the same poem we are told how Zeus bade the gods make Pandora fair to look upon, but evil within, and laughed at the thought of the miseries which should

overtake mankind when all the evils should be let loose from her box, while, to crush them utterly, hope should remain a prisoner within it. If in relating such tales the poet was not conscious that the Zeus who thus cheats and torments mankind is not the Zeus who commands them to do justice and mercy, how is it possible to explain the fact that he can use the same name without a thought seemingly that he is dishonouring the just and holy God whom he reverences? In these poems, then, we have a religion and we have a mythology; but between the two there is an absolute severance. What grounds have we, therefore, for asserting that the case stands otherwise with the mythology and theology of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey?' Writing before Mr. Gladstone's 'Homeric Studies' were given to the world, Professor Max Müller had expressed his deliberate opinion that among the 'lowest tribes of Africa and America we hardly find anything more hideous and revolting' than the stories told of Kronos and his offspring; and he had added that 'it seems blasphemy to consider these fables of the heathen world as corrupted and misinterpreted fragments of a divine revelation once granted to the whole race of mankind.' The supposition that these tales contain a number of beliefs capable of being stated in the form of propositions, and that these beliefs were implanted in men centuries or millenniums before they could be realised in fact, seems to involve us in a maze of painful perplexities; and the most earnest Christian might surely be forgiven if he asked why a series of propositions should be laid before men which they could scarcely fail to misunderstand, and which, as Mr. Gladstone himself admits, are contained in the earliest records only by a dim and feeble foreshadowing. These propositions are ten in number, and Mr. Gladstone holds that they are contained inferentially in the early chapters of Genesis. His concluding question is this:—

> If we produce out of the Olympian system, from its Apollo, its Athênê, its Leto, its Iris, and its various other persons or particulars, ideas identical in substance with those that are embodied in the first chapters of Genesis, how can we avoid the conclusion, in parity of reasoning, that those ideas, marked and peculiar as they are, which are found existing alike in the poems of the Aryan Greeks and in the sacred books of the Semitic Hebrews, were common to those Aryans and those Semites before the epoch of their separation?

Mr. Gladstone asks that this proposition may be examined, and equitably judged, without any premature view to consequences; and he very rightly insists that 'we have no right to import the consideration of results, which we may dislike, into the examination of questions of evidence.' The question is, indeed, strictly one of fact; but the facts, so far as I am able to gather them, are opposed even to the existence of this Olympian system, regarded as a system which is supposed to be found in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' and kept jealously distinct from the rest of Greek mythology, which, for no apparent reasons, is pronounced to be of later growth. Before we can allow such a distinction to be drawn, we must have the most cogent and the clearest

evidence; and Mr. Gladstone admits that the expressions or figures by which these beliefs were imparted, were at best only adumbrations of things to come. On the other hand, we seem to be well within the bounds of truth in asserting that all the important characteristics of the Olympian gods in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' are explained far more clearly by the method of comparative mythology. The results obtained by this method seem to show that the phase of development which gives us the Achaian and Hellenic deities was inevitable, and to throw a flood of light even on its minute details. To prove Mr. Gladstone's hypothesis there is need, seemingly, of a never baffled Athênê, and of an Apollo 'who is alone and always in absolute harmony with the will of the eternal Zeus;' but in order to establish this conclusion, how are we justified in severing the myth in the 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey' from the same myth as exhibited in Greek lyric or tragic poetry? Even in the 'Iliad' Athênê is signally baffled in the conspiracy to dethrone Zeus, in which she is an accomplice with Hêrê and Poseidon. Mr. Gladstone is perfectly aware of this fact; but he does not regard it as affecting his hypothesis. If in the case of Apollo it was necessary to believe that there was an absolute harmony between himself and Zeus, of what practical avail would this belief be if it was confined to the author or authors of a single epic poem? This belief was certainly not shared by Euripides, who speaks of Zeus as smiting with his thunderbolt the son of Phœbus because he raised the dead. Elsewhere we are told that Phœbus, in his fierce wrath at the death of his son, smote the Kyklôpes [Cyclopes]; that for this offence he was condemned to serve the Trojan Laomedon, who cheated him of his wages, and then found a more genial master, but a master still, in the Thessalian Admetos. That the dragon slain by him at Pytho had, in the Achaian mind, no connexion with the idea of human disobedience, and that it was simply one of the demons of drought who were slain by gods or heroes in all lands, we have already seen. So completely is the image of the Hellenic Phœbus opposed to the form which, confining his view to the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' Mr. Gladstone ascribes to it. But if the Olympian system falls to the ground, or if, rather, it would appear never to have had a substantial existence, the issue is one which seems to bring out into clearer light the action of the Divine Spirit on the soul of man. If Greek mythology was not the same thing as Greek religion, we can understand how the latter, as set forth in the Hesiodic poems, and in the teaching of the great dramatists, rose steadily to a higher standard, while the former became more cumbrous, arbitrary, and repulsive in its complications. We can see in the one the working of the Spirit from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works proceed; in the other a necessary growth from forms of thought and language which had reference to the phenomena of the sensible world.

George W. Cox.

My Journal in the Holy Land.

PART III.

(*Conclusion.*)

Monday, November 22.—After all the rain of yesterday, the morning dawned bright and beautiful. I felt so much better that it was decided, after much deliberation, to push on to Jerusalem. We therefore started, but had not gone far before the rain came down again in absolute torrents. We halted under shelter, and held another council, but our minds were still made up to go on. Many things beyond the comfort of the moment had to be decided. There was no boat from Haifa or from Acre until the 27th, so that if we turned aside now to either of those places, it would only give us a longer time in the tents. We were, all of us, reluctant to abandon our original plan of reaching Jerusalem by the 25th. This fever is so capricious in its attacks, that it is quite possible I may keep pretty well for the next few days, but even if I were to break down completely, Tom declares he would have me carried in a chair slung between two mules, sooner than not take me as fast as possible to the only place where it would be possible to find an hotel and a doctor in this uncivilised region.

We therefore set forth boldly once more, and struck across the plain of Esdraelon, celebrated in Bible story, as well as in more modern times. Notwithstanding all the hard fighting which has gone on in its neighbourhood, we saw nothing more warlike than a few gazelles, who fled with graceful speed before our approach. A dirty little Arab village stands now on the site of ancient Jezreel, but a few remains of its old stones, and fragments of the original dwelling houses, were still to be seen as we rode through its ruined streets.

It was only half-past five in the afternoon when we halted for the night at Jenin. This is a small town, completely surrounded by beautiful groves of orange trees, laden with ripe fruit. They, in their turn, were fenced in by hedges of prickly pear, reaching far above our heads, every one of the thick, fleshy leaves being edged by its own blossom and fruit. Our way led through the town, and we passed crowds of women selling oranges, citrons, lemons, figs, walnuts, pome granates, nuts, and acorns. This was all very fragrant and picturesque, but I felt dead-tired, and longed to see my tent before me. When, however, we at last reached the camping ground just beyond the town, the mules had not arrived, and nothing was ready. It still rained heavily, and we were fain to dismount and take shelter in an old Arab tomb, where we huddled together beneath a few rugs and waterproofs. It appeared a weary while, waiting thus for nearly two hours

in the cold and dark, and I need scarcely say that when at last the tents were ready, the moment was welcomed with delight.

Next morning we made an early start, and travelled for seven hours and a half straight on, only stopping a little while every now and then, when it became absolutely necessary for us to rest. The pleasantest halt was at Jeba, where we ate our luncheon in a grove of olive trees. Just after that we passed a most beautiful cavern, hewn out of the rock, and supported by two pillars. Every part of it was covered—tapestried, I might say, with maidenhair fern; pillars, roof, walls, every inch of rock, were hidden and made green by the delicate, close-growing fronds.

Partly to look at this cavern, and partly because I could not ride fast, Tom and I had lingered behind the rest of the party. We noticed that a large number of Turks and Greeks passed us, and overtook those of our party who were in front; but no sooner had they done so than it became evident some sort of scrimmage had begun. We could see that Karam was off his horse, and had his revolver out, and it seemed high time, for one of the strangers was holding *his* revolver unpleasantly close to Karam's head. Other men, too, were galloping up, and it really looked rather formidable. We immediately pulled out our revolvers and cantered as quickly as possible to the scene of action, where we met some of our muleteers and servants hurrying to the rescue. Whether we were too large a party and were evidently too well prepared for a fight, I know not, but peace seemed to be restored in a moment, and we all put up our revolvers and rode on as quietly as possible without further annoyance, while our would-be assailants remained behind, vociferating and gesticulating.

What had been rain with us was snow as it fell upon the high mountains around, and this morning Hermon, Jebel Sumnin, and all the loftiest peaks were white and glistening. The effect was very fine, and it was a lucky chance which showed us the country under such a new and unexpected phase—a phase, too, adding greatly to its beauty. After Ramac had been left behind, the full splendour of the panorama burst upon us from the top of a steep hill. Nothing could be at once more varied and more complete than the scene: in the far distance a shining strip of sea, on either hand hills rising one above the other, some capped with snow, others with their sheltered sides covered by groves of olive trees, whilst on those nearer to us many villages could plainly be seen.

Samaria, now called Sebaste, was our next stage. Its ruins still remain and are very extensive; especially fine are the pillars of what once must have been a splendid colonnade, three thousand feet long. Few of its columns, however, are left standing. The olive-trees hereabouts are covered with large branches of mistletoe. It has a red berry, and the leaf is smaller than with us, but otherwise it is an exact and delicate likeness. We cut off some large boughs, and I hope to make the seed grow in England. Little, if any, of the original city of Samaria now remains standing, but its site is well defined.

Two hours more of steady riding brought us to Nablous, the

ancient Sechem, and the capital of the province of Samaria. We found the tents pitched on the shoulder of Mount Gerizim, overlooking the town and the well-watered and cultivated country along which we had been travelling. The olives are now ripe, and for the last few days we have seen the men beating them down from the trees, for the women and children to collect in baskets and carry to the mills to be crushed. There are also other signs of life around. We have observed more traffic of Arabs, camels, and donkeys to-day than usual; and there is actually a telegraph wire along the valley as far as Acre. Altogether we seem to be approaching the region of civilisation once more.

Wednesday, November 24.—A bright, clear, cold morning, with a strong east wind blowing. I am obliged to spare myself as much as possible, so Albert and Tom took a local guide (he turned out to be an old Turkish soldier who had been wounded in the Crimea), and went without me—a little out of our way—up Mount Gerizim to see the fine view from the summit, and the place where the Samaritans still keep their annual Passover. Twelve lambs are roasted whole in pits, with appropriate ceremonials, at night, and then eaten by the orthodox Jews, standing with their loins girded, and amid every sign of sudden and hurried departure. Dean Stanley gives an admirable account of the proceedings; and he saw them to perfection when he was travelling here with the Prince of Wales a few years ago.

In the meantime Evie and I had mounted, and had ridden slowly on with Karam and the mules through the town, which is one of the largest in Palestine. It is built on the side of Mount Gerizim, or the 'hill of blessings,' whilst Mount Ebal, the 'hill of cursings,' rises exactly opposite. The valley here is so exceedingly narrow that it is quite easy to understand how the Law could be read aloud from a central position and the representatives of the six tribes hear every word distinctly. The bazaars occupy the main street, and are handsome, lofty, arched buildings, probably of Roman origin. The principal things sold in them seemed prosaic enough, such as soap, cotton, and oil; but there were also corners glittering with embroidered saddles and rich housings, with abbas and gay clothing for men, women, and children; elaborate specimens of needlework, in many-coloured silks, and threads of gold and silver. There were, besides, what Arabs consider real *articles de luxe*—Manchester cottons, and Birmingham and Sheffield knives.

Half an hour's jogging easily along brought us to Jacob's Well, where our Lord talked with the woman of Samaria; and here we halted, waiting for Tom and Albert to join us. The well is, at this moment, dry, but the pit remains, and the winter rains always fill it. Close by is Joseph's tomb, a plain, white, oblong monument. After passing this, our way lay across a large plain, rich in soil, but dreary and uncultivated to the last degree. The reason that it is left untilled is that the Bedouins swarm for miles around, and any unhappy peasant who tried to make a homestead for himself any-

where here would be pretty sure to be harried by them, and to lose his crops as fast as they ripened.

Then we climbed a steep ridge, and so gained a magnificent outlook over an extensive area. We could gaze around us to our heart's content, as we halted for luncheon and a little rest before beginning the descent into the valley. On our way down we passed the ruined village of Shiloh, where the Ark rested for so long, and whence the Benjamites carried off wives for themselves upon one occasion, when all the women were dancing at some festival in honour of the Ark.

Soon after leaving Shiloh we lost our way, as usual. This invariably happens because Karam is too proud to take a guide, and never will even condescend to ask the way. He has an excellent bump of locality in general, but it fails him occasionally, and as he won't supplement his own knowledge in any way, we are always making little détours, and going off the direct track. When one is as weak and tired as I am, this becomes a serious grievance. He possesses, besides, a most frightful temper. Indeed we have found him, on the whole, decidedly inefficient, and though his contract has been taken at an enormously high price, he economises by not providing a sufficient number of tent-pitchers and other attendants. This causes great delay in our start and on our arrival, and makes things generally uncomfortable. However, we found our way at last, and reached Sinjil soon after six o'clock. It was quite dark, for the moon had not yet risen. The tents had been pitched on a hill just beyond the village, in a spot commanding a beautiful view of the distant sea, when the moon shone full upon it later on.

Thursday, November 25.—We are independent of the tents this morning. We therefore made an early start, and soon reached Ain-el-Haramyel—the Robber's Fountain. It is now almost dry, but the rocks are still covered with lovely trailing ferns and creepers, and a sort of clematis, more beautiful still, which has large white star-like blossoms an inch and a half across. Thence we rode through a curious ravine, where the limestone takes all manner of odd shapes, and forms natural cornices, pillars, and so on. Both here and on the long level plateau we crossed just after, every nook and corner has been taken advantage of, and covered with fig trees planted by ones and twos. At this season of the year, when these trees are leafless, their grey gnarled branches, springing out of the grey limestone—for the soil they grow in can hardly be seen—produce a strange effect, as if they were all carved out of the solid stone. The ploughing here, too, is conducted under great difficulties. We watched some oxen to-day who, after ploughing a piece of ground a couple of yards square, had to jump down a ledge of rock at least two feet deep, and plough a few feet more; then make another jump, and so on, until the whole surface of a steep hill-side had been ploughed. The ploughs are of wood, and of the simplest principle and rudest construction, only scratching up the earth a few inches deep. I should think they have seen no change since the days of Tubal Cain.

We passed Bethel, where so many interesting scenes recorded in sacred history have happened. Then we saw Ramah of Benjamin, and Gibeah of Saul; and then Nob, the city of the priests. Almost directly afterwards, as we turned the brow of a hill, the realisation of one of my most persistent dreams ever since my childhood lay before me, for I saw, spread out like a picture, the walls of Jerusalem. It is quite impossible to describe, or even convey, the least idea of the feelings evoked, and the associations raised by this first view, and I shall only attempt a simple description of our visit to the famous city.

To begin with what we saw first—the walls. They are both curious and picturesque, with Saracenic battlements and gateways, decorated with carved lions, roses, and other devices. Three enormous convents, Russian, Latin, and Armenian, have been built outside the city. Old Jerusalem was barely two miles in extent, but the effect of the original boundaries has been sadly dwarfed by glaring white walls which have been run up round every cluster of buildings here and there. Where the Temple of Solomon once stood, on a high platform of enormous stones, stands now the Haram,[1] which contains within its area the beautiful Mosque of Omar, and the Mosque El Aksa. The next building which strikes the eye is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, its large gilt cross cutting the air with its clear bold outline.

But by this time we had descended the hill and were crossing the brook Kedron. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the stream, rose the Mount of Olives, and a slight circuit brought us into Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate. Here we had some slight difficulty with the Custom House people about our luggage, but soon settled the matter, and then went on past the old citadel until we reached the Mediterranean Hotel. It was full, indeed crowded, and at first the landlord declared he could not take us in. However, by dint of a little squeezing and judicious packing of the guests already arrived, a couple of bedrooms were found. One was pretty good, and into it Albert at once carried me, for I was utterly unable even to stand. He laid me on the bed, and immediately hastened downstairs to take the things off my saddle, but in those few moments someone had stolen my pistol and pocket-handkerchief, and in spite of all inquiries and offers of reward, we have heard nothing of them. It is very provoking to have lost my nice little pistol in this manner, especially after having brought it safely for so many miles.[2] The table-d'hôte was crowded with French, Americans, and Germans, and seemed very noisy and lively after our recent solitary, quiet lives.

[1] The Haram-es-Sherif—'the Noble Sanctuary.' See Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 168.

[2] The pistol was, after many months, restored to me by the Consul, Mr. Moon, who had discovered it in a sort of pawnbroker's shop, where it was alleged that Karam had sold it.

Friday, November 26.—I think everybody was glad to rest until the late table-d'hôte breakfast at noon. After it was over, we rode first round to the Jews' Wailing Place, where a few of the original stones of the Temple still remain. To this sacred spot Jewish pilgrims of all ages, ranks, sexes, and countries, come every Friday to weep over the destruction and to pray for the restoration of Jerusalem. It is a most extraordinary sight: old and young men kneel there and kiss the stones with the greatest fervour, some of them praying and reading, and all of them crying. Old and young women and little children are seated on the pavement reading the Talmud, and the histories of the destruction of the Temple and the prophecies of its restoration. They sob all the while as if their hearts would break; their eyes are red and swollen, and their cheeks inflamed with much and continued weeping. Though they are all Jews, each is dressed in the costume of his or her country.

The continuation of our ride took us round outside the walls of the city, by the pool of Siloam, down the valley of Hinnom, past the tombs of Jehoshaphat and Zechariah to the garden of Gethsemane, which lies at the foot of the Mount of Olives. It is a small square garden, chiefly remarkable for some very ancient olive trees. At present it is intensely modern and commonplace in appearance, with its small neat beds of flowers; but there seems to be no doubt that it occupies the site of the former garden. It is kept in order by the piety of some Latin monks, who devote a great deal of time apparently to the care of its rosemary borders. Then we went on to the Tomb of the Virgin, and the Chapel of the Agony close by. Here the whole thing became a sort of melancholy profanity, the attendants pointing out to us the exact spot where the drops of sweat fell from Our Saviour's brow, the impressions left by the forms of the disciples when they fell asleep, and the spot where the servant's ear was cut off. In spite of what was revolting to common sense, there was, however, something very touching in the faith with which the poor pilgrims, from all parts of the world, regarded each hallowed spot.

We then went on to the summit of the Mount of Olives, and spent some time on the top of a ruined mosque there, whence we had an extensive view of the city of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. What most strikes the eye in such a panorama as this, is the vast enclosure of the Haram, which stands on the summit of Mount Moriah, and contains the mosque called the 'Dome of the Rock' standing on the site of the Jewish Temple. There is also another large mosque of El Aksa within the enclosure, and many a tapering minaret besides. Elaborate archways and groups of cypress trees are also most happily placed at every available spot in its vast area. North of the Haram is another rise of the ground, now covered with houses and gardens, and towards the south a lesser hill completes the continuous ridge. Mount Zion forms the south-west quarter of the city. From the Mount of Olives one can trace exactly the line of walls surrounding Jerusalem. In most places they are

evidently of Saracenic origin; but in a few places the magnificent masses of bevelled masonry show that the courses of the foundations of the Temple still remain. Most of the extent of wall is in excellent preservation, and from its great height it forms an important feature in the scene. All the buildings stand out with exquisite sharpness against the intense blue of the sky. If we turned to the other side, there was a still more extensive view of the desert country of Judæa, the Dead Sea—it was a surprise to see it so blue—and the mountains of Moab beyond, their peaks glowing in the golden sunlight, and their valleys purple with deep violet shadows. One bright-tipped peak, higher than the rest, is supposed to be Mount Nebo, whence Moses' dying eyes beheld the promised land. So clear was the atmosphere that, although the Dead Sea is eighteen miles off, it appeared to be quite close to us. Indeed, in this clear Syrian atmosphere it is utterly impossible to appreciate distances; one can only believe what one is told as to the relative position of places, for one's own eyesight and judgment are invariably at fault.

Saturday, November 27.—It is always a matter of considerable difficulty to see the buildings within the walls of the Haram. A few years ago the sacred precincts were alike impenetrable to Jew and Christian, but now-a-days there is a stipulated entrance fee, which requires to be largely supplemented by backsheesh. To make matters easy, the Consul sent the Vice-Consul and his own cavass to take us into the enclosure. Poor Akurah insisted on following us, but only to be sternly driven back when we reached the gates, for any attempt to bring him within the enclosure would only have resulted in his being instantly shot.

The first effect on entering the Haram is very striking, for the eye lights at once on the beautiful 'Dome of the Rock,' with its many-coloured mosaics, glittering like mother-of-pearl in the sunlight. On one side of it is a long colonnade, from which the Pool of Bethesda is to be seen. In a corner stands the Golden Gate with its lovely columns and capitals. In another a graceful minaret, and four or five arches stand by themselves in different places, looking as if they were part of an unfinished colonnade. The whole of the interior is dotted about with little tombs, and prayer stations built of old stones, beautifully carved, and taken from the old Temple.

We were first taken to examine carefully a beautiful cupola, called the 'Dome of the Chain,' supported on seventeen columns, which is said to have been the judgment-seat of David. In this spot, the story goes, will the balance of judgment be settled on the last day, and the great chain which hangs down from the middle will kill all the bad, leaving the good untouched. Little but the foundations now remain of the original Jewish buildings, but everything tends to prove that the site is the same as that of the Temple; and the spot is hallowed to the Christian by the personal ministry of the Saviour, as well as to the Jew by its association with the history of his race.

There is a curious mixture of Mahometan and Jewish superstition apparent within its walls. For instance, we were shown the foot-prints of Mahomet, left as he ascended into heaven; and the finger-prints of the Angel Gabriel, who held down the rock to prevent its following the Prophet. The interior of the mosque is so dark that it is almost impossible at first to distinguish anything, and the first thing our eyes beheld when they grew accustomed to the dim light was the site of the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. Beneath it is a hole leading down into a cave, for the blood of the sacrificed victims to flow into. This cave is also called the Well of Spirits, and we were taken down to see it; and also the place where the rock gave way on one occasion to prevent Mahomet from hurting his head.

The decoration is Byzantine in style, and really very fine. The dome is covered with mosaic work, on a gold ground, something like that of Monreale, at Palermo. All the pillars and side arches are built up of pieces of the ancient Temple, and are of marble and alabaster, covered with gilding; but the heads, tails, and feet of the animals used in Jewish decoration have been ruthlessly chopped off, for the true Mahometan will not admit the image of any living thing either in his house or his place of worship. I was much attracted by a curious old chandelier; the bottom looked like an old leathern shield, from which rose up tiers upon tiers of little oil lamps. It must look exactly like the gigantic half of an orange when it is lighted up.

A small cupola, standing by itself, marks the spot from which the Prophet started on his way to Paradise; and a little beyond is shown a small curious recess where he received instructions from the angels touching the heavenward journey. At the bottom of the steps is an exquisitely carved pulpit; close by is a marble fountain shaded by cypress trees. Little islands of rock stick up here and there within its white rim, and it used to be filled from the pools of Solomon, though now it contains scarcely a drop of water.

We were next shown the Mosque of El Aksa, used in the thirteenth century as a Christian church by the Crusaders. Though it is much larger than the cupola of the 'Dome of the Rock,' it cannot compare with it in richness and purity of style. Most of the buildings within the enclosure of the Haram are distinctly Saracenic in architectural character, but of much older date than the days of Saladin. I have seen, in Cordova and Granada, Cairo and Damascus, a good deal of Saracenic architecture, yet, in my poor judgment, I have never seen anything so fine as the architecture encircled by the walls of the Haram.

This Mosque of El Aksa stands in a corner of the next area of the Haram. It is on a much lower platform than the Mosque of Omar, and in the corridor by which you enter, two slabs of black marble are let into its white walls. Faithful Mahometans are blindfolded and told to kiss first one and then the other opposite; if they make a good shot they will go to Paradise; if a bad one, to Gehenna. It is rather

a difficult crucial test, I should think, and it would be a great temptation to keep half an eye open and so make sure of one's aim. Just within the great doorway is a cistern called the 'Well of the Leaf.' The story says that in the days of Omar, one of the faithful pilgrims came to this well to draw water. His bucket fell to the bottom, and he went down to get it. To his great surprise, a door opened before him, and he found himself in beautiful fragrant gardens, in which he walked for some time with great satisfaction. Before leaving this delightful place he plucked a leaf from one of the many trees, stuck it behind his ear, and so ascended to the upper earth without difficulty; but there is no record of whether he brought his bucket up or not. Of course the story spread, till at last it reached the ears of Omar, but only as an impudent invention; for no door could be found by any investigating travellers. Omar, however, treated the rumour with respect, and said there was a prophecy that one of the faithful should enter Paradise alive. Everything depended on whether the leaf retained its verdure, and so could maintain its claim to have grown upon a tree of Paradise. This test was triumphantly passed, for the leaf was green as ever, and so the story has lived to this day, and so it is always told on the brink of the 'Well of the Leaf.'

The Mahometans seem fond of tests. If the true believer can pass between two columns, outside the Mosque El Aksa, standing very close together, he leaves all his sins behind him. Now, the thinnest of our party could only just manage to squeeze through, and fat Mussulmans must assuredly find it difficult. A still more difficult test is at another place, a little beyond the same mosque, where Solomon's throne once stood. Here hangs—visible only to the eyes of the faithful, —(and even they must wait for death to unseal their vision)—the bridge, thin as a hair, and sharp as a sword, between earth and Paradise. Beneath it yawns the abyss of Gehenna, and the faithless will miss their footing, and tumble headlong into its depths, whilst the true believer crosses the bridge easily and swiftly. Passing still along the wall, we came to the garden gate. Within are most beautiful carvings, and some fine pillars, said to have been brought from Gaza, by the Queen of Sheba, as a present to Solomon.

It was quite the afternoon before we reached the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which occupies the site of the church built by Constantine over our Lord's tomb. Just inside the door is a slab on which it is supposed the body of Christ was laid in order to be anointed, and it is worn quite into holes by the kisses of devout pilgrims. It is quite touching to see the faith these poor creatures place in every possible and impossible site. Many of the peasants of the South of Russia save up their money for half a lifetime in order to make this journey, which they perform in the most economical way possible. They travel as deck-passengers on board ship in all weathers, and walk when they are on land. When at last Jerusalem is reached, they take up their abode in the Russian hospice, and there the wretched priests never let them go till they have stripped them of their uttermost farthing, so

that they literally have to beg their way back, and often starve on the road-side.

Within the church built on the exact spot known as the Holy Sepulchre, three round holes lead in three different directions into the body of the building. They are about the size of a man's arm, and through them the supposed sacred fire is made to issue on the Greek Easter Sunday. Hard by the traveller is shown the pillar to which our Lord was bound when scourged, the original crown of thorns, the holes in the ground where the three crosses were found, the exact centre of the world, the tombs of Adam and Eve, and other traditionary sites, made holy by the fervent adoration of myriad pilgrims.

The nave of the church belongs to the Greeks. Connected with the aisle are a number of chapels, in each of which some memorable incident in the story of the Crucifixion is said to have occurred. The general effect of this irregular aggregation of buildings is more impressive than I had anticipated. There is less tawdriness too, less of meretricious ornament, than is generally to be found in both Greek and Latin churches.

Sunday, November 28.—Attended morning service in English church. I was disappointed to see so small a congregation in a city in which England has for so many years maintained a bishop and assistant clergymen. The harsh persecution to which proselytes are subjected from the members of other creeds perhaps affords some explanation of the failure of our missionary efforts in Jerusalem. The only really effectual work in this direction is achieved through the instrumentality of the schools.

In the afternoon we walked out through the Damascus Gate, the most picturesque of all the gateways, to the so-called Tombs of the Kings. They are extensive excavations in the solid rock, but would only be interesting to an antiquary.

Karam has been behaving worse than ever, and to-night he was nearly going to prison. He escaped this fate; but we have dismissed him, and are only too glad to have parted with him.

Jerusalem, Monday, November 29.—All our baggage and the tents having been sent off under the care of old Hadji Hassan and Ibrahim, we wished good-bye to our friends at the hotel, left Karam scowling on the doorstep, and started afresh with a new dragoman and a very grand Arab escort; Akurah gambolling in front.

Our road at first wound round the foot of Mount Olivet, and led us to Bethany, where we alighted to look at the tomb of Lazarus. To this day a sepulchre remains, cut in the rock, with the stone rolled away. We descended a few steps to enter it, and tried to realise some of its associations, for in itself there is not much to see. After leaving Bethany we rode drearily on through the Wilderness of Judæa under a burning sun. Not a blade of vegetation was to be seen; nothing but rocks, stones, and sand. The history of this district would consist of the records of deeds of robbery, violence, and bloodshed. It is certainly easy to conceive the ideal misery of

the scapegoat turned out into such a desert with the sins of the people cast upon him by the High Priest, as depicted so truthfully by Mr. Holman Hunt. The road is very good, paved most of the way, and evidently Roman in its origin. We passed the Wady el Kelt, a little stream running through a gorge 500 feet deep. Its precipitous sides are pierced by holes apparently inaccessible to any but birds of the air; yet we were assured that many hermits of old had lived in them, and that one anchorite especially had resided for many years in one such cavity, uncombed and unwashed, nourishing his poor castigated body on four raisins a day.

Cherith was next crossed, the brook where Elijah was fed by the ravens, and soon after we reached Ain el Sultan, or Fountain of Elisha, said to have been turned by him from bitter into sweet water. Curiously enough, here, as at the fountain of Moses close to Mount Sinai, a small shrub grows, bearing red berries, which, thrown into brackish water, will make it taste perfectly sweet and remove all ill effects. I have heard of it from many travellers, though I never tried it myself. The waters of the fountain are quite warm; there were thousands of little fish swimming about in the basin just below where the water fell from the rock. The stream went gently meandering on, through almost park-like scenery, between banks of soft and mossy grass. It would have been delicious and home-like, if it had not been for the steamy and oppressive atmosphere. We all felt overcome with lassitude, and by the time we reached the encampment I was so tired that I began half to regret having undertaken the journey. However, the tents were comfortable, and looked very picturesque, with the large fires near them. It was quite a large camp; seventeen tents, some of them occupied by Americans and Germans, who were travelling the same way. Whilst we were dining, some women from Jericho came and performed a curious dance with swords, to the sound of uncouth musical instruments and harsh guttural cries. Later on a band of men performed a similar dance, and after we got rid of them we were all very glad to go to bed. There was not much sleep, however, for anyone, for the various Arab escorts made strange noises during great part of the night, while they kept up the camp fires, to scare away the wild beasts which abound in the low scrub between here and the banks of the Jordan.

Tuesday, November 30.—We were the last party to start from the camping ground this morning, and a ride of a little more than an hour brought us to Riha. This is decidedly the filthiest and nastiest village we have seen in all our travels, which is saying a great deal. The plain of the Jordan has lost most of its ancient fertility, but still abounds with myrtle, oleander, henna, and a horrid little thorny acacia called *nubk*, with hooked thorns, which tear all one's clothes to pieces. There are numbers of birds of brilliant and beautiful plumage in these bushes—golden orioles and many other varieties.

A ride of about an hour and a half brought us to the banks of the Jordan, which are so thickly fringed with bamboos and canes that

you can only get down to the water in one place, where the jungle has been cleared away. It is to this spot that the great bathing pilgrimage takes place; and tradition says that here our Lord was baptised. We lingered some time on the banks, reading, filling bottles with water, gathering canes and other things as reminiscences. Presently a large herd of camels with their young ones slowly emerged from the cane bushes on the other side, and came down to the water in groups of twenty or thirty to drink—as many at a time as could press forward without getting out of their depth in the rapid current of the river. There must have been between two and three hundred of them. Some were black, some white, and the rest of all shades of grey and brown. It was wonderful to see them with their heads half hidden in the water, sucking it up as if they never meant to stop. The wise beasts were laying in a stock for many days, as they belonged to a tribe of Arabs far away on the east side of Jordan, 'a barren land, where no water is,' and had been driven down to drink and feed.

The way, after leaving the river, lay through a desert of sand encrusted with salt and sulphur; a dead level, except for an occasional low hillock of drifted sand. The sun was hot and scorching, the atmosphere misty and oppressive, and a dull, mirage-like haze hung over everything. It was certainly not difficult to believe that we were in a natural basin or valley more than one thousand feet below the level of the sea, where the pure air of heaven found it very difficult to enter. An hour's ride over this desolate country brought us to the Dead Sea. It is beautifully blue, and its banks are thickly covered by fantastic shapes of bleached drift-wood, which look like the skeletons of antediluvian animals. The land is wonderfully rich a little way off, towards the banks of the Jordan, and only requires scratching to produce abundant crops. We ate our lunch on the melancholy shore of the lake. Albert went off to bathe first, but did not enjoy it much, though he said the extraordinary buoyancy of the water must be felt to be believed.

In the afternoon we started to go up Mar Saba. It took us five hours and a half of stiff climbing through splendid gorges of rock, absolutely bare of vegetation. The fresher air, as we ascended, was very grateful at first, but by the time we had reached the top it was bitterly cold, and quite dark. I felt thoroughly knocked up, and could scarcely sit on my horse. In fact I had to be carried to my bed, and there I remained until late next day. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we could just catch a glimpse of the towers of the convent of Mar Saba. The encampment of a French lady and her son was between us and the convent, the attendant Arabs being picturesquely grouped in the ruddy glow of the drift-wood fire.

Wednesday, December 1.—After breakfast Tom and Albert went to visit the convent of Mar Saba, founded by St. Saba, A.D. 419. They found a large building, strongly fortified, and inhabited by an order of monks chosen from the lowest classes of men, without

intellect, education, or refinement, whose chief amusement consisted in feeding flocks of birds, somewhat like blackbirds, only with bright yellow wings, which are peculiar to this district. The convent belongs to the Greek Church, and is one of the richest in the East. This accounts for the strong fortifications necessary to guard its treasures from the surrounding tribes of predatory Arabs.

About noon we started on our return to Jerusalem, and as I was rather better, we determined to go round by Bethlehem. We followed the south side of the brook Kedron for half an hour, and then crossed it. A couple of hours' further ride brought us near to Bethlehem, and just as we were approaching this most interesting city we saw the miscreant Karam in the distance. He was mounted on a mule, from which, in true Eastern fashion, he dismounted when still at some distance from us, and prostrated himself many times on the ground, and then, as he approached our horses, kissed our feet, put them on his head, and in short pretended to be generally sorry for his misdeeds. I must say that I did not feel in the least touched, and regarded all this merely as an amusing piece of Oriental acting; but it quite melted Tom's heart, and he forgave him and took him back. Ill-timed mercy, as it afterwards proved to be.

We arrived at the convent of Bethany (founded by the Empress Helena) in less than half an hour, and found that Karam had already persuaded the monks to provide us with an excellent lunch. Afterwards we went to look at the Church of the Nativity, part of which belongs to the Greeks, part to the Armenians, and the north side of the choir to the Latins. Each sect has its separate winding staircase leading to the Chapel of the Nativity, which is in the crypt underneath the church. The altar is very simple. It has a large silver star over it, on which is written in Latin, 'Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.' No one who has not been there can realise the effect of reading these words on the very spot itself, for there is every reason to believe it authentic. Round the star are sixteen massive silver lamps which are constantly kept burning. In one corner is the small Chapel of the Redella or 'Manger.' The place where the manger stood is now replaced by a marble trough; the original one being supposed to be in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, at Rome.

The chapels have to be carefully measured out, inch by inch, between the different Christian sects who claim a share in them; but, in spite of every precaution, scenes of violence and bloodshed constantly occur!

As we left the church, our steps were dogged by vendors of rosaries, carved mother-of-pearl shells, and crosses, who followed and tormented us till we were far beyond the precincts of the town. Then we came to the Well of Bethlehem by the gate, and saw the grotto built on the spot where the shepherds were supposed to have been 'watching their flocks by night' when they saw the star arise in the East. On our way back we met crowds of pilgrims, principally Russians, making their pilgrimage to the sacred shrine. We passed Rebecca's tomb on our way back, and two hours' steady riding brought us to Jerusalem.

Thursday, December 2.—Our tents and baggage had not gone through Jerusalem, but straight on from Mar Saba to Ramleh, so we started from the hotel in light marching order about 9 A.M. this morning. The road was good and less steep than usual, and led through a pleasant country, but the jog-trot pace of the horses is most trying. Close to the site of the ancient Kirjath-Jearim, where the Ark was kept until David took it to Jerusalem, is a beautiful Gothic church dedicated to St. Jeremiah. A few years ago this locality was made dangerous by an Arab chief, whose lawlessness kept the whole country side in awe. We next passed Emmaus, and soon after, finding a magnificent carob tree over a well, stopped to lunch and rest during the heat of the day. We had not sat there long before a large Russian party came up and dismounted also to rest near us. They had hired a large steamer, and had come direct from the Crimea to the Holy Land. The road presented nothing of interest from this point, and we missed our way again as we approached Ramleh. It was no wonder, for the tents had been pitched quite away from the road. However, servants were out with lanterns looking for us, and we soon found ourselves at the camp.

Friday, December 3.—We had a most enchanting ride into Jaffa this morning, through groves of orange, lemon, citron, and apricot trees, but when we reached the fortified gates of the city at noon, lo! they were closed, for this is the Mahometan Sabbath. It required time and patience and backsheesh to get in at last, after an hour passed amid a motley crowd of camels, soldiers, and fruit merchants. When once inside we were equally eager to get out again, for Jaffa is indescribably squalid and dirty; hungry as we were, it was an effort to eat any of the breakfast provided for us at a miserable hotel. After the attempt had been made, we hastened on board the French steamer, Akurah protesting vehemently against the embarkation, and being only got on board by the summary process of flinging him in after us. Once on board, however, he wandered about at his own sweet will, everybody being too much afraid of him to tie him up. The steamer was a fine and large one, with an excellent *cuisine*, but the deck looked filthily dirty, for it was crowded with Arabs, Turks, Jews, and pilgrims of every nation, and of the lowest class. They lived, slept, and cooked on deck, and to add to the noise, dirt, and confusion, the hold was filled with sheep. I had to go to bed directly I arrived and to be put under the French doctor's care, who, however, did not do me much good.

With the embarkation at Jaffa my 'Journal in the Holy Land' ends. Notwithstanding the fact that I was dangerously ill for more than two months at Malta, and that I still occasionally feel the effects of that dreadful Syrian fever, I shall always regard the journey in Palestine as one of the most interesting of my many wanderings; a feeling which would be greatly enhanced if I could think that it was in any degree shared by my present readers.

ANNIE BRASSEY.

Edward and Catherine Stanley.[1]

THIS volume contains a sketch of a career full of interest, and of a mind yet fuller. Thirty years ago the present Dean of Westminster introduced a collection of the Charges and Sermons of his father, Bishop Stanley, with a graceful and modest memoir. That memoir he now reprints; he adds to it a selection from his mother's journals and letters. The charm of contrasted characteristics in husband and wife, when each character is good in its own way, is matter of notoriety; but dissimilar traits have never blended in a happier harmony than in the parents of Dean Stanley.

The Bishop of Norwich was destined for the Church by the family living of Alderley. His son allows that 'in ordinary circumstances it is obvious the clerical calling would not have been deemed his natural vocation.' He knew little Latin and less Greek. He was no profound student of patristic theology, and did not supply its place with German metaphysics. There was in him none of the enthusiasm which in an Evangelical clergyman might have compensated for lack of learning. He had no sentiment for religious art, or for mysticism, which might have attracted him towards Oxford Tractarianism. Had there been no Rectory of Alderley he would have been a skilful sailor. Had he been the elder son, instead of the second, he would have been an ardent sportsman. As it was, the regret of his life was that he was a landsman, and his favourite recreation was ornithology. All seemed to unfit him for a parsonage or a mitre. The Church revival, which began when he was still in early middle life, pointed the opposition between him and the lot which had been chosen for rather than by him. He scarcely understood the language spoken around him. He was equally isolated from High and from Low Churchmen. Yet he transformed Alderley into a model parish. Though that strange monster, a Whig bishop, he won the affection of a population which, so far as it belonged to the Church, was Tory; so far as it was intellectual, was Unitarian; and so far as it was philanthropic, was Quaker. The secret of his success in opposition to circumstances lay in the very fact of that opposition. He liked uphill work. A sense of the necessity of surmounting 'the obstacles which nature or education had thrown in his way' invigorated him. To him, his son boasts, 'the call of duty was not merely a command but an encouragement—the voice of a trumpet which cheered and inspirited him, at the same time that it compelled him to act.' As a man he felt there were questions he could not solve.

[1] *Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley.* Edited by their son, A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: John Murray. 1879.

That no more dulled his zeal than ignorance of the captain's reasons for ordering his ship to be sailed on a new tack would hinder a midshipman from obeying orders. To a sick man who propounded to him theological problems, he frankly admitted: 'I do not answer one of your difficulties. I grant them all. They are difficulties. I cannot explain them.' But though he pardoned the love of inquiry in others, and even admired it in an Arnold, for himself he rather treated the impossibility of solving theological mysteries as a personal incapacity. He never allowed it for a moment to interfere with the fulfilment of what he regarded as a simple commission he was bound to discharge. From no dictates of caution, but naturally and spontaneously, he marked out for himself a territory outside or beyond party. He was no theological eclectic. His part was that of a Church administrator. The primary aspect the English Church wore in his eyes was that of a Christian society to be organised. The rivalries of schools of thought within its borders had for him no attraction.

Alderley he made a model parish by constituting himself its ecclesiastical squire, as his brother, the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, was its lay squire. 'Without losing for a moment the advantage which birth and station always give to an English gentleman in his dealings with the poor, he yet descended to the level of their tastes and pursuits.' The rectory became 'the home of the parish.' By the unconscious assertion of an official and an hereditary right he played the part of a benevolent autocrat. In the public-houses he caused placards to be framed, exhorting to sobriety. Apparently, the Cheshire publicans never thought of disputing his title to control their trade. If there were a fight in the village he could stop it. 'There was such a spirit in him,' was the admiring testimony of the peasantry. Parishioners might sometimes wish he had decided differently on the course their destinies were to take; but, 'as the Rector says it, we must not go against him.' His was the perfect type of the old-fashioned country parson. He taught the catechism and he sold cheap blankets. He belonged, however, to the nineteenth century, so he lectured also on ornithology and mineralogy, and pleaded on behalf of Catholic emancipation. Circumstances made Alderley amenable to every kindly and liberal influence he chose to bring to bear upon it. We can hardly wonder that Lord Melbourne's offer in 1837 of the See of Norwich was an occasion of sadness and almost despair to the parish he had moulded. 'The very footbreadth in the road where the villagers had shed tears on first hearing of the news long lived in their recollection.'

What might seem, at first sight, more surprising is that the offer should have been accepted. He knew very well he could not hope for such a conjunction of official and private happiness at Norwich as at Alderley. He probably suspected that he could secure little of the success as a bishop which he had achieved as parish priest. But, in fact, the man was so constituted that the alien nature of the work at Norwich was an attraction. The Whig clergyman

believed he had lessons to teach in a seat of ecclesiastical Toryism. A born administrator saw a life's taskwork ready for him in a diocese which had been slumbering under the rule of a bishop who lived to ninety-three. As a mere piece of ecclesiastical machinery, Norwich diocese was in a state of the most extraordinary rust and dilapidation. Clerical zeal had come to be regarded with suspicion. Clergy and congregations had agreed to be apathetic together. Men who felt conscious of intelligence and enthusiasm fled from the benumbing atmosphere of Eastern Counties churchmanship. Edward Stanley understood himself well enough to be assured that he could do something towards restoring, at any rate, ecclesiastical discipline. It is a commonplace of the extravagances of the plurality system how, in the diocese of Norwich, fifteen churches were served by three brothers. Everything was done slovenly, even to the administration of the rites of burial and baptism. The new Bishop had obeyed ecclesiastical law at Alderley as an ecclesiastical subaltern. He insisted, as commanding officer, on obedience to it at Norwich. His efforts were, his son acknowledges, and as he himself often lamented, only partially successful. But his rule produced 'a visible and permanent effect.' By the twelfth year of his episcopate a hundred and seventy-three additional parsonage houses helped to cure the crying evil of non-residence. In many Norfolk and Suffolk parishes, the church had been opened only once a fortnight. His importunities with his clergy resulted in an addition throughout the diocese of three hundred and forty-seven services. Evil moral example among his clergy he attacked with 'a severity unsparing alike of the delinquents and of himself.' 'The thought of screening such cases to avoid scandal to the Church was utterly unknown to him.'

But Bishop Stanley did not effect these reforms without personal suffering. The dull mass of clerical indolence which resented the stirring of its lethargy gave weight to the active dislike cherished against a prelate who adhered to no party. His proposal to nominate Dr. Arnold to preach his Consecration sermon, though evaded by Archbishop Howley, was remembered and regarded as an outrage. The Bishop's own first address from a Norwich pulpit was construed as a declaration of war upon Church orthodoxy. All that this 'heretical sermon of a Liberal Bishop' did was to inculcate tolerance of Dissent and the advantage of combining secular with religious instruction. Probably the preacher had not suspected that he was dealing in explosives. He uttered what appeared to his own mind apparent truths. His faith in the Trinity was called in question because in the innocent desire to pay a personal compliment to an aged Unitarian he had subscribed for a copy of a volume of sermons. His hospitality to Father Mathew, as the apostle of temperance, was branded as a defiance of the Church of England's enmity for the Church of Rome. His defence of the drama and his hospitality to Madame Goldschmidt were displeasing to a multitude of pragmatical Churchmen. That the old President of the Linnæan Society retained a fondness for natural

history when he could no longer pursue researches in it, was itself an offence. His funeral sermon on an 'unbaptized Quaker,' Joseph Gurney, the philanthropist, seemed to many clerical purists an insult to the Establishment. At one period it appeared that the Whig Bishop of Norwich could say and do nothing which was not forthwith misconstrued and perverted into hostility to orthodoxy. In truth, the Bishop slipped into controversies from no love of them, and from no desire to annoy opponents. His gaze was not extraordinarily wide or profound; but within its scope it was clear; it seemed to him a matter of course to judge men by their acts, and not by their theological denomination. His own sensibilities were apparently not very acute; and often he probed a sore place in simple ignorance of its existence. When the sufferer turned upon him he was ready to defend his act; had he anticipated the uproar he might probably have abstained from furnishing its occasion.

Some of his critics have declared him to be as 'timid as a hare.' His son pronounces him as 'courageous as a lion.' He may well have been both. As a controversialist he felt bitterly his want of learning and of the instinct for appreciating the passions which moved the ecclesiastical world of his episcopal period. When once the battle was joined, hesitation disappeared even in a scholastic controversy. As a ruler of the Church, and a guardian of its discipline, he was sensible of no timorousness from first to last. He could face a rude Chartist mob in his Cathedral, and an ill-conducted clergyman with equal intrepidity. In such collisions he may even have experienced a certain pleasure. What he doubtless missed out of his old sedentary life was not the serene calm of a rural parsonage. His energetic temperament can scarcely have valued that very highly. It was the power of direct contact with the people he had to govern. At Alderley when he had stopped the fight, or rebuked intoxication, the brawlers or the drunkards were within his beck and call, to watch over and reform. As the Bishop of a diocese he must have felt himself too far aloof and remote. The sense of the want may be traced in his efforts to supply it. He delighted in treating the busy city of Norwich as his own especial parish. He would frequent the dreariest alleys, to pray and read with their inhabitants. He used to bid curates note for him who were sick among the poor in their charge, that he might visit them. 'It is,' he said, 'a kind of work that I enjoy beyond all other.' Overworked and dying, though he knew it not, he was persuaded to make holiday in Scotland. But first he stipulated that 'if the cholera, which was then ravaging the rest of the kingdom, should reach his own city, he should return at once. "The moment the cholera breaks out, I return instantly to be at my post."' All suffering, though in less importunate forms than sickness, attracted him as of course. The sick were too often beyond his reach. His craving for scope for his pastoral benevolence made an opening for itself by bestowing peculiar solicitude upon those who were more particularly friendless. At confirmations, to which he gave new life in the Nor-

wich diocese, 'the objects that would especially engage his attention were the children who came from the different union-houses. His eye was always quick to discover their homely appearance, and before they were allowed to leave the rails of the Communion-table he would address them individually. It was his habit, on his return home, to forward to each a Bible and a Prayer-Book, in which the names of the child and the donor were written with his own hand.'

While this restless career of administrative and philanthropic energy was stirring and troubling the stagnant waters of East Anglian churchmanship, an utterly different spirit and character pervaded and gave the tone to the atmosphere of Bishop Stanley's home. Edward Stanley had vigour of character and an elevated sense of duty. He was animated by a generous passion for order. But there was naturally a want of light and shade in his common sense. His wife possessed no special gift of organisation. She felt and she reflected without desiring forthwith to realise her meditations. Nothing could be less similar, even in their excellences, than wife and husband. Yet, as we read this selection from her thoughts, we fancy we discover how the naturally narrow bounds of Edward Stanley's theology may have opened, and how the somewhat hard disciplinarian learnt to find no greater enjoyment than in comforting a sick bed and softening the harsh lot of a workhouse child. Mrs. Stanley was endowed with more than a refined woman's insight. Her chief delight was to cultivate the faculty of introspection. One of the earliest extracts her son publishes from her correspondence is a panegyric on the once famous but now forgotten essays of John Foster. Her pleasure in studying them, she explains, is derived not only from the writer's own reflections, but from those he leads her to make upon her own character. Her own nature is a perpetual and agreeable mystery to her. She questions herself curiously why one day she has felt an inexplicable luxury as well in 'breathing the sweet evening air in the garden' as in 'the being made miserable by Mrs. Opie's "Father and Daughter."' The want of correspondence between the essential enormity of crimes and their penalties is a problem she is not afraid to consider. 'The crimes held the most odious are those which interfere with the welfare of society. But the matter of fact is that those very crimes, so odious, do not necessarily argue a heart so contrary to the spirit of religion, so far from an union with God, as many other dispositions.' As a physician watches symptoms, she watches the gradations of change, produced by mere external circumstances, in her judgment of her neighbours. In sickness 'how instantly the idea of immediate danger softens every feeling towards the individual, and places him in a different relative position to you! How all the best parts of the character rise at once to your view, every reason of regret, every tie, every feeling of tenderness or affection.' Self-study is no insurance against vexation at unjust estimates by others. The journals record what are seemingly attempts by the writer to school herself into 'independence of others' opinions.' The want of it produces an effect she declares to be 'chilling, cramping, despairing.'

In all she writes and thinks an eagerness is visible to see two sides of a question or a character. In one place she catalogues the possible drawbacks to the qualities commonly accepted as meritorious. The 'notable' woman is often only 'stingy, trifling, bothering;' the 'tractable' child is sometimes 'spiritless, dull, hopeless;' the 'honest' servant, one who is 'always suspicious and complaining.' She acknowledges punctuality to be 'the comfort of life,' and that the want of it is 'a public inconvenience, selfishness, want of consideration.' Unfortunately, when she surveys the most punctual people of her acquaintance, she finds them 'the most disagreeable.' The unpunctual are 'easy, unfussy, good-tempered, ready for enjoyment, *sans souci*, unformal.' At another time she is seen reminding herself of the counterbalancing vices and virtues of rival Churches. In Catholicism she perceives the good tendencies in the shape of faith, reverence, and self-sacrifice, as well as the bad towards superstition, equivocation, and carelessness about so-called venial sins. In Evangelicalism she recognises, beyond the narrowness, and emphasis on doctrines above works, the spirituality and zeal, and even the liberality in 'dwelling on the Church of Christ rather than the Church of England.' Unitarianism itself has a kind word from her for its toleration, love of science, and 'universal philanthropy,' though she condemns its deficiency in humility and Christian love, its 'resting on outward moral works,' and even its want of 'literature and scholarship.'

In one note the hereditary Whig, and political and social reformer, is in revolt against all her traditions and practice. She deplores that she has been born in an 'age of humbug.' It is an age, she exclaims to herself, of the establishment of 'branch Bible societies, when Bibles might be procured with equal ease and rather less expense from the neighbouring towns.' Means are 'accumulated for teaching certain classes of persons what those persons can never make any use of.' Girls are taught Latin and mathematics, 'whilst the practical doctrine of the odiousness of female blueism, requiring every charm of manner and face to get over, is rather gaining than losing ground.' The greatest inconvenience is undergone to 'have one's letters soon,' when 'we have not in the course of the year one that would signify if it lay at the post-office two days instead of two hours.' With no fear of Trades' Union Congresses before her eyes, or the fate of Archbishop Whately's economical reputation, she actually decries 'subscriptions to relieve the distressed manufacturers, who thereby are enabled to stand out for wages against their masters.' In another two or three weeks the fit of disgust is over; perhaps there was a glimpse of gay spring weather; and at the end of the same February, 1827, she observes that 'there never has been a scheme for the improvement of things and men since the world began that was not called humbug by somebody.' She admires Arnold's bold avowal of the existence of difficulties in the Scriptures, and eulogises Milman for taking his stand, in his 'History of the Jews,' upon 'the high ground that it is the overdemand on people's faith that makes shipwreck of it.' Such latitudinarianism approves itself, however, not because the province of

religion is thereby limited, but because it is widened to her. 'The moment this latitude of interpretation is allowed, one's mind has nothing to divert it from dwelling only on what is unquestionably divine.' If she admired the courage of Milman and Arnold, she reverenced the humility of the faith of Reginald Heber, of whom she writes in 1824: 'He seemed positively not to know from his own experience the existence of evil passions; and the effect of this was that he could never be brought to believe in the evil designs and bad motives of others.' Then suddenly among the higher flights of thought and fancy comes a pleasant little reminder that the journalist is a woman after all. She is recording a dream of the past night, in which she had found herself at the point of death. A thousand things, she remembered, rushed at once into her mind, first about her children, but next 'what I wished done with my things.'

In these extracts, the history of a very tender and graceful mind is the most valuable feature. But Mrs. Stanley could describe what she saw as picturesquely as what she felt. Alderley Mere gleams in the pages of her diary. Alderley churchyard is both seen and heard preaching a sermon on death and life, in a starry August night, from 'the graves on which I stood, the worlds above my head.' Very regretfully she has to interrupt the discourse in order to 'come in and think what gowns must be packed for High Legh.' Another day she sketches the old manor house of fifty years ago, with 'the large hall swallowing up half the house,' the velvet lawn, and 'the verses over every rustic seat;' the rectory, not yet agitated by influences either of Oriel, or of Exeter Hall, or of Rugby; where 'you see that every stick and flower about the house is an object of care and interest, that these make the events of life.' She is taken to see the elder Kean play Othello. So diminutive, that he looked like 'a little black girl in a shift,' with a voice so bad, 'whenever it rises out of the common level, as to make you involuntarily clear your throat for him,' he yet made her feel how 'mind could rise over matter.' But she felt it by a certain compulsion. In a few days she sees him as Richard III., when the play of his countenance, 'half at least of his acting,' could be observed, and is captivated. In the battle scene 'his fencing really puts you out of breath—it is not fencing, it is fighting for his life. Nothing can be finer than the effect of the disarmed hand fighting on.'

The occasion of her stay in London was the visit of the Allied Sovereigns in June 1814. The Czar was the centre of attraction. Mrs. Stanley notes one transparency inscribed 'Hosanna to Jehovah, Britain, and Alexander!' She could not obtain a seat at the Opera on the gala night, but was told as an 'undoubted' fact that the Emperor and Prince Regent, when the Princess of Wales came into her box, rose and bowed to her, it is supposed by previous arrangement.' Lord Liverpool had 'declared that he would resign unless something of the sort were done.' One gentleman, she was also informed, 'made forty guineas by opening his box door and allowing those in the lobbies to

take a peep for a guinea apiece.' Next to the Emperor, Blucher was the most admired of the strangers. Mrs. Stanley laments, 'I was close to Blucher yesterday, but only saw his back, for I never thought of looking at a man's face who had only got a black coat on.' Alexander, she complains, required a foxhound's sagacity to scent him, for 'he slips round by back ways.' He had also a disconcerting objection to long sittings. Invited to dine by the City, he accepted on condition that the banquet should not 'exceed three-quarters of an hour,' at which Sir William Curtis lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, 'God bless me!' Even mere Englishmen connected with the triumphant foreign policy were not neglected. She saw Lord Castlereagh in the Park 'almost pulled off his horse by congratulations and huzzahs as loud as the Emperor's.' Great objects, it might have been thought, would have swallowed up the little ones. 'No such thing! They have only made the appetite for them more ravenous.' Lord Hill at the review had to preserve his Order of the Bath from being carried off as a keepsake by handing it to Major Churchill. Major Churchill put it in his holster, and 'declared,' or more probably swore, 'he would cut any man's hand off who touched it.' The mob had to content itself by tearing away Lord Hill's sword by breaking the belt, handing it round to be kissed, and pulling hair out of his horse's tail. 'One butcher's boy, who arrived at the happiness of shaking his hand, they chaired, exclaiming, "This is the man who has shaken hands with Lord Hill."' When, asks Mrs. Stanley, 'can the English ever be called cool and phlegmatic again?'

Her other special experience of an historical event was the occasion of the opening of the railway from Liverpool to Manchester by the Duke of Wellington. The Tories of the district embraced the opportunity to fête the Duke. A Whig lady like Mrs. Stanley felt a certain gratified party malice in remarking that the 'very ugliest of the ugly formed the first rank of the avenue of dames up which the hero passed on his arrival.' She does not omit to mention that the Prime Minister 'made a bad long speech and a good short one.' As it happened sadly enough, the Duke was not the hero of the solemnity after all. She and her husband had been given places to see the train come in from Liverpool. The appointed hour was past. 'At last we heard a distant cheer; but it died away, as the engine which approached came with only one car attached to it. Presently there was a cry through the crowd of "A surgeon—Lord Wilton wants a surgeon—the Duke is hurt."' The sufferer was Mr. Huskisson, not the Duke. The Duke was persuaded, much against his kindly inclination, to continue his journey to Manchester, leaving Mr. Huskisson at Eccles Rectory. The mob, which perhaps had not realised the disaster to a great statesman, cheered the Prime Minister. 'The cheers,' writes Mrs. Stanley, who had heard of the tragedy, 'turned one sick.' The calamity marred the effect of the Duke of Wellington's visit to Lancashire, which the party managers had hoped to convert into a political demonstration. But in no case could the progress of Reform

have been retarded. Mrs. Stanley was too meditative to make a perfect partisan. She was no Radical, 'rather leaning,' she confesses, 'to the illiberal side of the question,' and regretting the march of intellect which, she thought, confused the distinctions of rank. An entry in her diary of a visit to a wealthy and highly educated manufacturer mentions, as a fact needing record, that he is 'quite a gentleman.' Even in the eager strife of the general election her emotions were excited not by the hopes of Whiggism, but by 'the universal sacrifice on both sides of private feeling, private interests, and private opinions, to the cause.' The very attorneys received no pay: 'I do not consider myself your agent,' said the Macclesfield lawyer to the reforming candidate, 'but the agent of the cause.' She claimed it 'as the privilege of womanhood' to be able to discern 'the middle line of moderation and truth, which is imperceptible, and inaccessible, and impracticable, to those who are to take an active part—to men, in short.' She would have been either more or less than woman had the wife of a Stanley of Alderley been impervious to a sense of pleasure at the balance inclining in the direction she considered altogether the direction of truth and national enlightenment.

That the Whig triumph was to turn the happiest of Cheshire rectors into a struggling and unpopular Bishop may or may not have been foreseen by her; it could scarcely have been desired. Her husband and herself shared a lifelong regret for that perfect home, and year by year they affectionately revisited it. He never found again the old delightful correspondence between his work and his powers. With her the sudden silence of her journal indicates that episcopal cares denied to the wife, as well as the husband, leisure for living the inner life of which the diary had registered the growth. The philosophic temper, however, survived transplantation to a scene of combative and often rancorous controversy. It survived even as terrible a series of losses as ever woman suffered and made no fuss over. Her husband died in September 1849. Her youngest son, Captain Charles Edward Stanley, had already died in August in Tasmania. Her eldest, Captain Owen Stanley, the explorer of the mazes of the Coral Sea and the coast of New Guinea, died in March 1850. One after another descended these blows upon her. They neither crushed her power of thought, nor deadened her sympathies. This generation has forgotten the Whig Bishop of Norwich. It may be grateful to the filial piety which, in reviving the recollection of the Bishop's work, has restored to it the setting which toned and tempered in life its harder outlines—the gracious piety and enlightened tolerance of a woman who, in a less happy home, might have made a poetess or a metaphysician.

Our Sons at Eton and Oxford.

By a 'Parent.'

With Elucidations by One of the Sons.

THERE has been a great deal of discussion lately in respect to the great public schools, which, so far as I know, were never so much talked of before though they have existed so long. Whether this is a mere fashion, as are so many other subjects which get torn to tatters at one moment, then are suffered to drop into quiet for half a century, or if there is a better reason for it, I do not pretend to decide. Perhaps it is because in this age of universal pretension and equality, many people send their sons to Eton who never would have thought of such a proceeding a few generations back. Now that we are all determined to place our offspring on the same footing with those of dukes and millionaires, it is natural that a great deal of public attention should be concentrated on the subject. Dukes and very rich persons do not in general excel in the faculty of speech. It is one of those compensations of which at one time we heard so much. To hold their tongues is natural to them. What they do, they do, and who can contest its absolute propriety? But on the lower levels of gentility, when we do anything that is extravagant or pretentious, or above our means, we are compelled to discuss it, in order to justify our proceedings to ourselves. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why there has been so much discussion about the public schools. Certainly a great many people have taken advantage of these institutions of late years whose fathers would have thought it madness to venture upon such an expense. This, too, has its causes, which it is unnecessary to enter into. It is, I am now disposed to think, an unfortunate tendency of the time. The dukes' sons and the young millionaires get a much better education in consequence, for we, who cannot afford to let our sons altogether waste their time, have made so much pother about it as to wake up all the authorities and occasion a great deal of increased activity; but our sons, perhaps, are not so much the better. We bring them up, though we have little or nothing to leave them, to the delightful trade of spending two or three thousand (at a moderate computation) pounds a year. If they could all have this when they complete their education, what a charming set of young fellows they would be; how admirably qualified to enjoy, how discriminating of all that is truly excellent. The terrible part of the whole proceeding comes when after all the preparation we have afforded them for one kind of existence, we are so unreasonable as to plunge them into another, and demand of them a return to the old primitive rule, that if a man will not work neither shall he eat.

When I first sent my sons to Eton, I took the step after considerable deliberation and consultation of authorities on the subject. Was it really the best way of securing 'every advantage' for them? I pass over the foolish argument, at one time rife in everybody's mouth, that, for making a boy a gentleman, there is no such excellent way—having always been of the opinion that if a boy is not a gentleman to begin with, not Eton or any other institution in the world will put it into him. Of other special pleas for this biggest of English schools there are not many; but I found nothing on the other hand which could with seriousness be specially alleged against it 'If the boy will work,' said one judicious friend, 'he will work as well at Eton as anywhere; and if he will not work at Eton, the chances are that he would not work at any other place;' which perhaps is all that can be said for any school. And the general inducements were strong. Granted that the training of a public school is the most desirable kind of training, then the largeness and breadth of the greatest of public schools gave it an advantage over its competitors. Something of the invigorating character of public life was in the great community of boys, governed by so many tacit laws, and learning to rule and control itself—the first principle of worthy citizenship and pure morality—while it learnt its lessons. So far as these lessons went there was no reason to doubt that Eton was on a level at least with its contemporaries. Its associations, its situation, were all in its favour. To be brought up amid those historic fields, upon the banks of that famous and poetic river, under the shadow of the old seat of English royalty, appeared such a privileged fate as one would wish for every English boy. So much good: and no more harm than is to be found everywhere: a general tendency, no doubt, to do no more work than is necessary—but that is broader than public schools and affects the race and all races; a general inclination to play—but that is, as we have all been taught to believe, a virtue. Such, so far as I can judge, is as much as we can ask or expect. And I am bound to add that Eton, according to my experience, turned out exactly as it was represented—not a forcing house, or mental manufactory of intellectualism, nor yet a meeting ground of all the virtues; but a school where a boy can do admirably well if he likes, and moderately well unless he sets himself against it; where the tide sets more for good than evil, notwithstanding the eddies and currents that in every great stream will go the wrong way. I doubt whether, under any circumstances, it is possible to attain a general condition of which more could be said than this in any great school. The influence of which we hear so much, as occasionally impressing itself upon a generation, perhaps counts for more in the recollections of a few congenial disciples, seeing all the doings of their youth through a glorifying mist of past happiness, than it ever does at the actual moment of its exercise. Even a great Head-master gains a glory from being far, and Dr. Arnold himself only 'orbed into a perfect star' after his career was over. It is a great deal in this world

of half virtues that the common tide should be distinctly more for good than for evil.

The choice of a tutor is the first thing that exercises the mind of the parent—and here I may remark that a 'parent' in a great school (and perhaps also in little ones) soon becomes comically conscious of holding an entirely outside position in reference to his children. The general sentiment of the place is against him. It is taken for granted that he will be a trouble to everybody concerned, and that in matters which concern education he is more or less a fool. That he may not be a fool in ordinary life is fully conceded, and, indeed, his society may be accepted in his private capacity with satisfaction, and his achievements, if he has done anything, receive at least a condescending recognition. But, *ex officio*, he is a bore; he is slow of understanding; he is narrow in his views, taking it for granted that the world centres in one possibly graceless and uninteresting boy, and he is generally snubbed, discouraged, and looked down upon. But at the first outset he is not aware of this slightly discreditable position. Perhaps he thinks himself, on the contrary, to be a sort of patron of the community, as he walks about gaining acquaintance with the localities, or renewing his old familiarity with them, and pondering with which of all the gentlemen who have been recommended to him, he will place his son. This supposed selection, however, generally ends, as human choice has a way of doing, in the most accidental way. The masters, who, by real worth or good luck, or mere long standing, have become known as at the head of the most desirable houses in Eton, are so much sought after, that an entry into their well-filled lists, save after some years' waiting, is almost impossible; and it is only the young masters, fresh to their work, who lie within a new-comer's choice. It would be difficult for the most anxious father, however, to exaggerate the importance of the tutor's position. He has the entire charge of the boy while he remains at Eton; he has to superintend all his work, to communicate the greater part of the instruction he receives, to manage him morally (at least if he is a master with a house), and to be responsible for him in every way. Sometimes the office is nobly and worthily filled; sometimes its duties are strained with the rigidity of a narrow mind into irritating punctilios and exactions. Many of the young men who undertake the charge are fresh from the University, knowing just about as much of life and nature as a young seminarist out of his cloister, notwithstanding the freedom of English University life; and sometimes the older man, who is too well-used to them, regards his little pupils good-humouredly as so many little counters by which he adds up the items of his income. All these risks are inevitable to the relationship, and yet, on the whole, it is a relationship which works well.

It is possible, however, if the tutor is a young master, recently appointed, that this relationship is complicated in another way. In that case the boys will go not to a master's but to a dame's

house. The dame, technically so called, is probably a mathematical master or a master of modern languages. The boys in his house are not his pupils in the professional sense of the word, though they may be 'up' to him in school, or may have recourse to him for private instruction. And therefore, while their lives are spent under his roof and under his eye, it is not he but the young tutor, whose qualification is solely that of being a classical master, who is responsible for them. In former times the 'dame' was in most cases really a dame—a lady, probably the widow or daughter of a master, who kept a boarding house and attended to the external wants of the boys, while their tutor managed them intellectually and morally. In this arrangement there was a certain reasonableness and natural division of labour, since it is always suitable that the health and comfort of the young should be under the charge of a woman, while it is also fit and becoming, especially according to older canons of opinion, that the woman should not attempt to meddle with what is out of her sphere, the higher training of the scholars. This reasonableness, however, altogether fails when the 'dame' is not only a man and a University graduate, but also a master with precisely the same qualifications as the other masters, though prevented, by the fact that his *spécialité* is mathematical or scientific, from 'taking pupils' as it is called. The exclusive privileges of the classical masters in this respect are the chief of the lessening results of our former belief in the classics as the sole foundation of a liberal education. Otherwise science has come very much to the front in Eton as elsewhere, and is as usual very much inclined to flap its wings and crow over all competitors. But though it can do a great many things it cannot 'take pupils' in the technical sense of the word. It can teach to the top of its bent; it can hold an important place as an 'extra subject,' and add a respectable amount of fees to its official income, and it can furnish dames to large and influential houses; but it cannot produce tutors. Thus the anomaly is to be found of an experienced and sensible master, trained by years of acquaintance with their ways to a thorough knowledge of the boys under his charge, who is nevertheless supposed to have nothing to do with them, save to board, to lodge, and feed them, while the real authority is often in the hands of a young classical master outside of the house, who has no experience at all, and who not very long before was a boy himself probably under the control of the very man to whom he is now superior.

Here I find a misconception on the part of my 'parent,' which is very general, and which perhaps I can set right. The apparent anomaly of not allowing any but the classical masters to 'take pupils' in the usual sense in which the phrase is used at Eton is, in reality, much less glaring than it would seem at first sight to be. Education, no doubt, is not carried on now on the same system as it was a generation or so back, and we are beginning to see that it need no longer be monopo-

lised as of old by classical and mathematical studies. But at the same time, so long as the classics continue to be the chief, though no longer the only, branch of study pursued, it is obviously expedient that the duties of teaching the boys at a public school should devolve chiefly upon the classical masters. In fact the whole difficulty seems to arise from the custom—so fruitful in producing error and perplexity—of continuing to use a phrase long after it has ceased to convey its original meaning. The incongruity of only allowing classical masters to 'take pupils' disappears altogether as soon as we arrive at a clear understanding of the fact that, strange as it may appear, 'taking pupils,' in the technical sense in which alone the statement referred to is true, means taking classical pupils, superintending the classical studies of a certain limited number of boys. A classical master, with a 'house' at Eton, occupies a position burdened with very complex duties. He is not one man with one duty to perform; he is 'three gentlemen rolled into one.' He holds, at the same time, three entirely distinct offices, with distinct duties and responsibilities, and dealing, to a considerable extent, with distinct sets of boys. In the first place, he is the master, receiving a salary from the College, in consideration of which he has to teach a division of thirty or forty boys in school-time; hearing their lessons, and revising their work as it comes to him in school. Next, he appears as the tutor, with an entirely different set of boys, no longer all doing the same work at the same time, but boys of all ages, and all degrees of ability and stupidity, and scattered throughout nearly all the divisions in the school. Here, then, he has no longer the mere revisal and correcting of work which has already passed through another tutor's hands. His relations with each separate pupil undergo important changes as the boy rises in the school. First, he has to deal with the small boy who must do nearly all his work under the tutor's eye, whose verses (the great division between this stage and the next) have all to be done in the pupil-room, where the tutor has to sit during the 'after twelves,' which are the great recreation time of the more advanced boys, to see that the small and easily led astray pupils plod away steadily at their verses, as well as to give them the abundant assistance which they invariably require. The first stage of the boy's emancipation from this restraint is when he is allowed to do—perhaps, at first, only to finish—his verses in his own room, and when an 'after twelve' in pupil-room never comes except as a punishment. Next, he rises to the dignity of the 'lower set of private,' that is, does extra work with his tutor in the evenings, distinct from his school work altogether; and the nature of which is settled entirely by the tutor himself; some masters even forsaking the classical authors altogether, and making their boys read Shakespeare or Dante. The same system is again pursued with the higher boys in the 'upper set,' and when we reflect that, with all except the very highest classes, the tutor has to hear the boys construe their lessons before they go into school, and that the boys of each division show to him for correction different sets of verses, we can form some idea how hard the work is which attends the position of a tutor with forty or fifty pupils. But even this is not all: our specimen master is not division-master and tutor alone—he is house-master also. With a well-disposed and influential set of boys at the head of the house, the duties attaching to this side of the office may be slight, but they still include, in any case, many vexatious little things—such as giving sick boys, or boys who pretend to be so, leave to 'stay out' from school; dispensing journey money to those who are going away on leave; and keeping order and quiet in the house at night, when the head boy, or boys, are

lazy, indifferent, or powerless, or have been taken out by other engagements.

Now, if we look at this amount of various work, we see how impossible it would be to carry out all these duties thoroughly if there were not something in common between them; and this link, under the present system, we find in the similarity of subject of the school and pupil-room work. The classical master and the tutor mutually save each other work; they go over the same ground; but how would the man find time for his pupils who had at the same time to devote a great deal of attention to a mathematical or scientific class? Besides, the mathematical or science master has the same difficulty with his divisions as the tutor with his pupils. He does not meet the same set of boys three or four times a day, doing the same work, or at least work of the same kind, schooltime after schooltime; his divisions vary as a tutor's pupils in age, character, and proficiency, and he may be teaching the multiplication-table to a fourth-form division in the morning, while the afternoon finds him expounding differential calculus to the picked mathematical scholars of the school. This entire difference in the work is one of the great reasons why mathematical masters are not allowed to be classical tutors; but the greatest of all lies in the men. All the masters, it is said, go through the same training; they should all be equally fitted to take pupils; but those who say this forget two important points. The first is that the masters at a public school are usually specialists; the mathematical posts are given to mathematicians, the teachers of science, French, &c., are as much appointed for their special merits and fitness for the post, as the instructors in drawing and music; and in the same way the classical masters and tutors are the Senior Classics or Craven Scholars of their years—the best men that can be got. The second point is that to take pupils in classics at Eton no inconsiderable amount of scholarship is required. And this scholarship for the most part is only to be found among the young men who have just come out at the head of the University class lists. Why then complain of their inexperience? It is a very exceptional case when a young tutor gets a 'house' before he has got the experience necessary to manage it. Before he gets a house, it is indeed through him alone that a complaint about a pupil of his can reach the Head-master, but with this exception it is the experienced 'dame,' or house-master according to the present new technical nomenclature, who has the actual supervision of the boy. Who can better look after everything connected with the moral as well as the physical welfare of the boy than the man in whose house he lives? Who is more likely to find his way to the boy's heart and acquire his confidence than the man under whose roof those lonely evenings, in which alone the boy has time for thought, are passed? It may hurt the pride of the experienced teacher, who has spent years in the management of boys, to have to apply to another boy to give force to any complaint, but after all this is a humiliation, if such indeed it be, which he shares with every other master in the school. It is not only the house-master's complaints which need this formal ratification by the tutor, before they can be laid before the Head-master; no master, not the oldest and most experienced in Eton, can send in a complaint in any other way. Work is still the recognised object of the school, and the man who has the charge of the boy's work is likewise the authority to deal with other things concerning him. The appeal to the tutor is the chief right that the Eton boy prizes; form though it may be, it is the privilege to which he clings the most; and though the tutor may not be linked to him by any love or

sympathy, though he may be tyrannical and unkind, he is yet looked upon as the boy's natural protector as well as oppressor, and no good results could follow any attempt either to destroy or to transfer any part of his authority.

When once the little fellow has established his goods and chattels in the bright little room, with its flower-box at the window in summer, its constant fire in winter, the father finds himself turned off—there is no other word for it. He has become something quite unnecessary, a superseded agency. He has ceased to be a man and a brother; he has become a 'parent;' and we have already described of how little account a parent is in the economy of Eton. If this is the case with a father, how much more with a mother, when it may chance that she also presents herself? The pair are shown off the premises as soon as may be, with every civility. They are given a sumptuous luncheon, or perhaps an admirable dinner, and have the utmost politeness shown to them—but they are *seen through*. If they are sensitive people they go away somewhat discomfited, and feeling small. But there is no help for it; the less they are seen or heard of the better. In short, all is summed up in the one word—they are 'parents'—what could be said more?

In the early part of the school career all is generally very smooth sailing. The boys are small, their life is simple; their holidays are nothing but play, their misdemeanours no more than naughtiness. And they have their little successes which are so great; their triumphs, perhaps in school, perhaps in the playing fields—it does not much matter which; in these days, and unfortunately also in mature days, one is as great as the other. Eton is the happiest of schools. There could be no better evidence of this than is given by the two little books which have recently come out of the heart of the community, and which bear as remarkable a testimony to it as ever was given. Even 'Tom Brown,' so long acknowledged the best of schoolboy books, owned the necessity of fiction for darker shades and deeper contrasts than are necessary to everyday life: and such a work as that with which Canon Farrar began his career seeks dramatic force (without finding it) in a record of feelings and passions as unschoolboy-like as they are morbid and unwholesome. But the two little books of the 'Eton Boy' are as free as innocence itself of any such false necessity. It has been objected to these remarkable productions that they are without elevation or seriousness of meaning, and show no high ideal or lofty aim. To us they are more striking, more satisfactory, than if they did so. The lively yet gentle humour in them is easy and natural as the day. The serene boyish candour of the picture, with no desire either to extenuate or to set down aught in malice, the perfect unpretending purity of the sentiment: the foolish lighthearted young crowd with its differences and reconciliations, its good resolutions and but poor

performances, its openness to every passing impulse, its good humour and delightful faculty of finding fun in everything, go far beyond the most elaborate testimony in favour of the great school. There is not so much as the shadow of a bully in the artless story; no tempted and tragical hero, all nerves and tremors, is needful to it, no cruel senior or delicate victim. There is nothing to conceal, no shadows, no contrasts, no drama—but a harmless genuine life, all open, natural, spontaneous, unconscious of evil. These little books are worth a hundred Royal Commissions, examinations of witnesses, reports of progress; for they testify to a soundness and sweetness of heart which is of more importance to the fathers and mothers of England than all the intellectual distinctions in the world. Evils there may be. We are periodically alarmed and disgusted by threatenings of secret mischief and mysterious hints of vice and corruption. But against these darkling suggestions of evil, no better antidote could be than the little works we have referred to. The boy who wrote them had gone through Eton life for years. It is not often that such a faculty of humorous observation is developed in a schoolboy; but at the same time something still more remarkable comes out of it—a picture quite artless and unintentional of an innocent, careless, happy, uncorrupted life. Let all the good people who have boys at school, or ready for it, read them and laugh over them, and be thankful. Some of the women will perhaps cry too—not that there is anything to cry about, but because this unconscious witness, standing up before the world without meaning it, to tell his simple story, displays such a heart of sound and honest innocence as it is good to see.

The career of a boy at Eton has been much talked about, but I do not know that it has ever been made very clear to those unacquainted with it. Its superabundance of holidays and continual play naturally attract the attention of the spectator. Three half-holidays every week, frequent whole holidays, an almost constant alternation even during the supposed working days of an hour's play with an hour's work, seem to leave so little time for real exertion, that it is not wonderful if the uninstructed looker-on is bewildered. He must understand, however, the complex working of the system which makes the hours in school really tell for but a small portion even of the direct teaching. In many cases the work done with the tutor, called 'private business,' and carried on at hours which make no show in the public programme, is by far the most important part of the training, as it is much the most serious and responsible portion of the master's work. From the beginning of his school career to the end the boy is under his tutor's constant supervision. My son has described how, at first, he prepares his work, and makes his laborious efforts at classical composition in 'pupil-room,' under his tutor's eye. And, as he grows older, the relations between the boy and the tutor become more positive. The private business becomes distinct teaching, no longer mere preparation of

lessons, and the small company of youths risen to the height of the 'first hundred,' who, when the great school is supposed to be doing nothing, in the hours when all the school buildings are closed and everything is still, meet round their tutor to read a Greek play, or master an intricate piece of classical history, are probably receiving a much more effective lesson than can be conveyed to the larger division round the desk of the master in school. How much use it really is to drag the smaller boys through the treadmill of composition, for which few of them have any real taste or turn, is a totally different question. The enthusiasm of scholars for Latin verses is a sacred passion, of which the rest of the world, having little sympathy with it, cannot have much understanding; and it may be supposed that a still smaller number than those who now attain proficiency in this particular, would scale those heights of ambition if all the wretched little urchins in the fourth form were not compelled to climb on hands and knees up the first rocky ascents of the hill of learning. Talking, however, of the so-to-speak underground working of the system, nothing can be more curious than to witness what goes on in an Eton house in the evening after all the labours of the day are supposed to be ended. There are something between thirty and forty boys in the house. During the whole evening the house-master is more or less occupied with their claims of one kind or another. He is kept busy even during the hour of dinner, marking and signing what seem like leaves in a prodigious cheque book, from which leaves are continually being torn. Are they cheques that the honoured instructor of youth is continually signing? No, but tickets stating the moment at which Boultby minor leaves his dwelling to present himself at one of the many scenes of action which await him. Boultby minor has an hour to spend with a mathematical master, perhaps, or he is going to work in the laboratory, or he has to work up his French for the Prince Consort examination, or he has that Greek play in hand with his tutor. After him come streaming, in constant succession, let us say twenty out of the thirty youthful members of the household. Their tickets are countersigned by the master to whom they are going, that there may be no loitering on the way. Not that there is much temptation to loiter on the way, for all these engagements are 'in College,' within the boundaries, which are not invaded even by a single tempting shop, and where no one stirs except the other pilgrims of knowledge crossing the indifferently lighted streets, all armed with tickets, all with their destined object. The beehive of the big house becomes suddenly silent, but all about the place the lights of the different pupil-rooms are burning, the intellectual life in full movement. Holidays or half-holidays make little difference in this activity. It is quite unknown to the outside world. Meanwhile the master of the house out of which all these devotees of learning, willing or unwilling, have gone, has his own private cluster of boys sent in to him from other houses for his special subject. Till

nine o'clock, though silence reigns over all the schools, Eton is as active and occupied as at noonday—nay, more so, for 'after twelve' is a blessed moment which, short of absolute criminality and punishment, is the boys' own. Thus, we repeat, the time which is spent in school represents but a very small part of the work the boy has to do. The master whom he is 'up to' in school, who has charge of the division to which he belongs, has the instruction of him for but a limited time, but the tutor goes on always—there is always something to be done for him.

It is not to be supposed by this that there is not full scope for the influence of the master of the division, who may be supposed to treat the boy's work in a larger way, and throw a broader light upon his subjects of study than is possible when all the minutiæ of the preparation of this work have to be considered. Sometimes, and notably in the case of the Head-master, the contact of another mind, in an attitude of greater leisure and dignity, with the same problem which has occupied in detail the tutor and pupil gives freshness and precision to the familiar details, and breathes life into the bones of learning. When it was the Eton custom, as according to the letter it still is, to promote masters to the higher divisions of the school by the rule of seniority alone, it happened not unfrequently, as in the course of nature it was certain to happen, that the men thus promoted had sometimes not much more qualification than that attaching to their age and standing for the important task of training the upper divisions, the *élite* of the school and select of their generation. I remember to have heard complaints of the hardness of the case which detained a clever young Colleger (promotion from one division to another being slower in the case of the Collegers than of the Oppidans) for a year or perhaps two in the hands of a certain master, himself entirely respectable and an excellent scholar in his day, but whom time had left high and dry in a position which he was no longer qualified to fill. Other men less antiquated, but disabled by some peculiarity of temperament or nature for the management of advanced pupils, were occasionally by the same rule raised to a dangerous eminence for which they were not adapted. One of the recent reforms at Eton, accomplished at some cost of individual feeling, but certainly to the advantage of the school, is that which has remedied this inherent difficulty of the principle of seniority, and placed the higher divisions in the charge of masters fully capable of the responsibility. It is clear that such a change could not be made without hurting somebody, nor even without perpetrating something like injustice, putting an apparent slight upon some excellent men, and straining the machinery which has in general worn so well, and fulfilled its objects on the whole so satisfactorily.

It is a great testimony to the vitality and vigour of the old system, that it has not only been able to accomplish this without any convulsion, but that it has also so extended its undertaking on all sides, that instead of the unbroken unity of classical teaching

which existed twenty years ago, in almost as limited a circle as when the school was founded, there are now all kinds and varieties of study within the reach of the Eton boy. The mathematical schools are amply served, and by men of distinction; and Science has established herself with all her polemics and pretensions in the very heart of the citadel of ancient learning. Where once the Greek article reigned supreme, chemistry erects her crucibles and astronomy her telescope. The army class digs fortifications, and learns the principles of civic defence, and, last step of all, the practical minded boy who has not much turn for book-learning learns how to wield the sledge-hammer, make himself tools, and shoe his own horse. Whether this last addition of a workshop to the 'extra subjects' with which Eton boys now diversify their studies might not as well have been left for the specialists of Cooper's Hill, we need not inquire. It proves, however, with all the force of an exaggeration on the other side, how far the old limits of classical education have yielded to popular pressure, and how much that is new has been introduced and engrafted into the very fabric of the old.

For my own part, I had no desire whatever that my son should learn, while at school, how to shoe a horse. I think he might be doing something much better worth the trouble, and that the village blacksmith would be a cheaper preceptor in that art, if it is an art desirable to be acquired as part of a gentleman's education, than the last new professor at Eton. Still, there can be no doubt that there is abundant variety and provision for every need in the scheme of instruction which goes so far as this. The brisk little volunteers digging their rifle-pits and throwing up their trenches, the scientific amateurs in the laboratory, the engineers of the future putting together model (we will not say toy) machines in the new workshop, have 'every advantage' accorded to them. This, which is all new, is all, I believe, the very best of its kind, and it suits the fancy of the time, whether its real advantage is equal to the hopes founded upon it, or not. On the old ground of education I scarcely think the condition of affairs as proved by results is quite so satisfactory.[1] For the last year or two, at least, there have been no Eton names in the first class of Oxford honours. The names highest in Eton have not attained anything beyond the mediocrity of a second. Accidental causes, of course, tell largely in this respect, and the boy who has been exemplary at school may waste his time at College and throw away his opportunities: but still the school will inevitably bear at least a portion of the blame. This has not been so in Cambridge, where a number of first and second Classics in recent years have been Eton men. The explanation of the difference is in itself not very satisfactory. It is that the boys who go to Cambridge from Eton include almost all the

[1] I may remark here that, though the school has not gained any unusual amount of honours, the general standard is high. At the last examination for certificates Eton stood above all the other public schools.

Collegers or King's scholars—the boys on the foundation—who have long possessed and retained the highest position intellectually in the school. There are but seventy of them to eight or nine hundred of the others, and I want to know how it is that these seventy have kept the lead for years, and distanced almost all competitors. In early times their superiority was a merely official one, undisturbed by any strain of examination: the boy, who entered College by grace of his father's position or interest, at an early age, going on to a scholarship, and eventually a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, by sheer routine, without any exertion on his part. This has long ceased to be the case; but the Collegers still hold their place at the head of the school. It may be said that the examination to which they are subjected on entrance—or, rather, by virtue of which they are elected—is sufficiently severe to secure the best material intellectually; but this does not seem to me sufficient to justify the difference throughout their career. In the now long list of Newcastle Scholars, the names of Oppidans are very sparingly sprinkled amid phalanxes of K.S.'s; and I remember the mingled surprise and elation with which Eton in general a few years since received the announcement that there were *five* Oppidans in that aristocracy of merit, the 'Select for the Newcastle,' which is the highest grade of intellectual rank in the community, embracing about a dozen boys, never more. In the same year, if I remember rightly, two names of Oppidans appeared in the first three of the Summer Examination heading the lists. It was a thing unheard of. I do not know if it has ever happened again.

But I confess that I am not satisfied in my own mind as to the cause of this superiority of the Collegers. The competitive success of small boys of twelve or thirteen does not seem to account for it; and if it is due in any way to the superior organisation of 'College,' the authorities in the other part of the school ought to avail themselves of the model which is so near them. But except the fact that it is the tradition of College to do its work well, I do not know any special difference between its training and that of the Oppidans. It has no special tutors of its own; nay, so far from this, popular tutors with their hands full do not care much to encumber themselves with College pupils who have the privilege of paying only half fees; nor is it impelled by the pressure of that wholesome necessity for work which poverty requires, as is very generally supposed. The Collegers are not the sons of poor men any more than the Oppidans are invariably the sons of rich men. That is not one of the conditions of their admission, nor does any generous prejudice against enjoying the benefit of endowments intended for the poor prevent the well-to-do from putting forth candidates for them. The only thing I know of to account for it is the strong tradition of work among this special class. They begin by knowing that they are expected to do well. The credit of 'College' is involved. The accumulated reputation of

years has to be kept up. The wonder is that inducements of the same sort cannot be brought to bear on the other part of the community. This is not because of any remissness on the part of the tutors to exact the same work from the Oppidans. The common idea that a boy is allowed to do just as much or as little as he likes is absolutely untrue. If a son is idle the parent will soon learn of it. The father of any promising boy who has spoiled his chances by want of work (I do not refer to anything more serious), will have a different experience from mine if he can say that Eton tutors are indifferent. He who would have a quiet life and no trouble with his boy's progress at school had better make up his mind not to send that boy to the banks of the Thames. I do not think, however, that a distinction so great, so marked and universal between two classes of boys, trained in exactly the same way at the same school, ought to exist. Surely some means could be found of influencing the other lads equal to the tradition and custom of work which have become proverbial in College.

The superiority always evinced by the Collegers over the Oppidans has puzzled many an authority on the subject of school education in general, and Eton education in particular, and it seems very difficult to give any reasonable explanation of it. Here are seventy boys against nine hundred, and the seventy invariably, or almost invariably, gain the day. It is considered a great distinction, as has been said above, for an Oppidan to be in the 'select' twelve for the Newcastle scholarship, the 'blue riband' of Eton, a prize which almost always falls to the lot of a Colleger. Why is it that the fact of having come within twelve of the best Colleger is such a glory for an Oppidan? Why is it that the privilege of writing K.S. after one's name, seems to give one such a superiority? I write as an Oppidan, and one who has attained the distinction of which I speak, and I have puzzled over this question quite hopelessly, until I have formed a theory on the subject which I give for what it is worth. But it can hardly be really understood or have the fair chance which everyone who starts a theory claims for his production, unless the people to whose judgment it is to be subjected, know something about the ordinary career of a Colleger. Brought up from school—few 'private tuition' boys succeed in getting into College—for a severe examination, he comes up with his mind full of the consequences which his success may bring. He succeeds; we may gather at once that, unless he is a boy of exceptional intellectual powers, he must be one who has been taught the value of hard work, the advantages which attend it, as well as the way in which it is to be undertaken. In his first year a young Colleger has no easy time of it; he cannot help seeing and feeling that his Oppidan companions look down upon him with all the apparently inevitable snobbism of youth, and as they take care to show that they do not want to associate with a 'tug,' he ceases to seek for their approbation and companionship as a thing which would be difficult to acquire, and, when acquired, not worth the having.

So the young Colleger grows up among his fellows; no companionship, no friendship, except that of the few other Collegers—there cannot be many

in an aggregate of only seventy—who are of his own age and standing. He has thus no associates but those who are either clever or hardworking; he has a fag-master who really cares for work, having been brought up in the same way as himself, and who asks him about his school work, and fosters in him the interest which is needed to keep a young boy to his tasks, and which is so apt to die out without some such stimulus. As he grows up and gets among older and more sensible boys, he becomes once more subject to the same temptations as others; he is sought after, friends come up to see him in his room; if he chance to excel in any game he is taught—or, rather, others try to teach him—that in this lies his chief claim to pre-eminence. And some are caught by this; the idea of fame among one's schoolfellows is a temptation not easily resisted: but, to the eternal credit of the Collegers be it spoken, the number of those who thus fall is small. Few—I think in my own experience, a pretty long one, I can only recall one or two—are led away by the desire to become conspicuous in this way, except those who are evidently called by nature to this kind of excellence, and this alone. Boys whose early training has imbued them with the spirit which seems to animate the greater part of the College seldom, if ever, fall away. The habits of work, begotten by enforced solitariness, have become too strong to be broken through at the tardy call of their schoolfellows, and our Colleger goes on now voluntarily as he was driven to commence at the first. It is not a pleasant way of being freed from the temptations of the beginning of public school life, but it is a very efficacious one, and its results are lasting. In this way perhaps we may account for the real superiority of the Colleger, but there is another cause by which we can explain to a certain extent the appearance of superior merit which arises from the comparatively rare success of Oppidans. It very seldom happens that a Colleger of any promise does not complete his full time at Eton; he is started on the foundation, he has the prospect before him of one of the most valuable scholarships existing at either University, and he naturally goes on at Eton until the time comes for him to go on to King's. But with a promising young Oppidan the case is often very different. Many of the boys who do very well at the beginning of their career and show signs of conspicuous talent or application, are removed from the school before their time, in order to compete for Woolwich, the diplomatic service, or some such position which requires special training, and it is to this, perhaps, that we must attribute the fact that the superiority of Collegers over Oppidans is so much less clearly marked in the lower parts of the school. As the Colleger rises in the school his Oppidan rivals either disappear, or are led away by the temptations which, for the reasons which I have attempted to explain, have less power over him, and thus it results that the highest prizes of the school fall as a rule into the Collegers' hands. One more reason for this may be given, that the rules of superannuation are not the same for Collegers and Oppidans. It is not so very long ago that the boys on the foundation were the only ones subjected to any such rule; the summer after his nineteenth birthday—for, in connection with College, age is reckoned from the old time of the King's election at the beginning of August—was the limit assigned by statute to a Colleger's stay at Eton, while Oppidans might stay on as long as their tutors would keep them. A few years ago, however, a great revolution took place; the rules regarding College remained unaltered, but a new statute was made with respect to the Oppidans. According to this, no boy was to be allowed to begin a new 'half'

after his nineteenth birthday. The tables were thus completely turned: it is no longer now the Oppidan who stays on an unlimited time after the Colleger has been obliged to leave; it is the Colleger now who at the time of the great struggles, the Newcastle and the Summer Examination, is not unfrequently a year older than any of his Oppidan competitors. And seeing the vast difference made by one year at this time of a boy's life, we must never leave this fact out of consideration when we are looking at the lists of those who have taken Eton's great prizes, and wondering why the names of Oppidans are so few and far between.

Mr. Gladstone, who ought to know Eton, gave forth to the world, not very long ago, his opinion that rank was worshipped, and money paid unbounded court to, within its precincts. It is difficult to contradict so great an authority, and perhaps he spoke, consciously or unconsciously, in reference to a state of affairs now passed by. In the Eton of the present day I do not think this pitiful and most un-boylike habit of thought has any existence which can be called characteristic or universal. It is not to be believed that there are not native snobs and natural-born tufthunters in such a mass of human creatures, and no doubt men will develope from among them who will be more proud than of any other achievement of their juvenile life that they were at school with my Lord Datchet or the Marquis of Slough and Windsor. Anywhere, perhaps, this would be inevitable —in rank-loving England there can be no doubt that it will be so. But for the present moment, and in their schoolboy state, my experience gives me no reason to suppose that Lordolatry flourishes among Eton boys. There are some houses in which the scions of the aristocracy abound, but their position even in circumstances which have nothing to do with school distinctions, and depend on the choice and independent agency of the schoolboys, is less distinguished than would seem possible in the nature of things. In the little debating societies, for example, which exist in almost every house, and in which, indeed, there is no overwhelming amount of genius made apparent, the little lordlings would be paramount if Mr. Gladstone was right. They would abound in the much prized ranks of 'Pop,' the 'Eton Society' *par excellence*, the club to which ambition points as the highest social distinction of the place, and even in the Literary Society, though that is more exclusively intellectual. But in neither of these elevated circles do we find even such traces of their presence as might be looked for, not to speak of excessive predominance. Various boys, with 'Honourable' before their names, have held in recent years high places in the school, but envy itself could not say that these places were not fully deserved, or that the shadow of the coronet over them had anything to do with their elevation and popularity. A coronet is a pretty ornament at all times; it adds a grace to other distinctions, and the picturesque element is always involved in it; but I do not recollect to have heard of more than one actual wearer

of a title who has succeeded in reaping the full glories of this little Republic; which is wonderful, for lords have just as good a chance of being agreeable and popular as other youths, even should it happen that they have not the faculties which lead to Sixth form. Money I cannot believe to have any better representation among the ranks of Eton 'swells'—a class which is always definable by experts, yet which cannot be described or identified on any principle. Here the boys who spend much and those who spend little stand side by side; and the sons of millionaires, no more than the sons of dukes, abound in 'Pop.' Why a boy should be elected into 'Pop,' or on what grounds, it transcends my power to say. Generally speaking, he must be athletic, though there are some who have been voted in by acclamation, who have no athletic powers at all. The qualities that procure this distinction are subtle and hard to find out; but they certainly are not either rank or wealth, which are very simple and visible qualifications. The only boy whom I remember to have known who combined both of these qualities, unbounded funds and rank, not quite in possession, indeed, but very near, was a simple fellow who was the joke of his friends, and whom nobody dreamt of advancing to any of those prizes of Eton life. His companion, who was nobody, and had no money, got into 'Pop;' but the young peer, with his pockets full of money, had not the shadow of a distinction to brag of. This does not say much for the justice of the assertion. A boy may possibly, I cannot tell, be invited to his tutor's private table, or may have a mild success in the society of the neighbourhood, on account of his title. Ladies may like to see Lord Charles or Lord John at their little parties, and feel a little nearer on their account to the dear duchess, their mother. But even this exists to a very small extent, and were it more prevalent could not in any way affect the attitude of Eton as a school. I do not know what other test could be given than the one I have suggested, but it is a very easy one. If titled boys abound in 'Pop;' if they are preferred to the select ranks of the Literary Society; if they are foremost among the young debaters in their houses, then I will acknowledge the reproach to be true; but so long as nothing of this is the case, I am unable to perceive what proof can be alleged of such a statement.

It is rather a curious fatality that whenever in our reflections about any person or institution in which we feel an interest, we comfort ourselves with the idea that at all events they are free of some one particular fault, whatever be their other shortcomings, someone invariably appears at once to make this very fault the subject of considerable animadversion and reprobation. So if any old Etonian had been asked some years ago to what fault Eton was least inclined, he would certainly have thought at once of the absence of anything like tufthunting in the school. Thereupon, according to the usual course of affairs, Mr. Gladstone comes forward to accuse Eton of this very fault, declaring the great blot upon its fair fame to be the worship paid here to

money and rank. Perhaps no accusation could have been devised more thoroughly calculated to shock and surprise the lovers of Eton: old Etonians who had been long absent from their old school doubtless accepted the statement with distress, made up their minds that so great a man must know what he was talking about, and that there was nothing for them to do but mourn in silence over the decadence of Eton. It was its effect upon such as these —men who had no means at hand of investigating and refuting the monstrous error—that gave the accusation most of its importance; none who knew Eton as it was, none who had been there with the present set of masters and any of the present set of boys, could for an instant believe that there could be any foundation for such a charge. They knew that, mysterious as are the qualities required to give a boy a leading position at Eton, wealth and title had no place among them. But to those who had no means of ascertaining the truth, and only horrid fears that after all it was a long time since they knew Eton—long enough to have brought many changes—such a statement backed by such a name was bound to bring fear and shame. As one who has had no small experience of Eton, I make bold to say that the accusation rests upon a more infinitesimal foundation than ever yet pretended to sustain a capital charge. For such a charge as this is capital: it affects the very life of the school against which it is brought forward. For the vice of which it is accused never comes alone; if we own to it we must also allow the existence of its inevitable consequences, toadyism, backbiting, envy, &c. &c.; we must, in fact, give up all our respect for the old school which we love, and before doing that every Etonian will demand further evidence, complete proof. Of this proof there is but a small scrap which can be adduced, and to that I have already referred. It does not carry out Mr. Gladstone's accusation, but is cognate to it. There is indeed, I firmly believe, no worship of wealth to be found; but among the smaller boys there is, I fear, a good deal of contempt for poverty. Some of the contempt already referred to with which our small Oppidans look down upon the Collegers is no doubt derived from the old injudicious traditions that have created a certain feeling of hostility between the two great divisions of the school. The feeling itself has almost died out, though continually fostered by the rivalry in examinations and the like, which even the masters encourage; but it has left its traces in the lower parts of the school in this unfortunate tendency on the part of the lower boy Oppidan to despise the small Colleger. And I fear that, besides this traditional hostility, there is an element of contempt for the supposed poverty which has driven the Colleger's parents to obtain for their son an exceptionally cheap education. But here the truth of Mr. Gladstone's charge ends; it is not the poorer boys who venerate the rich, but the richer who hold aloof from the poorer, and even this is only true with the small boys in the lower parts of the school.

It is very difficult, I might almost say impossible, to explain to the outside world what it is that constitutes a 'swell.' It is not rank, and it is not money, for the humblest and poorest often find a place in the favoured few to whom public opinion applies the term; it is certainly not intellectual superiority, for among these few are found boys whose claims to distinction intellectually are microscopic; nor is it mere athletic prowess, for boys are also found there whose names are strange to the lists of cricket or football elevens. All that we can do about this mysterious class is to state the bare fact, that at Eton there exists a certain more or less definite *corps d'élite*, known as the 'swells,' whom public opinion permits to do one or two things which would be considered 'swagger' on the part of a less distin-

guished individual, and to whom a certain amount of deference is always, perhaps unconsciously, paid by all. Twenty-eight chosen members of this body make up the 'Eton Society,' more commonly known as 'Pop,' existing for the nominal purpose of holding weekly debates on political or literary subjects, but in reality a club, and a very comfortable one, providing a library, newspapers, stationery, and various other advantages to those who obtain the honour of membership. One curious piece of Eton etiquette will show how much is thought of this honour. The youth of the present day, at Eton especially, is not impulsive; it is not given to public congratulations or any gushing outward exhibition of friendship; yet when a boy has been elected to 'Pop,' it is the proper thing for every member to shake him by the hand whenever they meet first after his election and solemnly to congratulate him upon it. There is no prouder day in the life of an Eton boy than that on which he is thus saluted.

In respect to the cost of Eton, I think that this is a matter which parents have very much in their own hands. As schools go at the present day the school is not in itself a very expensive one. This will be a startling statement to many people, but I think I can substantiate it. It is not dearer than several of the preparatory schools which have sprung up in its wake—schools which are entirely private undertakings, founded on the individual popularity of some master; nor is it, which is a still more startling fact to recognise, dearer than many of the private girls' schools which it pleases the popular fancy to consider so much inferior. The cost of Eton as a school is about 150*l.* a year. The items run as follows, counting by the term, of which there are three in the year:—

	£	s.	d.
Board	37	0	0
School Charges	8	0	0
Tutors	7	0	0
	£52	0	0

I do not say that this is not a considerable sum to pay for the maintenance and education of a boy for little more than eight months in the year, but only that there is no education of the higher sort to be had in England at a lesser rate, at least in none of the schools which are in the eye of the world, and where a parent can establish his child without taking trouble and making some sacrifices, which it is difficult for him, if he is a busy man, to make. He may, for instance, establish himself near one of the higher kind of endowed schools in the country, or he may send his boy abroad, or put him under private tuition at home; but neither in the other public schools, nor in private establishments which compete with them, will he, according to my experience, find anything much cheaper. I have, however, before me as I write various bills sent to the parents of boys at Eton, which show a very different total. The sum mounts in some of these to 100*l.*, in others to 98*l.*, 95*l.*, 87*l.*, and similar

amounts per term. How is this difference made up? In the case of my own sons their tradesmen's bills were separate, and (more or less) under my own control; and the school accounts exceeded the sum mentioned above only by such simple items as school subscriptions, the small weekly sums allowed as pocket-money, and other innocent additions. I will take the case, however, of one boy, whose bills amounted, instead of the 156*l.* above indicated, to the very different total of 284*l.* I may cite a few of the items, which were as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Tailor	45	0	0
Hosier	27	18	0
Shoemaker	6	19	0
Haircutter (!)[1]	5	17	0
Upholsterer	3	5	0
	£88	19	0

Of more legitimate expenses we have £2 12*s.* 6*d.* for the hire of a piano, and £6 12*s.* 0*d.* for extra tuition in music—besides a number of small expenses, allowances, &c., which make up the total. This boy's family was quite rich enough to give him (since his parents thought it right) full scope for expenditure. But to represent all this waste of money as school bills is manifestly unjust. The only real educational expenses which ought with justice to be added to our first estimate would be 'extra mathematics,' or 'extra French,' or some one or other of the additional scientific subjects usually had recourse to in view of some approaching examination, the fee for which is fixed at £3 10*s.* 0*d.* a term—or music, a more expensive extra, though we do not know why it should depart from the general rule. This is not only what Eton expenses ought to be, but what they are, apart from the foolish expenditure permitted by a few rich and foolish parents. The instance I have quoted is somewhat exceptional, but the habit of including the items of the boy's wardrobe in his school bills, as well as leaving the selection and multiplying of his garments to his own discretion, is, I think, a very inappropriate one; and in any case, even when it is moderate, a tailor's bill is not an attribute of education. Sometimes the tutor, exasperated, will interfere to prevent an intended extravagance. I have heard of the forbidden indulgence of an ulster, when they were the newest fashion, being peremptorily sent back upon the tailor's hands; and, not long ago, I became the possessor of a grotesque piece of furniture, a *chaise longue* of basket-work, nicely cushioned, which some young sybarite had ordered for his own comfort, but which his tutor had wisely returned to the shop from which it came.

I find it very difficult to account for the fact that a great number

[1] Here I find a misconception: an Eton hairdresser's bill includes such fancy articles as skates, balls, pictures, or chimney ornaments. This bill, as compared with the others, is by no means excessive.

of Eton boys, when they proceed from the school to the University, go straight to the very home of learning in Oxford—to Balliol itself: yet such has been the case in recent years. Eton is much contemned in the public prints and in common talk, and Balliol is proportionately honoured, yet the number of young men who step direct from the supposed idle school to the supposed reading College is much greater than the proportion which goes to any other College in Oxford—a curious fact to begin with.

But this opens up special questions, and I cannot for the present follow further the career of the young Etonian.

England and the Councils of Europe.

THE last four weeks, like those which preceded them, have been weeks of hot party warfare. From the north-west the conflict shifted to the north-east, then descended south-east to London, and south-west to Bristol. Before these lines are read it will have been raging fiercest of all in Midlothian. Even already the Opposition artillery has had the superiority in weight of metal, though the Ministerial guns have been far from silenced. It becomes daily more apparent that the Government feels the majority to be shifting from its side to that of its adversaries. In all that its champions say an apologetic undertone is heard. Ministers are haughty and arrogant as ever. They confess, however, in their most extravagant boasts of self-assertion, that they know themselves to be on their defence. With an unbroken Parliamentary majority, they almost avow their belief that a dissolution will scatter that majority. In full possession of power they are perpetually speculating on the use their antagonists will make of authority when it has quitted themselves.

The apparent consciousness of weakness renders it especially important that the vast section of the nation which has begun to protest against a chronic condition of menace or panic in the foreign relations of England should not deceive itself with the fancy that the real Conservative leaders, were they granted a new lease of power, would, or indeed could, turn over a new leaf in foreign policy. They are not ashamed of their achievements. They are as little inclined as ever to let judgment go against them by default. To apprehend the genuine Ministerial temper the real chiefs must be watched, and not their accidental companions. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury are too shrewd not to perceive that the unpartisan portion of the nation has become tired of their restlessness and recklessness. They understand as well as their critics that their enterprises have, at any rate, so far failed that the difficulties those enterprises were designed to solve are more difficulties than before. Peace with honour may have come to Charing Cross in Lord Beaconsfield's and Lord Salisbury's portmanteaus. Its carriers know as well as anybody that their diplomatic handiwork has left it no abiding place on the Continent, from Berlin to Constantinople, from St. Petersburg to Vienna. They are not deluded by their own explanations of the advantages the Porte derives from a divine right to rule the Balkans which it may not use. They can perceive that the pressure they have been lately proposing to put upon the Sultan might have been laid upon him with more effect and at less risk after the Constantinople Conference. They appreciate the manifold perplexities of the occupation of Afghanistan. They are not

more in charity than Liberals with Sir Bartle Frere. They are not the dupes of their own vaunts that there have been no actual misfortunes at all. They argue, without convincing themselves, that the dilemma created by the Berlin Treaty in the Balkans has even been particularly lucky in necessitating an interposition of the Austrian wedge between Turkey and Russia, between Russian Slav and Balkan Slav. They are too sagacious really to see in the disorganisation of Afghanistan a pledge that Tashkend will never in future be able to make a tool of Cabul. Sir Bartle Frere's faith that he is an appointed earthly Providence for all heathen races, has not, in their own private view, been, as they proclaimed at the Guildhall, overruled to good by 'the lesson of self-preservation' ten thousand British troops have taught somewhat enigmatically to South African colonists.

The very fact that this series of disasters has befallen the Conservative policy precludes any hope that its authors will change it. If calamities could have convinced them of its folly they would have been convinced long ago. Each misfortune as it has come has only proved the strength of the theory which enslaves them. It was not an unreasonable, as it was a charitable, construction to put upon the acquiescence of several Ministers in Lord Beaconsfield's and Lord Salisbury's policy, that their assent had been extorted by panic. When blows were wildly aimed, first at Russia, then at Afghanistan, when a war was accepted in South Africa which was acknowledged to be unjust, and Great Britain was stripped of troops for the overthrow of a negro kinglet, the apology, if scarcely justification, appeared to be simple fright. That was the only way of accounting for the demeanour of sober politicians like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary for War, and the Home Secretary. Men do strange things under the instigation of fear, and these Ministers, together with many ordinarily reasonable Members of Parliament, did strange things. But they who inspire the ministerial policy have never been dupes of the alarms which overcame their colleagues. Lord Beaconsfield at Guildhall, and Lord Salisbury at Manchester, would not accept any such extenuation of the extraordinary paroxysms of their diplomacy as nervous timidity might supply. The 'historical tradition' of British foreign policy, the obligation of England to make her 'power and advice felt in the councils of Europe,' are the motives they themselves assign for the pugnacious character the British Government has simulated during the last year and a half. With these for their principles, the ordinary contentions of their adversaries must seem to them very irrelevant. It may well be that the Treaty of Berlin has accomplished none of its ostensible objects, that it has left chaos where a more magnanimous diplomacy would have sown the germ of a new life; that the fall of the Zulu kingdom has led the way to a system which may be worse; that the triumphant Treaty of Gandamak has exaggerated all the inconveniences of neighbourhood to Afghanistan. All that is immaterial

if none of these things were done by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury for their own sakes. Their guiding object, it seems, was to maintain the weight of British influence in European councils. Europe, the country is informed, has a right to demand that England shall take not merely a share, but a leading share, in its councils. The part should be not so much a leading part as the leading part. The British Empire, like another famous empire, with which Lord Beaconsfield's glorying suggests an ominous parallel, claims, according to Lord Beaconsfield, and with about as much reason, to impersonate European peace. 'So long as the power and advice of England are felt in the councils of Europe, peace,' Lord Beaconsfield believes, 'will be maintained, and maintained for a long period.' The end and purpose of Lord Beaconsfield's and his coadjutor's foreign policy have been attained, not because the Treaty of Berlin guaranteed the safety of Constantinople better than the Treaty of San Stefano, not because a mediatized Afghanistan is a more solid barrier between British India and Russia than an independent Afghanistan, but because their policy has made good the right and the duty of Great Britain to be regarded as a European Power.

Lord Salisbury at Manchester, with his talk about historical tradition, desired to convey this moral of the position British foreign policy has taken up under the present Government. Lord Beaconsfield has stated the doctrine still more emphatically. His speech at Guildhall has been decried as containing little matter. It sounded, at all events, the keynote of the Prime Minister's own policy. To him England is a European Power as France, and Germany, and Austria are European Powers. The nation is warned that its 'geographical position' constitutes no essential distinction between it and the mass of European nations. Its 'silver streak' is just an addition to its military advantages which enables it to embark in European quarrels more rashly and precipitately than other States. Here is the cardinal issue between Lord Beaconsfield and the Opposition. As against Mr. Cross, or Sir Stafford Northcote, or Colonel Stanley, or Mr. W. H. Smith, it may be opportune to go on expounding the inadequacy of the Government measures to save the integrity of the Ottoman Empire or to protect British India. The assent of those Ministers was obtained to Cabinet decisions by the same sort of logic they are in the habit of using second-hand at Conservative gatherings. At each step in the quagmire into which they had let themselves be beguiled they would have been glad of an excuse to turn back. They were met by the prospect of an equal waste of mud to be traversed in humiliation before they could retrieve their blunder. They repeat quite naturally to the Conservative rank and file the lesson taught themselves. Confronted with the spectacle of the perplexities ahead, they reply by pointing to the perplexities inevitable on a retreat. In arguing against them, it is necessary to go on demonstrating that the cost of confessing an error is less than the cost of persisting in

it. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury sometimes employ the same arguments as their less imaginative colleagues; but they do not act on the principles those arguments imply. They are satisfied if, by accepting heavy obligations in Asia Minor, and heavier in Central Asia, they have compelled the military Powers of Europe to regard England as one of their fraternity.

Within the last few weeks the country has been disturbed by rumours that an ultimatum had been addressed to the Porte. The British Mediterranean fleet, it was declared, had been ordered to the Bosphorus, and the Sultan was to be browbeaten by its sympathising friends into reform. Philo-Turks, Conservatives, and others, were astonished that a Government, which had interposed between Turkey and Russia, should be tyrannising over Ottoman administrators as grievously as General Ignatieff. Liberals rejoiced that oppression was to be checked; they only lamented that the orders to reform abuses which were issued now had not been issued at a time when all Europe would have guaranteed their execution. The movement was meant, in fact, by the strategists of the Cabinet as a demonstration which should affect European opinion by the semblance of an effort to obtain reforms for Asia Minor. Its ostensible object may well have been to soothe the scruples of such statesmen as Mr. Cross and Sir Stafford Northcote at the intolerable shame of having to be sureties for so criminal a defaulter in the Courts of Europe as the Turk. It must continually shock the more tender Ministerial consciences that British patronage should be wasted in propping up an incapable anarchy which must else have fallen by its own dead weight. But Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield themselves, and in their own hearts, will have intended it rather as a counterstroke to the Austrian league with Germany. Berlin had consulted Vienna for the settlement of the affairs of Turkey in Europe. Lord Salisbury has learnt the fact from the newspapers, not from Count Münster or Count Karolyi. The reply of the British Foreign Office is a threat to the Sultan. If Europe has shown some curiosity in discussing the scope of the Vienna schemes, Lord Salisbury and his chief are determined to supply it with as critical a topic of deliberation. Admiral Hornby's threatened cruise to Constantinople was meant as a return visit to Prince Bismarck's visit to Count Andrassy. Mirabeau precipitated the French Revolution to storm the closed salons of Paris. Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury offer the Porte the choice between reform and the guns of a British fleet in order to storm the European conclaves. The more recondite European projects they can only else conjecture by eavesdropping at the door of a newspaper office.

These two Ministers of Great Britain are unhappy so long as they are not sworn into the Cabinet Council of Europe. At the time of the Treaty of San Stefano they offered to do the work of Europe on the terms of an introduction to this august board. After all their pains in the Sea of Marmora, at Gallipoli, and at Berlin, they have

the mortification of discovering that Europe continues to transact its more private business without consulting Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury any more than they would consult Lord George Hamilton or Mr. Cavendish Bentinck about the date of the Dissolution. The exclusion from European intrigues would not afflict Mr. Cross and Sir Stafford Northcote. They are not heard dilating on the necessity of preserving the unhappy historical tradition which for a century pensioned the European continent with British gold. They do not justify the appropriation of Cyprus by the plea that it is England's way to remind herself by borrowing an island of an ally that she has enjoyed the privilege of sharing in a European war. They do not exult in acknowledging obsolete responsibilities to the European balance of power, as if responsibilities implied correlative means for fulfilling them. But Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have sympathisers in abundance nevertheless, though very few in their own Cabinet. If this pining after full initiation into the mysteries of European diplomacy is not true of Mr. Cross or Sir Stafford Northcote, it must be admitted to be true not, indeed, of the Ministerial majority in Parliament, but of the noisier section of that majority which Lord Beaconsfield has educated. The applause which at Guildhall greeted Lord Beaconsfield's jubilant admissions of debts of British blood and treasure to Europe, which were supposed to have been paid long ago, testifies that there is a compact body of English sentiment in favour of renouncing the advantages of the silver streak which has rendered these islands independent of the Continent. A powerful class of Englishmen feels uncomfortable at England being the sun of its own imperial system.

Lord Beaconsfield enunciated, at Guildhall, two principles of British foreign policy which seem to him to have some undefined relation of affinity, when they have, in truth, only the relation of contrariety. He laid it down that Great Britain is bound, on pain of becoming 'an object of general plunder,' not to 'turn an indifferent ear to the feelings and fortunes of Continental Europe.' By this he does not mean simply that it is right and proper to do as his Foreign Secretary does, and greedily drink in rumours of a defensive alliance between two military empires. He has explained elsewhere that the interest in those feelings and fortunes requires to be manifested practically by a fleet. He, however, also laid it down at Guildhall that it is the duty of English patriots to maintain the British Empire. The Liberal party gladly accepts the obligation to maintain the empire; it does not believe, with Lord Beaconsfield, that the true way to maintain it is by thrusting its advice upon the councils of Europe. Liberal Englishmen do not desire to stand aloof from general European deliberations on European concerns. They hold it to be a grave charge against the Government that it stood thus aloof at more than one critical moment. When adhesion to the unanimous resolution of the Powers might have averted a terrible war, and even postponed the ruin of Turkey, Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues

withheld that adhesion. In international diplomacy there are occasions on which a State is untrue to itself unless it take the initiative. There are other occasions on which its business is neither to follow nor to lead, but to accompany. The future of Turkey belongs, in the judgment of the Liberal party, to the latter class of questions and not to the former. It is a matter which concerns England much, but Continental Europe more. There is something ludicrous in imagining that France, and Austria, and Italy, let alone Germany, would have allowed Russia to possess itself of Constantinople. Were England a member of the European brotherhood as Austria is a member, it might have been right to descend singly into the pit. Had the arms of all the great Powers of Europe been from one cause or another paralysed, England would have been doing a chivalrous act in fighting their battle. As it was, England transformed a quarrel of Europe's into a private quarrel of its own. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury appear to think that England is as mere a member of the European diet as Italy or Austria. They seem unable to understand that England is too big to be a State in the European Confederation. Too many of its interests lie outside the European boundary. It is ready to assist Europe with its counsels, to sanction or to protest against changes in European relations. But the fact that it has vast imperial interests to maintain sets it apart from the regular current of European feelings and fortunes. That very fact Lord Beaconsfield is induced by some occult process of internal reasoning to rely upon as an argument for a policy of universal intervention in Continental affairs. On the contrary, imperial duties remove the centre of gravity for English politics outside the European Continent. When this country interferes in Continental politics, it interferes as an independent Power, either asserting its rights against the Continent, or as an ally who has joined the Powers of the Continent on stipulated terms. England cannot escape from the possibilities of involvement in Continental any more than in Transatlantic entanglements. But it is the first duty of its rulers to keep one hand ever free to break loose. It is their duty to see that they are not wasting the national resources on the relief of able-bodied States from their natural responsibilities. England is a great Power. There is no greater. England is, moreover, a great Power in Europe. But England is scarcely a great European Power. That it is a great Power in Europe and something more, removes it beyond the range of the direct sympathy with Continental feelings and circumstances which wasted its resources last century, and which Lord Beaconsfield desires fondly to restore.

Lord Beaconsfield believes that a natural connection exists between the maintenance of the British Empire and the maintenance of the unity of British and Continental interests. British membership in the fraternity of European States ranks with him first, and the integrity of the British Empire second. He defended Constantinople against Russia, not so much because Constantinople to

him is a link in the chain which binds to England its Indian Empire, as because he holds that England has a European title to be consulted on all modifications in the map of Europe. He would have interposed between Denmark and the confederate forces of Austria and Germany, for the same reason that he interposed between St. Petersburg and the Porte. Liberals do not concede that European complications, simply because they are European, impose any obligations upon England to step in to untie the knot. Europe may invoke the aid of England as arbitrator in its quarrels, for the very reason that England is neutral as regards most of its possible differences. But if the question be whether England should intervene as a principal, the Liberal party inquires, as it inquired in respect of the Schleswig-Holstein war, how far, if at all, English interests may be compromised by the dispute. English interests were sufficiently engaged in the issue of the Eastern Question to justify English interference, but not single-handed. Continental interests were more deeply engaged still. England, in intervening between Czar and Sultan, should have come not alone, but attended. Liberals, unlike Lord Beaconsfield, when British interests have to be classified, can see no difference between imperial interests and the interests of the United Kingdom. They place the United Kingdom and the British Empire in the same rank. British interests in the European continent stand, in their judgment, on a lower level altogether. They are persuaded they best secure the integrity of the empire by strengthening and husbanding the resources of the United Kingdom on which it depends. For the sake of the Empire they are more especially cautious that they do not suffer themselves to be tempted by the geographical contiguity of the United Kingdom to the European continent to gamble in Continental politics. Lord Beaconsfield not only has invented a distinction between Great Britain and the British Empire. He thinks also that England loses unless it has intrigued or jostled its way into every Continental resettlement. It is the conviction of the Opposition that England loses by being entrapped into busying itself as a principal with hazardous and precarious Continental arrangements which are the business, wholly or primarily, of Continental powers.

England under a Liberal Ministry, like England under Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, would have shared in Continental councils when British interests and Continental interests came into contact. But the temper with which it came to the discussion would have been utterly different, and the consequences would have been different. With England under a Liberal Cabinet, Constantinople would not have fallen into the hands of Russia, as it has not fallen into its hands with England under a Conservative Ministry. But a Liberal Cabinet would have been content that Constantinople should be safe. To the present Prime Minister and his Foreign Secretary it has appeared an additional advantage that its safety should have been guaranteed by a British

threat. It is an unsupported delusion that the menace by this country had anything to do with it. In these circumstances the Opposition deem the menace to have been a misfortune. Even though it should be demonstrated to have had nothing to do with it, Lord Beaconsfield and his guard of Conservative janissaries would account it gain that the result should have been accomplished, if not by, at any rate with, the accompaniment of a threat. It has been established too clearly even for Conservative speakers to attempt to deny it, that the native Indian regiments imported into Malta could in no event have been of the remotest use for the protection of Constantinople. To Lord Beaconsfield and his following all that is immaterial. The extravagance of a piece of folly, far transcending in tawdriness the frippery of a Lord Mayor's show, has, in their judgment, been amply compensated. The presence in European waters of a fever-stricken handful of sepoys has for them paid its charges in the testimony it is supposed by them to bear to the incorporation of the British Empire, dependencies and all, into the European companionship. Again, England under a Liberal Ministry, like England under Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, could not have suffered Afghanistan to be annexed by Russian diplomacy. But it would have rejoiced that the withdrawal of the Russian mission at the instance of the Foreign Office should have terminated the incident. Lord Beaconsfield and his division of the Cabinet and the Conservative party had no wish to terminate the incident. They exulted in the opportunity to strike a blow at their European rival by parading before Europe his inability to shield his ally in Central Asia from their vengeance.

If the British public be as much enamoured of European 'prestige' as Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, it must be presumed to be willing to pay the cost. That there is a bill to pay for the luxury it is beginning to understand by this time. In Eastern Europe and Western Asia Turkey has to be defended with one hand, and the Porte intimidated into reforming its ways with the other. Armed demonstrations, even naval demonstrations, are expensive. The British navy in the Mediterranean, with the attitude England has adopted, ought to be a match, indeed, for two or three navies. The responsibility assumed is of a nature to require an indefinite floating balance to meet it. None can say where the danger England has pledged itself to surmount may not start up. Cyprus, by tacit agreement, has been dropped out of the Ministerial catalogue of successes. Yet Cyprus will continue to be reckoned among British possessions or deposits. One who is no unfriendly critic of a vigorous Imperialism, has been recently exposing the absurdity of retaining such a territory, unless an expenditure be made upon it which alone can fit it for the objects of its appropriation. Forts must be built, harbours must be deepened and protected, morasses must be drained, or, in Sir Samuel Baker's opinion, the island is a source of weakness, not of strength. That 'the British Government has been hoodwinked in its hasty bargain

as he expresses himself, because the island can never meet its expenses, is little to that Government. Cyprus was taken by way of a 'coup de théâtre,' to prove to Europe British superiority to the obligations of good faith which bind other States. Englishmen, however, whether or not they be content to lay down principles of international dealings with Turkey which they violate themselves, must not disguise from their minds that British money will have to be spent on Cyprus, or it will be a scandal to British dominion. The protectorate of Asia Minor covers other and absolutely immeasurable contingencies of expenditure and peril. The splendour of arrogating the title may be as solid ore as Lord Salisbury would assert, or as mere tinsel as it seems to Sir William Harcourt. Gold or Dutch metal, it is beyond question an exceedingly speculative investment. Calls for unpaid capital may be made on Great Britain on account of it at any moment, and to an incalculable amount. If Ministers persist in alleging the necessity of their Afghan policy, at least they cannot deny the reality of the new burdens which it has imposed. The occupation of Cabul drains the Indian treasury now. To the cost of reducing, and holding, and attempting to tame the entire kingdom there is absolutely no end. All these responsibilities and sources of expenditure either exist already or lie on the direct route which, under Lord Beaconsfield's guidance, British policy has taken. Beside them, and scarcely off the course, stretches an infinite expanse of probable, rather than merely possible, liabilities which England has accepted by necessary implication.

If the British nation will have influence in Europe at any price, transitory as it may be, it has value for its money. If it consented by its Parliamentary representatives to Lord Beaconsfield's and Lord Salisbury's policy of bravado, not because it cared for popular applause of its masterful bearing before Europe, but because it desired certain national objects, and had been made to believe that the walls behind which they lay would yield only to the braying of Foreign Office trumpets, it will discover soon, if it have not discovered already, that it has given double the worth of its bargain. It has been like a frequenter of auctions who, wanting one thing in a lot, gives for goods he can put to no use thrice the money the single fragment he needs in the mass would have cost at first hand. Conservatives who sympathise with Lord Beaconsfield's and Lord Salisbury's fine phrases about historical tradition and influence in the councils of Europe will not complain though every step the Ministry has taken augment the national responsibilities. They would rather have the results such as they are, with the burdens they entail, than without them. Conservatives like Mr. Cross, and Mr. Smith, and Colonel Stanley, and, perhaps, Sir Stafford Northcote, would have liked the results the better had the account been closed with them, and a new page turned over. They would have been glad to have Constantinople secure from the Russian army of the Balkans without the protectorate of Asia Minor. Probably they put no value upon Cyprus.

They would have preferred an Afghanistan simply closed at the Tashkend end to an Afghanistan closed at that end by being opened at the Peshawur end. They have acquiesced in large possibilities of future ill for the sake of present ease. When they are shown a rocky shore upon which they are letting the bark of the state drift, they answer in effect that they do not like breakers and sharp cliffs, but that even these are less horrible to them than to have to ride out the storm in the open sea.

Conservatives whom the rhetoric of historical tradition and the title of England to assist at the councils of Europe have not alienated from the Government, point to the co-operation with them of the politicians self-christened Moderate Liberals. The argument is, we believe, already losing its force. Moderate Liberals have no desire for a return to the days of Castlereagh. They disavow the legendary claims of historical tradition. They would not have put pressure on the Government of fifteen years ago to assert the right of Great Britain to lift up its voice against the severance from Denmark of an ancient portion of the dominions of the Danish Crown. They did not covet Cyprus, nor do they thirst for a removal of the palladium of British fortunes to the latitude of Trebizond or Smyrna. They wanted to keep Cabul and Russia apart, not to annex or even mediatize Afghanistan. But Moderate Liberals, like Moderate Conservatives, have been willing to take the good with the bad. They have balanced the inconveniences of protectorates in Asia Minor against the good of a supposed neutralisation of Constantinople, the twisting of ropes of sand in Afghanistan against the shattering of the chain which had begun to unite the Bala Hissar with the Winter Palace. They have ever present to their minds a fixed number of special points upon which they are ready to stake peace and war. Their interest is centred upon the retention of those points in their actual relation to Great Britain. They had no desire to intervene in any affairs of Europe which may be the affairs in particular of Continental Europe. But the preservation of Constantinople and Afghanistan from absorption in Russia is to them an immediate British interest. In expressing their readiness to fight all or any assailants for those objects they have considered that they were by no means deserting the doctrine of non-intervention.

Outside these narrow positions Moderate Liberals remain in this autumn of 1879 Liberals. Within them they are as resolute as they have ever been to resist Russian ambition. If Moderate Liberals are to resume their place in the ranks of the Liberal party they must feel secure that the Liberal party in power will guard what they regard as outposts of the British Empire. They must, however, also understand that if the Liberal party, on its side, is to continue true to its faith, it will prefer to remain in opposition for ever, rather than acknowledge any identity of British fortunes and feelings with Continental Europe. The Liberal party is not, as Lord Beaconsfield chooses to suppose, indifferent to those fortunes and feelings from 'a

perverse interpretation of its insular geographical position.' It values its geographical peculiarities as enabling it the better to maintain an independence which is necessary for its imperial safety. With a world nestling under its wings Great Britain has neither leisure nor patience to be ruffling it in Europe as an antagonist whether of Russia or of San Marino. On the other hand, it is as determined as Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury that no European Power shall appropriate a key of two seas, and be free to exclude Great Britain. It is as solicitous as Sir Henry Rawlinson that the shadow of Russian supremacy shall not be permitted to darken the British title to India. Moderate Liberals are finding out that the Conservative leaders, while affecting to govern the British Empire, have been marching their auxiliaries into impassable deserts. Constantinople and India are the weaker rather than the stronger for Conservative successes by the consequent dispersion of the forces of the Empire over a wider surface. Moderate Liberals are waiting to return to their ancient associations. The Liberal chiefs ought not to find it hard to convince them that their restoration to office will be marked, not by retreat, but by concentration. If a Liberal Government retires from a position, it will be that England occupies works which command it. Moderate Liberals are likely to feel more secure in the company of statesmen who measure the sacrifices a position is worth by its relations to British interests than in allying themselves with politicians whose first thoughts are directed, not to the integrity of the British Empire, but to its influence over Europe. Moderate Liberals fell into a panic at the unexpected inability of the Porte to defend its own territories against Servia and Montenegro. They fell into a panic at the discovery that India at the very moment it was thought so secure as to justify the denudation of its fortresses for the benefit of Malta, was being surveyed covetously from the Afghan mountain barriers by Russia. The passion of alarm has by this time pretty well worn itself out. Moderate Liberals are beginning to suspect that Constantinople and British India would have been safer under Lord Granville and the Duke of Argyll than under Lord Salisbury and Lord Cranbrook, by just so much as Constantinople and India would have been, in the former event, the real object of care, and not the special precedence allowed to England by the European Powers among themselves.

Moderate Liberals, when they first voted in Lord Beaconsfield's compact Parliamentary phalanx, could never have supposed they were voting that the condition of England thenceforward should be one of war or contemplated war. The more clearly they day by day comprehend that the watchword given out by Lord Beaconsfield is not British interests, but European interests, the less easy will they feel at the company they have been keeping. Moderation is their principle. They dislike a policy of absolute and dogmatic non-intervention in European politics. They can love no better a policy of chronic intervention. So long as the present Government is in power, they cannot be sure from one day to another

that the country is not on the point of some new foreign complication. This uncertainty has a charm to many Conservatives. For yet more Conservatives it has no charm; but they have faith. Liberals who have been supporting Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have yet no pleasure in a policy of surprises, and no faith in the men who concert them. They are willing to act with Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury while Lord Beaconsfield's and Lord Salisbury's measures are to their taste. Their roads for a time ran parallel, and they travelled together. But to Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury they acknowledge neither personal nor party allegiance. At the point England has reached in its foreign relations there are few Liberals of the section styled Moderate who would not prefer to entrust Lord Granville, and Lord Hartington, and Mr. Forster with the execution of the pledges and engagements of Great Britain than the Government which undertook them. Mr. Forster the other day at Leeds accepted, in the name of the Liberal party, 'responsibility for acts of the present statesmen whom for the time being the country has allowed to govern it.' The Liberal party will be equally ready to subscribe to Mr. Forster's personal profession of faith on the same occasion. Moderate Liberals, if they remain Liberals at all, can least of all refuse to indorse a policy of reserve, of fulfilment of present obligations, combined with caution in contracting fresh ones; of wise counsel and moral support to the lesser States and the rising nationalities; of friendship with all the great Powers of Europe, and of special alliance with none. This programme is not to be reconciled with Lord Beaconsfield's ambition of influence in Europe, with Lord Salisbury's vague visions of suzerainty over Central Asia, with an attitude of suspicious mistrust of the Balkan States and the Hellenic Kingdom, with the playing off of one military empire against another military empire, with mysterious international partnerships in Egypt. There is nothing inconsistent in it with such an exertion as would content Moderate Liberals of the right, won by tremendous risks, to strive to avert from the Porte the ruinous consequences of misgovernment in its remaining dominions; with the endeavour to make the best of a bad bargain in Cyprus; with the resolve to search out whatever materials may exist in Afghanistan for the creation of a solid nucleus, which may gradually gather round it the scattered elements of a just and wise native administration.

The Cyprus Convention was a violation of good faith towards Europe. It laid Great Britain open to the charge of making a profit out of Ottoman necessities. In negotiating it Lord Salisbury acted like a pawnbroker taking in a pledge from an insolvent trader who has been buying goods he knows he cannot pay for. By the Convention the Pashas and the Sultan sold property belonging to the group of nationalities which make up the Turkish people for an annual pension of a hundred thousand pounds, and a licence to invoke British aid for the Porte against the Czar of Russia. The Convention has guaranteed the outlay by this country, in certain not improbable con-

tingencies, of resources which could ill be spared from needs nearer home. It holds out a temptation to a restless and aggressive English Government to seek occasions of collision with a rival Government it dislikes. Yet a judicious Government might use even the Cyprus Convention, suspicious as was its origin, as an instrument for consolidating peace rather than excusing war. Russia could find no pretext in it for hostility, nor Europe, which not unnaturally has suspected its motives, for jealousy, were Great Britain to employ the utmost prerogative it gives her in maintaining a constant supervision of Ottoman administration. The installation at Whitehall of a Ministry known to care more for the prosperity of the Turkish populations than for diplomatic triumphs over Russia, would put a new and amiable construction on the British protectorate. Asia Minor administered with common justice and humanity through British mediation between the Sultan and his miserable subjects, would never have to claim the execution of the martial clauses of the compact. If the fulfilment of Ottoman promises of civil reform is to be exacted by intermittent threats of naval demonstrations, it is difficult to see why the same result could not have been effected equally well without any Convention. The Convention makes protection dependent on reform. While the Porte makes no demand for the one, the Convention, at any rate, gives no right to insist upon the other. Reforms in Turkey might have been compelled by intimidation three years ago had the Conservative Government been so minded. Then, however, the compulsion would have been exercised in accordance with the decree of Europe, and not at the individual discretion of England. Europe, comprising Russia, would then have been anxious to make the compulsion effectual for the happiness of the Turkish people. Europe now cannot exclude a jealousy of Turkish regeneration accomplished, if indeed ever to be accomplished, by the naval power of England. Liberals were urgent in supporting the demand of Lord Salisbury and his old ally General Ignatieff, for an enforcement by united Europe upon the Porte of the reforms counselled by the Conference of Constantinople. It evinces a curious incapacity for appreciating the materiality of times and circumstances that Liberal sympathy with the recent demeanour of the British Government towards the Porte should be claimed as a necessary and logical consequence of the former Liberal demand for a European measure of coercion. The Liberal party would not perhaps be sorry that Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury should find a vent for their fire-eating propensities in terrorizing the Porte into just dealing towards its subjects, rather than in challenging, in defence of Ottoman tyranny, Russia to mortal combat. But the levying by Great Britain single-handed of an execution upon the Porte is an act of philanthropy towards the population of Anatolia which Liberal statesmen never suggested. It is an arduous and doubtful and, in the face of a mistrustful Europe, an invidious enterprise. It is a mere makeshift in lieu of a procedure which would have at once allayed European suspicions

of British self-seeking, bound over Russia to dissemble or adjourn indefinitely schemes of ambition, and spared this country a grievous load of individual liabilities.

Moderate Liberals need not fear that a Liberal Government would either wish or be impelled by the majority of its supporters to resign anything in Afghanistan which Moderate Liberals would account worth the keeping. But the sole pretence Lord Lytton and his superiors at home had for occupying the country was that by the occupation Russia was excluded. They still allege that to be their ground for staying. A Liberal Administration would be more ingenious than these pseudo-Conservatives in seeing that the Afghans did the work of barring out Russia. The present Government cannot comprehend that other nations beside the English may love freedom. Of all populations in the world Afghans might have been supposed least easily entrapped into putting their necks under a Russian yoke. The difficulties England experiences in accustoming them to subjection would have been multiplied infinitely for Russian troops. It cannot be credited that Conservative statesmen did not know all this. They chose not to know it. Arguments are sometimes employed against them to show that the occupation of Afghanistan must accelerate the shock of Russia and Great Britain. To some at any rate among them, that might be an argument the more for the occupation. All their deeds imply that they are impatient of the interval before the stroke falls. They act as if they desired to look down from the Afghan highlands upon Russian Turkestan and provoke attack. Liberal statesmen would aim, on the contrary, at throwing the functions of British sentries upon the Afghan nation. He makes the most successful master who can use best other mens' arms and heads. Liberal rulers of British India would make of Afghan untameableness a British rampart on the side of Russia. It will be much to be deplored if it should appear that the Afghan races cannot be left, as before, to man their own mountain walls after their own fashion. A winter's occupation by General Roberts may render this impossible. Liberals, in any case, will be anxious to cherish the plant of self-reliance which it is the endeavour of Conservatives to root completely up. If the native independence have received too harsh treatment to be capable of revival whole and undivided, Liberal administrators must strive to overrule the calamity to good by humanising these savage freebooters into friends of England. Arraigning an Ameer for high treason, and burning and slaying throughout Afghanistan, may seem scarcely the way to produce that result. Conservatives are certain not to attain it by such a policy. But then they perhaps are not very anxious to attain it. British supervision, though it would not be relaxed under a Liberal administration, would be a free supervision of a free State. An Afghan sovereign would be at liberty to exercise as he pleased his prerogative; a Liberal Government would not undertake the impossible charge of Afghan foreign policy; at the same time Afghan Ameers would be conscious that Calcutta followed their movements, and was

willing to give advice whenever asked. A policy of respect for Afghan independence, in substitution for a policy of browbeating, would achieve all the essential results desired by those whose aim is not extended frontiers but the maintenance of a barrier between Turkestan and Delhi.

If the Conservative Government remain in office after the general election, it will not be that it is trusted either by Moderate Liberals or perhaps even by Moderate Conservatives; it will be that a section of the Liberal party, which is not moderate, is in haste to reap before it has sown. There are Liberal leaders of the left wing, who conduct themselves towards the moderate members of their own and the opposite parties after the fashion Conservative Ministers delight to use in their intercourse with Russia. They are dividing the spoils of victory before the victory is won. They are behaving as if they were on conquered territory. While the Conservative Government is still able to use the forces of the empire for creating universal hostility against England, Liberal chiefs of the advanced sections are speaking in a tone likely to alienate their own party. Disestablishment and disendowment may, for instance, become or may not become at some future date articles in Liberal faith. To advocate them vehemently at the present time may postpone for some half-dozen years the end of the word-and-a-blow foreign policy which is encumbering deeply the future resources of the kingdom. The next general election must turn on the foreign policy of Great Britain, regarded with respect to its merits and demerits, negative as well as positive. The Conservative Government has staked the peace and prosperity of the country on the enterprise of dragging the nation back into the European polity for which it had grown too big. In pursuing this adventure, it has absorbed the energies which might else have been employed on internal legislation. Far from esteeming that a blemish in their policy, the Ministers who control Cabinet Councils will have esteemed the silence of the legislative machinery a positive advantage. The great body of the Liberal party has no liking for a policy either of dogmatic non-intervention or of continuous intervention in European affairs. To the Liberal party the British Empire appears to touch the European commonwealth only at one or two points. When its European interests are endangered, England, according to Liberal doctrines, will interfere in Europe as it will interfere in Abyssinia. But it must first be established that the danger exists. The Liberal party protests against England being made to pull chestnuts out of a fire which Germany and Austria think inconveniently warm. It protests against the nation and Parliament being kept in a long fever of agitation about high foreign politics, to the neglect of their proper business. The Liberal party is determined that, whatever is happening abroad, the legislative wants of the country shall not continue to be neglected. There is no good reason why the criminal law should not be codified because justice is not to be obtained in Turkey. Local government is not the less desirable in

English counties that the relations between India and Central Asia are uncertain. A policy of moderation and proportion is the policy the Liberal party proposes in opposition to a Conservative policy, which treats infinitely remote objects of desire and objects of aversion as all in the front rank, and all deserving the utmost national sacrifices and risks. If Conservatives complain that a Liberal Opposition is bound to formulate its programme more precisely before depriving Lord Beaconsfield of office, they may be asked to explain what, apart from the Straits of Malacca, was the definite Conservative programme upon which Mr. Disraeli ejected Mr. Gladstone.

November 22, 1879.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

As the Magazine has an ample staff of Contributors, MSS. are not invited without previous correspondence, and uninvited MSS. cannot be returned except at the convenience of the Editor. No copies of Verses can be returned.

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